"The Democrat."

O. C. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

For the Democrat

Reminiscences of Childhood.

BY ZELIA

I'm thinking of the days, mother, when childhood's hopes were mine;
And thy pure brow was *then*, mother, unscathed by care and time
I did not even dream my life could ever be less mild;
For I was happy then, mother, a gladsome joyous child.

Those mem'ries dear to me, mother, still cluster 'round my heart,
Like vines around our home, mother, that formed a faithful part
Or shade beside our cottage-door—begemed with flowrets fare—
O, we were happy *then* mother, how happy were we there

I'm thinking too, how oft, mother, beneath that stately tree,
That spread its branches wide, mother—a pleasant shade for me—
I sported, with my brother dear, throughout the livelong day:
Or, o'er the velvet lawn, mother, chased butterflies away.

The little laughing rill, mother, that danced in very glee,
Down through the grassy glade, mother—O, it was joy to me!—
Its music sweet seemed not of earth; I deemed that fairies there
Dwelt 'neath its pebbly depths, mother, their place I wished to share.

For I *had childish thoughts*, mother, I deemed the gentle breeze,
That sighed above my head, mother, so softly through the trees,
Was rustling of the angels' wings as they passed happily on,
And, listened—but in vain, mother—to catch their heavenly song.

But years have long since passed, mother, and o'er the cottage sill
The stranger's foot hath crossed, mother, submissive to his will,
Those dear old clinging vines have drooped—the rose-tree by the way—
And that loved cottage *now*, mother, is crumbling to decay.

Dimock, August, 1850.

Who is She?

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Mary Murray, you say—and, pray, who is she?"

These words were addressed by one young lady to another, in reference to an acquaintance to whom one of them had just bowed.

"Who? The daughter of Widow Murray. A dear, sweet, amiable girl as ever lived is Mary, to—I ought to know her."

"I'd rather not," said the first speaker, with a toss of the head. "The daughter of Widow Murray, who keeps a pretty thread and needle store! Why, the next thing will be to associate with one's kitchen maids"

"But, in this country, Emma, it is merit that makes the rank," replied the other. "Here you know we have no aristocracy. Mary Murray is more beautiful, more accomplished, and more amiable, too, than half my school-mates"

"Well, I can tell you one thing, if you keep up your acquaintance with her, you'll be out by all genteel people. Do you think the Livingstons, Harrisons, and Lawrences, will come to your parties if they are to meet shop girls there?"

"They can do as they please," replied Kate Villiers, with spirit. "But one thing is certain; I shall not give up Mary for them, as I like her for herself and not her ancestors. Besides, for all I know, she may be as well born as they are; I never thought to inquire."

Just at this moment a handsome young man, riding a beautiful horse, passed, and made a bow to the young ladies. The first speaker was all blushes at this public notice from one of the richest and most fashionable men in the city.

"Dear me," said she, "how glad I am he did not see you speak to that Miss Murray! He never would have noticed either of us again."

Kate Villiers curled her pretty lip in scorn, as she replied—

"Frank Hastings is too sensible to be affected by such a thing, I fancy. But, if he is not, he is only the more to be pitied." And warming with natural indignation, she continued, "It vexes me beyond patience to see people in this country, talking of the gentility of their families, when out of a hundred, there is scarcely one that is not descended, and at no great distance, from some honest mechanic or respectable farmer. Take our richest families! A century ago they were poor, while the real old gentry of that day are now generally beggard. Who was Astor? A poor German lad. Who was Girard? A French cabin-boy. What was Abbott Lawrence once A yankee wood-chopper. So, too, our great statesmen, Clay, Webster, Cass and Benton, all rose from nothing. We ought to ask, not who a person's ancestors were, but what they are themselves."

A few days after, as Kate and her acquaintance were walking together, they met Miss Murray, who, unconscious of offence stopped to converse with Kate. Emma was evidently uneasy, the more so, as her keen eye detected Frank Hastings promenading down the street towards them.—Politeness kept her stationary for a moment, but as he drew nearer, the disgrace of being seen with a daughter of a "thread and needle woman," as Emma called Mrs. Murray, proved too strong for her courtesy, and she abruptly broke away and went into a store, pretending a wish to purchase some ribbon.

Frank Hastings, meantime, came sauntering idly down the street, and only perceived Kate when close upon her.

"Good morning," he said heaving, his eye attracted by Miss Murray's pleasing face. "Will you take pity on an idler, Miss Villiers, and allow me to accompany you in your walk?"

Kate, who was already engaged, and to a friend of Frank's, answered frankly, for she and Hastings were almost as intimate as brother and sister.

"I shall be pleased if you will. Only you must be very agreeable, for my friend and I are used to having sense talked to us, and, if you don't acquit yourself creditably, we shall black ball you, as you say at the club, the next time you ask permission to walk with us."

Frank, however, needed no incentive for him to talk his best; for the sweet countenance of Mary, in which every emotion of the heart was reflected, was inspiration enough

They stopped at last at Mrs. Murray's little store. Frank looked, with some surprise, at the humble appearance of the dwelling; but this did not prevent his bow to Mary being deeply respectful, as he walked off with her friend.

"And that charming girl," he said, "assists to support her mother, by standing behind the counter. Do you know, Kate, I was half in love with her before, and now I am entirely so? A wife, such as she would make, is worth having, because worth a dozen of the foolish votaries of fashion—gilded, conceited butterflies like your friend Emma You must take me to Miss Murray's some evening, and introduce me regularly."

Kate had known Frank too well to suppose he would despise Mary, because her mother had been reduced to comparative poverty; but she had not dreamed for an instant of his falling in love with her But so, as she hastily thought over the good qualities of each, she clapped her hands and cried—

"That will I for you are just suited to each other We will go to-morrow night."

And again, and again Frank went, and after the first two interviews, always without Kate He was noble-hearted, intellectual, graceful and refined, and Mary could not long resist the devoted suit he paid to her Indeed, after some manfully struggles with her heart, she yielded herself to loving him with all the depth of her pure, yet ardent nature.

Frank was too sensible to regard the mere accessories of fortune. Perhaps, indeed, he loved Mary the better for her poverty. He could never have entertained an affection for her, if she had not been amiable and intelligent; nor perhaps, even if her parents had been unworthy; but all things else he considered comparatively indifferent. Himself accustomed, from his earliest years, to fashionable society, he was accustomed to say that "worth not wealth, was what he sought in a wife"

Mary, on her part, loved Frank for his frankness, intelligence and generous qualities, and not for his fortune. "I would rather remain single," she said, "than marry for wealth."

About three months after the day on which our story opens, Kate Villiers called on her old school-mate Emma

"Who do you think is going to be married?" she said. "You give it up? well Frank Hastings and Mary Murray."

"What?" exclaimed Emma, pale with mortification, for she had assiduously sought Frank's notice, "not Frank Hastings and that thread and needle woman's daughter?"

"Yes; and a happy couple they will make. Mary will now have the wealth she is so well fitted to adorn."

"I shan't visit her," said Emma, pettishly. "She's a nobody. If Mr. Hastings chooses to disgrace himself, let him; but he'll find out the 'old families' won't recognize his acquaintance."

"Pshaw!" said Kate, contemptuously. "You know better. Mr Hastings is, himself, a member of one of the 'oldest families' we have; and being such, is above all the ridiculous notions of the more *parvenue*. It happens, too, that Mary has 'good blood,' as you call it. She is the grand-daughter of a signer of the Declaration, an American pattern of nobility, I take it, if we have any at all."

"Then it is on that account he marries her, was the splenetic reply.

"No, he never knew it till he asked her to have him. Her virtues and accomplishments won his heart, and they alone." In due time Frank and Mary were married, Kate being led to the altar on the same day. Emma has learnt a lesson, and since then, inquires less supercilliously about a new acquaintance.

A JOKE WITH A MORAL.—"Omnibus Bill and Henry Clay," exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "Well, there! I hope Mr. Clay isn't getting into bad company, for I do love that man, and if he goes with them cruel omnibus drivers, there is no telling how soon he will be as bad as a negro-driver himself." And the good old lady took a long pinch of snuff and heaved a deep sigh for the fallen state of humanity.

Mrs. Partington says her noise was so rained upon the other night, that she has had the *fevered anger* ever since, and she supposes would have gone to St. Anthony's dance, only she belonged to the church and didn't know the steps.

Like a bell that's rung for fire; like a careless auction crier; like oftentimes a graceless liar, mischief-making tattlers go; stopping you with quaking fear, whispering as you lead an ear—"Mercy on us did you hear? *Betsy Bean has got a beau!*"

SPEECH OF HON. E. B. OLDS, OF OHIO.

In the House of Representatives, Wednesday, July 24, 1850.

The Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union having postponed the consideration of the California Message, and taken up the Bill making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy, and Mr. Wilmot having concluded—

Mr. Olds obtained the floor, but yielded to

Mr. McClernand, to reply to some remarks of Mr. Wilmot.

Mr. C. having concluded—

Mr. Olds resumed the floor, and said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: If, by yielding the floor to my friend of Illinois, (Mr. McClernand,) I have so crippled my time as to destroy my reputation as a debater, I have at least established a character for good nature; which is preferable, perhaps, in these days of congressional speech-making; and besides, sir, it will afford me an excuse for writing what I should have said, had my time permitted.

I concur, sir, in the opinion expressed by the honorable gentleman from Illinois, (Mr. Wentworth,) and the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Wilmot,) that the vote just taken, to lay aside the California message, is significant of the fate of the California bill I regard this vote as clearly indicating that no bill for the admission of California into the Union, will be passed this session. Each vote which has been taken upon this question in this House, from the commencement of the session to the present hour, has exhibited an increasing weakness or giving away upon the part of the professed friends of California. And I now proclaim to the country, that I regard it as a fixed fact, that California, unless connected with other measures, will knock in vain for admission into the American Union. The sin, sir, will not, and shall not, lie at my door. In accordance with what I conceive to be the fixed opinions of those I have the honor to represent, I have sought to facilitate every move, since the commencement of the session, which looked towards the consummation of this measure; and I now say, that I am prepared to sit night and day, and vote upon every question of order so portentiously threatened us by the honorable gentleman from North Carolina, (Mr Clingman,) early in the session, until I have demonstrated to my constituents that I have done all in my power for the admission of California.

I say to my southern brethren, that this determination is not founded upon any hostility to the admission of Slave States into the Union; for, if a State was formed out of territory in which slavery had a pre-existence, and whose constitution still recognized its existence, I would cheerfully vote for her admission into the Union.—My opposition is not to the admission of Slave States, but to the extension of slavery into free territory.

I have been often pained, sir, during this session, in witnessing efforts to destroy the unity and integrity of the great national Democratic party of the country. I have been pained in witnessing the criminations and recriminations upon this side of the House to-day. I regret this, sir, because I honestly believe that the Democratic party only, can save the country in the present emergency. I say this, sir, because I believe the Democratic party to be truly a national party—the only party in this country that, at all times and under all circumstances, have been enabled to establish a national platform—the only party that, at all times and under all circumstances, have been enabled to go into a presidential contest upon an open and avowed declaration of principle.

I have not been a little astonished, Mr. Chairman, at the boldness and effrontery with which Whig gentlemen upon this floor have charged all our present difficulties upon the Democratic party. In this charge they have been aided by the Administration organ of this city. And, sir, when these charges were so eloquently thundered in our ears the other day by the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Stephens,) I expected to see some of the old champions of Democracy on this side of the House hurl back the charge, and fix the wrong upon the policy of the Whig party, where, in my judgment, it rightfully belongs.

Mr. Chairman, I am unwilling that this charge should go to the country uncontradicted. I undertake to say, that upon the Whig party, and not the Democratic, rests this responsibility.

The gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Stephens,) and the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Gentry,) and other honorable gentlemen upon the Whig side of this House, are repeatedly telling us, that at the time of the Texan annexation, they predicted all our present difficulties. They prophesied, say, they, that annexation would produce war with Mexico, and that a war with Mexico must result in an acquisition of territory, and that an acquisition of territory would result in our present difficulties, by reopening the question of slavery extension.

Mr. Chairman, if I should charge upon these gentlemen that their wish was father to their prophecies, I should not be wide of the mark.

Their mere prophecies—and this is one of them—in which the publication of the prophecy is sure to result in its fulfillment.

But, sir, if the annexation of Texas was the cause of all our difficulties, does the sin lie at the door of the Democratic party? Which of the Presidents recommended in his message this annexation? Under whose administration was this annexation accomplished? Which of all our Presidents, when Congress had passed an alternate resolution leaving the question of boundary at the option of the President, to be settled by negotiations, on the very last day of his administration selected the positive annexation resolution, and dispatched his messenger on the Sabbath—that being the only time left him after the passage of the resolution—with his selected resolution to the people of Texas, lest the succeeding administration should reap the glory of Texan annexation? John Tyler, sir, was the man. I trust, Mr. Chairman, that the Whig party, for a few years yet, will not pretend to call John Tyler a Democratic President. I trust, sir, they will not accuse the Democracy of the country with making him President. It was not I, nor my Democratic friends, who, in 1840, sung paens to "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

But, Mr. Chairman, let me return to the history of this transaction, as illustrating the fact that these Whig prophecies produced their own fulfilment. For eight full years Texas had been *ipso facto* free. For eight long years her independence had been acknowledged by all the enlightened nations of the world. For nearly eight years no Mexican soldier had stood upon her soil. All this time Mexico had been contending with internal divisions, and civil war, growing out of the pretensions of rival chieftains. Under such circumstances what could have induced her to make war upon the United States? The reason is obvious: all these Whig prophecies had been published in her newspapers, they had been posted in her bulletins, they had been proclaimed in her Halls of Legislation, they had been read to her people from the battlements of her cities. The American Senator who could proclaim in the Senate of the United States, that "the Mexicans should welcome the Americans with bloody hands to hospitable graves," had been proclaimed the friend of Mexico, and made an honorary member of her literary societies. Sir, these Whig prophecies, and Whig speakers led the Mexicans to suppose, that as soon as they marched upon American soil, they would be joined by their Whig allies in this country.

But, Mr. Chairman, there is another reason why I charge the responsibility of our present difficulties upon the Whig party. It is the game of deception they played in the election of General Taylor Contrast the fair, manly, open policy avowed by the Democratic party, with the concealments and deceptions of their opponents, and tell me, sir, if the success of the Whigs has not been most disastrous to the country.

The Democratic party, when met in convention to nominate their candidate for the Presidency, made an open avowal of the doctrines of non-intervention; the Democratic party, both at the North and at the South, manfully maintained the position of non-intervention: and had General Cass been elected President, this question would, by a decision of the people, have been settled upon the platform of non-intervention Both the North and the South would have acquiesced in the decision of the people.

Turn, then, for the origin of all our difficulties, to the policy and action of the Whig party. Did they, in convention, assume a national position upon the question of slavery extension? No, sir. In order to unite the discordant elements of their party, they refused to commit their candidate to any particular policy. They left his friends at the South to advocate his election as a pro-slavery man. They could and did point the people to his location, to his three hundred slaves, and to the pledges of Bullitt and Preston, and say, he is just the man for the South. At the North his friends could point to his Signal letter; and his friends, Thomas Corwin and Truman Smith, could read extracts from his private letters, pledging him not to veto the Wilmot Proviso. Such being the game of deception, his election could not be, and by the people was not, regarded as settling the question of slavery extension. All eyes, as a consequence, were turned away from the Executive mansion and the President, to the Capitol and the Congress of the United States. The South had no confidence in the Executive veto; therefore their extraordinary anxiety to defeat the "Proviso," and the California Bill. The North had no confidence in General Taylor's free-soilism; hence their anxiety to secure the immediate and favorable action of Congress. To the deceptions, the concealments, and the frauds practiced in the election of General Taylor, most righteously may be charged the consummation of all our difficulties and embarrassments.

I look with pride, Mr. Chairman, upon the past history and the measures of the Democratic party. If you trace, sir, the history of that party, you will find that all its measures of distinctive policy, after having been established, have proved highly beneficial to the country. Although they were, at the time, denounced by the opponents of Democracy as ruinous to the country, yet time and experience have fully demonstrated their usefulness. Let me illustrate. The Democratic party, under the lead of Mr. Jefferson, favored the Louisiana purchase. Their opponents predicted the most disastrous results. The territory and climate were denounced as only fit for the residence of frogs and alligators. The cry was raised at that early day against the extension of territory. We were even then told that our country was becoming too large; that it would fall to pieces by its cumbrous extension. But, sir, what has been the result of all these predictions and forebodings of evil? The march of improvement has been more rapid than the extension of our territory. Magnetic steamboats have superseded the pirogues and broad horns. The lightning, instead of post-boys, has become our mail-carrier; and New Orleans and Washington city are more accessible to each other now than were the cities of New York and Boston at the time of the Louisiana purchase. Several beautiful States have grown out of the Louisiana territory. Through this purchase, upon the waters of the mighty Mississippi, the millions upon millions of western produce finds its way to market And no western man would, for a moment, tolerate the ceding back the Louisiana purchase.

The annexation of Texas met with a similar opposition from the Whig party.—And, Mr. Chairman, in my district my opponent—who was a member of the last Congress, and a Whig prophet—upon every stump met me with the issue, that by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, we had acquired a most barren and worthless territory. His constant declaration was, that he would not curse his worst enemy by bestowing upon him a thousand acres of this worthless territory. Again: what has been the result? Scarcely two short years have passed, before we witness this territory attracting the attention of the whole world Splendid and opulent cities have sprung up, as by magic; the commerce of the world is flowing into the harbors of California; the wealth of her inexhaustible mines is returning in millions upon millions to the United States; and a mighty State, formed out of that much-abused country, has been for more than seven months seeking admission into the American Union.

Thus, Mr. Chairman, did time permit, I should like to take up one by one the measures of the Democratic party, and demonstrate their beneficial effects upon the country. Sufficient, however, for me to say, that no measure of policy once advocated by the Democratic party, and upon which their opponents have made an issue before the people, has ever been repudiated by that tribunal.

Mr. Campbell. Mr. Chairman, will my colleague permit me to ask him a question?

Mr Olds. Certainly.

Mr. Campbell Did not General Jackson recommend the protective tariff?

Mr. Olds. If my colleague will give me the definition of the word "*judicious*," he will define the kind of tariff recommended by General Jackson. I ask my colleague in return, did not the Whig party oppose the re-election of General Jackson, upon the ground that he opposed their high protective tariff schemes?

Mr. Campbell. I charge that the Democratic party in 1828 aided in passing the highest protective tariff ever known to the country, and I stand prepared to prove it. I also refer my colleague to the fact, that the State of Pennsylvania unanimously recommended the re-charter of the Bank of the United States—will he deny it?

Mr. Olds. I shall be most happy to join issue upon all these questions, at any time with my colleague when he has the floor. But I do not choose now to be turned aside from the course of argument which I had marked out for myself. I assume now, and will at the proper time maintain, that the Democratic party, as a party, are opposed to a protective tariff. The doctrine of the party, as I understand it, is, a tariff for revenue, and incidentally protective. I refer my colleage to the letter of James K. Polk to John K. Kane, for an exposition of the doctrine of the Democratic party upon the tariff question

Mr. Campbell. On the subject of the tariff, the currency, and all prominent subjects, the gentleman can prove that the Democracy have been on both sides.

Mr. Olds. I assume the position, that the Democratic party are opposed to a high protective tariff, and that in that position they have been sustained by the people—Will my colleague deny it? I assume the position, that the Democratic party took ground against a Bank of the United States, and that in that position they have been sustained by the people, until, in the language of Daniel Webster, a Bank of the United States has become an '*obsolete idea*." Will my colleague deny it? I assume the position, that the Democratic party are opposed to the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and that in this position they have been sustained by the people. Will my colleague deny it? I assume the position, that in every great measure of policy advocated by the Democratic party, they have been sustained by the people. Will my colleague deny it?

But let us turn the tables, Mr. Chairman, and see how stands the issue. Can my colleague point me to any one measure of policy, ever advocated by his party, from the days of the elder Adams to the present hour, in which they joined issue with the Democracy, that ling not been repudiated by the people? Where now is your "alien and sedition law?" Where now is your Bank of the United States? Where now is your bankrupt law? Where now is your distribution of the proceeds of the sales of public lands, and your assumption of the State debts? All condemned by the people, and repudiated even by very many of your own party.

My colleague says, that upon all prominent questions, he can show that the Democratic party have been on both sides. I am aware, sir, that my colleague has the faculty of making black look white, and white black. But how stands the case with his own party? Who was it, sir, that in 1838 "*invoked war, famine and pestilence*," rather than the rule of a military chieftian, yet in 1840 and 1848 could sing, "See the conquering hero comes!" Who was it, sir, that in 1838 could condemn the creation of hickory poles, yet, in 1840 could build log cabins, drink hard cider, and nibble corn-dodgers? Who was it, sir, that could condemn the Mexican war, and denounce General Taylor as a bloody butcher and throat-cutter, yet seize upon the reputation of General Taylor, then sequirred, to ride into power? Sir, who was it that all through the North in 1848 could condemn the doctrine of non-intervention as dough-faced, yet in 1850 adopt non-intervention as the Taylor platform? Sir, when I hear these Whig politicians talking about consistency, it makes me think of 'Satan rebuking sin."

My colleague says, he will join issue with me before the people upon the tariff and other kindred measures: I should like to meet him, Mr. Chairman, in his own beautiful town, and demonstrate the varied operation of a high protective tariff, and the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands upon the different classes of his fellow citizens. I do not misrepresent the doctrine of his party, when I say, that in Ohio, the master-spirits of the party, while demagoging upon the stump, have promised the people, that when the Whig party get the power, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands should be taken from the National Treasury; and that the amount coming from Ohio, under this distribution, would be equal to one fourth of the annual taxation for State purposes. They say that the deficiency in the National Treasury would be made up by an increase of the tariff; and as the manufacturers of foreign goods have to pay this tariff, it would be, in effect, taxing the foreign manufacturer for the benefit of the tax-payer of Ohio.

I should like, Mr Chairman, to take my colleague into some store in his town, and demonstrate the ultimate workings of these Whig measures upon the masses. Let me suppose, then, that this distribution should be paid directly to each individual in the community, in proportion to his taxable wealth, which is in exact accordance with the Whig plan of distribution in Ohio; let me suppose, in addition to this, that the tariff, instead of being paid at your custom-house, was paid as it is, in effect, by the purchaser at the counter of the retail merchant; and then I should be ready to go with my colleague, some beautiful morning, into the store of the retail merchant, and learn how the dear people would appreciate the benefits of Whig measures—In the store we should find two sets of government officers; the one paying out the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and the other collecting the high protective tariff. Let me suppose that the first gentleman who enters is a rich man, whose taxes amount to one thousand dollars annually—one of those we read about, "who is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day." As he enters the store, "Uncle Sam's" distribution officer, says to him: Good morning, Mr. Dives; you are a rich man; you pay one thousand dollars of taxes annually; "Uncle Sam," under the direction of the Whig party, sends you two hundred and fifty dollars, your proportion of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands. He would say in a loud voice, "Blessed be the name of Uncle Sam." Next, enters the farmer of moderate means, whose taxes might average four dollars per annum: your distribution officer would approach him, and say, Good morning, Mr. Farmer; you are a man of moderate circumstances; you pay four dollars tax annually; Uncle Sam, sends you one dollar, as your proportion of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands. The farmer, taking the money, would say, in not quite as loud a voice: Blessed be the name of Uncle Sam." Lastly enters the laboring man, who toils from day to day for the maintenance of his family; the grasping hand of the tax-gatherer, has found nothing in his domicil, but what the law exempts from taxation. Your polite distribution officer would approach him also, with his accustomed "Good morning," for it costs no more to extend this common salutation to the poor than to the rich man. Good morning, then, Mr. Poorman; you labor for your daily maintenance; but you pay no taxes, therefore "Uncle Sam" sends you none of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands. He would say in the "still small voice," "Blessed be the name of Uncle Sam."

Now, Mr. Chairman, we will turn to the tariff operation: These different men commence buying their goods, according to their various fancies and necessities. Mr. Dives buys broadcloth for a coat, say worth six dollars per yard; two yards would cost twelve dollars. When purchased Uncle Sam's revenue officer would touch him upon the shoulders, and say, Mr. Dives, you must pay me a tariff of thirty per cent. upon this broadcloth; the amount would be four dollars. Mr. Dives would cheerfully pay out of his two hundred and fifty dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, and still say, in a loud voice, "Blessed be the name of Uncle Sam." Next, Mr. Farmer buys a log-chain, worth two dollars. The revenue officer taps him upon the shoulders, and says, You must pay me a tariff of one hundred per cent. upon this log-chain; which will be two additional dollars. He must then, on his first purchase add one dollar to his proportion of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to pay the tariff upon his very first purchase; but being taught "to speak well of the rulers that be," he would still repeat, "Blessed be the name of Uncle Sam"—Next Mr. poorman buys a dollars's worth of sugar—say ten pounds. The revenue officer taps him also upon the shoulder, and says, Mr. Poorman, you must pay me a specific duty of two and a half cents upon each pound of that sugar!" Mr. Poorman, in great astonishment, would reply, "I pay you twenty-five cents tariff upon this sugar!" *Sir*, I have toiled for this money under the scorching heat of a summer's sun or amidst the frost and snow of the cold and dreary winter. Uncle Sam gave me no distributions." Why, then, tax me upon this sugar, one of the necessaries of life?—Is this a Whig measure? Is this one of the beneficial operations of a high protective tariff? Is this the way you manifest your love for the laboring man?

Mr Chairman, he would no longer [illegible]

"Blessed be the name of Uncle Sam." I say to my colleague, that the practical operation of these Whig measures fully illustrate that passage of Scripture which all divines have heretofore considered doubtful and difficult: "*To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.*"

I beg pardon, Mr. Chairman, of the committee for this digression, induced by the catechism of my colleague. I shall delight upon all fitting occasions, to assist him still farther in illustrating the practical operation of Whig measures: but this must suffice for the present. But sir, whence arises this new-born zeal of my colleague? It was thought by many of his friends, the Whig party treated him rather scurvily at the Philadelphia Taylor convention. He has not, until now, been considered a supporter of the Administration. It was understood, I believe, in Ohio, that he would not even vote for the nominee of his party. Does he see brighter prospects ahead, from the death of Taylor, and the rising sun of Fillmore?

Mr. Campbell. I will do my colleague the credit to say, that he never repudiated any nomination of his party.

Mr. Olds. *Never.* I always go for the nominations of my party. And, Mr Chairman, so long as I believe that the prosperity, nay, sir, the very perpetuity of our glorious Union depends upon the unity and nationality of the Democratic party, I pledge myself to the support of its nominees.

In this, sir, I differ with my friend from Pennsylvania, [Mr. Wilmot.] He claims to be "*par excellence*," a Democrat. He believes in the excellencies of Democratic principles, yet boasts that by his opposition to the measures of the Democratic party he has done more to break down their party than the whole embattled host of Whiggery Sir, if it be true, as I honestly believe it is, that the defeat of the Democracy in 1848 has led to all our present difficulties, the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania has a fearful load of responsibility resting upon his shoulders.

Mr. Chairman, although a northern man, and representing a northern constituency, I am not a sectional man. I should to-morrow vote as cheerfully for a southern man for the Presidency as for a northern one, did I consider him national in his views, and sound in the Democratic faith. In this, sir, I believe I but speak the sentiment of the Ohio Democracy. Sir, the northern Democracy have again and again manifested their nationality. The Democratic party of the north were in favor of the annexation of Texas. They did not consider this annexation as extending the area of slavery, for slavery already existed there The Democratic party of the north are not opposed to the admission of slave States into this Union, if formed out of slave territory. If another state were formed out of Texas, in accordance with the terms of the annexation resolutions, I should most cheerfully vote for her admission into the Union. Our opposition is not to slavery where it now exists, but to the extension of slavery. Louisiana was slave territory—the Democratic party sustained the purchase. Texas was slave territory—the Democracy of the north sustained the annexation. They did not consider it as extending the area of slavery, for slavery already existed there. They considered it as extending the civil and political blessings of our Government where they did not before exist. But, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, we have acquired free territory. California, New Mexico, and Utah, are now free, and by no act of northern Democracy do we intend that slavery shall ever go there.

Mr. Chairman, I have already said that I regarded the perpetuity of the Union as depending upon the perpetuity of the Democratic party. It may for a time be stricken down by the pressure of these sectional questions, but I trust in God to see it rise again. Its integrity has often been tried, but as yet, it has been found equal to every emergency. Occasional "isms" have taken a portion here, and a portion there, which have ultimately found a resting-place in the bosom of the Whig party; but our principles being so constant with the natural rights of man, has filled our ranks with increasing numbers from the rising generations.

With the Democracy in the ascendency, our country will always be safe, unless that time shall come, which I trust in God it never will, which Washington's far-reaching vision saw could only overthrow our glorious Union. I invoke the Democracy of this House to go, in imagination, with me to Mount Vernon; to place low their ear upon the green grass that covers the grave of the Father of his Country, that they may catch the spirit sound, as it comes from the sepulchre of the illustrious dead: "BEWARE, MY COUNTRYMEN, AS YOU VALUE YOUR GLORIOUS UNION, OF THE FORMATION OF PARTIES UPON SECTIONAL DISTINCTION."

REJOICE NOT AT MISFORTUNE.—Never rejoice at another's misfortune because it may turn out to your advantage. In some parts of Germany they make use of the saying "my corn is ripening," which a person will repeat who has the prospect of something profitable occuring to him.—Once, while a surgeon and carpenter were taking a walk together, they observed at some distance a small village, known to them both, on fire. The carpenter pointed to it, and said to his companion, "my corn is ripening," for he concluded that if the old houses were burned new ones would require to be built; but, as he looked intently at the conflagration and not at the road, immediately after saying this he fell into a ditch and broke his arm. "Ah!" said the surgeon, "it appears to me that my corn is already ripe."

A queer excuse was made a few days ago, by an old lady. The good woman was subpoenaed to appear as a witness in a rather delicate case. She did not come, a bench warrant was issued for her appearance, on which she was brought into court. The presiding judge thought it his duty to reprimand her; Madam, why were you not here before?"

"I could'nt come, sir."

"Were you not subpoenaed madam?"

"Yes sir, but I was *sick*"

"What was the matter [illegible]

"I had a awful bile [illegible]

A[illegible]

"No sir; upon my—arm."

Be just and fear not.