

THE RALEIGH TIMES.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTIES."—MILTON.

NEW SERIES.

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RALEIGH, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1852. *Mr. Sully Haywood*

TERMS.

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From the New York Sunday Times. WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

"Citizens and by tyrants conquered he, And freedom find no champion and no child. Such as Columbia saw arise, when she Sprang forth a Palms, arm'd and undefied? Or such such minds as flourish in the wild, Deep in the unpruned forest, midst the roar Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled. On infant Washington? Has earth no more Such seed within her breast, or Europe no such shore?"

The revolution was over. The eight years' conflict had ceased, and the warriors were now to separate forever, turning their weapons into plough shares, and their camps into work-shops. The spectacle, though a sublime and glorious one, was yet attended with sorrowful feelings; for, alas! in the remains of that gallant army of patriot soldiers, now about to disband without pay, without support, stalked poverty, want and disease—the country had not the means to be grateful.

The details of the condition of many of the officers and soldiers at that period, according to history and oral tradition, were melancholy in the extreme. Possessing no means or paternal inheritance to fall back upon—thrown out of even the perilous support of the soldier at the commencement of winter, and hardly fit for any other duty than that of the camp—yet in that situation can be as well imagined as described.

A single instance, as a sample of the situation of many of the officers, as related of the conduct of Baron Steuben, may not be amiss. When the main body of the army was disbanded at Newburgh, and the veteran soldiers were bidding a parting farewell to each other, Lieut. Colonel Cochran, an aged soldier of the New Hampshire line, remarked, with tears in his eyes as he shook hands with the Baron—

"For myself, I could stand it; but my wife and daughters are in the garret of that wretched tavern, and I have no means of removing them."

"Come, come," said the Baron, "don't give way thus. I will pay my respects to Mrs Cochran and her daughters."

When the good old soldier left them, their countenances were warm with gratitude; for he left them all he had.

In one of the Rhode Island regiments were several companies of black troops, who had served throughout the whole war, and their bravery and discipline were unsurpassed. The Baron observed one of these poor wounded negroes on the wharf, at Newburgh, apparently in great distress.

"What's the matter, brother soldier?"

"Why, Master Baron, I want a dollar to get home with, now the Congress has no further use for me."

The Baron was absent for a few moments, and then returned with a silver dollar, which he had borrowed.

"There, it is all I could get. Take it."

The negro received it with joy; hailed a sloop which was passing down the river to New York, and, as he reached the deck took off his hat and saluted.

"God bless you, Baron?"

These are only single illustrations of the condition of the army at the close of the war. Indeed, Washington had this in view at the close of his farewell address to the army at Rocky Hill, in November, 1783:

"And being now to conclude these, his last public orders, to take his ultimate leave in a short time of the military character, and to bid a final adieu to the armies he has so long had the honor to command, he can only again offer, in their behalf, his recommendation to their country, and his prayer to the God of armies.

May ample justice be done them here, and may the choicest of Heaven's favors, both here and hereafter, attend those who under divine auspices, have secured innumerable blessings for others.

With these wishes, and his benediction, the commander-in-chief is about to retire from service. The curtain of separation will soon be drawn, and the military scene in him will be closed forever!"

The closing of this "military scene" I am about to relate.

New York had been occupied by Washington on the 25th of November. A few days after he notified the President of Congress—which body was then in session at Annapolis, in Maryland—that as the war was now closed he should consider it his duty to proceed thence, and surrender to that body the commission which he had received from them more than seven years before.

The morning of the 4th of December, 1783, was a sad and heavy one to the remnant of the American army in the city of New York. The noon of that day was to witness the farewell of Washington—he was to bid adieu to his military comrades forever. The officers who had been with

him in solemn council, the privates who had fought and bled in the "heady fight" under his orders, were to hear his commands no longer. The manly form and dignified countenance of the "great captain" was henceforth to live only in their memories.

As the hour of noon approached, the whole garrison, at the request of Washington himself, was put in motion, and marched down Broad street to Francis's tavern, his head quarters. He wished to take leave of private soldiers alike with the officers, and bid them all adieu. His favorite light infantry were drawn up in time facing inwards, through Pearl street to the foot of Whitehall, where a barge was in readiness to convey him to Powles' Hook.

Within the dining room of the tavern were gathered the general and field officers to take their farewell.

Assembled there, were Knox, Green, Steuben, Gates, Clinton and others, who had served with him faithfully and truly in the "tented field," but, alas! where were others who had entered the war with him seven years before? Their bones crumbled in the soil from Canada to Georgia! Montgomerie had yielded up his life at Quebec, Wooster fell at Danbury, Woodhull was barbarously murdered whilst a prisoner at the battle on Long Island, and Mercer fell mortally wounded at Princeton; the brave and chivalric Laurens, after displaying the most heroic courage in the trenches at Yorktown, died in a trifling skirmish in South Carolina; the brave but eccentric Lee was no longer living, and Putnam, like a helpless child, was stretched upon the bed of sickness. Indeed, the battle field and time had thinned the ranks which had entered with him into the conflict.

Washington entered the room—the hour of separation had come. As he raised his eye and glanced on the faces of those assembled, a tear coursed down his cheek, and his voice was tremulous as he saluted them. Nor was he alone. Men, "albeit unused to the melting mood," stood around him, whose uplifted hands, to cover their brows, told that the tear, which they in vain attempted to conceal, bespoke the anguish they could not hide.

After a moment's conversation, Washington called for a glass of wine. It was brought him. Turning to his officers he thus addressed them

"With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take my final leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." He then raised the glass to his lips, drank and added:

"I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will take me by the hand."

General Knox who stood nearest, burst into tears, and advanced, incapable of utterance. Washington grasped him by the hand and embraced him. The officers came up successively and took an affectionate leave. No words were spoken, but all was the "silent eloquence of tears."

What were mere words at such a scene? Nothing. It was the feeling of the heart—thrilling—though unspoken.

When the last of the officers had embraced him, Washington left the room, followed by his comrades, and passed through the lines of the light infantry. His step was slow and measured, his head uncovered, and the tears flowing thick and fast, as he looked from side to side at the veterans to whom he now bade adieu forever. Shortly an event occurred more touching than all the rest. A gigantic soldier, who had stood by his side at Trenton, stepped forth from the ranks and extended his hand.

"Farewell, my beloved General, farewell."

Washington grasped his hand, in convulsive emotion in both of his. All discipline was now at an end. The officers could not restrain the men as they rushed forward to take Washington by the hand, and the sobs and tears of the soldiers told how deeply engraven upon their affections was the love of their commander.

At length Washington reached the barge at Whitehall, and entered it. At the first stroke of the oars he rose, and turning to the companions of his glory, by waving his hat, bade them a silent adieu. Their answer was only in tears; and officers and men, with glistening eyes, watched the receding boat till the form of their noble commander was lost in the distance.

Contrast the farewell of Washington to his army at Whitehall, in 1783, and the adieu of Napoleon to his army at Fontenoy, in 1814! The one had accomplished every wish of his heart. His noble exertions had achieved the independence of his country, and he longed to retire to the bosom of his home. His ambition was satisfied. He fought for no crown or sceptre, but for equality and the mutual happiness of his fellow beings. No taint of tyranny, no breath of slander, no whisper of duplicity, marred the fair proportions of his public or private life: but

"He was a man, take him for all in all, We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The other great soldier was the disciple of selfish ambition. He raised the iron weapon of war to crush, only that he might rule. What to him were the cries of the widows and orphans? He passed to a throne by making the dead bodies of their protectors his stepping stones. Ambition, self, were the gods of his idolatry, and to them he sacrificed beam-tombs of his fellow men for the aggrandizement of personal glory. Enthusiasm points with fearful wonder to the name of Napoleon; whilst

justice, benevolence, freedom, and all the concomitants which constitute the true happiness of man, shed almost a divine halo round the same and character of WASHINGTON.

WHIG STATE CONVENTION.

We are indebted to the Register's report for one or two of the speeches at the late-Convention, which we present to our readers.

Mr. HAUGHTON, of Chatham, when the name of John Kerr had been presented, addressed the Convention, paying an eloquent tribute to his political and personal character. He was proud, he said, to see the unanimity with which his nomination had been made. Never had there been just such an occasion before in North Carolina—never a Convention for the selection of the candidate of our party, in which the nominee, however worthy of confidence and support, received so unanimous a vote, and enlisted such enthusiastic feeling, as in the present. At no time had there been a standard bearer presented who is so acceptable to his personal and political friends, or who has been more worthy of the trust committed to his hands. If there is any man entitled to the cordial support of the Whigs of North Carolina, that man is John Kerr. He has, through good and evil report, steadfastly adhered to the political principles of our party, and gallantly fought to sustain them, and, although living in a country where there was everything to dampen the energies of Whigs, he has never wavered in the most untiring zeal and devotion to the cause.

He is eminently fitted to be the standard-bearer in the coming campaign. Possessed of a pure heart, unspotted character, commanding talents and thrilling eloquence it is only necessary, and I say here, as his personal friend, it is all he asks—that we give him our generous confidence, and that support to which he is entitled at our hands, and a sure and brilliant victory awaits us. [Prolonged applause.]

Dr. Hill, of Brunswick, spoke in support of the resolutions, and passed an eloquent eulogium upon President Fillmore. No man had ever been placed in a more trying position. Selected from a Northern State—distrusted in part, by the South, and having arrayed against him the force of Southern prejudice—wantonlly assailed by the Abolitionists, he was placed in a position which would have tried any man, yet amid all the trials by which he was beset, he had pursued such an honest and independent course, as fully entitles him to the name of model President. To the South, he is particularly dear; and as a citizen of the Old North State, I am proud to speak of him; and no true patriot, no man—be he Whig or Democrat, having in his breast an honest heart, can speak of him other than as the pure Chief Magistrate of the whole country. The speaker then alluded to the bitterness with which he is assailed in the North, and read an extract from an Abolition print, assailing upon us as a party, hostility to the rights and privileges of the masses. But now the wind had been taken from their sails, one false weapon of assault had been removed, and our position brightened of regaining our political position. Still, we have no pugny to contend with; the war is with giants, and we must use giant's weapons, and put forth our whole strength in the battle. His motto should be, work! WORK!! and with the devotion of his energies to the cause, and that of all true Whigs, he hoped for a successful triumph in the coming campaign. [Applause.]

Of Millard Fillmore, he said, it was unnecessary for him to say anything. You, Mr. President, know what I think of him; and it is unnecessary to add to the exalted praise he has received at the hands of the Convention. Of William A. Graham I would say, if I do not adore him, I adore no man; and I would as readily vote for Mr. Fillmore, as for him, if not a little more so. In conclusion, he would say, that if there was one sincere desire of his heart, it was, that the old banner of the Whig party may float in triumph in the "Old North State!"

While Fillmore and Graham were his choice he would heartily support the nomination of the National Convention, provided he was unequivocally in favor of sustaining the Compromise. He had sufficient confidence in that body, to believe they would select no men as candidates who were not sound upon all questions affecting the interests of the country. He had no faith in mere written pledges.—How was it in the campaign of 1848, when Gen. Cass gave publication to his two-sided letters, which received from his friends, in different sections so many constructions, that even the democrats had now no more faith in him than in that arch-dodger, Martin Van Buren.

Upon the doctrine of intervention, he adhered to the policy of Washington; and while he was as strong a Republican as any man, and as desirous for the spread of Republican freedom throughout the world, yet he did not honestly believe the citizens of many European countries were fitted, socially and intellectually, for such a system of government as ours. France may be taken as an example; where with the overthrow of a monarchy, a Republic was formed, and ere the formal change was scarcely recognized, the people submitted quietly to a system more tyrannical than ever, under the usurper Napoleon.

In conclusion, he said he had a platform presented by the resolutions, upon which all can stand, and a standard bearer who could rally our united support, and with our duty accomplished, success would certainly perch upon our banner. [Applause.]

Mr. Nash, of Orange, was highly gratified at the harmonious action of the Convention. It had been predicted by the Democrats that the Convention could not harmonize upon the different questions presented for its action. In that they had been woefully disappointed. What is there in the platform presented by the resolutions with reference to National concerns, upon

which all Whigs—all statesmen, and particularly all those of the South, cannot stand? We have presented Millard Fillmore as our first choice for the Presidency. He has been a President not of a section, but of the whole country. At a time when this glorious Union, whose foundation was laid broad and deep, and every stone of which was cemented by the best blood of our forefathers, was in imminent danger, he has stood its firm and fast friend. Has there been a man, North or South, who has evinced greater devotion to that Union or who has proved himself sounder upon the Compromise question? Never have difficulties so great stared a President in the face, as those which he has had to encounter. Yet, in the trying crisis, he has performed his duty with an eye single to the glory of his country; and, contrasted with the dodging of "Old Fogies" or "Young America," stands out in bold relief for honesty and independence.

As to our second choice, Wm. A. Graham, he has always been true; and if elected Vice President, will still be true. Should, unfortunately, the fatality which has dogged the heels of Whig Presidents, still attend them, there is no man I would sooner trust with the reins of Government. [Applause.] No second edition of Tyler treachery would be inflicted upon us.

He again expressed his gratification at the unanimity which governed the Convention, and that Loco Foco predictions had been falsified. The Convention question has been happily adjusted—our friends of both the East and West will be satisfied; and if we enter into the contest with the same spirit which is manifested here, our former proud position will be regained, and North Carolina is a Whig State, and, with the fire-brands which were thrown into our ranks removed, we shall, if we do our duty when we go home, as well as we have done here, resume our rank as the Banner Whig State of the Union. [Applause.]

Mr. WYNNE, of Hyde, after repeated calls made upon him, commenced by remarking that it was well enough to pronounce eulogies upon our Government, yet we must not forget, in mere eulogies, that our duty is one of action. We must not forget that Democrats are Democrats—their mode of warfare, or the energy with which they enter into the fight. We must not forget that to secure a triumph, they leave no stone unturned; nor that with them there is no swerving from the line of duty marked out by their leaders. It will not do for us to content with saying, we are coming, we are to beat Gov. Reid so and so—it cannot be done but by a perfect organization, and the utmost harmony in our ranks. It is not worth while to boast of a power we have not got. Let us acknowledge that the contest is a severe one, and face our opponents like men. We all know that in the memorable canvass of 1840, we rolled up a majority of 10,000 for our candidates. Where is it now? Great loss it has been reduced, until at the last election we had a majority of 2,700 against us. He then alluded to the causes—the question of extended suffrage to the people, upon which our opponents had played demagogue, and charged upon us as a party, hostility to the rights and privileges of the masses. But now the wind had been taken from their sails, one false weapon of assault had been removed, and our position brightened of regaining our political position. Still, we have no pugny to contend with; the war is with giants, and we must use giant's weapons, and put forth our whole strength in the battle. His motto should be, work! WORK!! and with the devotion of his energies to the cause, and that of all true Whigs, he hoped for a successful triumph in the coming campaign. [Applause.]

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IN SENATE, APRIL 22.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL EXPLANATION.

Mr. Mangum. I desire again to throw myself on the indulgence of the Senate for the space of five minutes. When a man begins to speak of himself, he generally becomes garrulous, and occupies a good deal of time; but I will be very short, Mr. President; I will limit myself to five minutes.

The President. It requires unanimous consent.

Several Senators. Go on.

Mr. Mangum. A newspaper was placed in my hands by a friend yesterday—a paper that I am not accustomed to read—in which I find a violent, unjustifiable, and most atrociously injurious personal assault made upon me.

I do not notice these communications when they proceed from the usual organs of communication; but when there is internal evidence that they proceed from a higher official quarter, I may feel myself called on, as I now do, to stigmatize their falsehood, and brand their mendacity as they deserve, and to fix the burning brand upon the mendacious and sycophantic calumniator. In this letter to the New York Express, I am charged with a coalition with the Senator from New York, formed at "supper parties and dinner parties;" the reward of which coalition is to bring high offices to the "high contracting parties;" and their friends respectively. Sir, every charge of coalition, preconcert, or agreement with that Senator, on any public question, I pronounce to be unqualifiedly and absolutely false. We are understood to agree on the Presidential question. On that I have not been defeated, for I stand now where I stood four years ago; as my colleague [Mr. Badger] well knows, and will be ready to verify on all proper occasions.

The author of the letter undertakes to assign motives to me—the desire of high office, &c., &c., and yet is somewhat at fault to designate it. The only one named is indivisible, notwithstanding two gentlemen are named for it. The terms of the coalition are singularly inexplicit and indefinite. The calumniator is at fault—not in his dirty trade, but as to the stipulations contained in the coalition.

Another is still more serious—it represents me in the light of venality, as having been selected in a private caucus—the New York Senator being present, and a prominent person in it—to preside in a Congressional caucus, to rule certain points of order to suit the views of the conspirators. This is equally false, as is well known to the Senator from Kentucky, [Mr. Underwood] who nominated me in a caucus of the Whigs of the Senate as chairman, and he likewise did of the Congressional caucus; which passed on both occasions without dissent, and was done upon his own motion, and without consultation (as I presume) with any one.

With a proper respect for the Senator from New York, and estimate of his talents; but he has as little influence on my opinions and my actions as any one in this body; and I think he would verify that as matter of opinion, upon oath, if required. [Laughter.] Sir, with regard to the charge of venality, I may say that I have had the honor of occupying, for several years the high seat which you now so worthily and able fill; and the last act of this body, on my retirement, I look upon as the proudest honor ever conferred upon me; which was the unanimous vote of the Senate—with a majority in politics adverse to me, and when an object could have arrested the proceeding—to give me the amount of salary fixed by law for a Vice President elected by the people. I suppose the gentlemen who observed my course here for years, say nothing like venality or conscious partiality; otherwise, such a result could not have been realized.

These are the material allegations. I believe they have been willingly, wittingly, and wickedly made, with a full knowledge or belief of their falsehood, on the part of him who made them; and these allegations and insinuations I here pronounce to be—in the aggregate and in detail, in the whole and in every part—and I do it under every responsibility, moral and otherwise, that a gentleman can assume—utterly and absolutely false and unfounded, so far as they affect my honor or my integrity. The insidious and skulking editorial, designed to screen the malignant intrigant, speaks of an occasional correspondent—who has been here but a part of the winter!—otherwise, he might have had other impressions. The skulking hypocrite! The base, cut-throat calumniator!

Sir, I have in my own mind no sort of doubt about the authorship. I have recently heard a speech in this chamber, not from a Senator, between which and portions of the letter to the Express there is a remarkable identity of sentiment, identity of language, and singular identity or coincidence in minute turns of phraseology. It is incredible that both did not proceed from the same forge which has hitherto turned out much base, uncurrent coin, and I have thought proper to notice and brand it with the stigma of base, unprovoked, deliberate and deliberated falsehood so far as I am able to do so; and if the author can think of anything (as doubtless he can in his vocation) that will more strongly and pointedly express contempt and contumely on my part, he has, by these presents, a carte blanche from me to write it, and print it, too; in the Express, always with the reservation that he is neither to make me say or insinuate, in my opinion, the author of any essential element of a true gentleman. A half-way mendicant of an editor, who fishes up his dirty and dependent

bread from the filthy pools of slander and calumny, may, in some sort, in some circumstances, be an object of pity, for "his poverty and not his will consents."

But when some freak of fortune shall throw an editor into a high official position, and shall affect the loftiest airs of a brilliant court, and majestically roll in his splendid coach through the broad avenues of the capital of the Union—his official position serving as a passport to refined and virtuous, and the highest and most polished circles of society, it is always to be deplored to find him devoid of the principles, the sentiments, and the feelings of a gentleman—and when this passport enables him to find his way to "private supper or dinner parties," and we find him prowling about for the means of picking up calumny and slanders or facts, as the case may be, in the way of his vocation, to minister to the rapid appetites of the readers of his press or Express, and thus abusing the hospitalities in which he unworthily participates, he is a fit subject to be kicked out of every decent circle; and I banish the society of honorable men. That is my opinion.

I am alleged to have met the Senator at "dinner and supper parties," where all the mischief has been concocted, and the coalition perfected.

Sir, I have met the honorable Senator but once on a social occasion this session, where all parties met, South, North, Rights, Whigs, and Democrats, and where an elegant and refined hospitality excluded every debatable and party matter.

Sir, I turn from this subject as I do from its author, with loathing, contempt, and scorn.

The identity of language, of sentiment, and other circumstances, plain enough indicate the author. I have little doubt he is one of the editors of the Express. And I here pronounce under all the responsibilities that can appertain to me, that he is a malicious slanderer, a mendacious calumniator, and devoid of all the essential principles, instincts, and feelings of a gentleman—a man of honor, that editor of the Express, I take to be now a member of the House of Representatives.

The President. The Chair cannot permit such language. It is altogether out of order.

Mr. Mangum. I am aware, sir, that it is out of order; and I am done.

HEAR HIM.

An intelligent Irishman writing to one of our Western contemporaries, thus ably hits off the impositions to which the laboring population of our country have been so long held in slavish subjection by some of the professed leaders of the Democratic party.

Let every laboring man read this title, and carefully preserve it against the time of the election.

"There are several things I can't help thinking about. The Democrats support the British Free Trade policy, by which England has ruined the industry of Ireland, and driven her sons and daughters into exile, since the union deprived Ireland of the power of protecting her own domestic industry, by which England is trying to keep the monopoly of manufacturing for the world, of compelling them to come to her shops to trade instead of trading at home with one another. It is this commercial supremacy of England that the Democrats do all they can to uphold, while the Whig party is struggling to pull it down, and thus destroy the power of England to force my native land to be nothing but a potato garden, and her sons and daughters to fly from the hearth stones of their fathers, to obtain that employment they can no longer get at home. The Democratic party preaches that we ought to support English labor; for the sake of buying in the cheapest market, regardless of supporting labor in this country, which we have been driven here to seek, because wages that English policy compelled us to submit to in the old country, will not keep soil and body together. In short, the Democratic party would keep us in subjection to that very British control that we came here to avoid, while the Whig party would give us fair wages for fair work."

I cannot help thinking of these things, nor can I help thinking that it is the Whig party which has projected and carried through all the great works of internal improvements, the keeping of which a going is a question of bread or no bread for so many of my countrymen on their arrival in this land.

I shall keep thinking about it; and if, I did not act about it, too, mighty soon, then I did not come from Erin.

Remember what "Erin" says, sons of the Emerald Isle!

A WHOLESOME TRUTH.—The Selma Southern Enterprise, a paper chiefly devoted to the encouragement and advancement of the Southern improvement, pertinently remarks:

"If men who go to sleep murmuring 'Southern Rights,' and in their morning yawns draw out 'Southern Rights,' and name their children 'Southern Rights,' would devote a little of their attention to the development of Southern Resources, they would soon have 'rights that would maintain themselves.'"

The Ladies of Northampton county will hold a Fair at Garysburg, on the 20th of May, for the purpose of raising funds to complete the Church at that place.

WHIG DIFFERENCES.

The N. York Express, having alluded to the excitement produced at a late Whig meeting in that city by the conflict of opinions among its members in reference to the choice of Fillmore, Scott, and Webster, thus remarks, in conclusion, upon the divisions in the Whig ranks:

"As we look back upon the scene, we marvel how so much fuss could have been created, and so much blood aroused, but we account for it all in the fact that the Presidential steam is up for the race. The feelings are in, and like murder, will out. There must be Fillmore meetings, Scott meetings, and Webster meetings, to let off some of this surplus steam, or these will hold it will explode, and blow the Whig Party sky high. We shall quarrel till we nominate a President. We shall quarrel, too, in Convention, as we did in 1836, 1840, and 1848; but when a good and true man is upon the course, we shall follow him to victory, whether that man be Millard Fillmore, the honest citizen, the wise statesman, the true patriot, with a heart as expansive as his country, and a firmness that nothing can shake from a good purpose, or either of his illustrious friends. We like the administration as it is, and the good and great man at the head of it; but the fortunes of Daniel Webster with his long and varied services, national heart and powerful intellect, and even the nodding plume of the young soldier of Chippewa and the old Soldier of Mexico, we shall at the proper time, if need be, be as ready to serve as the hottest of their friends. In the meantime we say to all good Whigs, 'trust in Providence and keep your powder dry.' Our divisions delight our enemies now," but let the time of their rejoicings be short."

A POLITICAL PRECEDENT.

We commend to some of our friends who are now sitting on the anxious benches, the consideration of the following proceedings in the Democratic Convention of California:

A personal explanation by Gen. Green then followed. He admitted the "soft impeachment," that he had voted for Gen. Taylor.

Mr. Van Voorhies, to meet the General's case; and that of others similarly situated, offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That all offences committed by any person or persons whatsoever against the Democratic party of this State, prior to the first day of January, 1850, be, and the same are hereby, fully, freely, and entirely pardoned, forgiven, and forgotten, and the misguided offenders are admitted again to free communion and unquestioned fraternity with the party; provided, always, they pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to "go and sin no more."

Resolved, that like leniency be shown, and like forgiveness be extended to those who sinned before their emigration to this State, but distinctly and decidedly upon like conditions.

ALL RIGHT!

We are for John Kerr for next Governor of North Carolina, and shall do all we can to promote his election.

We are against humbuggery in every shape and form which it may assume. With the demagogue, whether under guise of Free Suffrage, or whatever else, we have no feelings in common.

We are opposed to such quacks as Gov. Reid prescribing for the people, believing as we do that they understand what they need best, and the best mode for obtaining what they need.

We are for an unlimited Convention to amend the Constitution of the State, to be called upon the present basis of representation, by which Free Suffrage and all other necessary reforms may be properly obtained, and have been all the while.—Any amendment of the Constitution which has a sectional object in view—or in other words, the tendency of which