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Lydia C. Searle

POETRY.

For the Democrat.

Lines,

Suggested by the death of Miss Fanny M. Wilson.

A scene of sorrow, in the hush'd chamber
Where an angel-spirit struggles to be
Free. Around the death-couch of youth and
Loveliness, lo the grief-stricken mourners
Stand, sobbing a last farewell as the spirit
Sleeper wakes to heavenly raptures. Draw
Gently back the curtain's folds that hide the
Death-struck maiden's marble form, and upon
Those calm, cold features, lovely still, like a
Spring-flower touched by frost-king's withering
Hand, a moment gaze. She is beautiful [gems
E'en in death! Those full blue eyes, like star-
In the distant sky, gleam with a holy
Purity, and look a longing welcome
To seraph forms, that singing come to lamp
Her spirit home.

Life's hour had revealed to her
A calm and glorious day. The sunlight
Of her existence was full and cloudless,
And as opes the day-flower to the breath
Of morn, unfolding warmer blossoms as
The silent hours pass by—and loading the
Air down with its balmy fragrance, so the
Swift years of youth glided on, scattering
Spells around her path. Hers was an angel
Spirit, born to bloom awhile in this cold,
Cold world, like as the autumn lilly white,
Unfeld's its pale'd head on the desert [breath,
Waste, then pales beneath the bleaching frost-
And withering, dies!

* * *

Now day by day she
Faded, and her cheeks still whiter grew than the
Virgin snow, that veils, as for a vestal
Mien, each cliff and crag. On flew the gliding
Hours, loud, sidown with pains as her clear, calm
Eyes, more lustrous still, told the sure progress
Of a slow decay. Warmer bloomed the
Fever-spot upon her sunken cheek, then
Spreading wider still, it pass'd away,
Revealing the deep-blue cordage weaving
More plain its net-work o'er her brow. Fainter
Throbbed her noiseless pulse, as the life-blood
More sluggish flowed, and her ebbing breath came
Shorter, fainter still, till at the last, as
Upward floats some winged dream, on lightest
Wing of seraph pure, her maid-n-spirit
Sound away to God, and he received
It to his bosom.

* * *

"I heard the bell toll
On her burial day," and the mourner
Train, with measured tread, downcast, followed
To the churchyard-yard—a weeping throng. They
Stood around her newly open'd prison home,
And laid her gently down into the arms
Of mother earth,—the cold and rupory
Grave,—to a long and dreamless sleep. I heard
The damp clay fall upon the coffin's lid,
And sobs and sighs we'll up from loved ones hearts,
Floated out on the pleasant wind and fill'd
The passing breeze.

They left her there, that
Lovely one, companion of the dead. Go
Plant a rose, a white rose on that maiden's
Tomb,—an emblem of her purity, to
Bud, and bloom, and scatter wide its fragrance
To the scented winds, that kiss the spot where
Youth and beauty slumber.

A Memory.

Sometimes in halls of beauty and love
Where many fair and many proud ones be
And where the reckless and the thoughtless more,
I picture thee.

Thy memory comes to my lone heart enfolden,
In strains of sweetest music, murmuring low;
Strange tales of dames and knights in pageants olden,
And courtly show.

The lonely wind that sighs in murmurs deep
Round some old ruin, dear to love and fame,
Luring the passer-by to pause and weep,
Might breathe thy name!

I picture thee the spirit of some spot
Beautifully haunted by an olden spell;
Some waving wood, or silver streaming grot,
Or perfumed dell.

Ever retiring, in thy simple grace,
A gentler, dearer presence never shone
From mortal figure or from lady's face,
Than thy dear one.

A very rosebud to the gazer's ey,
Yet to the sense thou art a blooming flower,
Pouring thy fragrance on the summer sky,
At evening hour.

Ever in dreams thou com'st. I may not trace
In waking hours the presence of that spell
Wanch holds me bound with such a winning grace.
Farewell!

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE MEAN.—In one of the back towns of a neighboring State, where it is the custom for the district school teachers to "board round" the following incident occurred, and is vouched for by the highest authority. A year or two ago, an allotment being made in the usual manner for the benefit of the school-mistress, it happened that the proportion of one man was just two days and a half. The teacher sat down to dinner on the third day, and was beginning to eat, when the man of the house addressed her as follows:—"Madam I suppose your boarding time is out when you eat half a dinner; but as I don't want to be mean about it, you may eat if you choose, about as much as usual.

A promise, and its performance, should, like the scales of true balance, always present a mental adjustment.

From the Drawing Room Journal.

The Lost Pleiad.

BY MISS MARTHA ALLEN.

"A story from the stars, or rather one
Of starry fable from the olden time,
When young imagination was as fresh
As the fair world it peopled with itself."

Many, many years ago there dwelt in Persia, a prince renowned for beauty of person and mind—his form of grace, perfect as Endymion; to see him was to love. During the long tedious days of that sultry clime, he was wont to recline in some flowery bower, where untrammelled by cares of state, he would rear *chateaux en Espagne*, and his fancy, roaming far beyond cloud-land, revelled in regions where houries dwelt in moonlighted halls; imagination often cheated him as he thus mused, into the belief that he heard the harps and celestial voices of those dwellers in Paradise, and he longed to cast off mortality that he might be blessed with creatures so beautiful. When night closed over the scene, for awhile dispelling his visions, a sail across the glass-like sea varied the monotony to which he was condemned. * * * * *

The day had been unusually hot—not a zephyr stirred the white cinnamon blossoms—the hours dragged wearily on—Cyris threw aside his book. He was too languid to read: his raven steed stood idle, for the heat was too intense to venture forth; but at length even the wearisome hours of that long, hot day, came to a close, and "still evening, clad in her sober livery of gray," came with refreshing dews to the parched flowers; the breath of twilight, redolent with perfume, came healingly to man and beast. The western sky was radiant with blushes: Cyris seemed inspired with new life: all languor and inertness had fled; he sprang into his boat, and gaily spread wide the silken sail. One, to have seen that delicate ivory skiff, would have fancied it a sea-nymph's cradle, so exceedingly beautiful was its form, and so rare its embellishments: 'twas carved in many a quaint device, like a wreathed shell, lined with cushions, the hue of the rose-bud; the sail was of purple silk, wrought with gold. The boat was wafted onward to where the crimson clouds had faded to a purple amber: the solitude, the soft breeze, and quiet sea, well harmonized with the mood that had crept over the Prince. How little now appeared to him all earth's greatness compared with the illimitable starry firmament—man's creations with the mighty deep, unchanging in form and power, the same grandeur now as at creation's dawn. As one by one, the bright stars arose from the silent waters, he wished for wings to visit them, to know why they were placed there: he thought they looked coldly upon him in their gleaming beauty; then their immeasurable distance, and the futility of his desires, filled him with sadness. Oh! that he might meet with some fair spirit who could understand and sympathize with his imaginings—on whose affection he could ever rely—that he might press to his beating heart, one, whose soul thrilled but at his voice. True, as a monarch's heir, he could command smiles and gay words—aye, and caresses—but these false endearments were not what he craved: the love he sought must be far nobler than any within the precincts of a court could give. Slowly the boat glided

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"

and insensibly the motion lulled him to sleep: and, in that deep repose, one could more attentively observe the rare beauty of his countenance. There was but one defect which marred it—the straightly drawn under-lip, which, even in sleep, betrayed, by its tremulous quivering, his inconstant nature. This fault alone obscured his otherwise dazzling qualities:—brave to recklessness—gentle, yet daring withal, neither danger nor risk could deter from an object on which his fancy centered; but once gained, too often it was with wilful waywardness cast aside for some newer phantasy.

How long he had slept, he knew not; but as he looked forth, nature seemed to have assumed a new guise; a spell enshrouded him, from before which the earthly mist shrank from his gaze, and to

"his charmed eyes were given
The Spirits of the starry Heaven."

Far in the west appeared heaven's brightest constellation, the Cross; high over his head, the Serpent waved his scales of gold; but lo! a pageant moving slowly towards the sea, "The Lyre of the Pleiads," a lyre whose strings were of gold, borne aloft by seven fair sisters, who, as they bent over the instrument and struck the living chords, filled earth and heaven with sweet sounds. They were indeed radiantly lovely: each wore a coronet of gems clasped high over the brow by a single star, which served as a fillet to bind the dark flowing tresses. One of that bright band, apparently the loveliest, cast a glance of love on Cyris: he could not be mistaken: she whose cheek wore the richest blush, whose eye seemed lustrous with unshed tears, cast on him a glance of intelligent, unmistakable love. Cyris prostrated, heart and brow, before the lovely one; nor withdrew his gaze till the lyre dipped beneath the sea, and the clouds rolled up their fleecy skirts, while the melodious murmurs of the far off fountains, the shrill matin song of the birds, all told him that morn was advancing with rosy steps to sow "the earth with orient pearls." He returned home, joyous with excitement, to await another twilight. Wearily, hour after hour sped on, till darkness came again; then the purple sail was unfurled, and as a speck of foam again the little boat danced on the waves, and again the vision appeared; slowly the seven fair sisters uprose on their glittering car, while their song-like music was borne on the breeze. Slowly, slowly they rose, till, to his strained gaze, they seemed but as burning stars in the far heaven. He watched until the morning mists, gathering in the east, warned them to seek their ocean bower; yet, ere they touched the wave, an electric glance was interchanged by the lovers. Night after night thus passed, their eyes alone discoursing love; and well they understood that silent yet expressive language. At length came the moon, and, under her jealous sway, no star dare appear. Cyris looked, therefore, in vain for his starry lyre. In the meanwhile, the lovely Pleiad, consumed with passion, had sought her father's enchanted throne; and, with tears and entreaties, besought him to sanction her union with a mortal. King Atlas in vain essayed to say nay to the caresses of this his youngest and loveliest child. He foresaw danger and death in the desired espousal. Yet, won by her prayers, he gave the kiss of assent, and her bridal with Cyris was resolved on.

In a bower of roses, close beside a fountain, whose spray fell like a shower of diamonds, haunting the air with sounds and sighs of melody, leant Prince Cyris: a couch of moss strewn with blossoms and buds, breathing sweet perfume, was spread at his feet; but he pressed not its fragrant pillow. Suddenly he started, for across the mirror of the fountain a shadow passed, and by the clear dark eye, the raven tresses, the star upon her forehead, the sparkling coronet, the silvery vest, and robes of azure, half veiling a form of perfect grace, the lovely Pleiad stood confest. At length his vain aspirings had been gratified; the love he had craved was now his, in all its purity and truth. Was he happy? All day they reclined by the cool fountain, and, looking in each other's eyes, imaged paradise, nor did they separate till night called for her starry host. Then, as he had been wont in other days, Cyris went forth in his fairy skiff to watch his loved one till she again became a burning star: then thoughts of blessedness came over his soul; he thought of her affection, loving kindness, devotion, truth, and purity, and longed for the morning hour that he might again clasp her in his arms, and repeat his protestations of love. Months passed thus, and then came change, like a dark cloud, to dim and soon shut out forever the light of happiness. With Cyris, old feelings began to assume their wonted ascendency; soon indifference usurped the place of ardent love. The vows he had once spoken were like the cold moonbeams on the sea, changing and lost in every successive wave.—To Cyris, inconstancy possessed a charm, over which even his immortal bride had no power: to her, the change was frightful; to live, to die with him, had been her hope—to be a sharer of his earth-born lot, she had abandoned her glorious sphere; and now, as a flower whose perfume had been inhaled till it had palled upon the senses, she was thrown aside, crushed, and forgotten. Oh! the misery of that hour; the waking of the trusting eye, as the careless look and altered tone spoke of the future.—She had so purely loved him, her woman's heart had made him half divine. She, so guileless and pure, to be consigned to such a fate! to have left her starry home with its happy unconsciousness, her fair sisters' affections, for woman's destiny on earth—sorrow and bitter tears!

"They parted as all lovers part—
She with her wronged and breaking heart;
But her joining he is free."

Again Cyris appeared at court; again the young and fair welcomed his coming; once more he frittered time in idleness, or in pursuit of some vain chimera, which, with reckless daring, he strove to possess. But she—the loved, the lost—she had looked her last on his white plume; she had strained her ear to catch his last foot-fall; and when it no longer charmed her ear, despair, like a vulture, gnawed at her heart. The shadows of evening were gathering over the sky; the winds of night wailed a mournful response to her sad soul; she bowed her head upon her hands, and burning tears coursed down her pale cheeks. Hark! she hears the voices of her fair sisters: "Come, sister, come; thy place awaits thee." The lyre was rising from the bosom of the green wave, where it had rested amid the pearl islands and gardens of chorals. In vain they entreated: her place remained vacant; her chord unstrung; and when its music was hushed in the distance she flung herself on the grass and wept. Ah! how light had once been her now sorrowing heart—

"Till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hushed all its music and withered its frame."

She sought the fountain, and cast into its clear depths her starry crown; then, before its sparkles died in the waters, sprang to meet them!

No mortal hand made her grave; none marked the spot; the waters alone sang her requiem; but near there grows a rose-tree whose blossoms are unlike the summer growth of flowers; each rose is pale and drooping, as though its only dew were tears. Still, on that sky-lyre is there a vacant place; still, a chord mute; for low and deep in the bosom of the clear fountain rests the warm, trusting heart of the lovely Pleiad, who there sought to hide her terrible wo, when, too late, she learned that

"Love is of heavenly birth,
But turns to death on touching earth."

☞ A man named Turner, was lately found lying asleep at midnight on the railway at Writtle in England. He was of course roused and rescued. Such persons should remember that the trains pass over all the "sleepers" upon the line.

LAST MAN OF THE TEA PARTY.

The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, from the press of Harper & Brothers, gives a sketch of Mr. David Kennison, said to be the only survivor of the famous "Tea Party," in his 115th year.

David Kennison was born the 17th of November, 1736, in Old Kingston, near Portsmouth, province of Maine. Soon afterward his parents removed to Brentwood, and thence in a few years to Lebanon, (Maine,) at which place he followed the business of farming until the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He is descended from a long lived race. His great-grandfather, who came from England at an early day, and settled in Maine, lived to a very advanced age; his grandfather attained the age of one hundred and twelve years and ten days; his father died at the age of one hundred and three years and nine months; his mother died while he was young.

He has had four wives, neither of whom is now living; he had four children by his first wife and eighteen by his second; none by the last two. He was taught to read after he was sixty years of age, by his grandaughter, and learned to sign his name while a soldier of the Revolution, which is all the writing he has ever accomplished.

He was one of seventeen inhabitants of Lebanon who, sometime previous to the "Tea Party," formed a club which held secret meetings to deliberate upon the grievances offered by the mother country. These meetings were held at the tavern of one Colonel Gooding, in a private room hired for the occasion. The landlord, though a true American, was not enlightened as to the object of their meeting.—Similar clubs were formed in Philadelphia, Boston, and the towns around. With these the Lebanon Club kept up a correspondence. They (the Lebanon Club) determined, whether assisted or not, to destroy the tea at all hazards. They repaired to Boston, where they were joined by others; and twenty-four, disguised as Indians, hastened on board, twelve armed with muskets and bayonets, the rest with tomahawks and clubs, having first agreed that whatever might be the result, to stand by each other to the last, and that the first man who faltered should be knocked in the head and thrown over with the tea. They expected to have a fight, and did not doubt that an effort would be made for their arrest. "But," (in the language of the old man) "we cared no more for our lives than three straws, and determined to throw the tea overboard. We were all captains, and every one commanded himself." They pledged themselves in no event, while it should be dangerous to do so, to reveal the names of the party—a pledge which was faithfully observed until the war of the Revolution was brought to a successful issue.

Mr. Kennison was in active service during the whole war, only returning home once from the time of the destruction of the tea until peace had been declared. He participated in the affair at Lexington, and, with his father and two brothers, was at the battle of Bunker Hill, all four escaping unhurt. He was within a few feet of Warren when that officer fell. He was also engaged in the siege of Boston; the battles of Long Island, White Plains, and Fort Montgomery; skirmishes on Staten Island; the battles of Stillwater, Red Bank, and Germantown; and, lastly, in a skirmish at Saratoga Springs, in which his company (scouts) were surrounded and captured by about 300 Mohawk Indians. He remained a prisoner with them one year and seven months, about the end of which peace was declared. After the war he settled in Danville, Vermont, and engaged in his old occupation of farming. He resided there eight years: and then removed to Wells, in the State of Maine, where he remained until the commencement of the last war with Great Britain. He was in service during the whole of that war, and was in the battles of Sackett's Harbor and Williamsburg. In the latter conflict he was badly wounded in the hand by a grape-shot, the only injury which he received in all his engagements.

Since the war he has lived at Lyme and at Sackett's Harbor, New York. At Lyme, while engaged in felling a tree, he was struck down by a limb, which fractured his skull and broke his collar bone and two of his ribs. While attending a "training" at Sackett's Harbor, one of the cannon, having been loaded (as he says) with "rotton wood," was discharged. The contents struck the end of a rail close by him with such force as to carry it round, breaking and badly shattering both his legs midway between his ancle and knees. He was confined a long time by his wound, and, when able again to walk, both legs had contracted permanent "fever sores." His right hip has been drawn out of joint by rheumatism. A large scar upon his forehead gives conclusive testimony of its having come in contact with the heels of a horse. In his own language, he "has been completely banged up and stove in.

When he last heard of his children there were but seven of the twenty-two living.—These were scattered abroad, from Canada to the Rocky Mountains. He has entirely lost all traces of them, and knows not that any are still living.

Nearly five years ago he went to Chicago with the family of William Mack, with whom he is now living. He is reduced to extreme poverty, and depends solely upon his pension of ninety-six dollars per annum for subsistence, most of which he pays for his board.—Occasionally he is assisted by private donations. Up to 1848 he has always made something by labor. "The last season," says my informant, "he told me he gathered one hundred bushels of corn, dug potatoes, made hay, and harvested oats. But now he finds himself too infirm for labor, though he thinks he could walk twenty miles a day by 'starting early.'"

He has evidently been a very muscular man. Although not large, his frame is one of great power. He boasts of the "strength of former years." Nine years ago, he says, he lifted a barrel of rum into a wagon with ease. His height is about five feet ten inches, with an expansive chest and broad shoulders. He walks somewhat bent, but with as much vigor as many almost half a century younger. His eye is usually dim, but, when excited by the recollections of his past eventful life, it twinkles and rolls in its socket with remarkable activity.—His memory of recent events is not retentive, while the stirring scenes through which he passed in his youth appear to be mapped out upon his mind in unfading colors. He is fond of martial music. The drum and fife of the recruiting service, he says, "daily put new life into him." "In fact," he says, "it's the sweetest music in the world. There's some sense in the drum and fife, and bugle, but these pianos and other such trash I can't stand it."

Many years ago he was troubled with a partial deafness; his sight also failed him somewhat, and he was compelled to use glasses.—Of late years both hearing and sight have returned to him as perfectly as he ever possessed them. He is playful and cheerful in his disposition. "I have seen him," says my informant, "for hours upon the side-walk with the little children, entering with uncommon zest into their childish pastimes. He relishes a joke, and often indulges in 'cracking one himself.'"

At a public meeting, in the summer of '48, of those opposed to the extension of slavery, Mr. Kennison addressed the audience with marked effect. He declared that he fought for the freedom of all, that freedom ought to be given to the "black boys," and closed by exhorting the audience to do all in their power to abolish slavery.

LIFE'S LAST HOURS.—Life's last hours are grand testing hours. Death tries all our principles, and lays bare all our foundations. Vast numbers have been found to act the hypocrite in life, who were forced to be honest in the hour of death. What atheists have owned their madness, what infidels have denounced their principles, what worldlings have bewailed their folly, when death approached.—Misgivings of heart that have been kept secret through life, have come out in death; and many who seemed all fair and right for glory, have had to declare that they had only been self-deceived. It has been said, "Men may dissemble through life, but none ever dissemble in death," hence the value of dying testimonies. We gather the last words, the last acts, the last experiences; and we treasure them as the indubitable evidences in favor of, or against the character of those that were their subjects. None have ever impugned their value as tests of character, and all have felt their force.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—In an article contributed by H. T. Tuckerman to the last number of Graham's Magazine, we find the following anecdote of Washington, which we have never before seen in print:

"It is said that at a convivial party to which Washington was invited, his remarkable traits were the subject of earnest discussion among the company; and it was insisted that no one however intimate, would dare to take a liberty with him. In a foolish moment of elation Gouverneur Morris accepted a bet that he would venture upon the experiment. Accordingly, just before dinner was announced, as the guests stood in a group by the fire, he induced a somewhat lively chat, and in the midst of it, apparently from a casual impulse, clapped Washington familiarly on the shoulder.—The latter turned and gave him a look of such mild and dignified, and yet grieved surprise, that even the self-possession of his friend deserted him. He shrunk from that gaze of astonishment at his forgetfulness of respect, and the mirth of the company was instantly awed into silence."

A SISTER'S LOVE.—There is something inexpressibly touching in a sister's love. Her heart is a realm of pure and unearthly affections, and happy should that brother be to whom she clings through the changing scenes of the blighting world. She has been his companion in childhood, she has watched the development of his mind and person, she has admonished him when wrong, and smiled upon his triumphs—she has peopled his mind with the rare and beautiful treasures of her own, she has taught him those virtues which will render him a useful member to society, prepare him for death, and embalm his memory when he has passed away. Sooner can you bind the free wind than seal up the springs of such mysterious affections. They will flow on, and the desert and cave cannot resist their progress. And as sorrow and misfortune strip from life its charms and dreams, there is one recollection that will come like music to a brother's heart—that will thrill upon its darkened and troubled depths with a strange yet sweet melody, and bring up scenes of home and childhood; long unremembered by him.—It is the recollection of a sister's love.

☞ "You are great in figures, ain't you" said a *Massachusetts* Yankee to *Master* Stafford, the young Vermont mathematician. Well I *reckon*," said the juvenile Vermonter.

MR. SANDERSON'S SPEECH.

In the Senate, on his amendment to the Tariff Resolutions, delivered Feb. 6, 1851.

Mr. Speaker:—I was in hopes that some one, before this, would have given us a reason for introducing this subject for legislation, and that our attention would have been called to the important public exigency, which demands the interference of this Legislature. I am ready and willing to obey the will of the people, expressed in the usual or any other way; but it ought to be expressed in some form, when legislation of this kind is asked for.—Now sir, what great crisis is upon us? The farmer is quiet, contented and prosperous at his toil; the mechanic and artisan are happy in their workshops; the laborer receives worthily for his hire, and our commerce is reaping golden harvests upon every sea; from whence then comes the voice, praying that the Legislative business of this great Commonwealth be suspended? I have not seen even a petition lying on our desks, or heard one presented. My attention has not yet been called to the first public meeting, making a demonstration on the subject. The people have not moved in this matter, even in their primary meetings; no conventions have passed resolutions calling our attention to the subject; although many have been lately held; it is not because this subject, if legislation was desired, is not of importance to the people. Sir, it is of vital interest to them; none that engages their attention, is more so. It is a question not only involving great principles, but materially affecting their interests, and the great interest of the country. It is a question with them of taxes, of dollars and cents; it reaches their pockets, it affects the reward of labor; then why are they pursuing silently the even tenor of their way? is there not a rebuke in the response? Sir, they are contented with the tariff as it now is, and yet the anxiety manifested from certain quarters on this floor, for this kind of legislation at this time, is not without an explanation. Presidents are to be made, or unmade; and certain politicians are the guardians of the destiny of certain men.—1852 is approaching, and who shall hold the most trumps then, may not be altogether foreign to this interference on the Legislature.—Some men have committed themselves on this great question, and cannot very well recede; they would like to be sustained by a vote here; and then sir, political capital is to be made out of it in another quarter; the only quarter outside of this Senate Chamber from whence a wish or request has been expressed, for legislative action on this subject. I allude to the Executive Message. In that, not only is there a special request made, but some wholesome reproof administered on the preceding Legislature, for omitting to have done its duty.—Now sir, I was not a member of that Legislature, had I been, something would have been required of me at this time, in my own behalf. It is true, that the Executive may recommend to the consideration of the Legislature, such measures as he shall judge expedient: I was not aware however that resolutions of instructions were enumerated among those measures, or that there is any precedent for it; but there is sir, a great crisis at hand, it is to come off in 1852, and this seems at least, a very favorable time to get Pennsylvania into a fix, so that she will be as unserviceable to the Democracy then, as she was in 1848.

I am willing and desirous to postpone this whole subject, and have so voted, but the opposition, who no doubt take pride and pleasure in furthering the wishes of the Executive, have voted and decided otherwise. The original resolutions honestly and openly declare the true doctrine of the whigs, who will be satisfied with nothing less than protection. By these resolutions the general government is recognized as a dispenser of bounties to certain classes. The amendment of the Senator from Berks, had embraced in it a feature which rendered the tariff of 1828 and 1842 odious.—I allude to specific duties, or bounties, for they are the same thing. In some particulars the amendment was preferable to the original resolutions; it has one section, the first, to which I had no objection. On this ground, and this alone, it being the least obnoxious, I voted for the amendment knowing too, that it would be voted down. The amendment of the Senator from Berks, could not under any circumstances have received my vote, if it therefore could have been carried.

Sir, I do not enter upon the discussion of this subject, with the expectation of affecting a change in the mind of any Senator on this floor. I have been notified by those around me that it is no use whatever to debate this question; and sir, if those sentiments had not come from those of this Senate with whom, politically I am called upon to associate, I would not have attached any importance to it. But I understand that among them are Senators, who are to give their support to resolutions which have been introduced into this body and which are in direct antagonism to those great principles which have ever distinguished one great party of the Union from the other. And sir, I do not use the term party in connection with this subject, in a limited sense intending thereby to be bound by the action of partisans accidentally meeting, and associating in a legislative capacity, or to any subordinate organization. The question is national and vital to the interests of the whole country. It is the position of one party and the other of the nation that I refer to. It will not do to direct me to the action of a portion of the Democracy of this or any other state, upon this or any other great national question; my answer is, that there has ever been as there is now, this difference between the two great parties; while one has been persevering in its efforts to secure a tariff exclusively for revenue, the other has been equally zealous for a tariff for protection. And in my opinion, when any portion of the Democratic party abandons a tariff for revenue they abandon a settled principle of Democracy.

Parties may occasionally deviate from the course marked out by them, in their early organization, but the distinctive features of each, are the same now as then, and each are endeavoring to establish the administration of the government, both state and national, upon principles antagonistic to each. The opposition however, are ingenious enough, not to always lag behind in the advancing spirit and progress of the age, and therefore often spread their sails to catch the breeze; but it is remarkable sir, as well as anomalous, that many are found occasionally to leave us and take passage in the other boat, who at the same time are depending on our chart to guide the nation to its destiny. The progress of sound principles has in this way found its worst enemies in the house of its friends. There has ever been, especially on the part of the Democracy of a portion of Pennsylvania, not only a reluctance to take a stand on the side of right, on all great national questions, involving principles dear to the liberties of the people, but in some instances have absolutely abandoned them, and surrendered unconditionally to the opposition. And in every instance sir, as their boat began to sink, would they desert it to the fate of others on board, and then come to look on our chart, and conclude to keep on the voyage with us. The practical effect of which has been, to encourage and strengthen those, into whose hands they pretend they would not have the government fall, under any circumstances. Sir, permit me to refer to periods in the history of the Legislature of this Commonwealth, on several questions of vital importance, when too, the Democratic party had large majorities in both branches. They are monuments of the folly of some men, and stand out like beacon lights to warn us of the rocks on which others were wrecked. Their warning may be of service at this time in preventing similar sacrifice of principle.

The Legislature of this State was in session in 1832, and 3, when the country was suffering by the wrongs inflicted on it by the tariff of 1828, properly called "the tariff of abominations," and at which time, Congress had under consideration its repeal. The federal party of that day clung with desperation to their bantling of 1828, with all its unjust and oppressive features. The Democratic party had a majority in both branches of the Legislature, but sir, instead of meeting with firmness that crisis, and crushing the strides then making to impoverish one class for the wealth of the other; instead of giving their influence in favor of liberal principles in that struggle, instead of rebuking the grasping demands of capital to forge new fetters on labor, it would almost seem as if they strove among themselves for the highest seat in the enemies camp. With great unanimity sir, that Legislature passed joint resolutions of instructions on the tariff, not much unlike in effect those expected to be carried here. Never were great principles more tamely surrendered, principles on which labor depended for its reward.

It is proper and due to certain gentlemen of that Legislature to say that they not only did not vote for these resolutions but nobly resisted them. A reference to the journal will show the protest of nine democrats, standing alone, refusing to bow the knee to the monied aristocracy of the country. Among these I refer with pride to the late Hon. Samuel W. Morris, who then represented the district which I have the honor in part to represent. That protest it is true, repudiates the assumption by the Legislature to control to any extent the action of Congress upon the ground that its members understand fully the interests of their constituency, and could take care of it. Sir, I believe there are periods when it is both right and proper for a state legislature to make known its wishes to the delegation of that state in Congress. But it is only on some great public exigency, affecting imminently the interests of the country, and concerning which the people may not have been correctly understood. At such junctures Congress is relieved from misapprehension by obeying instructions.

A fierce struggle then agitated the country. The protectionists spread panic everywhere; and predicted then, as they ever do, terrible forebodings; they would not have their bantling tariff of 1828 disturbed. And here, sir, I desire to call the attention of the Senate to an important fact, that distinguished this struggle; one which it will be seen has distinguished every period similar; and, therefore, ought to be an admonition to those who are now attempting to confer bounties on capital at the expense of labor. It is this, that in this instance and every other, the people have manifested gradually a deeper repugnance to this kind of class legislation, and have as gradually demanded concessions in their favor. The tariff of 1828 gave way to the tariff of 1832; by which in ten years, all duties were to be reduced to an uniform rate of 20 per cent. It was asserted that the protection afforded by the compromise act during that period, would permanently establish the manufactures of this country, so that afterwards they could successfully compete with foreign productions.—But when by its limitation, the protective features of this bill had passed away, the country was visited with another panic. Manufactures