

COL. BENTON'S SPEECH AT ST. LOUIS.

We give below that portion of Col. Benton's recent speech at St. Louis which refers to the Cincinnati Convention and the domestic policy of the Administration.

Citizens: I appear before you in an unexpected character—that of candidate for the governorship of the State of Missouri. It was a place which I had not sought, but which I felt bound to accept in the present condition of the country.

I went to Cincinnati to see how things were done, and to assist a little at a safe nomination. I found a garrison of office-holders inside of the Convention, and a besieging army of the same gentry on the outside of it.

It was a scandalous collection, excluded by the constitution from being even electors of the President, and yet sent here to vote for the administration—and to vote upon the principle of the ox that knoweth his master's crib—upon the principle of the ass that knoweth the hand that feedeth him.

Thirty years ago the nomination of Presidential candidates was taken from Congress on account of the corruption which it engendered, and given to delegates, intending to be fresh from the people and to obey their will, and the nomination removed from Washington to Baltimore to get out of the reach of President-making members.

Such was the composition of nearly one-half of the whole Convention—custom-house officers, post-masters, salaried clerks, packed delegates, straw-delegates, political counsels, members of Congress, district attorneys, federal marshals.

Now for their acts: 1. The violation of the Texas and Missouri Compromises. With the facts of this violation, its wicked and corrupt intent, and the bloody consequences, you are all sufficiently acquainted and I only name it to give it its place at the head and front of all the evil measures of this administration.

2. Prostitution of the whole appointing power to electioneering purposes. This was openly done from the first nomination of the President, and affected the elections of State and Federal, and to operate for or against particular men; and for this purpose multi characters would be taken in preference to the best.

3. The violation of the laws of the United States. The administration of the courts to which they were sent. Talented, educated, replete with knowledge, polished in manners, modest, virtuous, such were formerly our ministers abroad.

must show who I mean by the administration, for it by no means consists of all whose names compose it.

In the first place, then, I do not mean Mr. Pierce, I leave him out entirely. He is a kind man, tender-hearted and will cry for any body's sorrows; but he has neither head nor nerve, and he is as helpless in the hands of his managers as a babe in the arms of its nurse.

On this agreement, thus volunteered by himself, I left the city, and in two weeks was followed by a list of the appointments—and you know what kind of appointments they were—all made for my enemies, and to work in the election against me—a thing which they have faithfully done, and are still doing.

In the next place, I do not mean Mr. Marcy. He leaves himself out by permitting others to dominate in his department, and by publicly agreeing to what he privately condemns. I leave also the Secretary of the Treasury, the Interior, of the Navy, and the Postmaster General, and only condemn them for remaining in a Cabinet in which they are without influence, and sharing the odium of measures of which they have no part in the paternity.

Of the outside force of nullifiers still left remains to be said. They govern when they please, and always in the same style—by presenting a man to the master spirit. He is in the name of talent, of learning, of industry—unscrupulous, double-sexed, double-gendered, and hermaphroditic in politics—with a hinge in his knee, which he often crooks, "that thift may follow fawning."

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What a contrast are these we now send abroad. What a contrast to the Rufus Kings, the John Marshalls, the Albert Gallatins, the John Quincy Adamses, the Pinkneys, of South Carolina, and the Pinkney of Maryland, the Henry Clays, and the long list of splendid names which grace our diplomatic annals.

right place. They sent him to Naples, where his doctrine may meet with less abhorrence than in any other part of the civilized world, and all these missions are multiplied to the possible extent. Sending these unfit men to places where they have nothing to do, even if they could do anything, merely to give them pay, and where many of them, by vulgarity and misconduct, are excluded from social intercourse, and confined to the privileges which are secured them, and left to the low company which their manners and tastes require.

Extravagant expenditure is the characteristic of this administration. Never was such a prodigal waste of public money seen. Seventy to eighty millions squandered per annum, and not a symptom of any abatement. When Mr. Polk went out of office, which was after the acquisition of all our new territories, he computed the annual expenses of the government at twenty-five to twenty-six millions; now it is three times that amount, and getting worse.

5. Violated pledges. I do not mean the inaugural address, they are now made like pie crust to be broken. I speak of public specific pledges, openly and solemnly made, and openly and scandalously violated. There was the pledge to reduce unnecessary duties, and get rid of a corrupting surplus revenue. That pledge is violated, has been for four years, and still is. The enormous revenue is kept up to increase patronage, to purchase worthless land from Mexico, to corrupt presses, to reward partisans, to strengthen the government, to build up armies and navies, and to fight foreign nations; if they can succeed in picking quarrels with them.

Equally public was the pledge, and equally equally violated, to maintain a national highway to the Pacific ocean. The money was pledged, the time is out and the pledge not redeemed. The time has been lost in making useless and costly surveys for two outside roads—one for the North and one for the South—and in endeavoring to purchase from Mexico, since after Sibley, the route to Guymas, on the Gulf of California. Ten millions were given for one that would not include the place. At the last moment, the route was changed, and the money further efforts were made to get another slice, at another ten or twenty millions, still further south.

In the mean time, the plain, direct, national central route is repudiated, although it is now one-third made; for the railroads west from Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic ports; to penetrate the West, converge to the centre before they reach the Missouri, and connect with the Missouri road, now complete to the centre of the State, and advancing to the Western border.

6. Neglect of the Territorial government is another of the offences of this administration. Political partisans and pot-house demagogues are sent out to fill their offices—men unfit, if they were disposed, but merely electioneers, engaged in the State and Federal elections, while the protection of the Federal Government is perfectly unprovided for. The Territory is overruled and overruled the land. Bitter, whose acquaintance over the savage mind charmed the Indians into infantile submission, was dismissed, because he would not electioneer, to make room for a pot-house demagogue, who could do nothing else.

I need not mention Kansas, the condition of that blood-stained ground is sufficiently known to you. I will speak of Utah, where the Federal Government is ignored and repudiated; its laws and authority set at defiance. The term of the Mormon Governor, Brigham Young, expired three years ago, and he had thrown out the authority of the United States; it was determined to send him a successor, a military graduate of West Point, and Captain Steptoe was called from his pleasant quarters to go upon the enterprise. When Brigham heard of it, he made a speech to his people, in which he told them what President Pierce intended, and what he himself intended.

The administration was afraid of him, and undertook to out-manoeuvre him, and that in the highest style of West Point tactics; they determined to smuggle Steptoe in. For that purpose they sent a military Governor, with a full complement of soldiers, and directed to proceed to the Mormon kingdom, as if he was going to California, stop here to hybernate, and watching the chance, slip into the governorship some day when Brigham was out—something like a weasel that goes into another hole, when he finds the occupant gone. When I heard of this fine scheme, I said to my acquaintances, and I can prove that I said it, (for I do not intend to do post facto predictions), that the next time we should hear of this Gov. Steptoe again, he would be on his tip-toes, marching to the tune of "Hey, Betty Martin, tip-toe fine!" and so it was; for before the hybernation was over he was on his march in good truth to California, to return thence to the United States.

But there was something else which I did not foresee, which was, that this military governor carried off four dozen of the Mormon Betty Martins with him, to the infinite distress of the saints, profoundly chagrined to find themselves so encroached upon by the Gentiles. But it was the last encroachment of the kind. No more of the United States military have been since, and Brigham says he has promised the Lord that if they come again he will fix them alone. And that was the end of the attempt by the administration to give a Governor to Utah.

All have heard of this polygamy—a state of things at which morality, decency, shame revolts, and I have been told how an institution so abhorrent to human nature is kept up, and that it is

by virtue of the civil power vested in Brigham and his saints, still more than by his religious power, that there are enough to overturn the institution, if it was not that all civil power, as well as the religious jurisdiction, is in the hands of Mormon authorities; so that this administration is actually responsible to the moral sense of the civilized world for the present continuance of polygamy in the Territory of Utah.

For the Signal. The Breakfast Orator. "His words of learned leech and thundering sound," Amasa's the goring rustics rang'd around— have still they gazed, and still they wonder grow; That one small head could carry all his crew.

On a bright morning in July I arrived at a precinct in a county not a thousand miles hence, where the candidates for the Legislature were to make another effort at captivum vulgus. I had not been long upon the ground before a mightier than Cicero arose to address the heterogeneous assembly. There was a flush upon his manly cheek—his eye no longer that dull and feeble red of innate stupidity, now glowed with the fire of newly enkindled patriotism.

A mortal could have more easily controlled the struggling winds in the cavern of Eolus, than could he restrain the impetuous and resistless torrent of his oratory. He opened his declamation that burst forth in ungovernable fury; when the orator scudded to the acme of infatuation, soared aloft on the wings of the tempest! Language is powerless. How can I "give to his airy nothing a local habitation and a name." Alas! reflection was paralyzed and imagination flared in his flight, vainly striving to chain conceptions, fasted forever to cloud like grapes.

To attempt even a faint and shadowy outline were to do the orator irreparable injustice. His fearful anathemas against "poor Sam" hurled over the heads of his startled and affrighted auditory like "thunderbolts bickering in mid-heaven." "He, the stirrer of the storm"—"THE RATE TREASURER, alone stood serene amid the raging elements. He opened, smiled at the error detected in the voracious countenance of a few of that "low, yellow, chitless set," against whom the lightning of his buzzard eye were shot with malignant fury. There was no mercy in his glance. Unlike the prophet whose ass he resembled—"he cursed and blessed not." He left not one square inch of hoof or hide to tell the tale of Sam's departed glory.

For the American Signal. An oversight—the Loco Meeting. Mr. Editor—The Secretary or whoever was the author of the Sag Nicht meeting, published in the last Standard, does Mr. "Shinplaster" great injustice. I propose to correct some of his errors and set Mr. D. in a true light before the public.

The Secretary says that "he, (Mr. D.) gave them the (K. N.'s) a terrible raking." Now as this is a gross error, I propose to give the truth to let those who were not present know what it was, and would say to the "Sec." that he had better resign, if he does not intend to report the meetings in a proper manner.

Mr. Dick said the K. N.'s had to take three oaths to make them stick, that the first oath was for the voters, the second for the "pimps," and the third for the office seekers. He asked who was "seated" in the country. Mr. D. after he had demolished the K. N.'s, Mr. Fillmore, and Mr. Donelson, turned his attention to State politics, and said that the name Brag was a tower of strength. I could not help applauding him when he made this remark. There was so much truth in it, and I knew that he thought of the fact that Brag was, and had been for a great length of time, their principal "tower of strength."

After Mr. D. had concluded, the President called on Mr. McLean, of Guilford. This gentleman said but few words. He said that, at the coming election, they (the Locos) would send Sam to his native Yankee land. Mr. Dick said he was not south of Mason and Dixon's line. So, you see, these two gentlemen cannot agree. Like those who were on hand on a memorable occasion, plenty could be found to testify, but they did not agree in their testimony.

Mr. Editor, I hope the worthy reporter will do better next time, and not make it necessary for their Speakers to go to the Signal to find Justice.

WANTED Two young men as salesmen who have had some experience, references required. Apply to W. H. & R. S. TUCKER. Raleigh, July 12, 1856.

The American Signal.

RALEIGH, N. C. Saturday Morning, July 19, 1856.

"The foundation of my preference is that Mr. Fillmore has administered the Executive Government with signal success and ability. He has been tried and found true, faithful, honest and conscientious."

NATIONAL AMERICAN TICKET. FOR PRESIDENT, MILLARD FILLMORE, OF NEW YORK. FOR VICE-PRESIDENT, ANDREW JACKSON DONELSON, OF TENNESSEE.

FOR GOVERNOR, JOHN A. GILMER, OF GUILFORD. AMERICAN ELECTORAL TICKET. FOR THE STATE AT LARGE, L. B. CARMICHAEL, of Wilkes. JOHN W. CAMERON, of Cumberland.

1st " Lewis Thompson, of Bertie. 2d " E. J. Warren, of Beaufort. 3d " O. P. Meares, of New Hanover. 4th " Jas. T. Littlejohn, of Granville. 5th " A. J. Stedman, of Chatham. 6th " Gen. J. M. Leach, of Davidson. 7th " Gen. A. J. Dargan, of Anson. 8th " Jno. D. Hyman, of Buncombe.

"Permit me here, Mr. Chairman, for a moment to speak upon a subject, to which I have never before adverted upon this floor, and to which, I trust, I may never again have occasion to advert. I mean the subject of Slavery. I BELIEVE IT TO BE A GREAT POLITICAL AND A GREAT MORAL EVIL. I THANK GOD MY LOT HAS BEEN CAST IN A STATE WHERE IT DOES NOT EXIST. IT HAS BEEN A CURSE ENTAILLED UPON US BY THAT NATION WHICH MAKES IT A SUBJECT OF REPROACH TO OUR INSTITUTIONS.—James Buchanan.

Resolved, THAT, IN THE OPINION OF THIS MEETING, THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS WHO, AT THE LAST SESSION, SUSTAINED THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, HUMANITY, AND PATRIOTISM, IN OPPOSING THE INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY INTO THE STATE, THEN ENDEAVORED TO BE FORMED OUT OF THE MISSOURI TERRITORY, ARE ENTITLED TO THE WARMEST THANKS OF EVERY FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Resolved, That the proceeding of this meeting be published in the newspapers of this city. JAMES HOPKINS, WM. JENKINS, JAMES BUCHANAN.

Terms of the Signal for the Campaign. Semi-weekly \$1.00. Weekly to single subscribers. 75 cts. For a Club of ten \$5.00.

Our County Candidates Spoke at Cedar Level, on Tuesday last, where we heard speeches from Messrs Lewis and Bledsoe, and the Hon. Sion H. Rogers.

Mr. Lewis opened the discussion in a speech of an hour and a half, which was certainly one of the most widely, widely, scattering and unfair harangues we have ever heard. Bad grammar, bad pronunciation, stale denunciations of the American party and misrepresentations of the position of our candidates, were the staple of this "sloshing around" talk.

Mr. Bledsoe professed that he had no respect for the American party—he did not even intend to dignify them with that title—he should call them Know Nothings, and nothing else. Don't the American party feel utterly demolished by this bad opinion of this Loco-foco foreign orator? What could be expected from such a start, but one continued strain of abuse and misrepresentations? Lay on, Mr. Orator, we guess you'll get your deserts before you are through with the canvass.

Hon. Sion H. Rogers delivered a plain, clear logical and forcible speech, in which he ably defended the principles and position of the American party, and poured hot shot into the enemy. His blows were given with power and efficiency, and told with stunning force upon these Loco foreign Sag Nicht seekers after the spoils.

"Political Rascality." The Richmond Whig publishes a circular, addressed by the Democratic Committee at Washington, to the Anti-American Post, Masters throughout the Union, in which these Masters are directed to contribute a percentage of the proceeds of their offices to the electioneering purpose of the Committee, on pain of dismissal, in the event of success of the ten cent candidate. The circular happened to fall into wrong hands, and although marked "private and confidential" was very properly published. The scheme is worthy of such a political parist as Forney, and is a beautiful commentary upon the affected abhorrence of Loco-focism for the "secret arts" of know-nothingism!

Fillmore—the strongest and most National.

Some of our Buchanan-eering prints yet seem to think that the friends of Fillmore ought to forego their preference, and we may add, their principles, and sustain the Cincinnati nomination. A piteous call is also made for the old Henry Clay Whigs. It can't be done, gentlemen: When we see that such a course may be absolutely necessary to save our section from the rule of Black Republicanism, then we may do it—but not before.

There has been a time when we might have hesitated and asked ourselves, whether it might not become our duty to select the lesser of these two great evils. That time is not now. The danger, we believe, has passed away. Col. Fremont, to be sure, will take a large part of the Foreign Catholic party, from the spoliars, but he will lose much more from the masses of the puritans and fanatics of the North, who will never support a Catholic, born and educated at the South, who, while Senator, uniformly gave southern votes. These perpendicular, stiff-backed sons of the Pilgrims, who have always held up their hands in horror at the mysteries of the Bad Woman of Babylon, whether right or wrong, will not submit to be ruled by a son of the Church. Mr. Fremont, we believe, was imposed upon them by a concert between Seward and Arch Bishop Hughes, without their knowledge or consent—and must be repudiated by the masses at the polls. They hate slavery enough, heaven knows. But they more religiously abhor that mystery of iniquity, in their language called anti-Christ. The old Puritan blood gallops yet in their veins, and they can't stand that nomination. Such a man they had not bargained for. It was not so nominated in the bond.

The only enthusiasm waked up by the nomination seems to be in the city of New York, where they can always stir up the mixed multitude to huzza for any man who is able to pay for it. Not long since they almost made a great man of George Law. But even in New York, they seem to love more Bessie and the babies, than the "gude" man. This nomination has weakened the free-soil faction greatly, so that one cause of the alarm which existed a few weeks ago, is removed.

Again, we might have swallowed Pierce, weak and vacillating as he has shown himself—with-out being quite strangled in the deglutition.—But in mercy, spare us the calamity, the degradation, the disgrace of aiding to elevate to our highest honor, the cold-blooded slanderer of the greatest and purest man of the age!—the subtle intriguer who tried to excuse himself to Gen. Jackson for proposing to him a corrupt bargain, by assuring him, that the great Clay, who never stooped to meanness, had made to Mr. Adams the same proposition. The honest old man spurned the offer and the self-constituted go-between who made it. But the effect of this base charge, on the proud spirit and political elevation of Clay, was disastrous. His great heart bravely resisted the charge, and defied the ineffable meanness that prompted and the malice that pursued it, but in vain. The poison was in his veins, and worked and spread, until his spirit broke and he sunk to the grave, the victim of a base, unmitigated calumny, which nobody now believes.

On, no! no! When any friend of the immortal Clay ever thought of the possible necessity of uniting with our Democratic friends of the South to put down a dangerous heresy, he did not dream of a possibility even of supporting that man!

Again, the American party might well have had some misgivings as to the real strength of Millard Fillmore. But when he returned from his European tour, and was hailed with almost bowlering demonstrations of joy, as soon as he touched his native soil—when we saw but one great feeling of welcome during his progress, almost triumphant, to his fireside and home—when hearts "dearer than all" literally poured themselves out in welcome—when during all this progress, lessons of enlarged patriotism eloquently flowed from his lips, and found an echo, so unmistakably, from the great American heart—then our misgivings ended. Then we became sure that he was the true man. And whatever might be the result of an election now, we believe that his pathway will brighten and brighten, until within a few weeks no one will doubt the wisdom of our course. Like virgin gold, he will bear the trial. The more he is rubbed the brighter he shines. But there is a base metal which, the more it is rubbed, the more surely it betrays its quality, by the offensive odor it emits. Our friends, the Democrats, are at liberty to make the application.

"Paul, Paul." That zealous Democrat who deplored the accession to his party of some unpopular Old Line Whigs as a misfortune—and who said that whenever he should hear that Paul Cameron had joined them, he should consider his party ruined—was certainly mistaken. We should have been glad to keep Paul ourselves. We had no idea that he had that "devilish hankering arter grama," or he should have had the range of our very best clover. Why did he not let us know that he was ambitious of political honors? Nothing in our gift would have been thought too good for him. We don't know how to part with Paul. We do not, indeed. So kind, and courteous and liberal to poor folks, and so deservedly popular—how can we get along without him? If this sheet is stained with a blot, it is from tears flowing from our left eye. How can we help weeping? Our party is defunct forever and a day, and Millard Fillmore is a doomed man. He will never smile again.

And our friend Turner will do the best he can do, but what can he do in opposition to a gentleman who, we are credibly informed, will carry every man in his neighborhood, Whig, Democrat and American, for six miles round?—Hath not the noble Prince of Orange nobly entertained his neighbors in his princely halls, and generously allowed them, one and all, "the privilege of the plantation?" Hath he not always sympathized with the poor Lackladders, and urged with great zeal the natural right of the people to vote in the Senate without owning 50 acres of dirty land? What hath he cared about lands