

The American Signal.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Thursday Morning, July 26, 1856.

"The expression 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."

If there be those either North or South who desire an administration for the North as against the South or the South as against the North, they are not the men who should give their suffrages to me. For my part, I know only my country, my whole country, and nothing but my country."

Mr. Fillmore's Speech at New York.

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 ELECTORIAL TICKET.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE,
L. B. CARMICHAEL, of Wilkes.
JOHN W. CAMERON, of Cumberland.
1st Lieut. Lewis Thompson, of Bertie.
2d " E. J. Warren, of Beaufort.
3d " O. P. Meares, of New Hanover.
4th " J. 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 mean the subject of Slavery. I BELIEVE IT TO BE A GREAT POLITICAL AND A GREAT MORALEVIL. I THINK GOD'S LOT HAS BEEN CAST IN A STATE WHERE IT DOES NOT EXIST. * * * IT HAS BEEN A CURSE ENTAILED UPON US BY THAT NATION WHICH MAKES IT A SUBJECT OF APPROACH TO OUR INSTITUTIONS. —James Buchanan.

Resolved, THAT IN THE OPINION OF 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, AND SENT INTO THE WARMEST THANKS OF EVERY FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the newspapers of this city.

Terms of the Signal for the Campaign.
Semi-weekly \$1.00
For a Club of ten \$5.00

Warriors of Peace.

It was at first claimed for Mr. Buchanan by his political friends, that he was "born a Democrat," like the famous fire-eater of South Carolina. His little episode about blood-letting, staggered them a little; but they managed to get over that by a stout denial.

Then his opposition to the last war with England bothered them some. They got around that by making somebody swear, that he actually volunteered for the war, with his father's old blunderbuss on his shoulder — & had killed about 65 or 70 Brits. This was urged as a fair practical test to his theoretical opposition to the war. But unluckily it now appears by the testimony of some old men in Lancaster, that he was drafted to the war, but proved himself to be one of those intractable animals, "wo't' you'd not go," and all the "larruping" they could give him, would not "make him go." He backed out. So the old men of Lancaster say. Our friend, the Major, will deny this, we presume. It is so unnatural to back out when your country calls — more particularly if you have been drafted; most particularly if you had volunteered. Perhaps they had not in those days been instructed in the art of telling along a stubborn horse by fastening a basket of corn on the tongue of the wagon, just out of his reach, after the fashion of an old coddler down the country. The horse went then. He had to go or starve. Patriotism might have been prompted in 1812, as it was in 1845 — viz, by making the reluctant warrior a commissary. — There is nothing like paying a gentleman to be patriotic. Moreover, it not only maketh the commissary commit patriotism himself, but it causeth patriotism to exist in others. As for example, if Major Buchanan had been commissary, deal-master-general of meat and bread for the army in 1812 — and patriotically wished to whip the British "before breakfast" — or at least by dinner time, could it not have been done? What easier? The commissary could ride in front of the army at reveille, and swear "by the Eternal" he would not open his provision chest to a mother's son of 'em, until the enemy was whipped; and would it not have been done in a twinkling — if not sooner? Would not each soldier, from a tender regard to his bowels, have dashed up to the cannon's mouth? Would not four and twenty at once have sprung at the throat of the British Lion?

But it seems, that Major Buchanan did not have his patriotism thus spurred on and provoked by the modern mode. Or he may not have cared even to carry the bag, in regions where there is such a "villainous smell of salt-petre." We don't know. It is a long time ago. But we know one thing. He has in later years, and in peaceful times, taken his turn at the bag; if not in carrying it for others, at least in thrusting his long arm into it for himself, down to the bottom — to the old tune of "Money makes the mare go."

But we feel that we ought to treat the hypothetical warrior of 1812 very tenderly and gently.

Manifest Destiny.

In permitting our eye to take a retrospect of the past in the world's history — in coning over the rise, progress and rapid decay of empires, we have come to the conclusion, there is a destiny awaiting this Republic never attained by any power, and which nothing but an Infinite Mind could guide. This conviction forces itself upon our mind whenever we contemplate the magnitude of our country and see how far it has risen in the scale of nations above every other that has ever existed, and time will only show the extent of our belief in its predestination.

Other nations have come into existence, performed their allotted task and expired, and were precluded from the beginning, evidently to be examples for all coming ages. Our own nation has ever had these in her eye and has profited by their experience, uniting in one the virtues of all, and discarding the imperfections and essential elements of dissolution, as a successful result upon "the great experiment," as a successful reality. We all feel proud in being born in such a country; the exclamation bursts spontaneously from multitudes of hearts "Te, Deum laudamus," with all the benediction of pride commensurate with the magnitude of the subject.

Turning the eye inward and viewing the internal structure of our Constitution — the just and equitable code of laws and morality by which we are governed — an instance is presented by any for a similar purpose in the universe, so sacredly guarded as to be invaded only at the peril of life; watched over by a surveillance as swift and subtle as that which guarded the "Golden Fleece," surrounded by the fabled oak of Deliania which closes round the body of the innocents and sacrilegious hander burning his fingers under the lightning bolt; the result of an enlightened public opinion that all the wind and weather of envious outsiders can make but little impression — we are forced to the belief that destiny manifested her hand in our construction; still she has said that attempts should be made to break us down, for the purpose of showing how strong we are.

We have no way of judging the future but by the past, and taking this our standard, we can safely predict a world-wide revolution to be accomplished by the Anglo-Saxon race. Futurity opens to the gaze a long list of characteristics in the American people, destined to benefit mankind all over the world. The Christian religion is to be carried among the savages of the supposed inaccessible portions of the earth, drawing with it the concomitant civilization and refinement to which it is entitled. Now let us apply what we have said. The American party is to be the instrument of this regeneration. Why oppose such a party? Cannot the Loco see their own destiny? These two factions are running directly antagonistic, and which think you should yield? If the Loco continue to resist the Americans in trying to keep unworthy foreigners away, they will the sooner meet their fate.

They permit them to come here and exercise the elective franchise before they even know the language and eventually they will be crushed by their own madness. Did not Sampson crush himself in the attempt to crush others? The fact is the foreign party has gotten itself into a slough by its opposition to a country much wiser, and is to obstinate to turn back. Like the poor fellow who caught the tiger by the tail, it can neither hold on, nor can it let go, for as soon as it performs the latter feat (which it must do) destruction awaits it. The signs of times say so; the conservative spirit of the country says so; — manifest destiny says so. Fate says the American party is to crush this serpent before he has finished his mad career. It is to choke off the blood, lands from the public treasury — to take out the predetermined decrees of destiny, and leave nothing for the opposition but the poor consolation of "the scent of roses" — it is to ride triumphant above the ruins of dissolution and to triumph over the present and manifest destiny says so — it must be so.

From the Charlotte Whig.
The Ten Cent Speech.
The attempt is made to deny that Mr. Buchanan ever delivered a speech in which he advocated the reduction of wages. In our opinion, one of the best evidences that such a speech was delivered is the fact, that Mr. Buchanan made his speech in the Senate in January, 1849, and his remarks on the reduction of wages are recorded in Messrs. Hays, of Miss., Smith, of Ia., and Wm. of Md., and on the 23rd of the same month, Mr. Davis, of Mass., delivered his speech on the same topic of low wages, yet not one word is heard of misrepresentation by Mr. Buchanan until the 3d of March, some six weeks after his speech. If he was misrepresented why did his not say so when Mr. Hays, of Miss., and Mr. Smith, of Ia., and Mr. Wm. of Md., and Mr. Davis, of Mass., delivered their speeches? Public sentiment had not been manifested at that time. But as soon as he found that it was unpopular he tried to "beat his own words," by charging misrepresentation on Mr. Davis. In his reply to Mr. Buchanan's speech of the 3d of March, Mr. Davis makes the following remarks:

By the 1st clause of the 3rd Section of the 4th Article of the Amendments to our State Constitution, made in 1835, the Legislature is restrained from imposing a higher tax on slave taxable polls than on white polls.

This amendment was demanded of the Convention of 1835, by the slave owners of the East for the protection of that species of property against excessive taxation, and was, we think, justly and properly granted by the Convention. Our State Senate, as it is at present constituted, is an effective protection to land against an undue proportion of taxation, inasmuch as it is elected exclusively by landholders. Hence we see that the species of property considered of most value in each section of the State, has been placed under the protection of the Constitution against an undue proportion of taxes; — for while the East owns much the largest number of slaves, the great West is the most deeply interested in land. But it is not proposed, by what is known as the Free Suffrage bill, to dispense with the land qualification for voters, at the Senate box; and if this bill, which has already passed one Legislature, should, unannounced, become a part of the Constitution, land will be stripped of all protection against excessive taxation.

These are facts and now let us examine the position of parties and of the candidates for Governor, on this subject: —
John A. Gilmer, and his friends, in the last Legislature made an effort to procure the calling of a Convention which would have adopted the Constitution, and with this view an amendment was offered, which was sustained by Mr. Gilmer in a speech of much ability, proposing that in the raising of revenue hereafter, no more tax should be imposed on \$300 valuation of land than the amount levied on one white or black poll. This amendment was rejected, — every Democrat in the Senate except Mr. Eaton voted against it.

Now why was this proposition, just as it was defeated? — With it, the Free Suffrage bill would probably have been acceptable to every voter in the State, both to land-holders and those who hold no land, and its success by a two-thirds majority in the next Legislature, would have been placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. The answer is plain: — It was either because those who voted against this amendment desired to retain the power, in the Legislature, of taxing the land to an unlimited extent, or else they wished to keep the Free Suffrage bill in such a shape as would call forth opposition from some quarter, and to have it defeated in the next Legislature, which can be done by the small majority of 17 votes in this Senate.

At the present time, many landholders are opposed to it, not without some reason. For, at the very least, the Legislature, when it became necessary to increase the revenue of the State, the Democratic Finance Committee, which had the matter in charge, in their first report proposed to double the tax on land, and at the same time take off five cents from the poll; — and the Committee were only induced to alter their report, so as to double the tax both on land and poll, by the fact that the farmers would become alarmed, and never consent to the passage of the bill.

Now, how stands Gov. Bragg, on the subject? Since the present campaign commenced he has been frequently asked by Mr. Gilmer, whether he had ever taken any part in the Free Suffrage bill, and he has steadily declined to answer; — but said he is now opposed to any such proposition.

We ask the candid farmers to look at this matter, and judge between the gubernatorial candidates, and say who is their true friend — Gilmer, who did it in the power to secure their property against an undue proportion of taxation, or Bragg, who admits, by his silence, that he would have voted against that protection? — *Salem Press.*

Again, as to the annexation of Texas, Mr. Buchanan acted with the like independence. He both voted for and advocated its annexation. — He voted for the ratification of Mr. Tyler's Treaty, and, when rejected by a majority of the Senate, at a later period he supported the measure of annexation, and concluded an eloquent and powerful address in its favor, by declaring he did so cheerfully and unflinchingly, considering it the most glorious act of his life, believing the role would confer blessings, innumerable on his country, now, hereafter, and forever. When it is recollected that the slave property of the South is estimated at from twelve to fifteen hundred millions of dollars, no measure has ever been decided by Congress of so great importance to that section of the Union. — *Judge Saunders' letter.*

The foregoing extract I have cut from Judge Saunders' letter to the Maryland Committee, recently published in the "Standard." Why the Judge did not declare his proper vote in his letter, the reason given by Mr. Buchanan, for voting for the annexation of Texas, is best known to himself. However, that the people of the South should know, at least the motive which prompted Mr. B., I have concluded to forward to you the following extract from old Bragg's speech on the subject, in which he gives us out south rather cold comfort, so far as any regard for Southern rights is concerned:

"In arriving at the conclusion to support this treaty, I had to encounter but one serious obstacle, and that was the question of SLAVERY. — When ever land was sold, and ever shall maintain, in their full force and vigor, the Constitutional rights of the Southern States over their slave property. I YET FELT A STRONG REPUGNANCE BY AN ACT OF MINE TO EXTEND NEW SLAVERYHOLDING TERRITORY. A few mature reflections, however, I overcome and I now believe that the acquisition of Texas will be the means of LIMITING, not ENLARGING the dominion of SLAVERY. — "THAT THE ACQUISITION OF TEXAS WOULD, ERE LONG, CONVERT MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, KENTUCKY, MISSOURI, AND PROBABLY OTHERS OF THE MORE NORTHERN SLAVE STATES INTO FREE STATES." — *REYNOLDS' STATE PAPERS.*

"But should Texas be annexed to the Union, causes will be brought into operation which must eventually remove slavery from what may be called the farming States."

If Southern men can find any thing in this to attract them to Mr. Buchanan, they are "kener-sighted than a mule."

COMMON SENSE.

ANDREW J. STEDMAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Having removed to Pittsboro', N. C., will attend regularly the Courts of Chatham, Moore and Hargett Counties.

April 1, 1856.

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gerly, inasmuch as he may before long be withdrawn. Many Democrats, we are sure, desire it, and we rather think that the Standard would say amen — and if we are not mistaken, our friend Millard Fillmore will be sure of his aid. He could "pour out his soul" again — and feel good — as of yore. — We are impatient to hail the accession of our Standard to our ranks. He wields a heavy battle-ax; and would do yeoman's service in a cause which he knows to be good, in support of a pure man, whose neglect by the Whigs wrong so much precious salt water from his optics four years ago.

Heads and Tails.

In an article under the head of "Squatter Sovereignty," the Washington Sentinel makes a desperate attempt to satisfy the South, that by the Kansas act, Porkopolis platform, and Buchanan's letter of acceptance, the power of the territorial government over slavery, was intended to be confined to the time when it emerges from its chrysalis condition and forms its State Constitution, and asks to be admitted to the sisterhood of States.

That old interpreter of Democracy, Martin Van Buren, makes an equally desperate attempt to satisfy the North, that "it is too clear to admit of a dispute or cavil, that it was the intention of Congress to clothe the people of the territories with ample power to exclude slavery from within their respective limits, as well while they continue territories, as in making provisions for its exclusion from the State, when that transition shall take place."

There is said to be in the Eastern Islands a species of ant that fights itself, called the bull dog ant. This insect has a strange tenacity of life; and withal a marvelous pugnacity, which prompts one half the ant to make a pitched battle with the other half, if cut in two. Howitt, in his travels over Australia, saw an instance of this fighting to the death, or rather, fighting after death: "A giant cut one in two that was annoying him. The head immediately seized the body with its mandible; and the body began swinging away manfully at the head. The fight went on for half an hour without any diminished sign of life; this is what they always do. Instead of dying as they ought to do, they sit and fight away for hours, if some of the other ants do not come and carry them away; whether to eat them, or bury them, we know not."

As to the question of who are the heads and who the tails of the grand national democratic party, it is hard for an unsophisticated individual here to decide. Whether the north has the choice, or the south, we do not know. It may be as fair a way as any to decide the question of heads and tails by tossing up a copper cent — or may be a dime; but whoever be head and whoever be tail, on this question of "Squatter Sovereignty," there is an awful battle between the parts, of which we are mere spectators. The American party has but one side of that question — nor indeed of any other. Our expositions are all one way, and straight forward. We have no Van Burens, and Reelers, and Dixes to urge a wretched infidelity of four principles.

But in the present political phenomenon, which may be called the political phenomenon, but taking no active part. Which whips, we don't care a copper. Whether heads or tails will, is nothing to us. Indeed, we cannot yet decide which is head or tail. All we now say, is, go it, yeeripies! fragmentary dogs! Bite and sting, to your heart's content — and "the devil take the hindmost!" Then bring up the Kilkenny cats.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Since the wanderings of our old friend John Kerr begun, our hearts have followed him, yearning over him. We had much affection, political and personal, for John Kerr; and we confess to a sneaking love for him yet. If our friends blame us, all we can say is, we can't help it. When we have caught him behaving badly — *flagrant delicto*, as the lawyers say — we have incontinently in our wrath seized on our trusty sword, and sworn to avenge our betrayed party. But our heart failed us. We could not stab John Kerr, so we went out and smote valiantly an old oak tree near by, until we became mangled, and our wrath was over-past. We pronounced that decaying, dying old tree, an arrant rogue, a hypocrite, a traitor, at each charge giving it a mortal thrust, until we felt better. But we did not call it John Kerr!

Poor John Kerr! We are truly sorry for him. With father Abram boasting that he had circumcised him for admission to the synagogue, — while Bedford Brown standing by his side and calling him brother Kerr, and concealing together democratic resolutions for Caswell — with Thomas Clingman closeted, plotting and counterplotting for the success of "our party" — (the Democratic, God bless us!) instead of mutually cutting each other's throats, as they solemnly promised to do, at the Baltimore Whig Convention a few years ago — does not brother Kerr feel proud and comfortable? We learn that he is now on a progress to the great West, trying to make the people wise and patriotic; answering all the calls of the mountain Macedonia, who are crying for light and help to the Neophyte Siamese, Thomas and John. Clingman and Kerr! Kerr and Clingman! And Bañs Edney, too! — We learn that Messrs. Clingman and Kerr have agreed to labor together politically, and Bañs too — until the election is over; then they are going away up among the mountains, to settle the scientific questions which have lately vexed and agitated the world, on the subject of Clingman's and Mitchell's peak. Clingman has assured brother Kerr, that his mountain was bigger and higher than the old Doctor's, when he saw it last by at least fifteen feet. And if it is not so now, his political enemies the Know Nothings, have shaved it down, just to defeat and worry him. If they could, he has not a doubt but the dark lantern party, would move his mountain out of the State, just to embarrass him, and give a victory to that old foggy of Chapel Hill. They are going to carry Bañs with them, that he may witness their admeasurement, and certify to the

truth! This question has to be settled. Thomas cannot allow any body to steal his geographical glory. Much less can he suffer his good name to be fleeced, by that green old professor, and by means of a broken barometer. Thomas and John and Bañs are to ride the same horse, cook "bar meat" in the same pot, drink from the same jug, and sleep in the same bed, during these interesting explorations. A happy time will the trio have. My friend, John Kerr! how do you feel?

Americans are you Ready?

The near approach of the election, renders it necessary, that the friends of the American nominees, should be on the alert and watch with constant vigilance the movements of the adversary. Let them bear in mind that more can be done, to advance our cause and secure the victory during the last few days of the conflict, especially so on the day of election, than at any other period. At this time our prospects are good to carry through that gallant standard bearer, John A. Gilmer, with a triumphant majority. The news from every part of the State is of the most flattering character. But let not our friends be lulled into inactivity, by the belief that all is safe. We must labor incessantly, until the last gun in the conflict is fired. Against one thing, we would warn the friends of our nominees for Governor. No doubt on the eve of the election falsehoods will be started and misrepresentations put in circulation, to prejudice his election. This our wily adversary has not failed to do in times past. They will in all probability do it again. — Be prepared for them. Watch them closely. — Refute their falsehoods. Meet them at every point. Let no one forget to vote for Gilmer in his eagerness to advance the cause of any of the local candidates. See to it that your friends and neighbors vote. Remember that in the Governor's election every vote counts, — every vote pushes our candidate ahead. Let each precinct in each county be supplied with tickets. If you can get printed tickets, write them.

Remember that John A. Gilmer has done his duty like a true man! His election will gladden the hearts of the friends of Fillmore all over the Union! The Standard claims ten thousand majority against us. Fudge and humbug! Let us turn the tables on these braggarts, and roll up a roaming majority for our gallant leader. We can do it if we will.

Americanism are you ready?

The Prince of Orange. Has it not been whispered that this democratic candidate for Senatorial honors, has notified all the people round about his manorial possessions, that he will, on Saturday before the election, give a grand promiscuous fishing party, in which free liberty will be given to all poor folks to fish in his waters, with hook, net or spear, as they please? And furthermore, that they may cook and eat, in one of his negro houses, all the fish and turtle caught — he agreeing to send them as much salt as may be necessary on this interesting occasion?

And has it not been intimated also, that on the Monday following, the neighbors will be allowed to hunt over his lands without net or hindrance, either on horse back or on foot, for that day, and until the election; when he will post his land and lay an embargo against any such liberty thereafter?

If so, our friend Turner must meet this spontaneous kindness in some way, best calculated to neutralize its effect. If he has no stream well stocked with fish, nor wild wood for game, for the amusement and disporting of poor people, can't he afford to barbecue a bull or two, with a few shoats or sheep? Can't he supply himself with turnip seed, and a few wagon loads of water melons, and distribute them all around the Prince's plantation? We tremble for Jo. Turner, and the American party. This outburst of kind and patriotic feeling for the "poor people, people, people!" must produce miraculous effects. Politics make people wondrous kind. With charming condescension, even a Prince of the blood may before an election kiss the hands of the people. After the election they may kiss his feet.

We must work to Win!

The election is near at hand. Thursday the 7th of August is the day! It would be useless for us to put a long article to prove to our friends the great — great importance of the election, and the necessity there is for work — ENERGETIC WORK — if we would secure a victory. Our friends — the friends of the American nominees, know this, and if they are not already convinced of the importance to our cause throughout the Union, that we should elect our candidate for Governor in Au. gust, then, nothing that we can now say, would have that effect. The news from all sections of the State is indeed cheering. Our candidate has borne himself nobly in the contest. He has done his duty, and his whole duty. He has defended our cause with a zeal unabated and an ability unsurpassed. Wherever he has spoken, he has elicited the respect of his opponents and roused up the zeal of his friends. Are we prepared to do our duty? Are we not all willing and ready to give a few days to our cause and our country? Again we say, to win — we must work! With all our bright prospects of success, we shall lose the victory unless every man is resolved to do his duty up to the last moment on the day of election!

AMERICANS! FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN NOMINEES! Let nothing divert your attention. Keep your faces steadily on the foe. March straight forward to your duty! Victory is within your grasp! If you lose it, it will be your fault!

Rebellion! Rebellion!

The Democratic Reflector, an old Democratic paper, published at Hamilton, New York, won't go either Buchanan or the platform. It says: "We totally repudiate the platform and the nominees of that body, first because the platform is not Democratic; and secondly, no one could have been nominated at that Convention who adhered to the time honored principles of the Democratic party."

The Palmetto Democrat, in Oswego county N. Y., will not hoist the flag of the nominees, nor endorse the platform of the Cincinnati Convention. "So they got to use an expressive phrase, 'Buchanan is a dead cock in the pit.'"

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