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Daily Appeal.

AN ARKANSAS STATESMAN'S VIEWS OF NON-INTERVENTION.

From the Gilmore Press.

The Hon. T. B. Flournoy, of Arkansas, just after the late election in Kentucky, was in this latter State, where he wrote a lengthy and able letter discussing the question, "to the degree of popular sovereignty that should be allowed" and which is published in the Lexington (Ky.) Statesman of August 9. As the editor of that paper justly observes, "this letter will not fail for more reasons than one, to attract much public attention." From the eminent talents of the author, and his high position as a citizen and statesman of Arkansas, it will be read by Democrats everywhere. Mr. Flournoy begins his letter with this declaration:

The above is a most grave question, one of mighty import, on the proper solution of which hange the destinies of the republic. The people of the South are tired to death of this eternal agitation and excitement growing out of the institution of slavery, and if there is no solution of the question, which can restore the relations of peace between the different sections, then come dissolution, war, anything but this eternal agitation. The sentiment is very common at the South. Peace or dissolution should be their motto, and the whole thing, I repeat, turns upon a happy solution of the above question, to the proper understanding of which, it is necessary to take a short retrospect.

He next draws a truthful and condensed view of the slavery controversy; and concludes that the policy of the fathers should be our policy:

To the fathers who made the Government, much of vexation and trouble arose on the slavery question. They at last happily determined that as it was a question of so much of interest to one section, and of dislike to the other, that strife and animosities existing and likely to grow out of the institution, could only be prevented by removing the question altogether, or as far as possible from all control or action on the part of Congress, and placing the control of the institution entirely in the hands of those immediately interested. Accordingly they restricted the action of Congress to two single propositions, viz: fixing the federal representation on the slave basis; and secondly, the enacting a law carrying out the provision of the restitution of fugitives from labor. For years Congress had done its whole duty, and exhausted all of its constitutional powers over the subject, and any further action on its part would be a violation of its trust, and a usurpation of consequence and near at an.

Then the fathers of the Republic intended and believed they had established by the express compact, a full and final solution of the non-intervention on the part of Congress, except as to the two first propositions. Parties, from policy, may act and think as they please for temporary advantage, but non-intervention was the doctrine of the fathers—the doctrine of the Constitution. And parties may yet learn, when too late, that adherence to principle is never right, and like young chickens, will come home to roost, to torment its violators. Well, it would seem the fathers understood well what they were about. For non-intervention did give to this country peace and quiet, with but little or no interruption, up to year 1820, when Missouri came asking admission into the Union. Then the abolitionists of the North came forward in solid phalanx and demanded the abandonment of this time-honored constitutional doctrine of non-intervention, and boldly claimed the opposite, the doctrine of Congressional intervention in the affairs of slavery. The South, from earliest boyhood, taught to love the Union, because to us it is the guarantee of our rights in the territories, and the glorious old do trine of non-intervention, that has given peace and quiet to the country so long, was abandoned for the mistaken notion of peace. Abolition doctrine of Congressional intervention, seemingly as it seems to me to appear this nonsense and unpatriotic clamor at the North. The concession once obtained, in the next breath we have fruits. For we are excluded from all participation in the common territory North of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, which I believe was all the territory then belonging to the United States, with the exception of the present State of Arkansas, and that was left open, undetermined to the future, whether they would not take that in, in their greed, they demanded and at least this concession, that they could interfere with the question of slavery everywhere South, as well as North of the line. This, I believe, was the first aggressive step, which, if not the first, was the fatal Pandora's box, filled with every element of discord and strife turned loose upon the country. For, from that moment to the present, strife, crimination and recriminations, have disturbed and rained the quiet of the country. The patriots of that day soon saw and repented of their error. Things rapidly grew from bad to worse, under this new congressional intervention, until the patriots of 1850 saw that patch work would do no longer. The country must go to pieces, or be saved by returning to that once abandoned, but great old constitutional doctrine of non-intervention.

The history of those times is too fresh in the memories of all to require details. Suffice it to say the great statesmen heads of the movement, and the constitution was vindicated and the country saved by a return to first principles, non-intervention—not in part, to half-way measures, only forbidding Congress the power to reject or establish slavery in territory. But it was non-intervention in its broadest, most comprehensive sense, denying that Congress had any further power over the institution of slavery in any part of the United States. That its power over the whole subject was completely exhausted, when they had enacted the fugitive slave law, and afford the federal basis of representation. These compromises of 1850, even if they were founded in policy only, and not based on high constitutional principle as they are, would still be entitled to our highest regard, and held as sacred almost as the constitution itself in the estimation of patriots. The south having agreed to and acquiesced in the measures, the highest obligations of good faith demand of her not to abandon them for slight and trivial causes, or led into it by the idle clamor of the Opposition. Then where is the pollution or excuse for this wanton abandonment of the old constitutional doctrine of non-intervention? Where the excuse for the bad faith implied in the assertion of this monstrosity, that would require of us to return to that abolition doctrine of 1820, which did rob us of all territory north of 36 deg. 30 min., and will, if restored, take all south of it. I allude to this late doctrine of intervention by Congress for protection in the territories.

First, where is the constitutional warrants for intervention? If it exists, its advocates ought to be able to show it, and if they can't produce it, it is a fair presumption it is not here; and if the power is not given, it is withheld, and I challenge any one to produce it. The production of such authority would convict the constitution with being contradictory, and at war with itself. For it vests Congress, I repeat, in the twofold or positions—the fugitive slave law, and the federal basis. And the whole spirit of the statement after that treats the rights as a fixed, and exclusively under the control of those immediately interested. Now, I ask, if the great entrance committed by territorial legislation, on the rights of property in slaves, that would justify or excuse a violation of good faith (even if the constitution was not in the way) by calling on Congress to intervene for the protection of slavery? None. It is at best a mere abstraction—this Abolition heresy thrown into the Democratic party of Cincinnati, Hale of New Hampshire, one which it was hoped the party would divide and go to pieces, and the whole Abolition corps are now at this moment clamoring, and in our country, Abolitionist and the doctrine of Congressional intervention, seemingly as it seems to me to appear this nonsense and unpatriotic clamor at the North. The concession once obtained, in the next breath we have fruits. For we are excluded from all participation in the common territory North of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, which I believe was all the territory then belonging to the United States, with the exception of the present State of Arkansas, and that was left open, undetermined to the future, whether they would not take that in, in their greed, they demanded and at least this concession, that they could interfere with the question of slavery everywhere South, as well as North of the line. This, I believe, was the first aggressive step, which, if not the first, was the fatal Pandora's box, filled with every element of discord and strife turned loose upon the country. For, from that moment to the present, strife, crimination and recriminations, have disturbed and rained the quiet of the country. The patriots of that day soon saw and repented of their error. Things rapidly grew from bad to worse, under this new congressional intervention, until the patriots of 1850 saw that patch work would do no longer. The country must go to pieces, or be saved by returning to that once abandoned, but great old constitutional doctrine of non-intervention.

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To Senator Douglas and to the doctrines of the Cincinnati Platform—to the subject of non-friendly legislation—he alludes thus:

But we sometimes meet with small politicians who are in the habit of denouncing that great champion of Democracy and Southern rights, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, as a traitor to both. Well, you ask what he has done? Has he not been true to every single article of the Cincinnati Platform? That cannot be denied. Then he has been true both to the South and the Democratic party. But, he, in substance, said that if a (artificial) legislation, by unfriendly laws, or by no legislation at all, could so embarrass slavery, that the territory would be to drive it out, and prevent slavery from going into the Territories. Well, I ask, is that not the assertion simply of an existing fact, existing independent of the annunciation of the fact by Judge Douglas, and will exist in spite of all the Congressional intervention or black codes that can be written. And why? For the simple reason that laws must coincide with and reflect the wishes of the people, or they will will never be executed.

If a territorial legislature refuses to pass laws necessary to the encouragement of slavery, such laws as slave codes, defining the trading with a negro, or refuse to pass patrol regulations, or passing a law creating a patrole, should at the same time enact, that negroes alone should be taxed to keep up the patrole. Now where is the remedy? It is certainly their duty to pass laws to that effect, but public sentiment forbids it, and there is no power known to our form of government that can force them. Then how can you help it? Well, says the interventionist, we will appeal to Congress for a black code. What good will that do? Will not the same abolition territory have to execute it?

The writer is equally explicit in regard to the sentiments of the South as to a Presidential candidate. He says:

I have traveled much of late in the South, and I think I understand public sentiment. It is for the nominee of the Charleston Convention, be he whom he may, and while it would prefer Breckinridge, or Guthrie, or the gallant Bob of Arkansas, or some one else, out of pure of compliment to the South, still they would as cheerfully go for a Douglas, a Dickinson, a Toucey, or any other good Democrat who may get the nomination; and of our northern brethren I think Douglas is regarded as the strongest."

Mr. Flournoy sums up as follows:

The moral question, which I have shown we have been discussing, narrows itself down at last to this single point. If the inhabitants of a territory are pro-slavery in sentiment, they will elect a pro-slavery legislature, and they have as will give to it a vigorous and healthful growth. If public sentiment is the other way, they will at embarrass the institution by unfriendly legislation, or by no legislation at all, into cause it to have a puny and sickly existence, and all the congressional intervention on which will never remedy it.

Carlisle remains yet under arms and is ready and anxious for another.

THE SCANDAL MONGER.

Now let it work. Mischief, then act afoot. Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's sister—a maiden of about fifty—she went to all the meetings—kept a regular account of every birth, death and marriage, with their names—discovered all the babies, and knew every yard in the neighborhood—showed all the young married women how to make soup, and when they had had their, made every child in the hamlet cross-legged until the luck changed. In fine, she was a kind of village factotum—spent her time in going from house to house, gossiping out a grist of slander to each, as occasion required, and always concluded with "the way of the transgressors is hard." "poor Mrs. A. or B., (as the case was,) I pity her from the bottom of my heart," or some such soothing reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very fond of asking strangers and others, without regard to time or place, "the state of their minds; how they enjoyed their minds," etc. These questions were generally followed by a string of texts, which were calculated to make strangers feel happiness of some or her near neighbors and friends; but she, like other ministers of this kind, considered such holiday work as others either could not or would not do, and therefore undertook it herself.

One warm summer afternoon, as Squire P., who sitting near his office door, smoking his pipe, Aunt Lizzy was passing by with great speed, running on the news of the day, when the "Squire's voice called her to a halt, as the sailors say, by "What's your hurry, Aunt Lizzy? walk in." The old lady, who never want of a second invitation, went into the office, and the following dialogue soon commenced:

"Well, Squire P., I have just been thinking this afternoon, what a useful man you might be, if you'd only learn of your right conversation, as the good book says, and become a serious man—you might be an ornament to both church and state, as our Ministry says."

"Why, as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheerful countenance I consider as the best index of a grateful heart, and you know what the Bible says on that subject—"Wine is best to put in a fellow's spirits, and a cheerful countenance, but mental head and wash thy face (Aunt Lizzy began to feel for her pocket-handkerchief, for she was a taker of snuff) that ye appear not fast."

"Now there, 'Squire, that's just what I told you; see how you have the scripture at your tongue's end; what a useful man you might be in our church if you'd only be a door as well as a hearer of the word."

"As to that Aunt Lizzy, I don't see that your professors, as you call them, are a whit better than I am in private life. I respect a religious profession as much as any man; but I know enough of one of your church, whom you think a great deal of, to know that she is no better than she should be."

At these insinuations, Aunt Lizzy's little black eyes began to twinkle; she sat down beside the Squire in spite of herself, a lowbrow—spread her handkerchief over her lap, and began to tap the corner of her snuff box in true style, and all things being in readiness for a regular siege of "scandalum magnatum," she commenced fire—

"Now, 'Squire, I want to know what you mean by one of your professors? I know who you mean—the trollop—I didn't know she was about her head, when she told her experience."

The Squire finding curiosity was putting his hooks on, had no occasion to fish more to the heels, for the old lady had one in her head that was worth both of them. Accordingly he had no peace until he consented to explain what he meant by the expression "in private"—this was a secret world for Aunt Lizzie.

"Now Aunt Lizzie, will you take a Bible oath, that you will never communicate what I am about to tell you as a most invisible secret?"

"Yes, 'Squire, I declare I won't never tell nobody should it as long as I breathe the breath of life, and that I'll take to Bible oath on it; there, parties as I love 'Squire Phillips you or any other magistrate in the country."

"Well, then, you know when I went to Boston a year ago?"

"Yes, sir, 'Squire, and I know who went with you, too—Susey B. and Dolly T., and her sister Prudence."

"Never mind who went with me, Aunt Lizzie; there was a whole lot of passengers—but, but"—

"None of your buts, 'Squire—out with it, if it kills will not so—a trollop!—

"But, Aunt Lizzie, I'm afraid you'll bring me into a scrape."

"I've told you over and over again that nobody never shall know nothing about it, and your word's passed, 'Squire P.'"

"My wife! I wouldn't have her know what I was going to say for the world—why, Aunt Lizzy, it she should know it—"

"Well, 'Squire, I promise you, once for all, I'll take my oath that no living critter shan't never, as long as I live, know a lisp out."

"Well, then, if you must know it—I slept with one of the Davenport boys."

"Well, then, if you must know it—I slept with one of the Davenport boys—my shoulders nearly half the way up."

Aunt Lizzy drew a long breath—she shut up her snuff box, and put it in her pocket, muttering to herself—

"The likeliest of our church members! I thought it was Susey B.—likeliest—this comes of being flattered—a trollop. Well, one thing I know—you don't sleep with one of them, I hope you'll never tell nobody only, 'Squire, for sartin as the world, if such a thing should be known, our church would be scattered abroad, like sheep without a shepherd."

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her departure, giving the 'Squire another caution and a cry wink, as she said "Good-by—let my affair of a secret alone."

It was not many days before 'Squire P. received a very polite note from Parson P., requesting him to attend a meeting of the church, and make one of the parties in the South Conference room, in order to settle some difficulties with one of the church members, who, in order to clear up her character, requested 'Squire P. to be present.

The parson, who was a very wonky man, knew the frailty of some of the weak sisters, as Aunt Lizzy called them, and as he was a particular friend of 'Squire P., requested him in his note to say nothing of it to his wife. But the 'Squire took the hint, and telling his wife that there was a parish meeting, requested her to be ready at 3 o'clock, and he would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came—the whole village flocked to the room, which could not hold half of them. All eyes were alternately turned on Deacon Snipe and Susey. Mr. P. started and Susey looked as though she had been crying a fortnight. The Parson, with solemn tone, and in as delicate a manner as possible, stated the story of Susey B. and Dolly T. being seen in everybody's bonnets, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and 'Squire P., being called on to stand as a witness, after painting in the blackest colors of slander with which the village had been infested, and particularly the church—called on Aunt Lizzy, in presence of the meeting and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath. Aunt Lizzy's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife out, and she took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody out. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Rover Toothacker's sister never to tell anything out—and so it went through the whole church, and the whole village.

The 'Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member half the way up his shoulders, but he was a married man, and which he did not himself believe a word of—and 'Squire P., being called on to stand as a witness, after painting in the blackest colors of slander with which the village had been infested, and particularly the church—called on Aunt Lizzy, in presence of the meeting and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath. Aunt Lizzy's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife out, and she took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody out. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Rover Toothacker's sister never to tell anything out—and so it went through the whole church, and the whole village.

The 'Squire then acknowledged before the whole meeting that he had, as he told Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member half the way up his shoulders, but he was a married man, and which he did not himself believe a word of—he was one of the likeliest of their members, inasmuch as she never would hear or retail a slander. All eyes were now alternately on Susey and the 'Squire P., being called on to stand as a witness, after painting in the blackest colors of slander with which the village had been infested, and particularly the church—called on Aunt Lizzy, in presence of the meeting and before the church, to come out and make acknowledgment for violating a Bible oath. Aunt Lizzy's apology was, that she only told Deacon Snipe's wife out, and she took an oath that she wouldn't never tell nobody out. Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears, sworn Rover Toothacker's sister never to tell anything out—and so it went through the whole church, and the whole village.

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