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SELECT POETRY.

THE DREAMER.

[The following remarkable lines are form a volume of "Poems by a Seamstress," and are said to be truly the productions of a poor English Girl. They are indeed beautiful, and, under the circumstances, thoroughly and thoughtfully appropriate:]

Not in the laughing bowers,
Where, by green twining elms, a pleasant shade
At Summer's noon is made;
And where swift-footed hours
Steal the rich breath of the enamored flowers,
Dream I. Nor where the golden glories be,
At sunset, laving o'er the flowing sea;
And to pure eyes the faculty is given
To trace a smooth ascent from Earth to Heaven.

Not on the couch of ease,
With all the appliance of joy at hand—
Soft light, sweet fragrance, beauty at command:
Viands that might a god-like palate please,
And Music's soul-creative ecstacies,
Dream I. Nor gloating o'er a wild estate,
Till the full, self-complacent heart elate,
Well satisfied with bliss of mortal birth,
Sighs for an immortality on Earth.

But where the incessant din
Of iron hands, and roars of brazen throats,
Join their unmingled notes,
While the long Summer day is pouring in,
Till day is gone, and darkness does begin,
Dream I—as in the corner where I lie,
On wintry nights, just covered from the sky.
Such is my fate—and, barren through it seem,
Yet, thou blind, soulless scorner, yet I dream!

And, yet I dream——
Dream what, were men more just, I might have been
How strong, how fair, how kindly and serene
Glowing of heart, and glorious of mien,
The conscious Crown to Nature's blissful scene;
In just and equal brotherhood to glean,
With all mankind, exhaustless pleasure keen
Such is my dream.

And yet, I dream——
I, the despised of fortune, lift mine eye,
Bright with the lustre of integrity,
In unappealing wretchedness, on high,
And the last rage of Destiny defy;
Resolved alone to live—alone to die,
Nor swell the tide of human misery.

And yet I dream——
Dream of a sleep, where dreams no more shall come,
My last, my first, my only welcome home!
Rest—unbeheld since Life's beginning stage,
Sole remnant of my glorious heritage,
Unalienable, I shall find thee yet,
And in thy soft embrace, the past forget.
Thus do I dream.

A Legend.

Written for the American.

A LEGEND OF FORT AUGUSTA.

BY EFFIE.

There is a little town, hiding like a frightened bird among the mountains, just below the junction of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna.

In its summer glory, it is one of the loveliest spots in the valley; but a dreamlike repose has characterized it since its first foundation. The whispering of the wind, as it sweeps through the trees, turning the silver linings of the leaves to the light, and the murmur of the broad river gliding past, are often for hours the only sounds that break the strange stillness.

Yet each glen and hill has its legend; and every child who has gathered flowers in its cool woods, or lingered by the "Bloody Spring," in his rambles, has listened to the story of the sufferings of the earlier settlers, until the laugh upon his bright lip was hushed and his glad eye grew wild with affright.

There is a point of the mountain opposite the village, jutting out like the eyre of an eagle, well known to the lovers of the picturesque. It is free of trees, and commands an extensive view of the valley, but a mournful tragedy which occurred here gives the spot a deeper interest.

Years ago, tall trees threw their dark shadows upon the river, and the autumnal leaves mingled like the folds of a gay banner with its foam wreathes, and a Fort to protect the settlers from the incursions of the Indians stood near it, like a grim sentinel in arms. Within the fort, a little white cottage nestled liked a snow flake; from the open window, the sound of childish laughter stole, and the carol of a bird upon the nearest bough mingling with it, filled the air with melody, while a shower of blossoms had fluttered into the room and lay like clusters of rubies upon the carpet.

Two boys sat in the centre of the apartment amid a pile of cushions, the youngest in his pale spiritual loveliness seemed a beautiful statue, the long lashes rested upon cheeks colorless as marble, his arms were wound around the neck of a noble greyhound, and his long fair hair falling in a sunny cloud over his dark tunic, twined like a crown round the head of the sleeping dog. The eldest sat in the full glare of the light, his small hands waving to and fro in the sunbeams, while a low musical laugh trembled on parted lips.

A tall pale woman sat near the small rose-wreathed window, her brown hair smoothly parted under her widow's cap, the garment she was fashioning had fallen from her hands, and her eyes grew bright with tears as she kept her loving vigil over her beautiful children.

They were grouped thus when a young girl timidly entered the room, and kneeling by the boys, wound her arm around them, hiding her face among their curls, as if to conceal from her Mother's gaze the troubled light that gleamed in her glorious dark eyes, and the crimson flush on her round cheeks. Months before a handsome, but depraved, man had been added to the garrison of the Fort, and attracted by the extreme beauty of Sybel Gray, he had left no art untried to win her love. Immured like a vestal nun in the gloomy fort, she soon learned to listen for the music of his footsteps, to tremble when his whispered words fell as a spell upon her, and though the prudent Mother fathoming at once his character, had forbidden all intercourse with the handsome stranger, not a day passed, as the last gleam of sunset trembled on the hills, that her daughter failed to seek shadow of an old chesnut tree below the Fort, which they had chosen for their meeting place.

That afternoon, ere she sought her Mother's presence, with the consciousness of guilt pressing down her pure eyelids, she had consented to leave forever the quiet nook which had sheltered her childhood, with one who had fled from his native land to the wilds of America to escape the gallows, and who, now grown weary of the monotonous life of the fort had resolved to escape with his fair victim. The utmost secrecy was necessary; Sybel had grown to girlhood the idol of the garrison, a gleam of sunshine illuming their rude home, and the roughest among them would have periled life to shield her from harm.

Long after the moonlight cast broad bars of silver-light over the little cottage, Mrs. Gray strove to free the spirit of her child from the unholy influences that were shadowing it; and, though, Sybel's face grew pallid with agony, the tears lay like crushed pearls beneath her long lashes, and the small hands trembled like the wings of a wounded bird, she had promised to silence forever, the love which was even then murmuring like fairy bells in every recess of her throbbing heart—having pressed her good-night kiss upon her mother's forehead she sought her chamber.

The cool night air toyed with the light curtains which shaded the window seats, gleams of pale light fell over the antique chairs and the little bed with its pure white drapery, here falling on her knees the weeping girl prayed for strength to resist temptation.

Long and fervently her soft voice arose until the bowed head was raised and the tearful eyes glowed with holy fervor; but even while she prayed, a low warble like the faintest trill of bird music, arrested the pleading words upon her lips, and spread a bright glow over her pale face and neck. One moment of irresolution, one short struggle with the thronging memories of childhood that pressed like a chain upon her, and she had thrown a cloak around her slight form, glided like a spirit down the narrow staircase, and stood for the last time upon the threshold, gazing upon the peaceful home of her childhood.

The branches of the old trees waved to and fro in the dim light, the breeze parting her clustering hair, swept off in dirge-like tones through the arcades of the forest, a rose tree clung to the lattice near her, and its pale leaves fell like a coronal of pearls around her head. What a train of sweet emotions those fair petals awaken! how often had she twined its buds amid her tresses, or wound them in garlands round her baby brothers, and laying her hand upon the slight latch, she would have stolen to her Mother's bosom, when her lover's signal again trembled on the air, and emerging from the shadow of the wall, he gathered back the long curls that shadowed her like a pall and bore her stealthily to the river's edge.

A little boat rose and fell like a wild bird with the waves and placing the trembling girl in it they were soon afloat on the broad river. Sybel sat watching the wake of the light bark which seemed, as the moonlight fell upon it like a chain of brilliants, and, as it lengthened and the fort became indistinct in the distance, self reproach started up, like a hideous spectre, in her hitherto happy heart, but the prow of the boat striking against the opposite bank, warned her that repentance came too late, and changed for a time the current of her thoughts.

They had gained the rock before mentioned and found one awaiting them, whom for the time was invested with the dignity of chaplain. It was a strange bridal for one so gentle. A torch held by the bridegroom to enable the clergyman to read the service, with which even to the unsuspecting Sybel he appeared strangely unfamiliar, threw fitful gleams of light over the trees behind them, and a bird they had startled, fluttered round uttering mournful cries.

Yet the voice of the maiden was clear and firm as she repeated the beautiful marriage service, and confiding happy light tremble in her downcast eyes, when a slight crash drew their attention to the trees behind them, where they saw a hundred savage eyes gleaming upon them from among the leaves, and a score of tomahawks flashed like circles of flame around their heads.

When Sybel awoke from the death-like swoon into which terror had thrown her, the sun was brightening the tops of the forest trees, the twittering of birds, and the sound of falling waters mingled their light harmony, dusky forms were gliding around, and a beautiful Indian girl was bathing her temples, and chafing her cold hands. She was a captive of the Delawares, and the scalp of her lover hung as a trophy at the lodge of the chief. Days and months passed wearily away, and under the vigilance of her watchful keepers escape was impossible. Gradually the mournful light in her dark eyes grew wild like the gleam in the fierce eyes of a caged eagle, the flush on her sunken cheeks rivaled the hue in the heart of a wild rose, and her mind became shattered by the anguish which was pressing out her young life.

She would sit for hours in the deepest shade of the thick trees, twining flowers in her neglected hair, and chanting plaintive songs, or conversing in low thrilling whispers with the spirits she immagined surrounded her.

Years glided away, the old fort had been torn down, the cottage it sheltered surrounded by a neat paling, Mrs. Gray slept in the quiet grave yard, whose white stones could be seen from the cottage door, and the slight delicate boys had grown to vigorous manhood.

One clear bright morning, a party of hunters toiling up the mountain, chanced to rest on a rock which projected boldly from its summit, the stoutest heart grew faint at the mournful scene before them, the slight form of Sybel Gray lay at their feet between two skeletons, the thin spiritual face upturned, the small mocasined feet torn and bleeding from long travel, and the faded hair braided with pale flowers as if for a bridal.

Sunbury, March, 1850.

A Select Tale.

THE DANDIES REBUKED; or, THE OLD SURTOUT.

I had taken a place on the top of one of the coaches which run between Edinburg and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the highlands of Scotland. As we rattled along Prince street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first order, dressed in white great-coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which they puffed away with a marvellous complacency.

Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of the youthful mourner and her babe indicated that they belonged to the lower class of society; and although the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably, at such times, cast upon her child, seemed to touch even them and to disarm their coarseness.

On the other side of the widow, sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely thread-bare, but it had evidently endured more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand—so small, indeed, that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes, in all probability, were more voluminous—whether they were paid for or not, might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstophine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard, observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it in the boot, to which he immediately consented.

"Put it fairly into the centre guard," said one of the dandies.

"Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion.

"It might capsize the coach," rejoined the first; a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter; but of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

While we were changing horses at the little town of Uphall, an aged beggar approached and held out his hat for alms.—The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence, and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half-crown in the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other.

"Showing off, Jack," said one.

"Ay, ay, successful at our last benefit, you know; rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse laugh.

At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout, surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of wheather, inquired of the guard if the coach was quite full. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her that from every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak.

"It will protect you so far, sir," said he, "and, at all events, it will protect the baby."

The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that for the sake of her child she would be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer for the want of it himself.

He answered her that he should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather.

"His surtout won't spoil," said one of the dandies, in a voice of affected tenderness, "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both."

The young gentlemen, turning quickly around, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget:

"I am not naturally quarrelsome, sir; but it is quite possible you may provoke me too far."

Both the exquisites turned as pale as death—shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance; and they scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime, the young gentleman, with the same politeness and delicacy, as if he had been assisting a lady of qu[illegible] with her shawl, proceeded to wrap t[illegible] baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this, when a heavy shower of rain, mingled with hail, commenced.—Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelope and protect my head. I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he reluctantly accepted; but held it, as I remarked, in a manner better calculated to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craig's Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain ceased, and the young gentleman, politely returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung it on the railing to dry.—Then turning to the young widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment, and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows:

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles farther, sir. I leave the coach about six miles on the other side of Airdrie."

"Do your friends dwell hereabouts?"

"Yes sir; they do. I am on the way to my father's house."

"To your father's?"

"Yes, sir," said the poor woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes and sobbing audibly; "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labor for us; but he is himself in poverty—a day-laborer on the estate of the Earl of H——."

At the mention of this nobleman's name the young gentleman coloured a little; but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature.

"What is your father's name?" said he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate, so far as this world is concerned, you know something of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"Oh, yes! I bless God, that through a pious parent's care, I know something of the power of Divine grace, and the consolations of the Gospel. My husband, too, though a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does, indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and my own delicate health, are frequently too much for my feeble faith."

"Trust in God, and he will provide for you; be assured he will."

By this time the coach was again in motion; and though the conversation continued for some time, the noise of the wheels prevented me from hearing it distinctly. I could see the dandies, however, exchange looks with one another; and at one time the more forward of the two whispered something to his companion, in which the words "Methodist parson" alone were audible.

"At Airdrie nothing particular occurred: when we got about half way between that town and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross-road, where the widow expressed a wish to be set down. The young gentleman, therefore, desired the driver to stop, and springing himself from the coach, took the infant in his arms, and then, along with the guard, assisted her to descend.

"May God reward you," said she, as he returned the baby to her, "for your kindness to the widow and fatherless this day."

"And may he bless you," replied he, "with all spiritual consolation in Christ Jesus!"

So saying, he slipped something into her hand; the widow opened it instinctively. I saw two sovereigns glitter on her palm; she dropped a tear upon the money, and turned to look at her benefactor; but he had already resumed his seat upon the coach. She cast upon him an eloquent and grateful look—pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom and walked hurriedly away.

No other passengers wishing to alight at the same place, we were soon again in rapid motion towards the great emporium of the west of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast; and, if I might judge by the expression of his countenance, was evidently revolving some scheme of benevolence in his mind. The dandies regarded him with amazement.—They also had seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and seemed to suspect that there was more under that shabby surtout than their "poppy brains" could easily conjecture. That they were wrong, was speedily made manifest.

When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the Inn at which our conveyance was to stop, an open travelling carriage, drawn by four horses, drove up in an opposite direction. The elegance of this equipage made the dandies spring to their feet.—"What beautiful greys!" cried one; "I wonder who they can belong to?"

"He is a happy fellow, any how," replied the other. "I would give half of Yorkshire to call them mine."

The stage-coach and the travelling carriage stopped at the Buck's Head at the same moment, and a footman in laced livery, springing from behind the latter, looked first inside, and then at the top of the former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of respectful recognition:

"Are you all well at the castle, Robert?"

"All well, my lord," replied the footman.

At the sound of that monosyllable, the faces of the exquisites became visibly elongated; but without taking the smallest notice of them or their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me good morning, and descending from the coach, caused the footman to place his cloak and despised portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped into it himself, and the footman getting up behind, the coachman touched the leader very slightly with his whip, the equipage, and its noble owner were soon out of sight.

"Pray, what nobleman is that?" said one of the dandies to the landlord, as we entered the Inn.

"The Earl of H——, sir," replied the landlord; "one of the best men, as well as the richest in Scotland."

"The Earl of H——!" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion; "what asses we have been! There's an end of all chance of being allowed to shoot on his estate."

"Oh, yes! we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silently and crest-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartment.

Washington News.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Senate—Mr. Webster's Speech on the Slavery Question—Mr. Calhoun's Reply—House—The Report of the Patent Office—Mr. Hilliard's Personal Explanation—Mr. Stanly's Reply—Mr. Stevens—Mr. Stanton, &c.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1850.

As soon as the doors were opened this morning, the ladies filled every available position on the floor of the Chamber, and every avenue leading thereto was crowded with anxious aspirants for similiar favors.

The Vice President stated the first business before the Senate to be Mr. Clay's compromise resolutions, on which Mr. Walker had the floor.

Mr. Walker briefly stated that the vast assembly which filled the Senate Chamber had come to hear the Senator from Massachusetts and stated that he would cheerfully give way to Mr. Webster.

Mr. Webster rose and after expressing his obligations to Mr. Walker and to Mr. Seward for having yielded the floor to him, proceeded to address the Senate. He rose, he said, not as a Southern man or a Northern man, but as an American. He hoped to discharge his duty with fidelity, and with the trust, that the storm which was now raging in the land would be lulled. He spoke for the preservation of the Union—with an anxious heart for the restoration of that quiet and harmony so necessary to the prosperity and happiness of the country. These were his objects, and if he could do ever so little for them, his end would be accomplished.

He proceeded to consider the events which had led to the present difficulties, commencing with a relation of the war with Mexico—its battles, triumphs and results, the principal one of which was the acquisition of vast territories. Prior to the negotiations for peace the people of California, assisted, perhaps, by officers and citizens of the United States, revolted against the Government of Mexico, and ran up an independent flag. The result was that a tide of emigration set towards San Francisco from every country of the world. The rich and apparently inexhaustible gold mines of California were subsequently discovered, and this new wonder had increased to a wonderful degree the emigration to those distant shores.

He referred, next, to the failure of Congress to provide a territorial government for the people of this new territory, and said that under this state of things, those people had taken measures to establish a local government had selected Senators and Representatives, and sent them here, with their Constitution, to ask an immediate admission into the Union. This constitution, thus adopted, and now presented here, contained a clause prohibiting slavery in the new State, which provision had given rise to the opposition now made to her admission. Whatever was believed to be the object or manner of the commencement of the war with Mexico, it would generally be conceded that it was carried on with a view to the acquisition of territory. Territory was acquired; but the natural expectation that it would be slave territory was disappointed by the action of the people of the territory themselves.

Mr. Webster then went into a historical consideration of the institution of slavery, from the earliest ages to the present time. The ancients did not justify slavery, upon the ground that the more intelligent, and therefore the stronger, were superior to the weaker. The Roman philosophers and jurists defended the institution of slavery upon the international law—arguing rightly that the conventional law of nations admitted that the captives of war, whose lives, according to the notion of that day, were at the mercy of the captors, might, in return for their lives, be made slaves for life—the children also resting upon their posterity. He also contended, by the civil law, that there might by slavery.

First, as a result of the voluntary act of an individual who sells himself into slavery.

Second, as a consequence of debt.

Third, for crime.

Bringing the matter down to the Christian era, he alluded, at some length, to the feeling in a large portion of the community, the conscientious belief, that slavery is a sin, and incompatible with Christian sentiments of brotherly kindness. He expressed his own conviction that there was an honest belief of this character. There were men in the community who, in the too hot pursuit of one duty, forget that there are many other duties which they overlook. Therefore, men who suppose that they can distinguish between right and wrong, with the certainty of an algebraic equation—who regard nothing good that is not perfect—or if they see a spot upon the sun, consider that a reason for striking the sun from heaven. There were men too impatient to wait for the slow and gradual working of great moral causes. They forget that the miracles of Christ, in eighteen hundred years, have converted but a small portion of the world. It was this state of feeling which had done much toward creating the present difficulty. What was the feeling on the part of the most eminent public men in relation to the institution of slavery? It was formerly denounced throughout the country—not as cruel and inhuman—but as a political evil—injuriously substituting slave for free labor, and consequently the most eminent public men commented with great acerbity upon the conduct of the mother country, who to favor the navigator, inflicted the evil upon the colonies. The question in the early days of the Government was not whether slavery was an evil. That was admitted. The question was how the evil should be dealt with. It was thought that its day would be shortened by prohibiting the importation of slaves, and a proposition was introduced to prohibit such importation twenty years hence. This time was objected to by Mr. Madison, among other prominent Southern men, as being too long. He feared, as he said, too much of this evil might be introduced if so much opportunity was allowed. It would be observed that the word "slavery" was not made us of in the constitution—perhaps in consequence of the wish expressed by Mr. Madison, that he did not want to see the institution of slavery recognized in the constitution.

Mr. Webster thought that there were two historical truths which must be clear to all.

First—There was an expectation, formerly that upon the suppression of the importation of slaves, slavery would begin to run out.

Second—That so far as there was any power in Congress to prevent the spread of slavery in the United States, it would use it in the most absolute and decided manner.

He alluded to the ordinance prohibiting slavery in the Northwest Territory. Mr. Calhoun had said that "this was the first of the series of measures calculated to weaken the South." He desired to say, in reply, that the ordinance was passed with the unanimous consent of the South—there being but one vote against it—and that one a representative from the North. Since that time there had been a great change in opinion, both north and south. Slavery was not now regarded by the south as it then was. There had been a continual and growing opinion in the North against slavery, and a growing opinion in the South in its favor. Now it was considered an institution of great interest and value to her prosperity.

This state of things resulted from causes which would always produce like effects. The interests of men—the change of opinion in the South—had resulted, in a great measure, from the growth and in rease of cotton raising in the South. It was well known that in 1794, the value of cotton exported from the United States did not exceed fifty thousand dollars; while now, under favorable circumstances, its value was, perhaps, one hundred millions of dollars per annum. In those days there were more of wax, indigo, and almost anything else exported from the South than cotton.

Indeed, he was told, that when Jefferson negotiated the treaty of 1794 with England, he did not know that cotton was raised in this country at all, and when the first shipment of cotton reached a port in England, and was sought to be admitted there, under the provisions of the treaty, it was objected to upon the ground that it could not be an American product, as no cotton was raised there. England would hardly say that now.—(Laughter.)

Mr. Webster replied to Mr. Calhoun's objection, that the operation of the Government had been against the South, and was calculated to weaken her. He contended that the contrary was the fact, so far as the legitimate effect of legislation was concerned. Indeed, much direct legislation had been adopted expressly for the benefit of the South. In support of this proposition he recurred to the voting of the admission of Louisiana and Alabama, and commented at great length upon the admission of Texas. He referred especially to the action of the Democracy of the North, in relation to Texas, and incidentally of the course pursued by the same party in the Senate. When, at the commencement of the war with Mexico, Mr. Berrien introduced a proposition in the Senate to the effect that it should not be prosecuted with a view to the acquisition of territory, this Northern Democracy failed entirely to support it; thus indicating clearly their opposition to the bringing into the country a world in the vast