GEN'L PERSIFER F. SMITH UPON GEN'L TAYLOR.

And his politics.—Gen. Smith, it is known, is a Loco Foco, but a Foco Foco of honor. He served and won laurels under General Taylor in the Florida war; and again at Monterey under the same gallant officer, he acquired new laurels. But the crowning act of his military career, was his splendid and successful assault upon the enemy at Contreras under Gen. Scott. He thus writes to a friend in New Orleans:

City of Mexico, April 8th, 1848.

* * Any one who has visited this country must have a horror of bad government, for here is seen the spot on earth most favored by nature, stripped of all its advantages and converted into a hell by the vices and corruptions of its rulers.

I have great faith in our own people however; they show their high sense of honesty and nobleness whenever the occasion offers.

Gen. Taylor's military exploits are not the *causes* of his popularity; they are only the *occasions* for the display of his sound judgment, energy of character, lofty and pure sense of justice, and incorruptible honesty. He has as much reputation for what he has written as for what he has done, because even where the composition is not his own, the sentiments, motives and feelings are; and everything he says, as everything he does, is marked by the purity and loftiness of his own character.

I never heard of any one, however corrupt or base himself, that, after five minutes' conversation with Gen. Taylor, has dared to propose or even hint at, anything dishonest or mean. And no intercourse in the ordinary events of common life can give a true idea of the loftiness of his character. I remember your asking me, at the time he was put in command at Corpus Christ, whether he was equal to the circumstances. I told you of his sound judgment and inexhaustible energy as I had learned them in Florida, but I did not then estimate properly the other and higher points of his character. In the campaign on the Rio Grande I saw him tried under all circumstances, and he always came out pure gold.

His profession that he will be the candidate of no *party* will, if he be elected, be carried out in his practice,—not that his opinions on matters of policy may not be those of one of another party;—*on most of these he is a Whig*, and he is not the man to act adverse to his own opinions; but no party management or power can ever lead him to do a mean, or what he thinks a wrong, thing.

As soon as Gen. Taylor was furnished by events with the opportunity to display his character, you see at once that it was estimated properly, and I come back to the truth of the proposition I started with, that I believe the people will always properly measure *great* men.

I do not say they will always reward them properly, for they cannot always give a direct expression to their feelings, and the least worthy may have the vote without having the wish.

There has a great error been committed in relation to Gen. Scott: no military operations in history have displayed more military qualities or been more uniformly successful in their results. Nor have they been in any case the result of chance; every thing has been done in conformity with a plan, and the event in all cases has been almost predicted. That a successful General should be degraded in the very scene of success, for complaints made not of him but by him, is exceeding strange, and most unfortunate. Every one in the army feels it as a disgrace.

Your sincere friend.

PERSIFER F. SMITH.

HISTORICAL TRUTH VINDICATED.

Col. Cass was attached to the army under General Hull at the time of its disgraceful and disastrious surrender and the only act of heroic valor claimed for him by his political friends, is a desperate charge upon a *stump*.

General Hull, in his official despatch, gave as a reason for the cowardly surrender among others, that as his army was out of provisions, surrounded by Indians, and a superior British force, the only alternative, was capitulation or starvation and slaughter.—After the surrender, Col. Cass hastened to Washington, prepared and published a letter throwing the whole blame upon General Hull. In this celebrated letter Col. Cass says:

"The state of our provisions has not been generally understood. On the day of surrender we had 15 days provisions of every kind on hand. Of meat there was plenty in the country, and arrangements had been made for purchasing and grinding Flour. It was calculated we could readily procure three months' provisions, independent of 150 barrels of flour and 1,300 head of cattle, which had been forwarded from Ohio, and which remained at the river Raisin, under Capt. Brush, within reach of the army." This was the statement *after* the surrender, now we wish to call attention to Col. Cass's statement before—only *four days* before the surrender. In a letter to his brother in law, Willis Silliman, August 13th, Col Cass says:

"Our situation is becoming critical. If things get worse, you will have a letter from me, giving a particular account of this business. Bad as you may think our situation, it is still worse than you believe. I cannot descend into particulars, lest this should fall into the hands of the enemy."

Again in another letter to Gov. Meigs, of the same date, he says:

"The letter of the Secretary of War to you, a copy of which I have seen, authorises you to preserve and keep open the communication from the State of Ohio to Detroit. It is all important that it should be kept open. *Our very existence depends upon it.* Our supplies must come from our State (Ohio.) *This country does not furnish them.* In this existing state, nothing but a large force of 2,000 men at least, will affect the object."

This was the opinion of Col. Cass *four days* before he surrendered. A *fight* then seemed "inevitable," and the heroic Colonel was either so frightened as to magnify their "*critical situation*," or else he forgot all about it when the danger were past.

Four days before the capitulation, his situation had become critical—so "bad," that he dare not particularise, lest the enemy might find it out. He writes the Governor, that their supplies must come from Ohio, as "*this country does not furnish them*," and communication must be kept open—"OUR VERY EXISTENCE DEPENDS UPON IT," and not less than 2,000 men would effect it. Now if this were not true, then Col. Cass must have been "prodigiously frightened," and if it were true, how can it be reconciled with his letter after the surrender, or with his testimony on the trial of General Hull, when he stated "that the situation of the army in respect to provisions was a subject of frequent conversations between General Hull and the officers—that *he never knew or understood that the army was in want or likely to want.*"

GENERAL CASS AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

The following facts are stated in a letter from Sergeant William Graeff, Jr., of the corps of Artillerists of the Pennsylvania Volunteers. The letter is dated "San Angels, Mexico, April 26, 1848," and is published in the Reading (Pa.) Journal. We extract all that relates to this subject, as follows,

"Now let me tell you how Senator Cass was treated by the volunteers. You will recollect that we, (or the volunteers) were mustered under the act of May, '46, by which we are allowed $15 per month for clothing, and in a circular dated August 7th, '47, we were again assured of receiving the same. But it seems that Mr. Cass, with a good economical heart, offered a bill to "cause the volunteers to be furnished in kind, at the same rates according to grades, as provided for the troops in the regular army." Thus you see he has reduced our pay for clothing from $3 50 to $2 50.—This, I suppose, is the compensation we get for fighting our way to the Capital. As soon as the 1st Pennsylvanians received news that this *famous* bill had passed—*they extended a rope across the main road leading to the city of Mexico, and* HUNG IN EFFIGY POOR LEWIS CASS! Some of the officers touched by their politics, ordered it to be cut down, but the boys had him in *right position again soon after*, where he hung till evening *when he was taken down and doomed to the flames.*"

The Journal in publishing the letter says:

"Sergeant Graeff is a citizen of Reading, well known to every man in this community, who was among the first to volunteer for the war, and has done good service ever since. If any one doubts that the letter is genuine he can see the *original* by calling at this office."

Cincinnati Atlas.

ALL RIGHT. THE CONTRAST.

Wilmot Proviso Repudiated by the Whig Convention.

What will the Locofocos say now—they who have all along contended, against light and knowledge and in utter contempt of truth, that Provisoism was chiefly confined to the Whig party! Who are now the friends of the South? Alas! for Democracy! The Whigs of the Union have met and decided this momentous question;—they have repudiated it like men—like patriots—like WHIGS! They have indignantly refused to give it countenance! They have rejected it by a decided and overwhelming majority!

A resolution was introduced into the Whig National Convention, recognizing and adopting the Wilmot Proviso, but it was rejected almost unanimously, without discussion. It was treated as a stranger—as a thing entirely out of place. The only wonder is, how it came there—being as it is, a bantling of Locofoco paternity. The thing was generated and warmed into life by the Democracy—nurtured and sustained by its natural parent, and of course, possessed no affinity with Whigism, and consequently, it was hooted out the Convention. We congratulate the Whigs of the South upon this hope-inspiring event. The same liberal spirit of concession, whose motto was 'equal rights,' which warmed the bosoms of the Whigs of '76, survives, thank heaven, and animates the Whigs of the present day.

Now for the contrast. It is known to our readers that Mr. Yancy introduced a resolution into the Democratic National Convention, repudiating the Wilmot Proviso, and it was rejected by a vote of 216 to 36. This vote was a fatal blow to Southern rights so far as Locofocoism is concerned. The Democratic Convention has *refused* to reject the Proviso by an overwhelming majority, and the Whig Convention *has* rejected it by a majority, equally as decided.

It would seem that these votes on a question of such vital interest to the South, and to the whole Union, would awaken the South as to the real position of parties. Not only has the Whig party in Convention, recognized the rights of the South, but they have selected a Southern man as their candidate and standard-bearer;—a man who was born in the South, and whose interest is, and ever has been in the South, but whose patriotism is co-extensive with the Union. Of all questions, pertaining to civil polity, the slavery question is, to the South, by far, the most important. No one can doubt the soundness of the Whig candidate in regard to this subject. On the other hand, no one of not more than ordinary credulity can repose any confidence in the Democratic nominee or the Convention which selected him. The whole history of the man, including the Convention that nominated him, goes to show that he has no sympathy for Southern rights and interest.

Macon (Ala.) Repub.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American draws the following parallel between Gen. Cass and Ledru Rollin. However severe, the caricature of Cass in his Senatorial capacity is not undeserved:

The parallel between Gen. Cass and Ledru Rollin is a striking one. They have both a common object to achieve, and they have both employed the same means to promote their success. On all the great questions of peace and war, Gen. Cass has been signalized above all others, by his radical, subterranean demagoguism. If his party leaped one step, he advanced two, in order to keep the lead and to fasten upon himself the attention of his followers, as the pioneer in every wild and dangerous experiment.—With a bold and reckless hand and with a flashing blade, he has struck at the peace and prosperity of the country, careless of consequences and only desiring to mount a higher round on the ladder of ambition. The same impulses directed each of these men, and while Rollin was willing to spill the blood of France in civil war, Cass was ready to risk the safety of his country on the desperate hazard of personal politics, and to invoke foreign war as an element to accomplish his ends. The difference between them, is that which makes the distinction between the two countries. Though Cass may be considered as the prototype of Rollin, yet Rollin has the first trial before the people and has received the first verdict of condemnation. It is to be seen whether, for the same sufficient reasons, the American people will not, following this wholesome example, repudiate the *American Jacobin.*

General Taylor was sent into Texas, into Mexico, where the surcharged clouds of war were brooding. We have not time to recount his successive battle fields, or track his brilliant career. Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vista—the hearts of all our people marched with him, and his deeds are fresh and vivid in their memories. Too deafening was the roar of this brief storm of war, too thick was the smoke, too dark the peril, too deadly the fight, to let our people think calmly of the man who was the leader and hero of our perilled army. But, after the war clouds had spent their fury at Buena Vista, and the legions of Santa Anna fled away like scattered clouds after a storm, leaving the clear sunshine of heaven upon the scene, all hearts rushed to that old man, and, thronging around him, the people studied with intense interest every movement of his body, mind, and heart.

And how well have we learnt the dear old man. The plain old Soldier, without pomp or ostentation, with the nerve and judgment of a *man*, but yet the heart and soft feelings of a *child!* His very person we know—stout, thick set, and bulky—the picture of simplicity, frankness, and good feeling. And a good old man is he! Little children would clap their hands to see him in his country's uniform, and, encouraged by his friendly smile and helping arm, would clamber up to see the "eagles" of his buttons and the shining gold of his epaulets. The very dogs would crowd around his feet and never fear a kick; and "old Whitey," we all *know* the favorite old charger moves with a pricked ear and a quicker step when he hears the friendly sound of his master's voice!—*Kentucky Commonwealth.*

The Locofoco presses and orators continue to the last to shed "crocodile tears" over Mr. Clay. It requires some forbearance (says the Alexandria Gazette) to see this with patience. But do they think they deceive any body by their hypocritical protestations of admiration for Mr. Clay? Why, if he had been the Whig candidate, there is not one of these "sympathizers" who was not ready to commence the work of abuse which they have heaped upon his head ever since 1828. We do not know many Whigs that they have such faith in.

NORTH CAROLINA TIMES.

Raleigh, N. C.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 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 OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

The receipt of all money for the Times is considered as acknowledged, when the papers for which payment is made are sent according to direction. Our friends will consider their reception of the paper as a sufficient voucher on our part.—We tender our heartfelt thanks for the gratifying patronage we are daily receiving, and consider every subscription as an additional incentive to industrious exertion. At the same time, we are not done taking in, and have plenty room on our books for all orders that may be sent, and will supply the back numbers as long as any remain on hand.—Support your own cause well, Whigs of North Carolina, and we'll wage the Campaign vigorously for you.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

We learn that the Trustees of this Institution, which is situated at Cedar Rock, in Franklin County, in addition to the Classical instructor, Mr. D. S. Richardson, have lately engaged the services of Mr. S. M. Preston, recently of this City, and added a Mathematical and Military Department to the Institute. We have the pleasure of an acquaintance with both these gentlemen, and anticipate much success, and an enviable reputation for the School under their joint charge; and feel entitled to congratulate the citizens of Franklin County upon the opportunity thus afforded them of sending their sons and wards to this excellent Institute.

A NEW ALLY.

The Editor of the Standard, in his last paper, publishes "*all*" General Taylor's letters—a favor to the Whig party as agreeable as unexpected.—We hope he will stereotype them, and keep them on his first page all the while—so that his Democratic readers may see, ponder, and inwardly digest, the lofty and patriotic sentiments of the extraordinary man, to whom the favor and affection of the people has been extended, as much for these truly noble, modest, and able letters, as for his peerless and gallant achievements in the field.—But will our friend of the Standard pardon us for suggesting that he did publish *quite* "all!"—There is one letter of General Taylor, (which he no doubt forgot, but which, of course, we shall expect to see in the Standard next week,) not included in this collection, which we are anxious the public, our Democratic friends particularly, should see; and that is that scorching reply to Mr. Marcy, dated "Agua Nueva, March 3, 1847," in answer to the one from the Secretary conveying the "censure" of the President for the "disgraceful" and "mischievous" publication of the Gaines letter. To bring it to our friend's recollection fully, so that he may easily find it for publication, we quote its last paragraph:

"In conclusion, I would say that it has given me great pain to be brought into the position in which I now find myself with regard to the Department of War and the Government. It has not been of my own seeking. To the extent of my ability, and the means placed at my disposal, I have sought faithfully to serve the Country, by carrying out the wishes and instructions of the Executive. But it cannot be concealed that, since the Capitulation of Monterey, the confidence of the Department (and I too much fear of the President,) has been gradually withdrawn, and my consideration and usefulness correspondingly diminished. The apparent determination of the Department to place me in an attitude antagonistical to the Government, has an apt illustration in the well known Fable of Æsop. But I ask no favor and I shrink from no responsibility. While entrusted with the command in this quarter, I shall continue to devote all my energies to the public good, looking for my reward to the consciousness of pure motives, and the final verdict of impartial history."

SOLDIERS COMING! SOLDIERS COMING!

We hail, with pleasure, the expected return of our soldiers from Mexico. They are the men who will go to work ably and effectively for Old Zack—the soldier's friend. There's not a soldier who ever served under him, but what loves him as a father, and will give his vote as well as his influence to Old Rough and Ready. They will tell, not only of his daring and wonderful exploits, but of his kindness and humanity to his men, and of his plain but cordial, unreserved attachment to them all, no matter what their rank and station.—Their language will be eloquent in his praise—and touching in its tone, as they point to their scars, and tell on what fields they fought successfully under Old Zachary Taylor. The epauletted popinjays commissioned by Mr. Polk—may not think so much of plain Old Don Zack. Perhaps they are right—he would never regard any man, save by the standard of *merit*, and we hope they may return Locofocos still.

Senator Douglass.—This learned wonder was in New Orleans a few days since, holding entertaining speeches, entitled "Democracy and denouncing Whiggery, &c.

CASS'S LAST PLATFORM.

The facility with which the Democratic Nominee changes his own principles, and adopts those prescribed for him, is not the least remarkable trait in his accommodating and versatile character. He has heretofore been a fast friend of Internal Improvements by the General Government; River and Harbor improvements, especially; and, out of many, we here produce two noted instances to prove it, which we have verified by the record:

The first Harbor and River bill, since Cass's election to the Senate, was introduced into the House on the 31st of December, 1845, and passed a first and second reading. On the 20th of March following, it finally passed, and on the 24th of July passed the Senate, Gen. Cass voting in the affirmative. On the 3d of August the President returned it to the House of Representatives—not Senate—in which it originated, with his objections; after being discussed, the vote was taken on its passage, and resulted ayes 68, noes 55. There not being two-thirds it *never went* to the Senate, consequently Gen. Cass had no chance to vote against it.

The other Harbor bill vetoed by President Polk, was introduced into the House of Representatives on the 23d of December, 1846, and passed that body on the 29th of February following. It passed the Senate, Gen. Cass voting in the affirmative, on the last day of the session, the 3d of March. Soon after the commencement of the present session of Congress, the President returned it with objections to the House of Representatives, where it originated. And as it did not pass that body by two-thirds, the Senate was not called upon to act upon it.

Now, all this is plain enough, and these votes are significant enough. A person would think that Gen. Cass had some opinions, and acted upon some principles, in these uniform votes, and that people would know where to find him.

But, the Baltimore Convention, in its wisdom, adopted the following resolution; and General Cass, in his letter of acceptance endorses it, with all the rest: diametrically opposed, as the reader will see, to the Candidate's former course, and expressed opinions, and recorded votes, on the subject of Internal Improvements:

"*Resolved*, That the Constitution does not confer upon the General Government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements."

In this resolution the Convention required their Nominee once more to "hop the twig," and he hops it accordingly—repudiating his former opinions, without any ceremony at all, as it seems to us at the South; and yet, strange to say, he is supported in the Northwestern States, and in Ohio particularly, as the firm and fast friend of River and Harbor improvements—these very votes being produced as the testimony, though, as we have shown, professedly abandoned and repudiated, by Mr. Cass, in so many words, on paper.

But his *last Platform* on the subject of slavery and Internal Improvements is both "rich and rare," and was promulgated at Cleveland, Ohio, on his recent arrival at that place in his way home.

Judge Wood, who was appointed to welcome Gen. Cass, in behalf of the democracy, told the great nominee that he had been misrepresented—he had been charged with hostility to the doctrine of internal improvements in the great western lakes and rivers by the General Government; he had been charged with opposition to the doctrines of the Wilmot Proviso—and he was happy that the distinguished nominee of the great democratic party was there present, to speak to the people for himself upon these important matters.

In reply, Gen. Cass expressed his fears that he would not be able to make himself understood upon the great questions alluded to, by the vast multitude before him—he hoped they had all read his letter accepting the nomination of the Baltimore Convention—it contained his last declaration of political principles—when a boy of 17 he had repaired to the frontier unaided and unfriended, and had not dreamt, nor had any body else, that he would ever be called to the high station he now occupied—he was most thankful for the manner in which he had been received and honored—and he bid them all an affectionate adieu!

We recommend this *Platform* to the serious consideration of our Democratic friends, as very enlightening and consoling to their party, and containing, "as clear as mud," the last *expose* of "wheel about and turn about" principles with which they may expect to be favored. We do not wonder that the "high station" which Mr. Cass "occupied" was embarrassing to the last degree, and that "affectionate adieu!" is about the coolest thing we have come across during this long spell of hot weather. He expressed "his fears that he would not be able to make himself understood upon the great questions alluded to," and he drops the subject with great ease and the utmost *sang froid*, signally disappointing Judge Wood, as well as the "great democratic party," then and there assembled. Cool—decidedly! "political principles," indeed!—He's more like the Frenchman's fly—"when you put your finger on him—*he's no dir!*"

"FREE SUFFRAGE."

We have before spoken of the opprobrium cast upon the framers of our State Constitution, our wise, brave and honest fathers, by those who favor the tearing down of the guards and checks they have provided against oppressive burdens being imposed by one class of the people upon another. A writer in the last Fayetteville Carolinian (whose ancestors could hardly have been Whigs in the Revolution, and who thank God! is evidently no Whig himself) has almost exhausted the vocabulary in giving odious and abusive names to the property qualification; and of course, brands its framers with all the epithets which he so liberally showers upon the provision they adopted. He calls it a "federal humbug of a property qualification," —"a federal system of half-way suffrage." He says, whoever supports it is "a federalist at heart, and is utterly unworthy the support of a free people, because he is an exclusive privilege man."—He calls it the "federal feature," and says that "the marks of that beast, federalism, is still seen on the face" of our Constitution. "Let us no longer (says he) have an assembly of men to make laws for us to be governed by which we the people cannot control" &c.

A fair specimen of this writer's Grammar may be seen above, where he says, "the marks of that beast, federalism, is still seen" &c. But what can we expect of a man who, it appears, he knows not what he says. He means to clamor for something, and "goes it blind!" We think he is the first of his race. His blood was *not* represented in the Convention at Halifax. And, even at the present day, the Cross Creek settlement would never send such a man as he is to a *Convention* to model a Constitution! He evidently knows more about the "Jackass," to which he alludes, than he does about the Constitution of his State—and a regard for his *own family* ought to induce him to attend to his *home* matters, his *kindred* and his *friends*.

BARNBURNERS vs. LOCOFOCOS.

The Barnburners of New York having kicked out of the traces of the "harmonious Democracy," have, lately, at their Convention at Utica, nominated Martin Van Buren for President, and Senator Dodge, of Wisconsin, for Vice President. Mr. Ritchie, of the Washington Union is standing on his head about it—and all the "harmonious" are in a peck of trouble. The excitement has not reached Nash and Edgecombe, yet, that we know of, but when it does, we have no doubt we shall hear of great "indignation" meetings being held in those "unterrified" counties.

It has reached Wake, though, and thrown the Editor of the Standard into paroxysms. Hear how he exclaims over it: "How fearfully and ruinously have disappointment and mad ambition wrought upon the minds and upon the hearts of Martin Van Buren and Henry Clay! But Mr. Van Buren will sink alone. *His* mere word and will cannot seriously affect the Republican party." Granted.—His mere word and will cannot. But the word and will of all the Barnburners *can* seriously upset Lewis Cass, and lose him, to say no more, the vote of New York.

The Standard was very officious, last week, in declaring that the Whig party was "rapidly dissolving." We thought, at the time, it had better look at home—and sure enough, out pops little Martin, down goes Jim Crow Cass—and the party, so far as New York is concerned, is "rapidly dissolving." Martin means to ruin, if he can't rule, and he digs it into Cass, under his fifth rib, with as little remorse, as "the party" lunged away at Martin, when they put up Polk. "Thus even-handed justice doth commend the ingredients of their poisoned chalice to their own lips." In all this, however, the people have one consolation—that "when rogues fall out, honest men may get their own." Their "principles," about which they cant so much, being nothing else than the "five loaves and the two fishes," they have disagreed among themselves, and gone to quarrelling about who shall have them. This gives *the people* to whom these "loaves and fishes" belong, a fair chance to take the distribution of them into their own hands—and accordingly, they have put up *a Captain* who *always* gets the victory and "*never surrenders*," to rout both wings of the corrupt party, and take the administration into his own pure and honest hands. General Taylor is "*Ready*," to undertake any service the people may demand from him. "He fears no danger, and shrinks from no responsibility," when duty calls. If the people desire it, he feels bound to serve them, and in doing so, he will be "the President of the nation, and not the head of a party." This is the very thing we want. We have been cursed and ridden to death by *politicians* who trade with the people's offices, sport with our lives and waste our treasure, to carry out their own selfish ends. Old Zack is unfammelled, and will give no pledges, except honestly to administer the government, and follow in the footsteps of Washington. This is pledge enough, and should recommend him higher than any thing else can, to the love and affection of the American people—a brave, iron-hearted, victorious soldier, who *wouldn't* be overcome by Santa Anna, nor by Polk and Marcy, and who dared to be honest, true to his country and faithful to the Constitution. Compared with him, your little petty Polks and Van Burens, and the like, all birds of prey, and nothing else, dwindle into utter insignificance—unfit to be mentioned in the same day with the *Hero* of Buena Vista. The sooner we are clear of them the better.

DEMOCRATIC ELECTOR.

We learn from the Standard of Wednesday, that Perrin Busbee, Esq. of this City, has been appointed the Democratic Elector for this District; that he has accepted the nomination, and will enter at the proper time upon a thorough canvass of the District. This "*proper time*" is rather uncertain, and we have no doubt, it will puzzle the "unterrified," accurately to fix it. By way of aiding them, we take liberty to suggest, that it probably means *after the Governor's election*; so that Mr. Busbee may escape the discussion of that new discovery "the free suffrage," to which, it is reported, he is by no means friendly. If it should be replied that an Elector for President is under no obligation to discuss matters appertaining to State politics, we answer that the Democratic party has brought up the issue as a Democratic principle, and no man who expects office in the State has any right to shirk it. *All* the principles of "*the party*" the Elector is bound to defend, and must be called on to defend, before the people; and what will be said of Mr. Busbee, if he desires to escape from any of them? Why, simply that he is *afraid* of an issue which his own party has brought up, or that he does not go the "*entire swine*," and consequently has no claims upon the confidence of "the party." National politics enter largely into our State discussions, every where, and why should not our "peculiar" issues bear upon the Presidential canvass? They always have—they always must—and Mr. Busbee will be called on for his opinions before the people, without concealment, and without disguise. The people demand to know them, and any man who comes before them for their suffrages *must speak out*. They are making too much parade over their *principles* to be allowed to give the go-by, insidiously, to any of them. Let them march up boldly to the light, as they vociferously protest they are willing to do. We observe that our County Candidates commence the canvass on the 8th of July. Why does Mr. Busbee wish to put off his a month later? Significant—very!

Extract of a letter to the Editor dated

Salisbury, 25th June, 1848.

"We expect to carry our whole ticket in Rowan this year. Taylor and Fillmore's nomination strengthens our party very much in this County."

"THE NORTHERN MAN WITH SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES."

Mr. Van Buren was so called, in times past—He was also called "the natural ally of the South." His late letter to the Utica Convention, and his nomination for the Presidency by the Barnburners and Abolitionists, lead us to some grave reflections.

How much sincerity is there in those gentlemen in the non-slaveholding States who pretend to be natural allies to the South—thoroughly imbued with Southern principles? We believe that the well-informed gentlemen of all parties at the North are opposed to meddling with slavery as it exists *in the States*. All are willing to stand by the Constitutional compromise. But how is it as regards the *further extension* of Slavery into the Territories now owned, or which may hereafter be acquired by our Government? We have long believed, and believe now, that there is not a native citizen residing in the free States who, truly in his heart, desires the extension of Slavery. They universally deem slavery *an evil*, which, if it cannot be removed, ought not to be *increased*; and they know that there is a conflict of interests and power between the slave and the free States, and that *their* comparative strength would be promoted by keeping slavery within its present bounds. Their idea of the morality of the thing, as well as their conviction of interest, would, of themselves, render it probable that we have not mis-stated their views. Much observation, and an extensive acquaintance with that section of our common country have confirmed our conclusion.

How does it happen, then, it may be asked, that some Northern men talk and vote so liberally towards the South? We answer that they are accused at home of being *dough-faces*, and of truckling dishonestly to the slave power, to accomplish some present supposed advantage. Much is done, by way of concession and compromise on *our* part, towards bringing out this display of generosity on the part of our Northern brethren. For instance, Members from the South, in the Baltimore Convention, would not vote down the Wilmot Proviso, and gave it a magnanimous *go-by*, in consideration that Northern Democrats, in a body, would liberally agree that they did not wish to disturb slavery *in the States!*—and talked sweetly about opposing "imitatory steps," &c. which could so adroitly be confined by the Northern men to slavery in the States, and by the Southern men extended to cover the States *and Territories!* Very clever canoodling, this!—dignified with the soft names of "concession and compromise"—which can accomplish such marvels in rolling on jointly the great Democratic Ball. Those Northern Democrats, who have succeeded best in this game, know exactly how much to talk, and how far to vote, to find a soft place in the hearts of the Democracy of the generous, confiding South. Mr. Van Buren, by his skilful palavering, accomplished his purpose,—oh, how he loved the South! how heartily he hugged us—niggers and all!—True, he was a Northern man—but then—(and he loved, and laid his hand gently on his heart,)—*he had "Southern principles!"* True, he hailed from the great Empire State—but then—(and he stroked his chin,)—he was the "natural ally of the South." The South, the generous, confiding Democracy of the sunny South, swallowed the "soft sodder," and made him President. He has nothing further to ask of Southern Democracy; and where is he now? Look at his cloven foot. But he is now where he always has been—he has only doffed his mask. The South took him, and those who talked like him, with "a generous confidence," as Governor Reid expressed it; and, in return, he laughs at their simplicity and softness.

But will our Southern friends profit by the lesson? Are they so verdant that they do not understand that General Cass is, bunglingly enough surely, playing precisely the same game? How long is it since he was in favor of the Lake and River improvements? How is he now? Ah, there is so much noise and confusion around him that he does not quite know himself—if he does he wont tell.

How long is it since he wanted to vote in the Senate *for* the Wilmot Proviso, if old John Davis had not prevented it by talking against time?—How is he now? Why, he does not like the Wilmot Proviso, but leaves it to the people of the Territories to decide for themselves the question of slavery. And what reason does he give? Why, the reason—so satisfactory to those Southern Democrats so gifted with a generous confidence,—that the new territories in Mexico are of such a mixed and mongrel breed, that *they* themselves *will not* tolerate slavery. So that, by his own showing, he takes that course that will most certainly prevent the extension of slavery; and Southern Democracy hails him as "the Northern man with Southern principles!"

We wonder if our friends are quite satisfied with the *reason* General Cass gives for leaving slavery to the people of the Territories. When they say he is against the Wilmot Proviso, will they not also consider the reason, "the most exquisite reason?" But is he sure? Can you trust him even in this? Will he stick better than your former "natural ally of the South," who now laughs at your credulity and folly, in his state of "retiracy" at Lindenwold? It is but little to us—but we do think our Democratic friends have food for reflection.

A DEAD CARCASS.

The last Standard has a long article in defence of Mr. Polk for having brought on the War, and to show, as he says, "that Mr. Polk acted with as much prudence as any man could have displayed," &c., which we comment on elsewhere. But why all this defence of Mr. Polk at this late day? Don't every body regard him as "a dead cock in the pit," and, since the action of the Baltimore Convention, the most insignificant man of his party? Who cares any thing about Polk now, except so far as Cass has supported him in his measures? This worship of the setting sun is not in character with the Standard. Cass is the "lord of the ascendant" now, and as they have two sets of principles to defend, one set for the North, and the other for the South, our friend of the Standard had better be up and at them. Let us tell him, once for all, that he has no powder and shot to throw away at *dead birds*.