THE WHIG PLATFORM.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed at the Great Whig Ratification Meeting, held in Philladelphia, on Friday June 9th:

Resolved, That the Whigs of the United States here assembled by their Representatives, heartily *ratify* the nominations of Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR as President, and MILLARD FILLMORE as Vice President of the United States, and pledge themselves to their support.

2. *Resolved*, That in the choice of General TAYLOR, as the Whig candidate for President, we are glad to discover sympathy with a great popular sentiment throughout the nation—a sentiment, which, having its origin in admiration of great military success, has been strengthened by the development in every action and word, of sound conservative opinions, and of true fidelity to the great examples of former days; and to the principles of the Constitution as administered by its founders.

3. *Resolved*, That General Taylor, in saying that had he voted in 1844, he would have voted the Whig Ticket, gives us the assurance,—and no better is needed from a consistent and truth-speaking man,—that his heart was with us at the crisis of our political destiny, when HENRY CLAY was our candidate, and when not only Whig principles were well defined and clearly asserted, but Whig measures depended on success. The heart that was with us *then*, is with us *now*, and we have a soldier's word of honor, and a life of public and private virtue, as the security.

4. *Resolved*, That we look to Gen. Taylor's administration of the government as one conducive of PEACE, PROSPERITY and UNION. Of PEACE, because no one better knows or has great reason to deplore what he has seen sadly on the field of victory, the horrors of war. Of PROSPERITY now more than ever needed to relieve the nation from a burthen of debt, and to restore INDUSTRY—agricultural, manufacturing and commercial, to its accustomed and peaceful functions and influences. Of UNION, because we have a candidate whose very position as a South western man, reared on the banks of that great stream, whose tributaries, natural and artificial, embrace the whole Union, renders the protection of the interests of the whole country his first trust, and whose varied duties in past life have been rendered, not on the soil or under the flag of any State or section, but over the wide frontier and under the broad banner of the nation.

Resolved, That standing as the Whig party does, on the broad and firm platform of the Constitution, braced up by all its inviolable and sacred guarantees and compromises, and cherished in the affections because protective of the interests of the people, we are proud to have as the man of our opinions, one who is pledged to construe it by the wise and generous rules which Washington applied to it, and who has said—and no Whig desires any other assurance—that he will make Washington's Administration the model of his own.

6. *Resolved*, That as Whigs and as Americans, we are proud to acknowledge our gratitude for the great military service which beginning at Palo Alto, and ending at Buena Vista, first awakened the American people to a just estimate of him who is now our Whig candidate. In the discharge of a painful duty—for his march into the enemy's country was a reluctant one—in the command of regulars at one time, and of volunteers at another, and of both combined;—in the decisive though punctual discipline of his camp where all respected and beloved him,—in the negotiation of terms for a dejected and desperate enemy—in the exigency of actual conflict, when the balance was perilously doubtful, we have found him the same; brave, distinguished and considerate: no heartless spectator of bloodshed—no trifler with human life or human happiness; and we do not know which to admire most, his heroism in withstanding the assaults of the enemy, in the almost hopeless field of Buena Vista—mourning in generous sorrow over the graves of Ringgold, of Clay or of Hardin—or in giving, in the heat of battle, terms of merciful capitulation to a vanquished foe at Monterey, and not being ashamed to avow that he did it to spare women and children, helpless infancy, and more helpless age, against whom no American soldier ever wars. Such a military man, whose triumphs are neither remote or doubtful, whose virtues these trials have tested, we are proud to make our candidate.

7. *Resolved*, That in support of such a nomination we ask our Whig friends throughout the nation to unite and co-operate zealously and resolutely—with earnestness on behalf of our candidate, whom calumny and detraction cannot reach, and with respectful demeanor towards our adversaries, whose candidates have yet to prove their claim on the gratitude of the nation.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE AND CASS.

We referred the other day to the vote of censure passed by the Locofoco House of Representatives in 1847, and the vote of Gen. Cass *against* striking out the offensive clause when it reached the Senate. We had intended to refer to the record, and give the yeas and nays, but the Whig furnishes them to our hand.

The history of the affair is this: Mr. Cocke of Tennessee offered a resolution of thanks to Gen. Taylor, his officers and men, for their gallant conduct in Mexico; but Locofoco instinct, finding out that the old Hero was a Whig, and was gaining rapidly upon the affections of the people, it was determined to mix the cup with bitterness, and thereby destroy the value of the vote of thanks. Accordingly, one Ficklin of Illinois proposed an offensive amendment, which was finally put in shape by a Mr. Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, and adopted in the following words:

"Provided, That nothing herein contained, shall be construed into an approbation of the terms of capitulation of Monterey."

In the Senate, a more liberal spirit prevailed, yet there were *fifteen* cold-hearted members who had no soul to award to merit its just due, and they voted to retaliate censure. When the resolution of thanks came up for consideration in that body, with its insulting appendage, Mr. Speight, of Mississippi, moved to strike it out, and the vote being taken, stood as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Archer, Badger, Benton, Berrien, Butler, Calhoun, Chalmers, Clay, John M. Clayton, Thomas Clayton, Corwin, Crittenden, Davis, Dayton, Evans, Fairfield, Greene, Houston, Huntingdon, Jarnagin, Johnson of Md., Johnson of La., Mangum, Miller, Morehead, Pearce, Rusk, Simmons, Soule, Speight, Upham, Webster, and Woodbridge—33.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Ashley, Atchison, Atherton, Bagby, Breese, Bright, CASS, Dix, Hannegan, Niles, Sevier, Sturgeon, Turney, and Yulee—15.

These FIFTEEN should be held up to everlasting remembrance as unjust and ungrateful men, incapable of noble or generous emotions. Even Sam Houston had too much soul for such a miserable attempt at detraction.—*Rich. Rep.*

GEN. CASS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Democratic writer in the Charleston Evening News speaking of Cass, says:

We cannot support Cass, because

1st. He is rotten and dangerous on the Slave question generally, and the territorial branch of it particularly.

2. His foreign policy is not conservative and prudent but aggressive, rash, and propagandizing.

3d. He is vascillating and unsound, and a mere bidder in the market on the tariff, currency, internal improvements, &c.

RESIGNED.—Mr. Crittenden resigned his seat in the Senate on Wednesday, and started for Kentucky.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, June 14, 1848.

The more I think of the speech of Col. Jefferson Davis, at the Crittenden Dinner, upon the character, both military and civil, of Gen. Zachary Taylor, the more I wish it had been reported, word for word, and spread broad-cast over this whole Union.

The speech was a truthful picture of a great and good man, by a political opponent—by one who had known him for many years, and had learned to love and venerate him for his great and good qualities of head and heart.

As the orator decribed the old hero—told of his firmness, decision and splendid triumph at Fort Harrison, during the last war with Great Britain—of his victories in Florida, during the war there—of his victories on the Rio Grande, and the feeling of Congress and the people at the time on the subject—of his victories at Monterey and Buena Vista—of his humanity after the battle on each occasion—of his care for the wounded of the enemy, depriving himself of all rest and going about among the wounded Mexicans and seeing his own hands pouring water down their parched throats—down the throats of that enemy who had received orders to spare no American—of the confidence he always inspired his officers and men wherever he moved, and on occasions the most perilous and trying—*and of his never-failing success in every thing he undertook*—no one who listened to the eloquent Mississippian could help saying to himself, "well, verily, Gen. Taylor is indeed a second Washington!"

Such were my feelings. I could not have resisted them if I would—I would not if I could.—And I do believe my feelings on the occasion were in unison with those of almost, if not quite, all those who were present.

Col. Davis' allusion to young Crittenden's deeds was very happy. When taken blind-folded into the presence of Santa Anna, surrounded by his great army of 20,000 men, before the battle at Buena Vista had commenced, and directed to go back to Gen. Taylor and tell him to surrender, or his army would be cut into pieces, young Crittenden drew himself up to his best proportions, and with a firm voice said: Surrender, sir? General Taylor *never* surrenders!" Santa Anna soon found how true the enunciation was.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Our opponents, conscious that they can say nothing to shake the confidence of the American people in Old Rough and Ready, have opened their batteries on the Whig candidate for the Vice Presidency.

He is, say they, an Abolitionist, a Wilmot Provisionist, and withal a horrible Whig. Now, we deny that he is either an Abolitionist or in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, and we demand of our opponents the proof of their allegations. We know their tactics full well enough to guard against them. If bold denunciation, unaccompanied with one particle of proof, can accomplish their object, we might as well save ourselves the trouble of a contest, for they would be sure to succeed. But when you bring them down to the test of evidence, it is quite a different thing. As a specimen of their mode of warfare we point to an article in the last Richmond Enquirer, in which an attempt is made to fasten on Mr. Fillmore the change of Abolitionism, because he wished a memorial on the subject of slavery in the District of Columbia to be printed.—Now, when it is remembered how much difference of opinion exists, even at the South, as to the policy of hearing or refusing to hear petitions on the subject of slavery, we think we may point to the fact of the Enquirer's seizing on these remarks of Mr. Fillmore as strong proof that the Editors are particularly hard run. All that they can truly say about Mr. Fillmore is, that he is one of the staunchest Whigs in the Union—one of the most popular men in the North, and one of the ablest men in the country.

We learn from the "Union" that, "so violent are the Barnburner presses in the city of New York, they scarcely treat Messrs. BENTON, ALLEN, *and the other distinguished citizens now on a visit to the Empire city, with decent respect. The New York Evening Post asks Col.* BENTON *whether he has come to New York 'to propose, over the grave of Silas Wright, a disgraceful cooperation with his assassins?' The New York Globe insinuates that the friends and companions of Gen. Cass have gone to New York to establish the dominion of the slaveholders over free territory."*

The Editor of the official paper, who is at the same time "the head and front" of his party, is really entitled to sympathy in the very unpleasant predicament in which he is placed just now, by the headstrong will of these same "Barnburners."

The New York Express says that Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN, in the course of his remarks at the recent Barnburner meeting, gave a nickname to *Gen. Commander*, the nine-voiced ventriloquist from South Carolina, which will be likely to stick to him:

"The constitution recognises a principle (said Mr. V. B.) which gives one white man in South Carolina, owning five slaves, the power of four votes; whereas a white man in New York can vote but once; but the constitution does not provide (continues Mr. V. B.) that one man in South Carolina shall vote nine times in Baltimore, and seventy-two men from New York shall not vote at all! [Cheers.] Whatever scourge there may be for Northern white man in the constitution, there is no such *cat o'nine tail* scourge as that! [Tremendous cheering."

THE NORTH CAROLINA TIMES.

This valuable Whig paper is to be removed from Louisburg to Raleigh; where it will be issued as a Campaign Paper until the Presidential Election—after which it will look out for its patronage even as others. Its Editor wields a pointed pen and deserves that support which we know he will get. Success to his enterprize.

N. C. Argus.

CAMPAIGN PAPER.—The Editor of the N. C. Times, heretofore published at Louisburg, (C. C. Raboteau, Esq.) has determined to remove his establishment to Raleigh, and there publish a Whig Campaign Paper, under the same title. Mr. R. has talents, tact, and industry, in the management of a paper, and we wish him success.

Far. Obs.

It is understood (says the Baltimore Patriot) that Gen. Pillow has expressed much disappointment at the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He based his hopes on receiving that high honor on the friendship of Mr. Polk, and his own signal military achievments! But his Democratic friends proved ungrateful and would not even recommend him to the party for the second office in the gift of the people. Alas, the "Leonidas letter" was manufactured to little purpose, and the improvements in the art of ditching introduced by the scientific officer have not been appreciated by the party. We fear that hereafter the brave General will be known by the not inappropriate soubriquet of "the *soft* Pillow."

No sooner was the news known at Detroit (Mich.) that "Old Rough and Ready" and Millard Fillmore were nominated, than the "loud-mouthed cannon" were brought out, and two hundred guns fired for the nominees, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the congregated multitude.

NORTH CAROLINA TIMES.

Raleigh, N. C.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1848.

We seek a pure, honest, and independent Government; an Administration which will carefully abstain from exercising powers confided by the Constitution to Congress; and which will use the Veto only in the extreme cases contemplated by the founders of the Republic; which will act for the Country, and not for Party; and place its foot at once and immutably upon the odious system of distributing the Offices of the Government among partizan advocates, as a successful Chieftain divides the "Spoils" of Battle among his victorious retainers.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN'L. ZACHARY TAYLOR,

OF LOUISIANA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

MILLARD FILLMORE,

OF NEW YORK.

FOR GOVERNOR,

CHARLES MANLY, of Raleigh.

☞ TO THE PUBLIC. ☜

The present No. of the NORTH CAROLINA TIMES is distributed very freely, to all to whom we have opportunity to send it. We hope the Public will examine it candidly, and if they think we can be of good service to the Whig cause, (which is the cause of the country,) as we pledge ourselves to endeavor to be, with energetic industry, we hope for the encouragement and patronage of the Whigs of North Carolina. Our Terms will be found in our Prospectus, published in this day's paper. To all who may subscribe hereafter, we will send the back Nos. as long as any remain on hand.

☞ TO OUR EXCHANGES.

We request all with whom we exchange, to notice the change of location, and send our papers to RALEIGH. Some of our exchanges have done so with promptitude, for which they will please accept our thanks—but as yet, we miss many of our valued friends and visitors. Will they please alter our address on their Direction books?

☞ A part of this issue is printed upon paper inferior to that we contemplate using. Our paper had not arrived in time, and rather than delay the No. we print on such as we could get. Our subscribers shall have no cause of complaint in this respect.

CANDIDATES IN FRANKLIN.

In this County in the Senate, John E. Thomas (Whig) opposes the Democratic Candidate, James Collins, and will run him to the throat-latch. In the Commons, a regular scramble, a "war of the Kilkenny Cats" will come on in August, between William K. Martin, David W. Spivey, Jos. Jno. Jones and Wm. M. B. Arendell—all Locofocos.—This will be a very pretty fight—but, we think the two last, who are opposing, or independent candidates, may run in over the devil-may-care Locofocos, who were first in the field, as the corner-of-the-fence nominees. We will watch them by and bye. The Franklin stump will be very amusing this Summer. Old Zack will have a finger in the pie, and make the Locofocos *squat*.

THE MEETING ON TUESDAY.

The large and enthusiastic meeting of Whigs on Tuesday night, in this City, (of which the official account will be found in our columns today,) like those of which we have seen the proceedings all over the Union, must put to flight the silly cant of our Democratic opponents about division in the Whig ranks, and disaffection with the nomination of General TAYLOR. The Whigs every where ratify it, as they would that of any good and true man nominated by their own delegates to their own Convention. For whom shall the Whigs vote, but for the Whig Candidate? Who supposes, for one moment, that *any Whig*, any where, will vote for Lewis Cass—the ultra progressive Democrat, the Mexican Locofoco, who goes for "swallowing" the whole of that unhappy country, Indians, free negroes, and all, with Cuba, Jamaica, and all creation into the bargain—the surest means of dismembering these States and producing disunion? Aye, the surest, and almost inevitable, means, not only of plunging us into continual foreign, but also civil, war—the bloodiest curse to which poor humanity, in any country, was ever subjected. We say no one supposes any such thing—although, for the sake of effect, and to stir up their own divisions, some such impression is sought to be produced by the Democratic press—on how poor a foundation, so far as this City is concerned, the meeting we allude to clearly shows.

The Speech of Ex-Governor MOREHEAD, who was fresh from the scenes in the Convention, of which he gave some account, was full of high determination, and cheering enthusiasm. He, the warm personal and political friend of Henry Clay, who had voted for his nomination from first to last, when the choice of the Whigs of the nation is settled, enters upon the battle-field as such a tried Whig soldier always does, with his armor bright and glittering, his stalwart arm vigorous and powerful, as ready to contend with the opponents of our noble cause, and overcome them, as he ever has been. Did his heart quail, when he stood up before his fellow citizens, to vindicate and support the People's nomination? any "disaffection and disgust" there? Why madness would not say it—folly will not even pretend it. "The Union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union"—that is the motto, we shall all bear into this campaign, and it is perfectly idle and ridiculous to suppose that any individual preferences, before the nomination, will shake the fealty of the Whig party to those great conservative principles of freedom, for which we have so long contended.

The Hon. KENNETH RAYNER was next called on, amid great applause from all parts of the House. This gifted Whig [illegible] in one of the ablest, strongest speeches it has ever been our fortune to hear in a political meeting.—We knew this gentleman's great and well deserved fame as a powerful debater in our Legislature and in Congress—but the strength and solidity, and ability of his reasoning and argumentative powers, tell happily and strikingly before a popular assembly, challenging the applause and admiration of all. We, ourselves, had never heard him before—but we confidently venture to tell our political opponents, in the lower District, to beware of Kenneth Rayner. He will wield a ponderous battle axe in this campaign; and when such men, overruled but not overcome, not disaffected, not disgusted, as the Standard pretends, with cheerful alacrity, and wonted zeal, pledge their good services to the good cause, what but hope and cheering anticipation must fill the breasts of the Whig party, and spur them on to zealous and untiring exertion for the success of the Whigs in the coming elections?—Such were the feelings of every Whig in that assembly, we dare be sworn, as our distinguished speakers held up to their view, the dauntless achievements and spotless character of the brave old Hero, who is our champion and standard bearer. The stars and stripes of our Country were never placed in more glorious hands, and who that sees that gorgeous banner, borne by so invincible and triumphant a leader, but will gather under its folds in the battle for Constitutional liberty? Arm, Whigs, for the combat! "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" cries our peerless commander. "We've got the enemy just where we want him, boys—NOW GIVE HIM——ZACK!"

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

Our readers all know, before they receive this sheet that the labors of the Whig Convention have closed, and that

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR,

OF LOUISIANA,

heads the People's Ticket for President. Our readers all know, too, that we have our choice. We love as well as admire this old Hero. His life has been spent in the service of his country—a life of self-denial, and of patriotic exertions; and we have seen him, forgetful of self, with true modesty, and ingenuous, simple fidelity to his comrades, disclaim for himself the glorious honors of a most brilliant campaign, that he might heap them upon those who acted under his orders, and moved by his direction. In every light in which we can contemplate his character, whether in the blaze of glory and the career of victory, or suffering under the frowns of Executive displeasure, jealous of his fame and the hold he was taking upon the hearts of his countrymen, we see the same inherent dignity and solidity, the same massy greatness, the same noble and lofty bearing—neither elevated by the glory he has won, nor depressed by the inaction to which he was condemned. He stands before the country still, the same simple, true-hearted hero and patriot appealing from the Administration to the people, with a trusting confidence that he will receive justice at their hands.

It is true, that we were pledged to support the Whig National Convention. The members of that body were wiser than we—they came fresh from the people, they knew their feelings and their wishes, and it was right they should respect them. We had committed the choice of our candidate into their hands. Had Henry Clay or General Scott, or any other distinguished Whig received the nomination, we should have cheerfully surrendered our individual preference on the altar of the country, satisfied that the Convention, upon a survey of the whole ground, had acted wisely, and for the best. We are much mistaken if this is not the proper course for every true Whig to pursue. We cannot hope for success without unanimity: every where the Whig party are rallying upon the nominee; and we have no fear but that, in North Carolina, we shall present an undivided front, standing upon the broad platform of the Constitution, supported by all its guaranties and compromises, grieved by encroachments upon, and violations of it, by the men in power, and solicitous to restore its inviolability and purity of administration in our National Government;—while at home, we have our own constitution to maintain and defend, attacked as it is by levellers and disorganizers. What louder calls can we have for union—for the exertion of all our strength? The misgovernment of twenty years has inflicted sufferings enough upon the Nation, filling up the measure with an unnecessary, expensive and bloody war—and it is time for patriotic and reflecting men to resolve on the rescue of their Country; and the preservation of their liberty and Constitution, before our necks are bowed beneath a tyrant's foot, and our free limbs manacled with a tyrant's chain. Such has been the tendency of the course of this administration, usurping power after power, until the two Houses Congress have become the mere recorders of the Presidential will, and our rights are stealing away from us to swell Executive power and patronage, and convert into obsequious courtiers those upon whom patronage is bestowed. We are freemen yet—and the remedy is in our own hands. Let us *unite* to turn out of power those who would degrade and ruin our country, and put honest men and patriots into the people's offices, who will administer the government according to the conservative principles of freedom, and the constitution and laws of the land, for the preservation of the peace, and the perpetuity of the Union, of the States, so justly dear, as both ought to be, to every good American citizen.

☞ "Remember! that if you commit yourself to Gen. Taylor, you commit yourself to Millard Fillmore, *who is an abolitionist.*"—*Standard*, 21st.

Remember! that we pronounce this charge not only untrue, but unsustained by a shadow of testimony. If *true*, the Standard can easily show it. We challenge him to the *proof*, and shall hold him up to it. He himself has made the issue.

☞ "The course of Whig leaders in this country *did* prolong the war, and prominent Mexicans themselves *did* count upon the *aid, assistance*, and *sympathy* of these leaders."—*Last Standard.*

The course of Mr. Polk and his Cabinet *did* prolong the war, by giving the Mexicans their General—and prominent Mexicans not only *counted upon*, but GOT *the aid, assistance, and sympathy* of those worthies. Will the Standard publish that PASS? No Whig hand issued it. That was Locofoco "aid and comfort!"

THE WHIGS AND THE WAR.

The Democratic presses and many members of the Democratic party, have labored very hard, for a long time past, to place the Whigs in a false position with respect to this Mexican war,—and no sort of slander and detraction is so base, but has been employed on this subject, in the most shameless and insulting manner. The facts of the case, which we fearlessly appeal to, show quite the reverse of all this, and establish in the minds of disinterested and candid men, the public spirit, the noble daring, the patriotism of the Whigs and the Whig party. 'Tis true, they objected, as they had a right to do, and they still disapprove of the mode in which the war was brought on, the violations of the Constitution in its incipiency, and its continuation. They would have arrested the Executive had it been in their power, and averted the war. They now condemn him for his course, and mean to put the seal of their reprobation upon him and his measures at the ballot-boxes next November.

But, throughout all those troubles, so recklessly and unnecessarily brought on, the Whigs have supported their country. They voted money—they voted men—they provided the supplies—they entered the army—they fought the battles—they led our troops on to glorious victory, and won for themselves wreaths of unfading, undying glory, and covered the American arms all over with a halo of triumph. Aye, let the world hear it, and wonder and admire, and place their names on fame's proud pyramid so high, that the breath of calumny may exhale in mid air, and never reach to taint their noble and lofty characters—and let History record, for all future ages to know, when the puny efforts of Locofoco malignity shall have been buried in oblivion, forgotten, with the evanescent and obscure politicians who conduct the party press, as well as their patrons, Polk, Marcy, Pillow, and the rest,—that WINFIELD SCOTT, and ZACHARY TAYLOR stand alone, proudly pre-eminent, as the heroes of this war, unapproached, and unapproachable, by any *Democrat* who was in the army, great as we acknowledge the subordinate merit of some of them to have been.

Let History state, too, how they were ill-treated, and how the administration sought to thwart, and disgrace, and *ruin* them, because the *People* had fondly and affectionately embalmed their proud names in their own grateful hearts, and resolved to honor them both, and exalt one of them to the highest office in their gift, the most eminent station in the world. They were Whigs—and they loved their country, as all Whigs do—and perilled their lives, and exerted their transcendant abilities in her service—and achieved *victory after victory*, proudly and boldly, always and surely, bearing the bright and beautiful flag of our honored country continually to fresh triumphs and accumulating glory, as no other hands but their's could bear it. They are WHIGS! They are WHIGS!

CASTING THE FIRST STONE.

The last Standard raises the cry of "Military Chieftain" against General Taylor. If we mistake not, the Editor was a member of the Baltimore Convention which nominated *two* "Military Chieftains" upon the Democratic Ticket, General Cass and General Butler, the *military* services of both of whom, we expect to hear him extol to the skies—although as the whole world knows, their glories will become pale and dim, when compared with the lustrous and splendid fame of General Zachary Taylor. But is there not something peculiarly new, interesting and wonderful, in the ingenious discovery, that, while the election of one "Military Chieftain" is dangerous, the election of *two* is harmless?—Commend us to the Standard for brightness and originality, always. That "Military Chieftain," General Taylor! Oh, the danger! He's such a terrible fellow. But those meek and lamb-like *soldiers*, Cass and Butler—why, just the thing! Nobody *fears* them! We well believe it.

ONE MORE HUMBUG.

David S. Reid, the Locofoco Candidate for Governor, is in the habit of declaring, in his *on-s* speech which he enunciates every where, that he verrily believes that the freehold qualification in our Constitution is what drives so many of our citizens, old and young men, from the State, *because*, depriving them of voting, it deprives them of good laws,—hence they go South to enjoy equal privileges, this requirement almost *compelling* them to emigrate from the State.

We can hardly keep our gravity while we state this ridiculous assumption—this absurd proposition—Imagine any honest, simple hearted citizen, so groaning under the oppression of having no vote in the Senate, as to cast a last look at his home, while the tears roll down his cheeks as big as crab-apples, go to work and harness up his tackey, load up his little cart with his wife and white-headed children, pull his wool-hat over his desperate and sorrow-beaten brows, and sally forth from the Old North State on pilgrimage, to search for a home where he can vote for members of the Senate, without any freehold qualification. View him as he passes through South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, lifting up his voice and weeping as he goes, while his disconsolate wife and disfranchised children, mingle their bitter tears and doleful lamentations with his, and all with one consent, inquire of each passing stranger where they shall find that blessed and happy land where they can rest from the heavy oppression they groaned under in North Carolina—this "relic of aristocracy," this old feudal regulation, which makes and keeps men poor, because they are not allowed to vote for members of the Senate without a freehold. Sad, sorrowful, complaining man! why what a heavy heart would he bear away with him, good gracious!—and yet we doubt not every Carolinian, Georgian, and Alabamian he should meet, to whom he told his lachrymose and dismal story—would put his thumb to his nose, and go through the motions.

David S. Reid wants to be our Governor, *bad.*

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The Natchez Free Trader of the 6th instant, says:

This veteran of the Mexican war, in excellent health and spirits, passed Natchez yesterday morning on our fine namesake packet steamer, for the "Cypress Grove," forty five miles above. His Mexican sombrero, recently whitened, never looked more becoming than yesterday. He appeared actually young and gay-hearted.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The Democratic presses are engaged in "kicking up a fuss generally," about the "Platform," as they call it, which "the party" lately adopted at Baltimore—but they are very careful to avoid any remarks about the sacrifice the Southern Locofocos of that body made of Southern rights upon the altar of "*party.*" Looking, as we do, upon all the proceedings of that Convention as part of the Democratic platform, let us see how convenient it was for part of the delegates to go anything, no matter how gross, rather than compromise the interests of the party for the sake of the interests of their country. When the "platform" was brought forward, Mr. Yancy, of Ala. introduced the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the doctrine of non-interference with the rights of property of any portion of the people of this Confederation, be it in the States or in the Territories, by any other than the parties interested in them, is the true republican doctrine recognised by this body."

Well, certainly, we think so—we think this is "the true republican doctrine," and whenever, and wherever introduced, we should feel bound to vote for it. Did the Locofoco delegates from North Carolina, and from the South, generally, vote for it? Well, they did'nt. This resolution, so true, so reasonable, so explicit, as to cover the ground for which the South professes to contend, was rejected in the Baltimore Convention, yeas 36, nays 216—every State voting against it except South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Arkansas, and one vote, each, from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Maryland. The Delegates from this State, so far as they could do so, sold us to the Wilmot provisoists with as little remorse as if we had been slaves or cattle in the market, fair subjects of speculation, to any one who would bid for us.

The vote given by the Southern democrats upon this resolution is a significant one, because it evinces the prevailing influence which controlled the Convention, upon the great and vital question of slavery, as well as the readiness of the Locofocos at the South to truckle to the Northern ascendancy which was paramount there; thus acknowledging the potency of party discipline, by their subserviency in bowing to its behests. The Southern men who voted against this resolution did not express, by that vote, the sentiments of Southern Democracy in regard to the subject involved. Had they consulted the interests of their constituents, and of their country, they would have perished before they would have given that vote, which was making concessions they may never retrieve—which we do not see how they can recover. The full effect of their vote is to encourage and build up the anti-slavery spirit at the North, and invite to farther dangerous agitation. Those who should have stood in the breach, gave way, and cleared the track to allow the Wilmot proviso full scope, in order to unite "the party," so that they might all centre upon General Cass for President. In the hope of gaining his election, they hesitated not to betray the South to the Abolitionists—and had it been required of them, we see no reason why they would not have become abolitionists themselves, rather than put in jeopardy the harmony and success of "the party." And yet such men prate about "principle" and the "Democratic platform," when they were ready enough to surrender the most vital principle for which the South contends, any way or any how, for the hope of retaining place and power, by the election of their nominee. With such heartless time-serving, the South has been betrayed, for a candidate, whose views, as contained in his Nicholson letter, are more odious and abominable than those of David Wilmot himself, who sat in the Baltimore Convention, cheek by jowl, with those betrayers of the rights of the South who voted against the above resolution.

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders."

Uncle Toby.

They were probably mad, then—mad people swear very "terribly" sometimes. The Editor of the Standard is very much out with the Whigs. They passed a "preamble," it seems, some time or other, which the Standard says "was designed and intended to wound the feelings of the President," Mr. Polk, we suppose, kind, tender-hearted gentleman; and hear how the Editor of the Standard curses these cruel Whigs, and dooms them "to an infamy as black, and to a damnation as profound as that which received the Tories of the Revolution," &c., meaning Zeke Polk, we suppose, and the rest of that red-coat gang. He calls these Whigs, too, "turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,"—but he dares not charge them with giving a PASS to any Mexican. Mr. Bancroft did that, by the orders of the pure and innocent Mr. Polk—and Mr. Bancroft was no "turbulent mutterer of stifled treason"—oh no! He gave the PASS, and signed his name to it—and *Congress* dragged it to the light, and would not allow it to be *stifled*. We don't like to see a man swear so hard, especially in a newspaper. We hope our friend will quit it—it's a bad habit—it's not creditable—don't!

"In the name of all you hold dear and sacred, we again beg you to BEWARE."—*Last Standard.*

After *swearing*, to his hearts content, in one paragraph, the Editor of the Standard goes to *praying* in another. The petition above is addressed to the Whigs. We recommend them to listen to the prayer—and to BEWARE of the Editor of the Standard! He is not such a true friend to them, as to give them disinterested advice, *gratis*. No sir-ree—he labors for "a con-si-de-ra-tion!" He must be in a great extremity, or he would not *pray* so fervently to the Whigs "in the name of all you hold dear and sacred!" Old Zack troubles his imagination, and he mixes him up with the year of our Lord, 1840, when the sweeping avalanche of Whig retribution passed over the land, and the people arose in their strength and majesty, to make their will respected. They are waking up again—the slumbering masses are arousing and collecting their energies for the mighty work of vindicating their Constitution in its purity, bringing it back to strict and honest administration, and rebuking those who have violated it, and trampled it under their pusillanimous feet. Swear and pray, Sir, as much as you may. The day of Freedom is at hand.

THE NOMINATION.—The nomination of Old Zack has been warmly received in Vermont and Maine.