American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYSBE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 35. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1848. NO. 7.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, *in advance*, . . . $2 00
For six months, *in advance*, . . . 1 00
No subscription taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.
Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, . . . $ 50
One square, two insertions, . . . 75
One square, three insertions, . . . 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square, . . . 25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkholder's hotel, and directly opposite the Post-office, where those having business will please call.

SPEECH
OF THE
HON. WM. ALLEN, OF OHIO,

At the great and enthusiastic Cass and Butler Ratification Meeting of the Democracy of Albany.

Reported for the Albany Argus.

Mr. ALLEN said—My fellow Democrats, I am here in obedience to an invitation addressed to me, by those who have a right to speak in your behalf. I am here to tell you nothing that is new, but as one of your fellow democrats from a distant part of the Union to commune with you, to balance sentiments with you, and to prevail upon you, if that be possible, to unite with your fellow Democrats throughout the Union. [Here there was a tremendous outcry from the crowd outside the hall for an adjournment to the park—Mr. A. preferring to speak in the hall, owing to the state of his health, but after a short pause, yielded to necessity and to the prevalent wish, saying,] I will speak outside if I can, fellow-citizens—and if I do not, it will be because I die trying.—(Cheers.)

[The meeting then adjourned to the park, and Mr. A. taking his position within the portico, at the head of the flight of steps at the main entrance to the Capitol, and addressing the assemblage, extending down the wide avenue to the great gate, and on either side over the park grounds, resumed:]

I would that I could address you in such a manner as to be heard by the whole of this immense assemblage, but I am fully aware that that is utterly impossible. I will, however, do all that I can, if you will all make this one promise, that at the polls you will do all you can. (Cheers.) If I were to name in your presence the thing that has most amazed me in all my reading or observation, it would be the fact that whilst mankind have been able to accomplish, through the instrumentality of science and learning such wonders as to make man seem almost a god in his own estimation—whilst he has been able to measure the burning disk of the sun, and to analyze the smallest particle of the air—yet notwithstanding all this, it was not until sixty years ago that they had found out how to govern themselves. (Cheers.) Our globe has existed by traditionary account for 6000 years—its inhabitants are now not less than 600,000,000 in number, and yet the 20,000,000 who comprise the great family of America, are the only portion of the human race who, after a struggle of 6000 years, find themselves in the possession of civil liberty, organized and secured by free written constitutions.—(Cheers.) You will thus behold, at a single glance, the cause of that deep solicitude which every friend of civil liberty in this land feels for its preservation against the dangers which threaten it. Hence it is that you may readily account to yourselves for the avidity with which the mechanic lays down his tools; the merchant his ledger, and the farmer lets go the handles of his plough, to assemble together, to counsel with each other, as to the best means of guarding the liberties of their country against the secret dangers which threaten them. Would you estimate the value of your own government? If so, contrast it with the governments of the balance of the World. Would you estimate the value of the Democratic party? If so, count over the almost innumerable blessings which Democratic laws, administered by Democratic hands, have imparted to the great people of America. (Cheers.) Whence arises this word Democrat? It means the government of the people. Who is its antagonist in this country, and whence arose that antagonist? Its antagonist is Federalism, and it arose in the very birth of the government—whilst it was yet struggling for life. It arose in the convention that framed the constitution under which we live, and it sprang forth from the genius of man whose name you will all comprehend in the words Alexander Hamilton. (Cheers.) That statesman was a reader of history, and he had seen, through the medium of history, the human race struggling for century after century to obtain and enjoy civil freedom recognized by law. These states had lately achieved their independence. Gen. Hamilton did not believe that the people could be rendered sufficiently intelligent, sufficiently thoughtful, and sufficiently wise, to be entrusted with the sole and unbridled power of law-making. He therefore suggested in that convention that the powers of government should be assimilated as closely as practicable in its organization to those of Great Britain. He openly declared—for he was a bold man—that the rich and the well-born had the right to make law, and enforce it too, upon the mass of the poor and needy. That is the prime foundation of the divisions which now hold good in this Union, and which keep a large portion of your fellow townsmen from this meeting to-night. Mr. Jefferson, and the other illustrious men of that convention, held different opinions.—They thought that the people, having no inducement to do wrong; having so great an inducement to do right; and having so large a mass of intelligence, acquired in the discussion of the principles of the revolution; having so vast a game to play for; that they had acquired, and did possess, and had the wisdom to retain, intelligence and virtue sufficient to govern themselves. (Cheers.) These last ideas prevailed, and the federal constitution, starting out with maintaining the sovereignty of the States as essential to the civil liberty of the citizen—assuming to itself by delegation from the States, a few limited and exactly enumerated powers—the government went into operation under the lead of Washington, who for eight years conducted the government. The nation remained one undivided mass; the popular confidence in that great man was such, that as to him there was no division of sentiment among the American people. But towards the close of his administration, the ideas which Gen. Hamilton sought to incorporate in the constitution of the United States, were revived and sought to be covertly introduced through the medium of insidious legislation. In the contest of 1796, Mr. Adams, the elder, was elected President; and now, my fellow citizens, I have come to the point where it is important that you fix your eyes steadily, to understand much that I have to say, if I shall have strength to say it before I close.

The democratic and federal parties were formed towards the close of Gen. Washington's administration, and in the first struggle before the democratic party had got fairly organized, Mr. Adams the elder was elected President. So that the present whig party, a part of whom are of the old federal stock and who have inherited old federal principles, took date from that administration. [Here in response to a voice in the crowd, which the reporter did not distinctly hear, Mr. A. said: There are two divisions in the whig party, which I shall notice in order that all may fully comprehend the difference when I name them.]. Adams was the first whig president, because if our present whigs have a right to retain his principles and call themselves whigs he would have a right retaining the same principles to call himself a whig. And now we will get a taste of whig doctrine from his administration. There were two laws which became particularly conspicuous during that administration. The one was a law designed to act alone upon foreigners, the Irish, the Germans, the French, the Scotch—all people not born within the limits of the Union.—That law enabled the President to arrest a man not only without trial, not only without conviction, not only without certain information, but upon mere suspicion, and when arrested to incarcerate him in a prison or to exile him from the country. The other was a law which designed to close the mouths of the people and to prevent them from a full and free discussion of public measures.—If that law were now in force, instead of addressing you here, I should be in a penitentiary with a fine of $2000 hanging over my head. (Cries of "we'd bring you out.") Furthermore, if that law were now in force, if the humblest mechanic in this crowd should put an article in a newspaper saying a word against the President, or even that Mr. Allen was not a clever fellow, he belonging to the Senate, or that the Senate was not the point where public liberty was best protected, or that the House of Representatives, or any other high authorities, were making laws manifestly prejudicial to the interests of the people—such mechanic, for such publication, would be led from his workshop to a prison. Every single soul within the compass of the Union, foreign or native born, great or small, poor or rich, who uttered, whispered or declared any thing containing a charge against the President, was subject to be incarcerated in a prison and fined $2000. And men were put in prison and fined under that law.—But now that law has ceased to exist. Like the alien law it had become odious, and it vanished from our statute books. It passed both branches of the Federal Congress, was decided to be constitutional by the federal tribunals, had the sanction of the President of the United States, had all the elements of nationality upon it; and yet at the end of fifty years that law—both these laws—have become so odious that there is not a man in the United States, who dare rise up in the presence of the people and say he is in favor of them. (Cheers.)

Well now, I have got through with that whig administration—they were turned out of office, and Mr. Jefferson put in office, forty eight years ago. He was put in office as an enemy to these laws, as hostile to all the measures of the then existing administration. He was put in upon principles which were expounded by himself, and which now form the foundation of the Democratic party. He was put in office by a close vote. It was before I was born, but still I have read the history of those days, and I have learned from that history what power it was that put him in office. I have learned too, that when the die was cast and the vote given, with what breathless anxiety the whole nation looked to hear the result of that election. State after State cast its vote, the election was close, the scales stood equally poised upon the beam—New York had not yet spoken. Here she lay in her full length of five hundred miles from the Atlantic to the Lake of the North. The eyes of all America were turned to the empire State. The nation looked to her to say by her vote in that contest, whether Federalism or Democracy should prevail in our land. The vote was close here, for federalism dated its origin in your own capital—federalism found a father in Gen. Hamilton—and it remained for New York to say whether she would repudiate the doctrines of her own son, and stand by the Union—or whether she would adhere to him, and let liberty drift for itself. The Empire State at last spoke! She withdrew her hand from Gen. Hamilton—she turned her back upon the gag law—she turned her back upon the alien and sedition law—she repudiated her own son—she expelled by her vote a federal administration, and taking Thomas Jefferson by the hand, conducted him to the executive chair.—(Cheers.) And what has been the result? You see the result in the mighty progress which society has made through the whole length and breadth of this land. Since that time the number of the States has doubled. Since that time our people have been multiplied thrice over. Since that time the wealth of this people has increased an hundred fold. Since that time the glorious example of a free people, presented under our constitution, has commenced and is rapidly advancing a free revolution in Europe. (Cheers.)

What did Federalism do after it was expelled from power? I want to show you how exactly the features of the federal party are perpetuated in a part of the present Whig party, and the chief of those features are a contempt for and a disregard of the rights of the people. Under the then existing constitution, the people voting for electors of president and vice president, did not designate the one of those officers from the other. For instance, in voting for Jefferson, every man in the Union voted for him as president; in voting for Col. Burr, every vote given for him was for vice president—the number of votes was equal. By an accidental omission in the federal constitution, it was in the power of fraud and perjury to thwart the will of the people, and by so doing, to produce civil war and a resort to arms to settle the differences between the parties. How was it? The votes being counted out, the election being transferred to the House of Representatives, the federal party dropped their candidates, and applied to Col. Burr, also from the State of New York, and who had been run as vice president on the Jefferson ticket, to allow them to use him to commit a fraud on the people, by electing him president through the votes of the House of Representatives. Now mark, (and I name this in order to caution you in this present contest,) the Constitution provides that if no one of the candidates before the people shall receive more than one half of all the votes given, the election passes from the people to the House of Representatives in Congress.—And when it goes there the president is elected by States and not by individuals. For instance each State gives one vote—no more. Delaware, little Delaware, with a population smaller, perhaps, than this county, less, I believe, than 100,000 people—gives one vote. The great State of New York, with two and a half or three millions, gives but one vote. You will observe that the size of the State, or its population, counts nothing when the election of president is lost to the People and transferred to the House of Representatives—each State giving but one vote. Sixteen votes in the next House of Representatives may elect the president; and sixteen of the smallest States may give those votes and elect the president, although those States may contain less than one twentieth part of the population of the Union. Such was the state of things when the election went to the House in 1800, in consequence of no one of the candidates getting a majority of the whole number. The House of Representatives was a place for intrigue. There were two or three men who had it in their power to make the president.—The federal party had been beaten before the people. Mr. Jefferson had beaten Mr. Adams—he running as president. Burr had beaten his competitor—he running as vice president on the Jefferson ticket. But the election, as I stated, in consequence of the omission in the constitution, was lost to the people and went to the House. What did the federal party do then? They had been fairly beaten before the people, utterly repudiated. They appealed to Col. Burr to allow them to make use of him, and to elect him by the House, although not a man in America, had voted for him as president. They sat day in and day out. Night in and night out, did they traffic, bargain and intrigue, and manage to palm off Burr upon the people, as their president, and to exclude Mr. Jefferson, although the people had voted for him and no one man alive had voted for Colonel Burr. They came within one man of accomplishing their object, and had they accomplished it, the people of the United States would have been put either to the necessity of yielding to the most damnable usurpation of the supreme executive power of the country, or resorting as the people of France have most rightfully resorted of late, to arms, in order to redeem the Constitution. When that act was done, when that effort was made, I should have said when it was attempted, the Democracy in many parts of the Union, anticipating what was going on, began, notwithstanding gag laws, to assemble in masses, as you are now here assembled. The history of those times informs us that they not only began to assemble, but began to think of the only remaining means of arresting the usurpation and sustaining the constitution—a resort to arms. When the federalists heard that, not being much of a war party, they quit the game.—(Cheers.) Here, then, my fellow citizens, was an effort by an insidious usurpation to obtain the power of the government, not only without the will, but against the will of the people. They failed. Mr. Jefferson came in on the vote of the Democracy of the Union. He administered the government in such a manner as to obtain the approbation of his countrymen. He was re-elected. He was succeeded by Mr. Madison, also a Democratic president. He was re-elected, and was succeeded by Mr. Monroe, also a Democratic president, and he too was re-elected.

Here, then, from 1800 up to 1823, the government was administered exclusively by Democratic Presidents—the nation in every instance declaring they approved of and sanctioned the measures and the principles of these Democratic administrations. And one of the reasons why Mr. Monroe was elected by such an overwhelming majority the first time—the reason why Mr. Madison was so powerfully sustained in his second election—arose from the fact that war with Great Britain intervened, and a large part—the Federal part of the old Federal party—(I will not assimilate it to any recent case,) took sides with the British. They got up the Hartford Convention, declared that it was infamous, wicked and unholy for the government of the United States to defend itself against Great Britain. When British troops were on American soil, they employed means holy and means unholy to paralyze the arm of government. They carried on their machinations at Hartford. They carried on their opposition in Congress. They thundered forth from the pulpits of the Union their denunciations against the war—against the party which administered the government, and denounced Mr. Madison as the vilest of all villianous offenders. The same men are now ready to worship Mr. Madison as a saint. (Laughter.) If they can only prevail on the Democracy to forget that they joined the British in the late war. (Laughter and cheers.) But there is a part of that party who did not do so. The war with Great Britain resulted in the triumph of our arms, and in the redemption of the country forever and ever from the danger of a British neighbor. Federalism sunk crushed under the blow, and there it lay dead and inanimate. (Cries of good, and cheers.) When that party had rendered themselves utterly infamous by their opposition to the country during the war, so much so that they dare not look the nation in the face, the leaders gave the word—"to your tents, oh Israel!" and every man rushed. (Laughter.) They disbanded—they hid themselves. Dissolved as a party; they declared that we will now have halcyon days—that there is no more party, and that Federalism had been mistaken, though innocently mistaken. (Laughter and cheers.) They had opposed the war, but they thought war was wrong. They had joined the British, but they thought the British were right! (Laughter.) They had voted, as some of their leaders now often vote, as the Great Daniel of the East voted, against an appropriation of money to rebuild the Capitol of the Union, after it had been consumed by British fire. But notwithstanding all this, being brought to their knees, finding themselves branded by the bended brow of their country—throwing down their arms, uplifting their hands, rolling back their eyes, they implored mercy at the hands of their country, and their country was generous enough to mete mercy out to them. They lay, however, concealed like so many Indians in the bushes. They lay in wait—they dared not come forward and ask the nation to put them in power, because they know full well that the memory of the nation was not so short but it would reach back at least to the scenes of the late war, if not to the days of the alien and sedition laws. They lay quietly stowed away behind counters and under bank-books, chuckled into hiding places with their heads covered up, afraid to come out, like Santa Anna when he got into Houston's tent. (Laughter.) There they lay—not dead, but sleeping—(Laughter and cheers.) Not altogether asleep either, but possuming. (Laughter.) There they lay until they should find the same state of things which occurred in 1800, when the people failed to elect a President and the election went to the House of Representatives. Then they saw another chance for an insidious usurpation of power, and then it was that Federalism showed its front again. Then it was that although the nation had manifested the most unequivocal tokens of approbation in favor of Gen. Jackson, yet because the nation had not succeeded in producing that unanimity which the constitution required in the expression of the national voice, and the election went to the House of Representatives, where Delaware voted down New York, where Rhode Island countervailed Pennsylvania, where one man from Delaware had as much power in the election as thirty-six from New York—where there was a chance for fraud, bargaining and intrigue—it was then that it again made an effort to rebuke the people for having voted for General Jackson, by the choice of Mr. Adams. They succeeded that time. They had not violated the constitution in its letter, but only in its spirit. They had rebuked and insulted the people. They had established a principle which, if true, this government is false. They had declared that the minority had decided right, and the majority had decided wrong. They carried out the will of the smaller number of the people, against the greater will of the people.—They inverted our system—they elected a man for President who had the smaller number of votes compared with General Jackson. When that was done it was necessary to sustain it. A bad act was done, and no bad act was to be omitted which was necessary to sustain the first. A system of administration was commenced which threatened by its insidious influence, exerted quietly but potentially over the country, to subvert the liberties of the people and convert the government into a mere arbitrary organization—an organization which could sustain itself against the will of the nation. But the prime sin that party committed, was the fact that they had disregarded the voice of the people and put a minority President in. This was enough. The Democracy then saw that Federalism, which had pretended to disperse and to disband under Mr. Monroe's administration, had not in fact dispersed or disbanded itself. The nation saw that they must once more arouse—once more draw the party lines—once more separate the friends of the country from the country's enemies. They did so, in the second election which brought Gen. Jackson into the Presidency, not by the vote of the House of Representatives, but by the voice of the people. I scarcely need go over that wonderful man's wonderful administration. It is enough to say that he like Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, during his first term, incurred the unmitigated curses of the Federal party. No epithet was so harsh but that it was meted out to him. No crime was so great that he was innocent of it. No danger could be imagined that did not threaten the country in his person. The Democratic party were denounced as fools and idiots, as drunken vagabonds, as men scarcely entitled to the protection of the laws, much less to the decencies of social society, because they came forward and put Jackson in office. We gave them a statesman—a man who had been a senator before he was forty—who had been a judge of a law court before he was thirty—who had been the governor of one of the most important territories of all our acquisitions—a man who was out of office, and who had not been a soldier for fifteen years, and who then was enjoying the peaceful life of an independent farmer. Yet because the Democracy took up such a man, and made him their presidential candidate, they cried out military chieftain! war, pestilence and famine in preference to a military chieftain! They declared that Jackson was a man who had learned in the camp the despotic principles which prevail in the camp; that he would rule the nation with an iron hand—that he would oppress the poor, the rich, and every body else—that he would retain none but rogues in office—in other words, that he would inflict on the nation every danger that the most active imagination could picture to the review of the people. All these things were unavailing. The Democratic party, by increased and constantly increasing majorities, not only sustained the administration of Jackson, but sustained it from one year to another against all the giant powers of the Bank of the United States, and the mercenary millions that stood upon their knees around its vaults. The Bank spent its whole capital of thirty-five millions in trying to convince the people of the United States that Gen. Jackson was a tyrant—and yet, notwithstanding such efforts, the people uniformly, and with unbroken unanimity, sustained him from beginning to end.

Well, (continued Mr. Allen,) the old man died. He went down to his grave—and scarcely was he out of their way, before these very same men, cried out that they were the friends of Jackson, and called on the old Jackson men to support Harrison, on the express ground that he was a friend of Gen. Jackson, though they know he was no such thing. They succeeded, however, in electing Harrison, by such means as you know and as you can all appreciate. But they put on their ticket a man by the name of John Tyler, from Virginia. John Tyler, in consequence of the death of Gen. Harrison, succeeded to the presidential office. Congress had been called together previous to his death, by Gen. Harrison; but had not convened at the time of the old General's death. When Congress did convene, Henry Clay, then in the U. S. Senate came forward, as the great embodient of Whig principles, and laid down in the form of five resolutions, on the table of the Senate, the general doctrines of the Whig party, and the measures for which they contended. He was a bold man—Henry Clay—and had the frankness and honesty to tell what he wanted. He was a man of principles. He had well defined, clearly stated, unequivocal political principles—upon which he recommended clearly defined, unequivocal political measures. Say what you will of "old Hal," he never skulked a question. The old man never got behind the bush—(Here some Clay Whigs—outsiders—called for three cheers for Clay; and some Taylor Whigs and barnburners called for a counter cheer for General Taylor.) Old Kentucky would not have sustained Mr. Clay for thirty years if he had been a man who dared not tell what he wanted; what were his political principles and measures. Henry Clay came forth on the occasioned named; he laid on the table of Senate his five resolutions, declaring what business Congress had been called together specially to perform. He openly and like a man said: "Our first duty is to repeal the subtreasury—if these Democrats will let you." (Laughter.) Our second duty is to provide a Bank of the United States," and he went on with his five measures, embodying the sum and substance of the principles of the Whig party. He not only proposed them, but he had the courage and the genius to carry them through both houses by the votes of his partizans. As Whig measures he submitted them to the nation. John Tyler had been taken by the Whig party on trust. He was in fact a part of the so called 'credit system,' (laughter) and on the death of Gen. Harrison, John Tyler, not being quite so bold a man as Henry Clay—not having any particular principles—thought proper to revolt, in an evil hour for his party, against his party, and vetoed the measures.

The presidential election came on again in due time, and again Mr. Clay was put forward by that part of the whig party that claimed to have some of the leaven of democracy in them. For here you will observe, there are two division of this party. They put forward Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay, running with principles with measures in a manly manner declared and made known to the country, was by his countrymen defeated in that election. Where is the old man now? Has he ceased to live? Has he become a dotard? Are his faculties paralyzed? Has he committed any sin against his country? Has he perpetrated any outrage on the whig party? Has he ceased to merit the approbation of the Whig party? (Cries of no, no, from the outsiders.) Where then is he? (A voice, on the shelf.) I have felt regret, because, as an individual—though I have opposed Clay politically and always shall, on the ground that his principles and measures are such as I do not like and can never approve—still as a man I am compelled to respect him. The high qualities of his heart and head command the respect of every man that has a heart and head, to appreciate either. (Cheers from the outside Clay whigs.) Where is he? Two years ago and a little better, a gentleman and a very worthy man—was unknown to the two great parties of this country. The name of Zachary Taylor had then nothing political associated with it. It was unknown to the people. The great whig party that had been exerting itself for half a century to establish its principles, to keep up its organization, to convince the American people that their principles were the true principles of Government—that party which numbers within its ranks so many great Statesmen, men of honor, virtue and political experience—that party knew not Gen. Taylor. (A voice "two years ago.") Two short years ago. I ask—if there be any such here—I ask those claiming to belong to the Democratic portion of the whig party. (Here a voice on the outside called "for three cheers for John Van Buren.") Steady gentlemen, continued Mr. Allen, you will get enough of him before the campaign is over. At that time two years ago, this gentleman was unknow. At that time Henry Clay was better known than any other man that treads the earth, to the whig party. And now, one of these men is forgotten, and the other one adopted! It was a melancholy scene at Philadelphia the other day. It was a melancholy scene to see the hands of the whig leaders in that convention, grasping the grey hairs of Henry Clay, and dragging him to the door, to be kicked out as a vagrant, rather than a chosen leader and head! And why was it? Was it to reward military gallantry? If so, where was Winfield Scott? Was it to reward military merit? Where was the hero of the late war? Where was the conqueror of Mexico?—Where was Winfield Scott, if the whig party had honors to bestow upon a military General. I ask again where was that distinguished captain, if the object of the whig party was to reward military merit? No sir, (continued Mr. Allen turning to the President of the meeting.) Gen. Scott had been known to the nation long before the name of Gen. Taylor was heard of. He was known from the of day Lundy's Lane to this day, from one end of the continent to the other, as the victor over the British in 1814, and the conqueror of Mexico in '48. Why not then take him up? Because Gen. Scott was known as a whig. "You ask us," say the whig Convention to General Scott, as he presents himself, as it were, at the door of the convention:

He comes brow-bound with laurels won in the Halls of the Montezumas; he presents himself to the convention of his party. He says to them, "If it be your object to discard Mr. Clay—to put aside an old and a well tried and faithful statesman of the party—if it be your intention to rebuke his grey hairs and to pronounce a decree of banishment on his decrepid form—if it be your intention to consign the name of Clay to the infamy of a party condemnation—if it be your intention to do that, and you desire to reward military merit in a whig General, here I stand, the Hero of Bridgewater, Lundy's Lane and Mexico. I am known as a devoted, uniform and tried whig. I claim the suffrages of this convention." But what say the convention to all this? "No General; stand aside sir, with your British and Mexican conquest! You are too well known! You are a Whig! The same reason that makes us throw Mr. Clay out of one window, compels us throw you out of the other." (Cheers and laughter.) The whig party—the party of principles—the party that claims to stand on constitutional ground—the party that claims the suffrages of twenty millions of freemen on the score that they have political principles, and that those principles conduce to public happiness and prosperity, that party banishes two well known and tried leaders, the embodiment and exponent of its principles, and go and select a man who never did a political act in his life, who at the very moment declared that he knew nothing about politics, and has no political principles. (A voice on the outside—"Three cheers for Taylor.") Gentlemen over there can give three cheers for Taylor now, but they cant give him one in November. (Cheering, long and loud.) When I ask this question, continued Mr. Allen, why it was that Gen. Taylor was selected, there is no man here that dare rise up and say what Gen. Taylor's principles are. (A voice "he is a whig.") Somebody cries out that he is a whig, but all of you know, that is all of you who know anything about it—you know that he nominated for the sole reason that his principles were not known, and that there was once more a chance for the federal whigs of the whig party to smuggle a man into power, whose principles were unknown.—If you do it he will Tylerize you. But how is this my fellow citizens? Is it fair; is it just; is it generous; is it republican; is it honest, to ask a great people composed of mechanics, laborers, farmers lawyers, doctors, merchants—all working men in their various ways, men who work for their daily bread at the counter, the anvil, in the field or in the workshop, a voting people, a wise people, a political agitated people, men who are raising families, and who have an immense stake in the preservation of public liberty for themselves and their posterity; is it right and just to ask such a people to place the political destiny of this great country into the hands of a man who says, I will not tell you what I will do with it until I get possession of it! Would any man here employ another to work for him—would any man here put the most trivial trust into the custody of another—would any man here give to another a power of attorney to do anything in his name, however unimportant, if the person to whom he was about to give it should say: "I will tell you what use I will make of this trust after I have got my fingers on it." And yet it is thought that such a people as this can be humbugged out of their votes, the cool, deliberate workingman, the mechanic, the merchant, the laborer, the professional laborer, all this description of people, is it possible, in God's name, that they call themselves men of sense and worthy citizens of a free country; and yet say to any body and every body who may present himself—"give me the drum and fife, and we will give you the liberties of the country?" No, my fellow citizens, the Democratic party have presented to your acceptance, a man who has been a soldier too. He has fought Great Britain, when many of those men now recommending Gen. Taylor to you were on the side of Great Britain. He too, has seen service in the field, but it is not for that that we ask you to vote for him. We speak of this service as one among many evidences of the man's heart. The reasons why we ask you to vote for him are greater. The reasons are to be found not only in the purity of his private character and the uniformity of his patriotism from his boyhood upwards—but in his merits founded on the depth and strength of his mind—in his past experience in public affairs—as governor of Michigan in the most perilous times of the Republic, at the close of the war—as governor, as Secretary of war under Gen. Jackson, as minister to France, as senator in Congress—in all these various departments he has fulfilled the duties of a faithful citizens, of an ardent lover of his country, of an able legislator, of an able governor—and above all, of an honest man.

These are the reasons why the attention of the Democracy of the Union was turned towards him when it became necessary to make choice of its candidate for President. They could not choose every body. There was but one office to fill—they could choose but one man as a candidate. The Democracy had many worthy men among whom to choose. There are a number that I could name, whose fame and greatness are familiar to us all. But one of them could be chosen, and in sifting and casting about for a man who would, under all circumstances, best suit the Democracy of the Union, Lewis Cass of Michigan, was adopted as the Democratic candidate. The West—the great North west—which is rising with the strength of a giant, brought forward Lewis Cass—not with arrogance—not on the ground of exclusive right, but as one of her earliest friends, as one who had gone there when nobody but Indians inhabited the country, a man who abandoned all the comforts and privileges of the earlier settled country, braved all the perils of a frontier settlement, and the scarcely less formidable dangers of an unhealthy climate, a man who for 49 years has been identified with the North west, it was such a man that the North west thought proper to tender to their brethren of the Union as a candidate for the Presidency. (Cheering.) We ask you, my Democratic fellow citizens of New York, to accept this candidate of ours. We entreat you to reflect on this one fact, that the Democracy of this state constitute one sixth part of the Democracy of the Union. We ask you to deeply ponder and consider what will be terrible consequences not to the Democratic party alone, but to civil liberty in this country, if by your division, by your local bickerings, between a few on one side and another few on the other, if from this cause, this ticket of our should be defeated I beg you to reflect upon the consequences which may follow. This election may go to the House of Representatives, and in that event your half million of voters are put on a par with the ten thousand voters of Delaware. Will you suffer this election to go to the House of Representatives? Will you thus paralyse the energies of New York? Will you reduce yourselves in point of political influence to one fiftieth part of your just weight? (cries of, 'never.' If not struggle then to sustain the names of Cass and Butler. [Cries 'we will.'] I could desire my friends, to say much more more on this subject. I could desire to call your attention—not speaking as one who has a right to say more than friends may say when communing with friends, but speaking as a Democrat: and I speak therefore as a Democrat, I speak in the name and on behalf of your Democratic brethren elsewhere, and I appeal to you, Democrats of New York! to remember the day when the Democracy of New York placed the Democratic party of the Union in power, by deciding the election in favor of Jefferson. I appeal to you whether or not this itself does not impose on you the obligation to avoid, so far as lies in you, putting in power the Whig party, by the defeat of of Gen. Cass.—There are no other parties in this country, there can be no other. You may have segments and semi circles cut off from the great body of the two parties, but the mass of the nation are and forever must be, until nature shall change the heart of man, until it shall please God to expel the present passions of the heart, and friendship from the bosom of mankind—until that comes, it is morally impossibly that there can be but two great parties in the U. States. Those parties are founded on opposite views of government. One of them believes most solemnly and sincerely that on all political questions the masses of the people are the safest judges, and they believe so on the ground that the masses have not only no inducement to judge wrong, but every incentive to judge right, that with the means of knowing the truth, and interested in the promotion of truth, they are for that reason the fittest tribunal to whom the great question of what shall be the law should be submitted. On the other hand, there is a portion of our countrymen who doubt this. They may be honest as men, as public men, but the fact cannot be concealed, that there is a large portion of our countrymen who doubt the capacity of the people for self government, which the Democrats claim for them. These parties are the only ones that can be formed under the constitution, both of government and human nature. All other organizations are but outside ones. They cannot subsist except as mere factions. You might as well undertake to make a third distinction between right and wrong, as to make a third party between the Democratic and Whig parties. Hence the old Scripture law is a good law—good, not only because it is in the Bible—for it would have been true without being in the Bible, and it is true with the Democratic party, that all who are not for us are against us. (Cries of 'good, good.')

WHO ARE GEN. TAYLOR'S REVILERS?—Let not the Whig press dare accuse the Democrats of abusing Gen. Taylor. No Democrat has ever withheld the honor and praise that rightly belong to him. But how is it with the Whigs, his now professed friends and admirers? They have been his only revilers, as we have proof abundant to produce. The charge is fastened upon them so completely, that no shallow artifice can shake it off. Witness the following from some of their most distinguished leaders:

WEBSTER, who said "that all laurels won in this war were soiled and dishonored!"

CORWIN, who wished "the Mexicans to give Taylor and his troops HOSPITABLE GRAVES WITH BLOODY HANDS!"

CHANDLER, who said "Taylor ought to have been cashiered for the capitulation at Monterey."

GREELEY, who shouted "accursed be this *infamous war*."

PRENTICE, who calls it "a war against God!"

ASHMUN, whose amendment to the vote of thanks to General Taylor still festers upon the Congressional record.

CÆSAR'S WIFE.

Most of our readers have heard the saying "a soldiers bravery like, Cæsar's wife should be beyond suspicion." The following, which we take from the life of that great Roman, recently published, will explain the allusion:

Clodius was one of the men whose names occur most frequently in the histories of those times: a man who degraded his talents by the lowest personal vices and by the prostitution of his great wealth and eloquence to the worst purposes of sedition.

This Clodius had a passion for Pompeia, Cæsar's wife. Pompeia was closely watched by Cæsar's mother, Aurelia. In the year when Cæsar was prætor, a favorable occasion for their meeting seemed to offer, in the celebration of the mysteries of the Good Goddess, which was held at Cæsar's house, and attended only by women. The Romans allowed no man, not even the master of the house—to be present at these mysteries; even the pictures and images of men were covered. The abscence of men the music and dancing, and other entertainments, afforded an opportunity for a young female slave of Pompeia to admit Clodius, a beardless youth disguised as a female musician. The slave left him to inform her mistress of her arrival.

As he was afraid of exciting suspicion by remaining alone, he wandered through the dark parts of the apartments, where he was met by one of Aurelia's slaves, who put some questions to him taking him for a woman. His voice betrayed him; and the affrighted slave ran to the Company, crying that there was a man in the house. Immediately Aurelia put a stop to the mysteries, veiled the statues and symbols of the divinities, closed the gates, and searched every part of the mansion with torches. Clodius was found in the chamber of the slave that admitted him. All the women gathered around him and drove him from the house. Cæsar immediately divorced Pompeia.

Both Aurelia, Cæsar's mother and Julia, his sister, related the story. When Cæsar was called upon for his testimony, he replied with his characteristic caution, that he knew nothing about it. Being asked, "why then have you divorced Pompeia?" he replied, "Because Cæsar's wife should not only be free from crime, but beyond suspicion."

A Beautiful Thought.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perishes if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thought, less mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange they escape so long, that they all perish suddenly at last. We are surrounded by accidents every day, to crush the mouldering tenements that we inhabit. The seeds of diseases are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence, we draw the breath of life, is pregnant with death—health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes contains the elements of its decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors perish among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts, that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world!

WHAT A WIGHIGGIN IS GOOD FOR.—Fifteen years since the Penobscot Indians were quite a different race of beings from the drunken set that now lay claim to that name. A few, however, had already become regular soakers, and continued the war against "the Musquash," only that they might convert their skins into the ardent. A dime was enough to make them perfect demons.

Joe Parties, or "old Joe," as he was always called, was about the worst of the lot, and when he had a fair head on, which was nearly three-fourths of the time, was such a perfect terror to the women and children, that it became necessary to do something, and it was very evident that nothing but legal suasion would convince him of the benefits of temperance. So one morning he was told that the next time he was found drunk, he must pay a visit to his honor, Judge Wyman.

It so happened that Joe had quite a pile of money at the time, and was bound to have a time of it, jog or no jog. Before night he was caught as crazy as a loon, and in this condition was locked up to sober off—but most unfortunately, this humane intention was frustrated by his having his bottle well charged concealed under his blanket.

In the morning he was brought before the Judge, about as peepy as ever, who, after hearing his defence and previous conduct, thus questioned him:

"Well, Jo, you was told that if you got drunk again, you must be punished by the law?" The way in which the "Yes," was granted out would have done honor to a first class Porker.

"Was you drunk yesterday?"

"Yes, me drunk now," in the same kind of a grunt.

"If I let you go this time will you get drunk again?"

"Yes, me get drunk like a fool."

"Well, then, I shall fine you five dollars, and the next time that you get drunk, I shall imprison you for ten days."

Jo waited a minute after hearing his sentence, and then grunted out again:

"Well, me pay if you give wighiggin; (meaning a receipt.)

"You do not need a wighiggin," said the Judge.

"Must have wighiggin," grunted Joe again.

"Well, I tell you that you do not need it, and you can't have it, replied the Judge a little vexed.

"Well grunted Jo," in a most decided manner, you no give wighiggin, me no pay."

This settled the question—it was, "no wighiggin, no pay!" Accordingly a receipt was made out, and after Joe had forked over a V, the Judge asked him, why he would'nt pay without the wighiggin?

"Well, me tell you, said Joe. By and by, you and me die, and when me go to good place, they say; Jo, you been drunk? Me say yes, but me pay. Well, then show wighiggin. Well, s'pose I have no wighiggin, must go all over hell to find Judge Wyman."

The expressions of laughter that followed the conclusion of this explanation showed that the court was *perfectly* satisfied.

Jo grunted his way out, and long before night, was "drunk like fool" again.

"I promise your honor if you will pass a light sentence on me I will reform and become an honest man," said a criminal, who had been convicted of theft. The promise made an impression on the Judge, and he passed as light a sentence as possible. "May the hang man choke me, but that Judge is a fine old fellow! I must send him something," exclaimed the criminal, as he left the court; and behold the next day, the Judge received from an unknown hand a valuable gold watch, of which he had been robbed two years before.

"An extraordinary surgical operation was lately performed, which was the complete removal of the patient to another world. The physician is doing well.

"I loved my wife at first," said a wag, "and for the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up. Ever since I have been sory I didn't."

☞ Punch says he once saw a father knock down his boy, and thought it the most *striking* picture of a sun down he ever beheld.

"How is your wife to-day?" said a friend of ours to a French gentleman.

"Oh! mocho de sem," said he; "she is no better, and I am 'fraid ver' little weak. If she is go to die, I wish she would do it soon; I feel so unhappie; my mind is so much unsettle. W'en she die, I shall not be so mocho dissatisfied."