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FROM THE NEW YORK "AYUNE."
DOESTICKS
Goes to a Jersey Camp Meeting.
No. 3.

WHITEHALL LIGHTHOUSE.

I never yet went into the State of New Jersey, that I didn't get swindled by somebody, or get my pocket picked by somebody else. The former feat is generally accomplished by full grown rascals, and the latter is genteelly and dexterously done by incipient three foot Jersey men who pretend to be flying kites or playing marbles, when, in reality, they are only keeping a sharp look-out for a verdant stranger with a fat pocket-book. The last time I was there, the very atmosphere poisoned me so that my skin pecked off like a dirty shirt, and my toe nails dropped off; as soon as they began to sprout out again, I build down my good resolution in a solemn vow that I would never go into Jersey again, unless I was sent out by the Bible Society as a missionary to the heathen, and not even then, unless all the situations at the Canibal Islands were full. But there was to be a grand Camp Meeting in that beautiful land and at the earnest request of my friend, the Corporal, I resolved to visit the Camp and attend the meeting. My former experience had taught me that Camp Meetings are chiefly used for a few ignorant, conceited Exhorters to howl themselves into a temporary notoriety. Occasionally some young man of energy and talent, who is serving his apprenticeship at the preach trade, will give his hearers a dose of Religion in the rough-Truth with the sharp corners on, and will do a conversion job in such a terribly earnest manner that if he was a journeyman, he'd be ashamed of himself.

But the great majority of swamp ministers are men who will mount a pine stump and discourse by the hour of the goodness of God and the glories of heaven, which he evidently thinks to be a place where he can "loaf" eternally, talk politics with the angels and have their liquor and tobacco free. They are generally men who have failed at the lapstone, the axvil, or the farm yard, and don't know so much about preaching sermons, as they do even about making horse-shoes, splitting rails, or mending "stogy" boots.

The Corporal and I hired a waggon and a driver—this latter personage was a little uncertain from our appearance whether we were saints or sinners, and was consequently at a great loss how to shape his conversation—he was disposed to be musical, but did not know whether to regale us with "Bobbin Round," or to touch our feelings with "Come ye Sinners,"—he was in a quandary as to whether we were brothers in the church, or on our way to join in the religious exercises, or Chatham street "fancies" going out to tumble-rig the saints.

At length he happened to touch the Corporal's nose with his lash—the Corporal didn't pray for him; quite the contrary—John's eyes were opened, and he produced a black bottle—the Corporal, who, as a military man, never loses an opportunity of getting "glorified," and who is enterprising enough to accomplish that laudable object in twenty minutes, immediately commenced operations—in a quarter of an hour he wanted to show his skill as a driver—he ran over a stump machine and a barrow; drove into a barn yard, and turned round in a quick trot in the midst of a flock of geese, and finally brought up against a rail fence, which he took for a toll gate, and began to swear lustily at a scarecrow made of beanpods and woolen rags, for not opening the same—he gradually subsided into an uneasy sleep, and as we neared the enchanted spot, awake perfectly sober, with his hair looking like a hen's nest.

On the grounds the scene was interesting—fifty whisky shops had been extemporized in the bushes to administer to the spiritual wants of the fast young men and faster young women who had attended to see the sport—preaching, fighting, gambling, praying, exhorting, reading the Scriptures, playing "poker," drinking rum, and "mussing" generally, were all going on at once—there was a platform elevated above the heads of the people, with a high white oak stump staved off level for a desk—straw on the ground, so the brothers could kneel without spoiling their pantaloons—for seats, there were slabs laid across saw logs, and the whole concern looked a little like the barquette of a fourth-rate theatre after the boys had had a hard fight with the police—the "anxious seat" in front, was a chestnut log with the bark peeled off—minister in his

shirt sleeves was preaching at the top of his voice—the "brethren and sistern," as he called them, were scattered over a hundred acres of woodland, some paying for the sake of the practice, some boiling potatoes, some screaming "Glory," some washing dishes, others chopping wood, frying pork, singing hymns or baking Johnny-cake, as the body or the soul most needed attention at the instant—pickpockets on the lookout for a job, shortboys on the lookout for a muss, barkeepers, thimble-riggers, watchstuffers, ministers, elders, and deacons, all on the lookout for customers—in fact, here, as in some other places, religion and rascality were so mixed up that it was hard to tell one from the other. Thought I'd go and see how they caught souls, and what they did with them when they'd got them—went to the principal preach place—crowd collecting—service just about to begin—brethren and sisterns came hurrying to the place eating their bread and cheese and gingerbread as they came along—unctuous minister made his appearance hurrying from the most comfortable looking shanty; wiping the ham gravy and fried eggs from his lips, he mounted the platform, and a zealous brother held an umbrella over him to keep the sun off—minister made what he called a prayer, keeping his eyes wide open all the time to see that anybody didn't pick his pockets—if I hadn't been told that his speech was a prayer, I should have supposed that he had contracted with his Heavenly Father to do a job for him, and was giving his orders for the day—he directed him to do this, and commanded him to do that, detaching all his requirements with an air of authority; not speaking as if he was a weak mortal, humbly petitioning help from the Great Creator of All, but as if he was giving a "stim" to a nigger with orders to have it done by sundown if he didn't want his hide tanned.—Then a hymn was sung, and I saw Bottlenosed Bill, and Redtop Lanty, two New York pickpockets, take their stations among the sisterns and join in the chorus with a will. Minister then commenced to exhort his hearers about the state of their sick souls, and beg them to come to the front, squat on the "anxious seat" and have them doctored—he soon got more in earnest and began to scream, make faces, toss up his arms, twist himself about, and work as hard as if he'd got a contract to convert the whole crowd at seventy-five cents a head—pretty soon the spirit began to move, the hearers screamed "Glory," "Amen," "Hallelujah," and wriggled on their seats with their hands on their abdomens, as if their bowels hurt them—then about a dozen, being "under conviction," came forward and ranged themselves on the "anxious seat," acting all the while as if they were sick at the stomach—then the preach man made more noise than ever—and ended up with a yell of double locomotive power at the folks whose bowels were out of order; then the rest of the audience fired a huge "Amen" at them, which acted like a double shot, and down a couple of converts who instantly stifled up as if each had swallowed a broomstick, and began to have the "power"—they were both women—and one a pretty girl with blue eyes, the other an old maid with green spectacles; they tumbled over in to the arms of the expectant people to the rear, who held a furious "pow" over their prostrate bodies.

The pretty girl fell into the arms of a fat saint in butternut colored breeches—the old maid, on the contrary, could get no one about here but women, although she displayed her legs to great advantage—she opened one eye, saw how the thing stood, and resolved to change her tactics and get some he-Christians to attend to her case immediately—so she went into gymnastic spasms, made a terrific jump and landed directly on the back of butternut colored saint who was paying his exclusive attentions, to the blue eyed convert—took the wind all out of butternuts; he rolled over five times and landed in a thorn bush with a wasp's nest on it—he left that locality soon—old maid then flapped about till she attracted the attention of Bottlenosed Bill, who took her up in his arms, whispered consolation in her ears, picked her pockets of all the money she had, stole her spectacles, laid her carefully on a pile of brush, and then began to cry "Amen" to a long-winded brother who was praying for the new babes of grace.

Meanwhile, blue eyes and butternuts had got together again, and were having a good Christian time—long-winded sister made a prayer—then long-winded brother began again—had got enough of long-winded brother, slipped some chestnut burrs under his knees—short prayer this time—minister on the stump kept dealing out bigger and bigger doses of burning brimstone and other Christian persuasive—more folks had the power, mostly women with laced petticoats—mixed in myself—kissed the pretty sisterns, and sung out "Glory" all the while.

The Corporal went round with his flask, reviving the insensible brothers, remarkable fact, they could all drink out of bottle without spilling a drop—I said it was inspiration, but the Corporal insisted that it was long practice.

The sisterns were now mixed up with the saw legs, and some of the brothers were covered up in the straw—one fat lad who couldn't find any unoccupied clean straw to perform on, rolled a weaker sister into a mud hole, took possession of her place and proceeded to gyrate.

Finally, when the minister had preached himself hoarse, and the brothers had all performed enough, and the sisterns had all had their pantaloons inspected, the bell rang for four o'clock, and the congregation instantly dispersed to the various shanties, to recruit their strength for the evening's entertainment, with friend perk, apple-jack, and Johnny-cake.

There was a great deal of love-making going on in the bushes—smart young man got his sweetheart, who was "pierced with the arrow of conviction, behind a thorn bush, and was kissing her to keep her spirituous—father determined to spoil the sport, and started for the scene—young man tripped him up with a fence rail, punched his head with a bass wood sapling, and met the girl again in half an hour on the shady side of a hay stack two miles away—night came and the sisterns went to bed, knots and points in the tents half a dozen short boys wanted to pick up things; so three of them extemporized a noisy prayer-meeting, which called off all the brothers who were awake, while the other three helped themselves to whatever they could find, then they all took the best horses they could see, and started for New York.

Thought I'd go home—asssembled the Corporal together, and then hunted up the driver, who had drunk so much, that he was so to speak, nothing but a snoring corpse. Some of the young converts had taken advantage of his spiritual state of mind, and had put a horse collar round his neck, and drawn a view of a hanging all over his countenance with a lurnt pine stick—we bundled him into the wagon, and the Corporal sat on him while I drove home.

Made up my mind that if some of these Jersey converts ever get to Paradise, it will be because their souls are too small to attract notice when they sneak in; or because they get a sly chance at the door with a pick lock.

Piously.

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.
July 24, 1856.

Grand Rally of Americans!
Five Thousand Fremont assembled together in council at Old Guilford Jail Ground!

The Mass Meeting at Martinsville was certainly a grand affair, far surpassing the expectations of our most sanguine friends. The crowd was immense—variously estimated at from three to six thousand—and composed of the most respectable and substantial citizens of this and adjoining counties. Every body seemed to be there;—The ladies with their prettiest faces and brightest smiles, cheering on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons in the good cause—old men who had long since lost the fire of youth, but who still feel that they have a country to save—young men full to brim with enthusiasm—the farmer, the mechanic—the professional man, not excepting ministers of the gospel—all, of every age, and sex, and class, and condition, were there. The whole country for a mile square seemed literally alive with human beings, and crowded with horses, tents, and vehicles of every description. It was, we repeat it, a great rally—a perfect outpouring worthy of the cause which, we confidentially believe, is destined to sweep over the country like a hurricane, and flooding its parallel only in the times of 1840.

Gov. Morehead, as President of the day, called the immense assemblage to order about 11 o'clock on Friday. His opening remarks were excellent. Indeed, he surpassed himself in discharging his part of the occasion. His remarks introducing Mr. Davis were particularly eloquent and appropriate. We never witnessed anything more handsomely done.

We are not prepared to give even a meagre outline of the speeches, and if we were we should not do the distinguished orators the injustice to attempt it. The country will know that we had a rich treat—a perfect "feast of reason"—when we tell them that Gov. Graham, George Davis, Kenneth Rayner, Henry C. Nash, Nathaniel Boydson were among the orators.

Gov. Graham led off. He spoke as an old line whig. We were particularly struck with that part of his speech in which he remarked upon the miserable brag game that the locofocos are attempting to play in their noisy, ridiculous rants about Fillmore's standing no chance, and the race being solely between Fremont and Buchanan, in the

face of the fact which the Governor established conclusively, that it is not within the range of probability that Buchanan will carry a single Northern State, deprived, as his party certainly will be, of the foreign and catholic vote. The contest in his well formed opinion is solely between Fremont and Fillmore. The speech was such as might be expected from Gov. Graham—able, eloquent, serious; carrying conviction to the minds of his hearers. It was listened to with marked attention.

After a short recess, George Davis was introduced, and entertained the meeting with a speech which, for soul stirring eloquence, beauty of diction, happy thoughts happily expressed, we have never seen surpassed. It was a perfect gem, the pulse of the crowd was excited to fever heat. Some clapping of hands, shouting, and hurrahing evinced the gratification and excitement of the large assemblage.

Next came Mr. Rayner. He was received with loud applause, and high as public expectation had been roused by his reputation as an eloquent orator, and bold and fearless advocate and defender of American principles, he more than satisfied it. His speech contained one of the most lucid explications of American principles, their origin and object, and the necessity which gave them birth, to which it has ever been our fortune to listen. It was, indeed, a masterly effort, and commanded the strictest attention.

After Mr. Rayner had concluded, Mr. Nash was introduced, but his remarks were cut short by a storm to the great regret of the crowd, who looked for a glorious speech from the happy manner in which he set out. The meeting was hastily adjourned to 10 o'clock next day. Hundreds remained on the ground all night in their wagons and were edified by speeches during the evening from D. F. Caldwell and Wm L. Scott, Esqs.

On the next day, (Saturday) the crowd was little if any less than that of the day before. Mr. Nash made the opening speech—and a glorious speech it was. Many had heard him heretofore and anticipated an intellectual treat. They were certainly gratified. We had never had the pleasure before, but certainly shall not be slow to enjoy it hereafter, whenever Mr. Nash makes a speech in reaching distance of us.

Mr. Boydson's effort was rich and racy in the extreme, and full of that *pith and point* for which Mr. B's efforts are always distinguished. He, like Gov. Graham, is an old line whig, heartily endorsing the American nominees, and considering the prosperity, if not the very existence of the country dependent upon their success in the ensuing election.

Gen. Young of Charlotte and Mr. Brevard, of Concord, likewise addressed the meeting very briefly, but effectively and eloquently. We regret that they were compelled by the necessity of being at the depot in time for the western train, to be so brief. We should have been much gratified to have heard them at greater length.

After a recess of half an hour Mr. Davis again took the stand for the last speech.—Our only objection to this was its brevity. It was too short entirely.—Mr. Davis ought to have spoken another hour at least. We need say nothing more of the effort except that it was equal to that of the preceding day; and fully sustained the very high reputation he had gained by that.

After a few remarks from Gov. Morehead—soul stirring and earnest—such as he knows so well how to make, the meeting was adjourned with three hearty cheers for Gilmer—three more for Fillmore and Donelson, and three for the orators of the occasion.

Thus ended the Martinsville Mass Meeting. It was in indeed a great occasion, and long will be it remembered by those who participated in its enjoyments. There was nothing to mar the general pleasure—no disorder or rowdiness of any kind. Every thing passed off happily and gloriously, and we are satisfied that much good was done for the cause of Fillmore, Donelson and Gilmer.

Let our friends in every County, or even in every Congressional District get up such a meeting, and secure the attendance of such orators as we had, and a political furor will be excited that would, without question, sweep the State like an avalanche in November next.—Patriot.

Reputation of the Locofoco Platform.

The Richmond Enquirer has a very severe article on the open contempt of its party Platform by the passage of the Internal Improvement bills by Congress, over the veto of the President. It says, among other things,—

"If it were possible to defeat the election of Mr. Buchanan, the recent course of certain Democratic members of Congress on the subject of Internal Improvements, would precipitate that deplorable catastrophe upon the country. Against the traditional policy of the party, against its latest declaration of principle in the Cincinnati Platform and despite the protest of the President, three Internal Improvement bills have been enacted by the aid of Democratic votes. Never have we known the mass of the Democracy in this State, and we may say throughout the South, so humiliated and incensed as by this instance of profligate subserviency to local prejudice. No occurrence since the organization of the Democratic party has so shaken the faith of the people in its firmness and fidelity. Our only consolation is, that it is not within the power of a few recreant individuals to debauch and demoralize our noble party. The fidelity of the mass of the Democracy will correct the mistakes of those erring leaders, and will still hold the party to its original principles of States Rights' Strict Construction, and E-

conomy of Expenditure. In President Pierce they admire and applaud an incorruptible representative of their time honored creed. By his vetoes he has erected a landmark to which all true men may adhere in the present flood of heedless and extravagant legislation. The waters are now out the metes and bounds are submerged and hidden from view for a moment; but the Democratic feeling of the popular heart will return to its channel before the country is laid waste by the inundation.

"The thing is done; and we refer now to the painful event, for the simple purpose of protesting against the wrong, in the name of the Democracy of the South. We want it to be distinctly understood that, though pretended leaders may attempt to excuse a deviation from principle on some flimsy pretext, the party promptly and emphatically repudiate any responsibility for their misconduct. With the mass of the Democracy, the power and patronage of the Presidency are as nothing, in comparison with the very least of the precious principles which they inherit from their forefathers. May the men who would mislead us pause before the organization of the party is destroyed beyond the hope of repair!"

The above is from a late number of the Richmond Enquirer. That immaculate print could hold in no longer. It had to rail out against this ripping up of the Anti Internal Platform in that lovely Platform—or it must burst. But pray who are those "few recreant individuals" who have been doing all this mischief? Why, the following 10, leading Democrats, who have all sworn (a dice's oath) to support that same platform in its integrity. Here is the vote on the Bill for removing obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi. The names of the Democrats who voted aye are in italics:—

Yeas—Messrs. *Allen Bayard*, Bell of New Hampshire, Bell of Tennessee, Benjamin Bright, Brown, Cass, Collier, Crittenden, Dodge, Durkee, Douglas, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Geyer, Hale, James, Johnson, Jones, of Iowa, Pierce, Pugh, Sebastian, Seward, Slidell, Stuart, Thompson of Kentucky, Trumbull, Wade, and Weller—31.

Nays—Messrs. Biggs, Broadhead, Butler, Clay, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Hunter, Mason, Reid, Tombs, Toucey and Yule—12.

Thirty one Senators voted for the Bill, and 19 of them are Democrats—leading Democrats too! "a few recreant individuals" indeed! There are 16 Democratic "ayes" and 12 Democratic "nays." Does the Richmond Enquirer understand Arithmetic?

If the Enquirer is so distressed for the loss of this one plank in the Platform, from the "recreancy" of a few individuals, what has it to say to the conduct of the "few recreant individuals" who tore out the "Squatter Sovereignty" plank?

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The Pew and the Ballot Box

A benevolent genius—the correspondent of the Presbyterian Herald, suggests that hereafter be elected by vote of the congregation. The Correspondent no doubt feels that the profession of a clergyman is too quiet and monotonous for the active spirits engaged in it at the present day. Like the discontented rowdy, they are "splin for a fight." It was different a few centuries ago, when a fighting abbot might head a battalion in the field and refresh himself with a few dry knocks on the heads of his enemies. But modern custom forbids a clergyman's exactly travelling on his muscle, and hence he can only indulge himself in the war of words. Hence the necessity of the clergy entering upon political discussions, and it is no doubt with a view to withdrawing them from electioneering for Presidential candidates, which meets with tolerably strong objection from members of congregations, that this correspondent purposes to make them electioneer for themselves.

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Stong language this, applied as it is to such democrats as Cass, Douglas, Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Bright, Brown, Dodge, James, Johnson, Jones, Pugh, Sebastian, Slidell, Stuart and Weller, all of whom voted for these bills. Sixteen democrats for the bills, and against the platform, whilst only twelve Senators voted against them.—These 16 are all understood to be Buchanan men, and Cincinnati Platform men. Query: Will Buchanan also spit upon the Platform should he be elected?

The Senate has passed two more of these Internal Improvement bills, to improve the harbor of Racine, Wisconsin, and to improve the harbor of Nebraska, Wisconsin, after a long debate, by 24 to 12, and 20 to 13.

The Ten Cents Speech.

THE TEN CENT SLANDER.—No public man who has any self respect, who does not intend to humbug and mislead the people, will condescend to repeat or use the "ten cent" slander against James Buchanan.

N. C. Standard.

Ahem! The "ten cent slander," as the Standard calls it, was used by Democrats in the Cincinnati Convention as an obstacle in the way of Mr. Buchanan's nomination.—We have this upon the authority of the New York Evening Post, a leading Democratic paper. Whether or not the intention was "to mislead and humbug" we leave for them to settle between themselves. But in order to clench the nail upon this *very sore* subject to the Standard, here is the evidence which puts all doubt to flight on this score. It is just as plain and emphatic as the nasal protuberance in Mr. Holden's face, or as well authenticated as the fixed fact, that the Editor of the Standard was formerly an anti-Buchanan man himself; *Eccce signum!*

"The undersigned deem it due to truth and the country to state, that they were present in the Senate of the United States on the 23d of January last, and heard the speech of the Hon. Mr. Buchanan on the Sub-Treasury bill, and were attentive listeners to that part of the speech which treated of the effects of that bill and the hard money policy on the wages of labor; that they have read the reply of the Hon. Mr. Davis to that speech delivered on the 23d of the same month. And they further say, that in said reply, there is no misrepresentation of the remarks of Mr. Buchanan, and that their understanding of the arguments and reasoning of Mr. Buchanan at that occasion, was the same as that of Mr. Davis, and by him set forth in such reply.

JNO. EDWARDS, M. C., Pennsylvania.
J. C. CLARK, M. C., New York.
JAMES COOPER, M. C., Pennsylvania.
CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, M. C., N. Y.
JOHN W. ALLEN, M. C., Ohio.
CH. MITCHELL, M. C., New York.
Washington, May 27th, 1840.

We all know what Mr. Davis accused him of—the same "ten cent" charge that was used against Old Buck by Democrats, in the Cincinnati Convention, and the truth of which is above corroborated. "G'long there!"

Stand from under. The Elephant is going to sneeze.

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