RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1852.

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION; BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THE COMMON BOND AND TRUE DEVOTION TO THE COMMON BROTHERHOOD."—*Franklin Pierce.*

Extracts from a Discussion in Accomac, Va.

Mr. Wise—"WERE YOU IN NEW HAMPSHIRE TWO YEARS AGO, AND DID YOU NOT HEAR HALE SPEAK AND SAY IN HIS SPEECH, THAT HE WOULD HEAD AN ARMY TO MARCH UPON THE SOUTH, AND PUT DOWN SLAVERY?"

Mr. Mapp.—"I WAS THERE, HEARD MR. HALE SPEAK, AND SAY WHAT YOU STATE."

Mr. Wise—"DID YOU NOT HEAR FRANKLIN PIERCE REPLY TO THIS, AND SAY—'IF HALE SHOULD HEAD AN ARMY TO MARCH ON THE SOUTH, HE HAD FIRST TO MARCH OVER HIS (PIERCE'S) DEAD BODY, FOR HE WOULD HEAD AN ARMY TO OPPOSE HIM'"

Mr. Mapp.—I DID. GEN. PIERCE DID SAY (SLAPPING HIS HAND UPON HIS BREAST,) THAT HALE WOULD HAVE TO PASS OVER HIS DEAD BODY, BEFORE HE MARCHED UPON THE SOUTH.'

☞"IN 1844 OR '45, MR. PIERCE SAID IN HIS SPEECH UPON THE OCCASION I HAVE REFERRED TO, THAT HE DID NOT THINK HALE'S PARTY COULD MEAN WHAT THEY SAID, THAT IS, TO EFFECT THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY BY FORCE OF ARMS; AND IF THEY DID, HE WAS SURE THAT EVERY GOOD CITIZEN WOULD BE WILLING—AT LEAST HE WOULD—TO LAY DOWN HIS DEAD BODY TO PROTECT THE CONSTITUTION."—[*Mr. Mapp's correction and reiteration of the "thrilling dialogue."*

"I NOW HESITATE BETWEEN EXTENDING THE PERIOD OF RESIDENCE BEFORE NATURALIZATION TO 21 YEARS, AND A TOTAL REPEAL OF ALL THE ACTS OF CONGRESS ON THE SUBJECT—*MY MIND INCLINES TO THE LATTER.*—[SCOTT IN 1844.

The above sentiment *is* Gen. SCOTT's. We have seen it in his own handwriting, over his own signature.—*Ed. Philadelphia Pennsylvanian.*

☞ **The Richmond Whig Loathing the Fugitive SLAVE LAW!!!**

The following is part of an editorial article in the Richmond Whig, of Wednesday, Sept. 29th, 1852:

"*They* (the slaveholders) *would never have asked for the Fugitive Slave Law*—not that the Constitution does not give them the right to demand it—but it was A HARSH MEASURE—*better calculated to inflame and exasperate sectional feeling*, and endanger the security of slave property, than *to produce any salutary results. They would* NOT THEMSELVES LIKE to be required to *catch other people's negroes*, and they *very naturally* supposed the task would not be a pleasant one to persons whose education and prejudices were all opposed to the institution of slavery."

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The following reflections of last Saturday Evening's Philadelphia Bulletin will fall with touching solemnity upon the ears of the nation, now called upon to stand at the grave of Daniel Webster. It will be truly, when surrounded with "the paraphernalia of the grave" that twenty-four millions of freemen will assemble at the ballot-box, to choose their chief magistrate:

It is almost certain that Daniel Webster lies on the bed of death. Perhaps, even already, he has ceased to live. It is, therefore, probable that the approaching Presidential election will have a new element added to it, beyond those we noticed yesterday as peculiar. The shadow of Death will lie upon it. It will be above the grave of Webster, pehaps, and while the bells still toll for his funeral, that the struggle will be carried on, and the ambition of the successful candidate gratified.

When it is remembered that Mr. Webster himself was originally one of the most prominent competitors, and that until so late an hour as yesterday his name remained before the people, this fact affects the mind, that is properly regulated, with indescribable emotions of melancholy. The angry strife of parties becomes almost a sacrilege. Even the ordinary tumult of a canvass appears out of place. It seems an insult to the ashes of the dead to struggle around his bier for honors to which he was an aspirant. Never before has a Presidential contest been inaugurated under such solemn circumstances. As the voters enter the Tempie, there to deposit their suffrages, the funeral bell tolls, and the shadow of Death falls across the threshold. It will be a nation in grief that will elect the next President.

This reflection should stop at once the bitterness of party and the angry vehemence of political hostility. Lips that are still foul with abuse of the dead, and that will whiten with remorse for their injustice, cannot surely repeat the crime against another, but will be shamed into silence.—Even should Mr. Webster linger beyond the election day, even should he surprise and delight the nation by recovering, the peril in which he lies, or has lain, ought equally to assuage the violent rage of party. The hand that could pen a libel, or the tongue that could speak slander, we should think, would palsy at the shadow of Death, falling dark across them.

We have had two Presidents to die in office. But we have never had a Presidential election to be ushered in, as this one promises to be, with the bier of a candidate, as it were, borne in procession to the hustings. Death has been at the White House, but never thus at the polls. And it comes, if come it shall, to cut down one, whom all acknowledge as the great intellect of his country, if not of the age, and whose loss, if troublous times should arise, will be felt in every negotiation that becomes necessary, and in every undertaking that may be canvassed. Twenty-four millions of people are about to exercise the highest privilege of freemen, that of choosing their own rulers, amid the paraphernalia of the grave, and with the shadow of Death, throwing its gloom over the land.

Such indeed should be the feelings of every American, in the performance of a solemn duty—but candor compels us to believe, that, on the part of many of the desperate champions of Gen. Scott, a different sentiment prevails—a groundless hope, that the death of Daniel Webster is a Providential dispensation, whose effect will be to remove an important obstacle from the Presidential path of Gen. Scott. Already have similar expressions been heard on our streets—and in New York the National Democrat of Saturday refers to the "barefaced shamelessness exhibited by many of the Scott Whigs, on receiving the intelligence of the probable death of Mr. Webster. Dead to all feelings of patriotism, to all sense of shame, to the better feelings of humanity, to all sentiments of gratitude, they had the cruelty to exult in the prospect of the removal of the venerable statesman from the political arena—in which he was likely to prove so serious an obstacle to the success of their favorite candidate—and to congratulate each other on the news before the breath was out of the body of the dying statesman. Very little, however, would the death of Mr. Webster affect their cause. Out of the State of Massachusetts it cannot affect it at all, for while in his adopted state the Webster vote was one of personal regard and affection, that vote in this State is held by Whigs who are determined enemies to Scott, and who sooner than see him elected President of the United States, would unite on this occasion with the Democracy, and give their vote for Pierce and King."

The Union thus alludes to a similar discreditable exhibition in Washington city on Friday night, when news of the death of Mr. Webster was hourly looked for:

HENRY CLAY AND DANIEL WEBSTER.—GRATITUDE AND DECENCY.

If the nomination of Gen. Scott has been remarkable for its utter disregard of everything like the principles heretofore professed by the whig party, the campaign of his partisans, since the Whig National Convention assembled and adjourned, has been significant for the manner in which the old whig leaders have been trampled under foot. While Henry Clay was on his dying bed the partisans who celebrated the nomination of Scott—the man who defeated Clay's nomination in 1840 and in 1848—the only two occasions when he could possibly have been elected—made the day and the night hideous with their bacchanalian shouts and rejoicings. On Friday evening we had another demonstration similar in its character. During the whole of the day the intelligence of the death of Daniel Webster—another whig who had distinguished himself by his life-long devotion to whig principles—was hourly expected. It was so generally anticipated that no man could be ignorant of it.—Gen. Scott had reached town in the morning from his electioneering tour, and could readily have arrested any political demonstration. But the Scott whigs had their own way.—They celebrated the arrival of Gen. Scott with a double unction—first for his own sake, and next because, as they supposed, an "obstacle" had been removed to his success.—When it is remembered how loudly and how bitterly they had abused Webster for refusing to withdraw his name from the list of candidates for President, and how resolutely he had refused to fall down and worship the candidate of his own foes, the extent of their rejoicings may be imagined, but not described. To a late hour they kept up their orgies. They were intoxicated with the hope that the idea of Webster's death opened to them, and they rejoiced with uncommon zeal over what they regarded as a providence to their cause. So much for whig devotion to two men upon whom they have bestowed so many of the most enthusiastic *professions* of admiration and of gratitude!

A PALPABLE HIT.

It is to be regretted by Gen. Scott's best friends, that intoxicated by the adulation of selfish politicians in his late electioneering tour, "the old soldier" should have been betrayed into a course of thought which, while assuming to himself all the glory, deprived many of the best and bravest soldiers of America of the honor and good name justly due to them by a grateful country. For instance, in his speech in reply to an address at Cincinnati, on the 6th inst., Gen. Scott said:

Pardon in me the seeming egotism of alluding to a portion of his speech. Your speaker alluded to that critical hour in our history when Hull had ignoriously surrendered, and the blackest clouds hung threateningly in the horizon, of our beloved country. It was then that I called around me men that could be trusted, and told them that the hour had come for the decisive blow—that a work must be done on that Canada frontier that would lift the hearts of the American people from the gloom of recent events, and enable them and their children to ring bells, fire cannon, and build bonfires in commemoration of American victories, that should obscure the memory of Hull's surrender WE FELL TO WORK, AND THE THING WAS DONE. (Cheers.) The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane followed. He again thanked the people or their friendly feelings and withdrew.

Now, when it is considered, in the language of the Providence Post, that the three great battles of the Niagara frontier were Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and the brilliant sortie from Fort Eric; that in these three battles, the American army was commanded by Major General Jacob Brown, who made the principal and decisive dispositions at Lundy's Lane, in which battle he as well as Scott was severely wounded; that Brown, with his wounds unhealed and bleeding, came from his sick bed, across the Niagara to Fort Erie, to take the command in the sortie, in which Scott was not present, and which, except the battle of New Orleans, was the brightest "feat of arms" on land of the war of 1812, and that thus Brown's most brilliant and complete victory was precisely in that battle in which he did *not* have the help of Scott as a subordinate brigade commander, one is tempted to inquire whether the above speech is not tinctured with something of that "pruriency of fame not earned," of that "despicable self-puffing" and "malignant exclusion of others," which his celebrated general order No. 349, in the City of Mexico, shows him once to have held in such thorough abhorrence.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING TO-NIGHT!

The Democrats of Richmond are requested to meet to-night at half past 7 o'clock at the Universalist Church. It is hoped and expected every Democrat will be present. A full meeting is eminently desirable, as business of importance will be transacted. Some good speaking, too, may be expected. Let every Democrat be at his post. Come yourself, and bring your neighbor.

The Young Men's Democratic Association met in the Universalist Church on Saturday night last, Shelton C. Davis in the chair, who, in a neat address, introduced St. Geo. Tucker, Esq. of Albemarle. Mr. Tucker delivered an able and eloquent speech, for which a resolution of thanks was adopted by the Association.

☞The Democratic Association of Richmond meets on Tuesday evening, the 26th instant, on Friday evening, the 29th, and Monday evening, the 1st of November, at ½ past seven o'clock, at the Universalist church. Every Democrat is expected to be present.

On Thursday night the Democratic meeting at Military Hall, was addressed in admirable speeches by Messrs. A. G. Broaddus of Caroline, John H. Lee of Orange and I. R. Watkins of this city.

To-night John A. English, Esq., will speak at the Universalist Church, on which occasion the Democrats will decide upon the propriety of nominating candidates for the Senate and House of Delegates—for one or for both.

BUT ONE WEEK MORE!

This day week will decide whether the destinies of this great confederacy will be placed in the hands of Franklin Pierce, the nominee of Virginia, and the Democratic party, or in those of Winfield Scott, who was nominated by the Sewardites and must necessarily be under their influence.—We have the most cheering accounts from the old State and from every portion of the Union. But we wish Virginia to win and wear the wreath of laurel, and we earnestly invoke our friends every where to do their duty—go to work and see that every Democrat is provided with electoral tickets and goes to the polls, to cast his vote for Pierce and King, the Constitution, the Union and the Rights of the South!

Hon. James Buchanan's speech, delivered at Reading, Pa. is an effort worthy of the high reputation of this great statesman (says the Boston Post.) It is a masterly presentation of the politics of the country; calm and yet strong, admirable in its arrangement, characterised by maturity of thought such as large experience only can give, and marked by the purest patriotism. It is one of the best speeches which the contest has elicited, and were not our columns so pressed with matter requiring attention, we should republish it in full. Throughout the whole of the struggle this distinguished democrat has borne himself with admirable ability and propriety.

The democratic state central committee of Pennsylvania have issued a stirring address to the Pennsylvania democrats, justly assuring them that they deserve the praise showered upon them for so nobly resisting the allurements of gold and the serpent of slander and so indomitably standing up for their rights; and it charges them, in the words of the Massachusetts Gerry, "TO GIVE ONE DAY TO THEIR COUNTRY" on the second of November, to then come out in their might, and re-perform the victory of October. To do this, it makes a patriotic call upon the standing committees of counties. We rejoice to see that spirit in the Old Key Stone State. All eyes will be upon her for the next ten days, to see how she will act. Severe trial is the lot of her democracy. The trail of the serpent of slander will wind over all her hills and valleys, and allurement of gold will again tempt them. But the democrats believe that the democracy will stand the trial and come out VICTORIOUS. Things look finely in the KEY STONE STATE, and the next grand charge of the democrats there promises to be more efficient than ever.

A VERY STRONG PAPER.

We heartily wish that "Randolph of Roanoke," had wielded his vigorous pen a little earlier in the action. In 1844 this same pen contributed greatly to the triumph of James K. Polk, and his 1st No. to-day presents many strong views for the candid consideration of all patriots. We hope to follow it with two other powerful No's. before the election.

For the Enquirer.

"BLUE-NOSE YANKEE."

Messrs. Editors—In your editorial columns of this morning, you state that "the changes have been rung by the Whigs of Richmond upon the 'New Hampshire Yankee' and 'Old Joe Johnson,' until they have cracked their bells; and now they chime to the tune of their late nomination of a Connecticut 'blue-nose Yankee' (in the elegant epithet, the Whig applies to Gen. Pierce) for the Senate."

Not doubting your readiness to do justice, I suppose you will be willing to correct a slight error in your statement.—Mr. BALDWIN is not a "Connecticut Blue-Nose Yankee," but a native of the city of New York, from which he emigrated many years ago to Virginia, in which he married, and in which all his interests are centred. New York is the native State of our present Governor and President. I take it for granted that you will not charge that being born in it makes a man unsound. It deserves to be remembered too, that, according to your own editorial columns, the Republican, edited by Mr. Baldwin, has been foremost in its defence of Southern Rights. Moreover, the hit at "Blue-Nose Yankee" would have more point if Mr. Baldwin had ever applied that term to Gen. Pierce, which he never did; but has, on the contrary, repeatedly condemned the practice of applying disparaging epithets of this kind to the Democratic candidate, or to the people of New England. It may also be mentioned, in sheer justice to Mr. Baldwin, that he has not sought the present nomination, and that he has, on this as on former occasions, avoided, instead of seeking, office promotion. If he had desired such, I happen to know that it would not have been difficult for him to have obtained it under the present Whig administration. JUSTICE.

Oct. 25, 1852.

[We cheerfully give place to the above explanation. We are free to say that towards Mr. Baldwin we have the kindest feelings personally—that we have approved of the liberal manner in which he has conducted his Journal, not only standing by the constitutional rights of the South, but refusing to follow the example of some of his whig contemporaries in hurling personal slanders at the democracy and their candidate for the Presidency, and at the same time boldly expressing his disbelief in many of those slanders.—We admired his course, also, before the Baltimore Convention, in denouncing the efforts of the Sewardites to force upon the South Gen. Scott, whose ominous silence and improper associations argued no good to the South and to the Union—although we are frank enough, at the same time, to declare that we could not appreciate the consistency of the editor of the Republican in afterwards throwing up his cap for Gen. Scott, when nominated, whose nomination he had so sternly and conclusively denounced.

We have too catholic a spirit to join in the senseless hue and cry, raised by the Whig and its allies, against our fellow-citizens who may happen to be born North of Virginia, and on quoting the language of the Whig, we had no idea to apply it to Mr. Baldwin. Our sole object was to let the Whigs in the country know upon what miserably inconsistent grounds the Richmond Whig, and its clique, have been in the habit of assailing the Democratic candidates. The burthen of their fierce clamor has been that the Democracy of Virginia have elected a New York "Yankee," Gov. Johnson, and one who pardoned Jordan Hatcher, and are now supporting Pierce, a New Hampshire "Yankee." And with all this stuff on their lips, these same Richmond Whigs turn round, violate their own words, and nominate for the Senate a New York "Yankee," and for the House one who signed the petition asking the governor to remit the punishment of Jordan Hatcher! This is all that we sought to do—and the very statement of the fact will be sufficient to warn Southern Whigs that the attacks of the Whig and its clique upon Franklin Pierce are among the most baseless and ridiculous humbugs of the day.

NEW MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.

Much the best, most elegant and most useful map of North America that has ever been published, says the Philadelphia Bulletin,) is that of Mr. Jacob Monk of Baltimore, a copy of which is before us. It gives at one view the 'entire continent' from the most northern region to South America; and each county is well defined according to the latest modifications of the boundaries. The present limits of the United States are accurately given, including California and the gold region; Oregon; New Mexico, and the almost unknown territory of Utah. Cuba and the West India Islands; Mexico; Central America, including the Chagres, Nicaragua and Tehuantepec routes, are all faithfully and beautifully delineated. The steamship routes from New York and New Orleans to the various ports in Central America are also given. That portion of the map relating strictly to the United States besides giving all the territorial divisions, abounds with information obtained from official surveys, contains all the railroads, canals and other highways of the Union.

The great advantage of this map over all others is its superior size, and its presenting the whole continent at one view and on the same extended scale. But, besides this, it excels all others in the accuracy of its details and the amount of information it presents. On one corner of the map is a new Map of the World on Mecator's projection, but having the advantage of presenting the American Continent in the centre, where it must always properly be placed. On this map are traced all the chief sailing routes of the world.—These are a few of the beauties of this best of maps, but it must be seen to enable one to judge of all its advantages. It is only to be sold by subscription. And no one can see this fine map without feeling a strong desire to obtain one.

Charles Barr is the agent for Chesterfield and adjoining, counties, and will shortly visit the citizens of those counties.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE ARTILLERYMEN.

A profound sympathy having been created among our citizens in behalf of the Sergeants who were so seriously injured some time since, while firing a salute in memory of Henry Clay, a number of ladies most liberally united in contributing a sum ($45) for their benefit, which has been handed over to Capt. Nimmo.

Yesterday the State Bell was tolled every minute in honor of the memory of Daniel Webster.

For the Enquirer

THE RANDOLPH EPISTLES ON THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.—(No. 1.)

Randolph accounts for his Correspondence—Proclaims Scott's unfitness—Shows the clashing of principles involved in Scott's fire strivings for the Presidency—Shows him to have been within thirteen years a Democrat—A Whig—An Anti-Mason—An Anti Slavist—A Native—An Anti-Native—A Canadian—An Anti Cuban and a Native again!

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 15, 1852.

TO MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT:

SIR—A sick room and a doubtful convalescence are serious dissuasives from broaching a public correspondence with you on public affairs. Indeed, in despite of many friendly promptings and urgings to the contrary, I could hardly persuade myself but that such humble services as I could render the Democratic cause in this canvass, might well be dispensed with, while tidings were gushing in from every section of the country, auspicious of its overwhelming triumph, ere the ides of the coming November. In the general result, my confidence is none the less now; but not knowing what may be the sinister influences of those vile and scandalous defamations which have been brought and promulged here in the State I live in, (and persisted in for months, in the face of the most authentic and thorough refutations with which calumnies were ever wrestled with and overthrown,) no choice is left me as a Democrat, in a cause which head and heart approves, but to do what I truthfully and conscientiously may, in making known to our assailants that this is a contest in which there may be blows to take as well as blows to give.

But I am not to be entrapped, as too many others have been, by such shallow artifices as these mendacious and thrice refuted slanders were gotten up to subserve, and by wasting time, toil and ammunition upon them, be spoiled of my opportunities of effective assault upon the besieging forces.—No, no—I shall reverse these tactics of warfare; make a *sortie* from our battlements and become the assailant, and "Scipio-like," when Hannibal was thundering at the gates of the Capital, "carry the war into Africa," and (if possible) "save Rome by burying Carthage in ruins." *Delenda est Carthago!*

Think not though, that I mean to hurl back upon you, the poisoned and barberous missiles which your unscrupulous sharp-shooters have so often twanged from their bows at your high-minded competitor. No; my materials of warfare shall be none other than such as have been either furnished by yourself, through your own publications; or, of statements or facts published in your very presence at Washington, (the city of your residence,) and which are without contradiction to this hour, by either yourself or your friends; or from such as are derived from public official documents of unquestioned verity and authenticity. With these, and with these only, so far as I have a share in the controversy, you must stand or fall; and if your political fortunes can outlive the shock of these startling exposures, then will you have proven yourself less vulnerable than Achilles himself; have reached an aim which mortal else never reached to or hoped for, in like conjunctures, and which puts destiny itself at defiance, when it comes athwart the disk of your aspirings!

I speak boldly and confidently, because I have examined these materials dispassionately and with care; and unless I have hopelessly lost my wits, I feel sure of establishing, to all calm and candid minds, that you are not only without the first of the high qualifications for the Presidency, but that your disqualifications are manifold, glaring, and alarmingly prognostic of sorrowful times for the American people and their great federation. Ay, these materials will show something approaching an utter want of that knowledge, wisdom, judgment, memory, firmness, temper, moderation, consistency and constancy, so indispensable for the rightful and healthful discharge of the duties of that exalted position. And they will show that you hold opinions and profess principles wholly incompatible with the best interests of the whole country and of a wise and comprehensive policy in civil administration; opinions and principles ominously menacing the sovereignty of the States, the safety of the Constitution, consequently of the Union itself, which rests upon that foundation alone, for its steady well-being and lasting duration.

To begin with the beginning, I propose, first of all, to trace your political meanderings in your *five* memorable strivings for the Presidency. I venture to say, that in no part of the electoral world, has there been witnessed, before, such a tissue of clashing and antagonistic vicissitudes of opinion and principle as your political antecedents have presented. Starting with political homilies at the mature age of 53, you have contrived, in the brief space of *thirteen years*, (for your biographer says you are now 66) to box the political compass in its entire circumference, in your eager and untiring quest of the Presidency.

There is not an "ism" in the political vocabulary, however the one may clash with another, which you have not caressed and dallied with, to allure support to your darling aim, in the course of that brief and fleeting whirl of years. You do, indeed, say in your letter of October 25th, 1841, that your "*principles* are *convictions*;" but if they be, they will seem (under the proofs now to be referred to) as scarcely less shifting and transient, than the scudding storm-rack, when the elements have been raging, and have reached their fury.

In 1839 you courted *Democratism* for the nomination. It would not do.

In 1840 you courted *Whigism* for that purpose. It would not do.

In 1844 you courted *Whigism, Anti-Masonism, Nativism* and *Anti-Slaveryism* combined. It would not do.

In 1848 you courted your repudiated *Nativism*, and courted *Whigism, Anti-Masonism, Anti-Slaveryism* and *Anti-Nativism* combined. It would not do.

In 1852 you courted *Whigism, Anti-Masonism, Anti-Slaveryism, Nativism* and *Anti-Nativism*, with *Canadianism* and *Anti-Cubanism* combined, and you prevailed, and thus you have the nomination! Have I proofs of this? You shall *see*:

In 1839 you were proposed by the Rochester Democracy, as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and approved of the same.

The evidence of this, is derived from a letter dated Rochester, New York, August 7th, 1852, addressed to, and promptly thereafter published in, the Washington Union. The writer stated that in that year some eighty-two Democrats of that city, who were dissatisfied with Mr. Van Buren's administration, and being assured that you were a *Democrat* of the *Jeffersonian* and *Jackson* school, issued a card, calling a meeting of the *Scott Democrats*. At that meeting, you were nominated as the *Democratic* candidate for the Presidency, and they adopted a resolution (which was promptly carried into effect,) to establish "The Rochester Daily Sun" as the *Scott* organ, which bore at its mast-head, in flaring capitals, "FOR PRESIDENT, GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT."

In the course of the letter the writer mentions the names of seventeen Democrats (who are said to be as respectable and responsible men as Rochester holds, and who shared in the proceedings,) as vouchers for his statements; and towards the close of his letter, he publicly defied you or your friends to deny them.

Now, at the time of the publication of this letter, you were in Washington—but neither you, nor your organs there, met the defiance by a denial of any of its statements. Besides, the "Union," a few days afterwards, thus twitted the Republic upon its silence, and is yet without a reply:—

"THE ROCHESTER EXPOSURE.—The showing up from Rochester, which we published two or three days ago, proving that Gen. Scott stood, as a *Jacksonian Democratic candidate* for the Presidency in 1839, on the grounds that he had "*carried Gen. Jackson's administration on his back*," seems to have completely *gravelled* the Republic. That journal does not dare to deny, nor confess, nor explain, nor justify the movement, nor allude to it in any way."

So much for the uncontroverted verity of the statement, and now for some extracts from its contents:

It says, that, "At a meeting of the *Scott Republicans* on the 10*th of Sept'r*, 1839, these, among other resolutions, were passed:

"Resolved, That the principles of Republicanism as taught by *Jefferson* and *Jackson*, are the true land-marks of political action: That when any party betrays these principles, it is no longer entitled to the support of the people; and that, while, in some respects, the administration of Martin Van Buren meets our commendation, its wide departure from many cardinal points of the Democratic faith, has rendered it incompatible for us to render it our support.

"Resolved, That we are *irreconcileably opposed to the establishment of a National Bank in any form*: that we deem such an institution hostile to the spirit of our institutions—aristocratic in its tendencies, corrupting to the public morals, &c.

"Resolved, That in order to bring back the government to its *former Democratic administration*, which is so essential to the public welfare—and to insure the success of those measures of utility and reform, so loudly demanded by the people, we deem it indispensable that the Executive department of the government should be filled by a Patriot *of the good old Democratic school.*

"Resolved, THAT IN GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT WE RECOGNIZE SUCH A PATRIOT," &c.

True, all this *might* have happened, and you have had nothing to do with it, or even a knowledge of it; but the writer does not stop there, but brings both the knowledge and the approbation of it quite home to you. Hear him:—

"That the political principles *professed* by Gen. Scott, at the time covered by these proceedings, were strictly identical with those indicated by his organ and by the resolutions above quoted, there is the most abundant and irrefragable proof. He received and read "the Sun" regularly, and it was the only out and out *Scott* paper in the United States," &c. "But he visited this city (Rochester) in that year to look after his *presidential interests* in person. He sent for the most prominent members of the *Scott organization*, and they accordingly called upon him at the Eagle Hotel. He there expressed to them, *distinctly and emphatically, his unqualified approbation of the whole movement by which he had been put forward as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency; and he urged them to persevere; and declared, in the warmest terms, his gratitude to these gentlemen for what they had done for him*," &c.

"He stated to them without equivocation or reservation, that HE WAS A DEMOCRAT, HAD ALWAYS BEEN A DEMOCRAT; THAT HE HAD SUSTAINED AND SUPPORTED EVERY DEMOCRATIC ADMINISTRATION SINCE HE CAME UPON THE FIELD OF ACTION; THAT HE LOOKED TO THAT PARTY FOR HIS POLITICAL FUTURE, AND THAT ITS PRINCIPLES WERE HIS PRINCIPLES."

"These facts Gen Scott will not have the hardihood to deny. They are vouched for by men whose integrity will not be questioned, and whose veracity needs no support.—Their names are at the service of any body who wishes to enquire as to their credibility. It will be found as unimpeachable as the documentary evidence which coincides with and corroborates their testimony."

The writer describes your foregoing avowal of Democratic principles as being very satisfactory to the Democracy of Rochester, and had you stopped there, that they would doubtless have continued their support to you; but that you went many steps further in your own self-laudation, and irretrievably overdid and spoiled everything, when you told them that *you* had "carried Gen. Jackson's administration through on your back!"

Heaven help you, General! What blasting indiscretion was here! Why, these people adored and almost worshipped the Old Hero, as the greatest of dead or living statesmen; and to be told, that *he had needed your help to carry him through his administration*,—and while he, the man of iron nerve, was still alive at the Hermitage, with muscle, brawn and bones enough still left him, to have borne a whole political Mount Atlas upon his shoulders,—why, it was quite too much for them! They regarded the presumptuous annoyance of the assumption, as hardly less amazing and offensive than so glaring a profanation of the truth of history. No wonder they gazed at you in marvel and amazement, and that with instinctive and simultaneous consternation, they *stampeded*, and never stopped to take breath until they had bounded back into the folds of the *real* Democracy!—And thus ended your *first* striving for the Presidency.

Nothing daunted, however, under this discomfiture, you rallied your energies and appliances with promptitude once more, and plied them deftly and amain, but not *this time* among the DEMOCRATS, but among the WHIGS. Thus,

In 1840 you were a candidate for nomination before the Whig National Convention, which assembled at Harrisburg, Pa., in May of that year. I need offer no proof of this, because it is known to every body. Well, you mustered there in considerable strength, but you had come so recently from your dalliance and embraces with the democracy at Rochester, (scarcely *nine months* having elapsed,) that it fell below that of either of your competitors. Resolving, however, that the *military prestige* should not be lost sight of, you dexterously wheeled into column with your military competitor, and contriving among you in the *melee*, to shuffle old Harry Clay down to the bottom of the pack, up turned *Major General* William H. Harrison as the trump-card; and thus resulted your *second* striving for the Presidency.

Still undaunted, you took time by the forelock and entered at once into the ensuing canvass for the Presidency, but with more comprehensive tactics and a quickened zeal.

In 1844, it is also well known, that you were again a candidate for nomination, before the Whig National Convention, which assembled in Baltimore, in June of that year. You foresaw, however, at the threshold of the canvass, that it might be needful to cover a wider space and throw up fresh entrenchments and redoubts, and they were at once resolved on with early appliance and a surprising activity.

In your published letter to a committee, bearing the precocious date of October 25, '41, out you came with flaunting colors and in full blast as a *radical Whig*, and of course in favor of the leading Whig measures of the extra session of Congress of that year—that is to say, the Land Distribution Bill, the Bankrupt Bill, and the National Bank Bill—and thus, publicly repudiated "at one fell swoop," all the principles which you had professed in common with the *Rochester Democracy*, just ten years before.

In the same letter, you spread your net still wider,—and having an eye to *your favorite North*, you sought to lure recruits thereto, from the vicious and fanatic hordes of *Northern Anti-Masonism*; for you say, "*I have not been a member of a Masonic Lodge for thirty odd years, nor a visitor of any Lodge, except once; now more than sixteen years ago.*"

Now, sir, this sentence is full of significance; and you had a *motive* for putting it forth. The world is curious to know, what was that motive. If you did not thereby intend to let the *Anti-Masons* understand, that you had long ceased to be a *Mason*, and have to them infer that you had repudiated *Free-Masonry*, and because,—far from regarding it now, as a benevolent and most charitable Institution—you deemed it most hurtful and pernicious to society,—what did you intend? If you had other and better reasons for such a statement, they are entirely beyond the reach of ken of mine. Indeed, the fair inference from your letter, seems to be that you are opposed to *all secret societies*, with the solitary exception of those formed by students and professors in Academies and Colleges, which you very properly say, are for "purely literary purposes." That inference announces your decided disapproval of *all other secret societies*, Free Masons, Odd Fellows, and all.

But, it seems, General, that you had also an eye, about the same time, to another vast faction which had been heaved into life from the boilings and effervescence of the political cauldron,—and was spreading with amazing growth and into great political importance, and especially at YOUR FAVORITE NORTH. This was NATIVE AMERICANISM. So on the 10th of November, 1841, you indited your famous letter to George Washington Reed and others, (NATIVISTS of Philadelphia,) in which, (after informing them that your NATIVE sentiments had originated as far back as 1835,) you declare, "I NOW HESITATE BETWEEN EXTENDING THE PERIOD OF RESIDENCE BEFORE NATURALIZATION AND A TOTAL REPEAL OF THE ACTS OF CONGRESS UPON THE SUBJECT; MY MIND INCLINES TOWARDS THE LATTER." Your letter, of course, took at once with the Natives and you were nominated with enthusiasm, as the Native candidate for the Presidency.

But you thought you might need still another spoke in your wheel for the Whig Nomination, and doubtless you seized upon it with the more avidity, as it was another luscious bait to catch the sympathies and support of your FAVORITE NORTH. This was ANTI SLAVERYISM. About the time the ANTI-SLAVERY party of the North, and West, had shown, at many of the State Elections, a vast increase, and most formidable electoral power. Hence came forth your memorable letter of February 9, '43, to T. P. Atkinson, Esq., of Virginia, upon the slavery question. I say no more of this astounding paper for the present, (reserving its dissection for a future epistle,) further than to remark, that the fellest ABOLITIONIST of them all, could scarcely have expected from *you*, (with all your Northern proclivities,) sentiments so congenial with his own, and in which all his doctrines of dire and desolating fanaticism took root and rise.

At last the Whig Convention met, and THIS TIME OLD HARRY OF THE WEST, proved himself stronger than all the "ISMS" you could muster into your service. So down you went again and up Old Harry came once more. And thus resulted your THIRD striving for the Presidency.

But what of that? Undismayed by any disaster which ever befel you, you again rallied, flourished your war-trump and took the field for the next canvass.

In 1848, it is also well known, that you were again before the Whig National Convention which assembled at Philadelphia, in June of that year, for nomination. Scarcely had Mr. Polk's election been ascertained and promulgated, before you came forth in the National Intelligencer of December 12, '44, with your celebrated letter of "*Americus*," carrying out, in full, your views of the Naturalization Laws, referred to in your letter to Reed, and evincing your steadfast adherence to *Nativeism*. So far as related to *suffrage*, that letter called for a *total repeal of the Naturalization Laws*, except as to those MITES out of MILLIONS, who MIGHT be received and serve two years in the Army or Navy of the United States. But more of this in my next epistle.

Your letter to *Reed*, was promptly repudiated; so was your letter to *Atkinson*, and so progressed the canvass for some time; when lo! it came to pass, that in the *interim Nativism* was rapidly falling into popular disrepute; and at the same time, what was called the "*Foreign Vote*," had amazingly augmented and had become a vast balancing element of electoral power;—Presto was the word!—and you met the crisis unwincingly; and without a scruple or a pound of conscience; and you sent Reed, Americus, and the Natives, pell-mell and helter-skelter, to the realms of Old Nick. So out came your letter to Wm. E. Robinson of New York, dated *May* 29, '48, utterly repudiating Nativeism, and casting it down as vile and loathsome into the common sewer. How timely the date, Eh! The Convention was to meet *June* 7, 48—and here came your letter of *May* 29th, just nine days before.

But timely as it *seemed*—alas, General!—to the Whig Convention it did not seem so, and they adjudged it as having come too late, and too recently after you had been deafening the popular ear with your dogmas of Nativism, and "against the stomach of their sense." This, with your disastrous *Marcy Correspondence*, (of which I will say more hereafter,) rendered you wholly unavailable to the Whig party, in the judgment of the Whig Convention, and how you came to be, if you were, more available before the Whig Convention of '52 none but the men of unscrupulous audacity in your party have had the effrontery to assert, and no man of fairness and candor belonging to it will the day avouch for, and attest upon his honest belief.

Be this as it may, the Convention decided against you, and gave the nomination, and with it, the victory to old General *Zachary Taylor*. And thus resulted your fourth striving for the Presidency.

I agree, that it could not be otherwise than galling to your feelings to be put aside by your countrymen, that honors might be heaped on one, heroically brave indeed, and skilful on the battle-field, yet, still your junior in service, your junior in years, and less than your equal, in brilliant and glorious military services rendered your country.

But, however galling it might have been, you had quite too much tact, General, to suffer your indignant resentments to spoil your chances for the next nomination, and, promptly mustering all your forces, you inspired them with a fresh zeal and an indomitable energy, resolving to wring a triumph from fate itself! Hence,

In 1852, you were again a candidate before the Whig National Convention which assembled in Baltimore in June of this year.

Republishing all your proofs of your favoring the ascendencies of all the "*isms*" which you had declared your preferences for, in the next preceding canvass, you resolved to strengthen your claims upon the *Anti-slavery* vote, by piling fresh fuel upon the fire you had already kindled, and which was even then casting its lurid light far and wide over the free States. Accordingly, out came what has been called your "Canada letter" of *June* 29, 1849—which made known to exulting abolitionism, your fell purpose to wrest from the South all her chances of territorial accession (through CUBAN OR MEXICAN cessions) and then thoroughly OVERWHELM AND SPOIL HER OF THE INSTITUTIONS SHE ALREADY HAS, by the influx of the mighty masses of ENGLISH FREE-SOILERS and ABOLITIONISTS, through the crushing and blasting process of CANADIAN ANNEXATION! However, I need say no more of this now, as it will form a branch of a future epistle.

All the appliances skilfully worked up by your *Abolition* friends, Seward, Greeley, Johnston and others in the late Whig Convention, entirely overthrew and routed the whigs of the South, assembled thither, and you became the Convention's Nominee.

Besides all these appliances, I expect to demonstrate in my next epistle, that you *covertly* courted the *Natives*, as well as having *publicly* courted the *Anti-Natives!* How do I get at this? From *your letter of acceptance of the nomination*, which I mean to show, carried you back, not only to the most odious of the doctrines of the letter of "*Americus*," but also to doctrines far more objectionable, though your real meaning has been dexterously disguised, by language susceptible of duplex constructions, to subserve your interests through the present canvass.

Did time admit, I should cast forth some reflections here for popular consideration; but I can do no more now than to call public attention to the almost miraculous *bouleversements* which have happened in but thirteen years of the life of a man,