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From the Jeffersonian Republican. MR. CLAY'S CHAMBERSBURG LETTER.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty"—vigilance over men and over measures.—This should be kept continually before the minds of all the people. In this country, whose institutions, notwithstanding their general fitness and excellence, open a way by which demagogues may attain undue and dangerous influence, it is of vital importance that this should be done. Republican liberty can only be preserved by close and constant scrutiny into the characters of public men. It is our pride to know that the privilege of such scrutiny is denied to no one in our land. Freedom of opinion, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, are all guaranteed to every citizen, and the latter two suffer little restraint, except what is imposed on the individual by his notions of prudence, decency and propriety. In the exercise of these rights we should look solely to the public good.

When a man is set up as a candidate for the highest and most responsible office in our gift, it is our bounden duty to examine his character thoroughly, and to view it in all lights necessary to the full comprehension of its main tendencies. It not only becomes us to watch what party he has moved with, what measures he has espoused, but also to watch the general bearing of his conduct.—Circumstances may have operated to impel him to the advocacy of good policy, in order that he might gain such popularity as would enable him the more successfully to pursue, in subsequent action, his natural evil inclinations. It is, therefore, highly important to look beyond the mere dry detail of official acts, and enquire into the spirit displayed, not overlooking the slightest circumstance, which might serve to illustrate human motives.—Without going further, let us apply these observations to a single manifestation of the temper of him whom the Whigs wish to honor with the Presidency—Mr. CLAY. We mean that manifestation which is given in his recent letter to the 'Chambersburg Clay Club.'

Now, in the outset, we conceive it to be the duty of a man who is thus conspicuous in the eyes of the nation to speak and write and act with uncompromising dignity. His words will be watchwords, and his conduct an example, to all those whom he heads.—What he harshly abuses, his followers will wantonly curse—what he contemptuously disapproves, they will condemn with violent rancor, and when he so far forgets his position as to descend to the use of wanton words and violent abuse, it will be seen that no bounds can limit their scurrility and calumny. In this way, his example will lend a sanction to such party warfare as cannot fail to canker public morality. It is virtually, giving permission to discard the charities of life—it is direct and culpable injury to the nation; and all this we charge upon Mr. Clay's letter. Instead of stating in dignified and courteous language, his views of the past and present policy of the Government, that it was ill-judged and unsound, he pours forth the bitter hatred of his heart by characterizing those who have been at the head of affairs for 15 years past, as guilty of 'relentless proscriptions' similar in effect to those 'perpetrated by Marius and Sylla,' as making 'reckless experiments' to 'overthrow our valuable institutions'—as destroying the

'best currency in the world,' as being chargeable with 'scandalous speculation' and with a 'corrupt use of Executive power,' and with various other malpractices which we will not repeat—all this, too, he writes to those who, if they have any knowledge of human nature, he knows, will add to the picture tenfold vividness, no matter at what expense of fairness and justice. If it were all true, and no reasonable man could question it, there might be some excuse for such language; but there is absolutely none when, whether it is true or not, we know there is a large and respectable portion of the community who not only question it, but deny it, and use what are, at least, plausible arguments to sustain them in such denial. The dangerous evil of this sort of conduct is too palpable to be overlooked. It must be reprobated and put down, or the sober thought of the people will be supplanted by vicious recklessness and of speech.

There is another feature of this letter which we must notice. It evidences deep hatred to opponents and settled spite.

Every specific charge which he enumerates is couched in such language as to criminate the last three Administrations with wilful misconduct. The mind of the reader is directed, not to the effect of MEASURES, but to the authors of them, by such words as 'relentless,' 'reckless,' 'scandalous,' 'corrupt,' showing that he wished, by epithets implying odium, to fix the attention on men, and thus artfully create prejudices like his own against them. We could forgive strong language against principles, that are conceived to be evil, but we find it hard to forgive hatred which, while it boils up in every sentence, grows so maniacally exultant, when it thinks it sees a prospect of revenge ahead. It is mortifying to see such a spirit in a great man. But, besides his hatred, he shows his spite against Mr. Tyler because of the check to his measures which the latter gave—He accuses him of 'PERFIDY.' Is this the bearing of magnanimity? Is this the talk that becomes a great man when speaking of a high officer of Government, who has done nothing but adhere to former principles? A strange Babel would this land become if the first men among us deal with such weapons. These things manifest a littleness on the part of Mr. Clay which we are sorry to see.—This is not our only objection to it. If he should be so fortunate as to be elected, what have we to expect as the legitimate fruits of such feelings? Most certainly no good.—However correct might be his principles, otherwise, he would here meet with a great obstacle to any thing approaching liberal administration. But if, as we believe would be the case, to these feelings be united erroneous and dangerous principles, we would ultimately have a state of things brought about which his own vivid imagination would find difficulty in painting with sufficient intensity. Give us soberness, and charity, and truth, forever!

The language Mr. Clay holds in regard to the course the Democrats ought to have pursued in Congress after the election in 1840, is truly remarkable. He says they very properly exercised their right to discussion, but after so signal an expression of popular opposition to their measures, they should have done nothing more—nothing to defeat the measures of the successful party. It was their duty, not to defeat, if possible, Whig measures. This is a strange interpretation of the doctrine that the will of the people should rule. Why, if it were carried out there never would be a change of policy. It would have most effectually secured the eternal ascendancy of his party—a most excellent argument in his favor, no doubt. Mis-

rule would never be corrected, for the salutary influence exerted by two parties in checking excesses on either side would be taken away. Mr. Clay knows it would not do. Why, then, did he say it would? The answer is given by the tenor of the letter. The blighted hopes that too great success had raised to an undue height, were vivid in his mind, and he naturally turned his burning thoughts to those who had helped so to dampen them. What he wished they had done, he, for the moment, thought it was their duty to do. This is the only solution we can give to this matter. He had never acted so when in a minority, nor would he have acted so if he had been placed as the Democrats were in Congress.

Upon the whole we must speak our opinion that this letter displays a spirit, not simply unbecoming a man who wants to be President, but dangerous to liberal Republican legislation. Mark, it is not merely against his principles we object, but against the spirit of the man—the hatred—the spite—the revenge—the iron will which flames out so furiously when checked—the huge haughty, indispensable I Am, that stands out so menacingly before you. Henry Clay as President, would know no charity—hear no advisers. Beware!

The right Spirit.

Governor Hubbard, of New Hampshire, in his speech at the legislative caucus, though frankly and warmly declaring his preference for Mr. Van Buren, thus speaks of the other distinguished candidates for the Presidency:

"We have, placed before the American people by respectable portions of the American community, five distinguished citizens as candidates for that high office. Among them is a son of South Carolina, whose energy of mind, whose power to combine and generalize, surpasses that of any other man within the range of my acquaintance—whose intellectual power and discrimination, whose high attainments and private worth fit him for any place within the gift of the people. We have among them the foe of Tecumseh, whose courage has never quailed when his country's rights have been asserted—whose devotion to liberty has never faltered—and whose services on the battle-field and in our national councils have secured for himself the affections of a grateful country. We have among them a distinguished native son of our own State, subsequently a citizen of Ohio, at present a resident citizen of Michigan. His pre-eminent attainments, his known success on the field, by the side of his friend the war-horse of Kentucky, at the battle of the Thames; his services in the cabinet, and his devotion to his country as her representative at one of the most enlightened courts of Europe, have given a commanding distinction to this native son of New Hampshire. We have among them the accomplished statesman of Pennsylvania, whose high standing and brilliant career are matter of universal notoriety—at home or abroad, the same inflexible friend of liberal principles—at home or abroad, alike devoted to the cause of liberty and justice, and of his country. We have among them last, though not least, a distinguished son of New York. It would be but an act of supererogation for me to portray the merits of Martin Van Buren.—His public character and his private life are well known to all.

"These are the men who have been placed before the American people, from whom a Democratic candidate is to be selected for the next Presidency. Gladly would I have availed myself of this opportunity of going much more at length into the discussion on their respective merits, but time will not permit. I have known each of them long, and

have known them well; and I have yielded but a public act of justice to those distinguished sons of our beloved country. Whoever shall hereafter turn over the pages of American history, will find the names of Calhoun, Johnson, and Cass, of Buchanan and Van Buren, occupying a brilliant place in her annals."

The Hon. Henry A. Wise, arrived in Washington yesterday. His health, which has been precarious most of the time since his re-election, is we are pleased to learn, now much improved.

The President of the United States arrived in Washington last evening.
September 17.

Improvements in Orthoepey.

We know not why it is, but the fact is so, that many affected persons are prone to interpolate superfluous letters into a certain class of words, apparently to make them more high-sounding than they would otherwise be. "Ordure! ordure! gentlemen!" exclaimed a court-crier to a noisy audience the other day, in our hearing. "That is a fine burst!—what a calm, beautiful forward!" said a lisping young lady, one evening at the National Academy, as she called the attention of her cavalier to Launitz's lovely 'Rose of the Alhabambra,' in breathing marble.

Change.—"It is change unnerves the working man's arm," said Daniel Webster in his Baltimore speech; it is change that has prostrated our political hopes and blighted our budding prospects, respond the disconsolate and broken factions of the whig party. Change was all they wanted in 1840, but now they have got too much of it. Even since the extra session displayed to the country the moral sublimity of an entire whig government, the people have adopted the watch word of that party in 1840, and thundered it forth from ballot boxes with such earnestness and power that there remains scarcely one stone upon another to commemorate that signal triumph. By invoking "change" they then gained all; through change demanded by the people they have now lost all. Change ruined them. It has left the dictator powerless, with every prospect of retirement for the remainder of his days in the quiet shades of Ashland. It has unnerved the brawny arm with a fist at the end of it, that was stretched forth in defiance of any one who should question the genuineness of Daniel Webster's democracy, at Patchogue. It has sent Solitude Ewing, who figured up a fictitious national debt which has now become a reality, practising law, with John Doe and Richard Roe; and armies of disappointed expectants, who were deluded by golden dreams and the expectation of civic honors, "to chronicle small beer" in the sphere for which nature's noblemen, the people, designed them. When the whigs next invoke change, they will content with less than has been meted out to them since their last Harrisburg Convention.—*Weekly Pennant.*

An ugly Customer.—"Don't put on no extras."—A wager was made a few days since on board a steamer, between a couple of jokers, one of whom, pointing to an extremely ugly man, bet a bottle of wine, that an uglier customer could not be produced. The other, who had seen one of the firemen as he passed on board—a man whose face was screwed out of all shape—at once took up the bet and started down stairs for his man. The joker had an impediment in his speech, but he nevertheless soon made known his business to the fireman, and obtained his consent to show himself to decide the wager. When inside the social hall, the ugly man, whose nose was on one side of his face and his eyes on the other, he began to screw and work them about to give his face a greater degree of ugliness.—"S-a-top," said his backer "d-o-n't put on no n-o extras. St-st-and just as the Lord made you—you can't be beat!" The other acknowledged that he had lost, and paid the wager.—*Picayune.*