THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—29. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1, 1847. NEW SERIES—NO. 19.

MEMORIES STIRRED BY THE SIGHT OF FLOWERS FROM AN OLD HOME.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Sacred to me, ye precious flowers,
Sacred ye are!
For ye have bloomed in that home of ours,
That home afar;
Where in the freshness of childhood's hours
We used to dwell;
Ye have been plucked from those leafy bowers
We loved so well;
And ye bring back the memories of other times
Like the music of old-remembered chimes.

Memories ye bring of bright days departed,
When children, we,
Full of gay hope and summer-hearted,
Deemed life to be
A world, wherein no wish was thwarted.
How false the thought,
The pangs 'neath which we since have smarted
Too soon have taught;
For each year has swept by with an autumn blast,
Bearing fallen hopes to the buried past.

Others now dwell in that cherished place;
Strange footsteps tread
The self-same paths where, in sportive chase,
So oft we've sped;
Yet of our presence remains no trace,
No single one;
The flowers laugh on in their gleaming grace,
Though we are gone;
And no memories burden the joyous wind
Of the thousand sights we left behind.

They've changed and new-modelled the aspect old
Of that loved spot;
They have made it better and fairer, I'm told;
I should love it not.
Oh, dearer to me ten thousand-fold
Its unaltered face!
And better to see it deserted and cold,
A silent place;
Where would every stone and every weed
Have a tale to tell and a cause to plead.

Where each would with touching voice recall
Some by-gone sport,
Teeming with thousand memories, all
Of joyous sort;
Of some gleesome game of hoop or ball,
Some playful strife,
Now laid aside for the sterner thrall
Of earnest life;
Whilst others reap the smiles and flowers,
Which once we deemed so fondly ours.

And he before whose glance of light
Pale Sorrow fled,
Whose soul was the home of all things bright,
Sleeps with the dead.
How many eyes did the welcome sight
Of his smile rejoice!
How many hearts listened with fond delight
To his kindly voice!
It is hushed, and those hearts beat as light as the wave
Of the grass that grows over his silent grave.

Ah! this is the bitter and desolate thought,
Death's chiefest wo,
To feel how soon we are deemed as nought
When laid below;
Forgotten by those who our presence sought
With loving hearts,
When in this pagent of honors bought
We bore our parts.
We die, and the tide of life's busy scene
Rolls onward as though we had never been!

THE PRAIRIE—GOD'S GARDEN.

God formed the world for beauty,
And hung it in the air,
Then clothed it in its loveliness,
And called it "good" and fair.
His are the burnished Heavens,
With all their orbs of light;
He gave the stars the luster
That they shed upon the night.

He made the Mighty Ocean,
Its grandeur and its grace,
And gave its mystic splendor
As a mirror for his face.
No nobler emblem hath He,
None greater, none more free,
No symbol half so touching
As the bounding Mighty Sea.

The Mountains in sublimity,
As monuments shall stand,
To teach us wondering mortals
The workship of his hand.
Upon their mighty hill-side,
Around their summit high,
His name is wrote in glory,
In power and majesty.

But oh! the blooming Prairie,
Here are God's floral bowers;
Of all that He hath made on earth
The loveliest are the flowers.
This is the Almighty's garden,
And the mountains, stars, and sea,
Are nought compared in beauty
With God's garden Prairie free.

"Few know the treasures in their own bosom—very few the elasticity and capacity of a well-regulated mind for enjoyment. The whole world of philosophers, and historians and poets, seem, to the secluded student, but to have labored for his pleasure; and as he comes to one new truth and beautiful thought after another, there answers a chord of joy, richer than music, in his heart—which spoils him for the coarser pleasures of the world. The mind is like the appetite—when healthy and well-toned, receiving pleasure from the commonest food; but becoming diseased, when pampered and neglected. Give it time to turn in upon itself, satisfy its restless thirst for knowledge, and it will give birth to health, to animal spirits, to every thing which invigorates the body, while it is advancing by every step the capacities of the soul. Oh! if the runners after pleasure would stoop down by the wayside, they might drink waters even better than those which they see only in their dreams. They will not be told that they have in their possession the golden key which they covet; they will not know that the music they seek to enchant them, is sleeping in their untouched instruments; that the lamp which they ask from the enchanter, is burning within their own bosoms!"—*Willis.*

A STRANGE CASE.—The Boston Traveller says:—"A young girl has lately been brought to this city for the benefit of eminent medical treatment, who has been suffering for several years with a strange infirmity. It is a noise in the throat, loud and distinct, and sounds like the striking of two metals together, or castanets used by boys in the street. The noise is without intermission, save perhaps for a few minutes occasionally. As yet the cause of the noise has not been ascertained, or any means found to abate the disorder, which so far has been on a gradual increase. It is totally distinct from the motion of the lungs, while breathing, and altogether is one of those cases which are beyond the ken of human wisdom."

The death of Simeon Hays, a famous police officer in Baltimore, was announced last week.

THE SLAVE.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

In the pleasant and fertile island of Martinique there lived, about thirty years ago, a rich planter named Monsieur Haima.—Possessed of a princely fortune, gifted with a polished address, and a mild and friendly character, he was one of the most popular and influential colonists on the island.—His plantations were numerous and flourishing, and he was the master of many hundred slaves, whom he usually treated with humanity and gentleness.

To one of these he accorded the most implicit confidence. Antoine was a slave in nothing but the name. He had but to express a wish, and it was gratified. His master made him general overseer of his property and manager of his affairs, and Antoine might be seen mounted on a superb charger, with silver bit and spurs, the adopted son, it seemed, rather than the servant of the opulent planter.

Monsieur Haima's possessions consisted, besides his landed property and slaves, in large droves of mules and numerous herds of oxen. He had been for a long period fortunate in his stock, which increased year by year. At last, a mortality appeared among his mules, and he lost a considerable number both of these and of oxen. A few of his negroes, too, died suddenly, and the nature of the disease which carried them off did not appear to be understood.

The next year the mortality continued, apparently with increasing virulence.—The negroes died in number, and, among the rest, the parents and relations of Antonie felt victims to an unknown disorder. The ablest physicians on the island were consulted, and several of them gave it as their opinion that the mortality was caused by poison.

The third year it raged to a frightful extent. Men, women and children, as well cattle of every kind, died daily, until this mysterious calamity seemed to threaten M. Haima with the loss of his entire property. The symptoms of poison were now too evident to be mistaken; but who could have conceived and executed so frightful a revenge remained unknown and unsuspected.

M. Haima had always lived on the most friendly terms with his neighbors; scarcely any man had fewer enemies than he, and no one could imagine the cause of an animosity so persevereing and fatal.

One day, when the mortality was at its height, several friends of M. Haima called to consult and condole with him. "Let me advise you," said one of them, "to apply to the sorceress who lives at the foot of the mountains."

"What!" said Haima, in surprise, "old Catiche? You suspect do not me of lending credit to the foolish stories, which are circulated and believed by the slaves, of her supernatural powers?"

"By no means. But a character like hers is seldom acquired without some foundation. Do not imagine that I give her more credit than yourself for powers of witchcraft. But for shrewdness and sagacity, I do give her credit. By her spies, or otherwise, she obtains information regarding the most secret doings of her neighbors; scarce a whisper can be spoken, but it comes to her ears; and if any one can inform you who is your secret enemy, it is old Catiche."

Haima recurred to his friend's advice.—"I shall be a beggar," thought he, "if this mysterious mortality continues much longer. And, after all, a wise man may profit even by the superstition of fools. At all events, I cannot loose much by the trial." So he mounted his horse and rode, unattended, to the hut of the sorceress.

She sat at the furthest corner, muffled in a huge blanket, and muttering unintelligibly to himself, and did not, by word or gesture, intimate her recognition of the planter as he entered. He seated himself by her, and inquired if she could throw any light on the cause of his late misfortunes.

"How should I?" returned the hag in her sharpest key. "How should a poor old creature like me know any thing of such things?"

Haima repressed his impatience, while he replied, "I do not suppose, as many do, Catiche, that you have other means of information than any one else might have, with the same acquaintance and opportunity. But you do get to know almost every thing that passes on the island."

"And if I cannot speak with spirits, why do you come to me, when you have your own eyes, and can use them as well as I can?"

The planter was little accustomed to be teased or contradicted, but this was not a moment to resent the old woman's peculiar temper. He drew a couple of gold pieces from his pocket, and as he put them in her withered hand he said, "Catiche, I have not time to argue with you. Tell me, if you can, who it is that poisons my slaves and cattle."

The old woman looked at the gold, cast a searching glance around the room, and then, approaching her lips to the planter's ear, she pronounced, in a low whisper the name of "Antoine."

"How," said Haima, out of all patience. "Him whom I have treated as a son, and loaded with benefits! You rave. What are your proofs?"

But Catiche remained obstinately silent, and not another word could the planter draw from her. So he was forced to take his leave, very little satisfied with his visit.

"As I said," was the reply to his friend's inquiry regarding his success. "The old fool knows nothing of the matter, and out of envy, or want of some one else to accuse, she lays the blame on poor Antoine. But I merited no better answer for my folly in going to consult a sorceress."

"Be advised," rejoined his friend. "Catiche is well informed regarding all that passes on our plantations, and she would not hazard such an assertion without good reason. You have unlimited confidence in Antoine, but see that it is not misplaced; he has opportunity enough, if he be so disposed, to do you this injury."

"But how should he be so disposed? I have shown him more favor than to any one else on the plantation. He has whatsoever he asks or wishes for. Interest, if not gratitude, would make him regard my welfare as his own."

"Well," said his friend, "do not trust too much to probabilities. Order Antoine to be seized; tell him that all his villany is discovered, and see how he will conduct himself."

M. Haima was exceeding loth to agree to a proposal which seemed to cast an unjust imputation on his favorite, but at last his friend's repeated representations induced him to adopt it.

Antoine was manacled and brought before him. He uttered no word of complaint, yet neither did he evince any signs of trepidation or guilt. His master already began to repent the course he had adopted; and, as he looked on Antoine's steady eye and collected demeanor, he found no little difficulty in acting the part he had so unwillingly consented to assume.

"It is you, then," at last he said, "who have been my secret enemy; who have wantonly destroyed my property, and all but effected my ruin?"

"I, Monsieur Haima?"

"Yes, you. Disguise is no longer necessary. All your plans are discovered. Everything is known to me, except the motive that could have induced one on whom I had conferred such benefits to act the serpent towards his protector and benefactor."

Antoine was silent, but a slight, scarcely perceptible, yet contemptuous curl of the upper lip, aroused his master's suspicions, and determined him to follow up the examination in a similar tone.

"I treated you with the care and confidence of a father. I distinguished you above all your companions; and you have abused my favor, repaid my kindness with the blackest treachery. You have plotted and too successfully effected a revenge such as the cruelest mind conceives against its bitterest enemy."

Antoine still remained silent, but the kindling, almost exulting expression of his eye confirmed all Haima's surmises.

"Antoine," he continued, with increasing emotion, "have I merited this at your hands? Have I given you cause for this deadly revenge? Interest, if not gratitude, might surely have secured your fidelity. What was wanting to your comfort and happiness? Say I what could you wish for that you did not possess?"

"My liberty!" said the African, in a tone of mingled pride and bitterness.

"And did I not grant you more than every thing which liberty could have afforded you?"

"I was your slave!" and Antoine drew up his tall and handsome form to its full height, and clenched the manacles that bound his hands, as if he would crush the iron chain in his grasp.

"Wretched man," said his master, as a conviction of the truth at last settled on his mind. "These, then, were your motives! But your own father and mother—your nearest relations!"

"Had I not poisoned them, I should myself have been suspected."

"Good God!" exclaimed the planter, "and this is the man I had treated as my own child, and to whom I had confided all I possess!"

"He was but a part of your property," said the slave, with a scornful smile.

"Do you feel no compunction, no remorse for the multiplied and ungrateful crimes you have committed?"

"None."

"Have I ever given you the shadow of a cause to complain of my conduct towards you?"

"Never."

Antoine was forthwith conducted to prison, tried, and executed. He died tranquilly.

Haima's fellow-planters moralized on the danger of evincing partiality to a slave, and bade their overseers double their vigilance and increase their security, while the philosopher and friend of Freedom thence deduced, with greater reason, a striking argument against slavery itself, be its form or disguise what it may.

I have not related a tale of fancy. I had the above facts from a French gentleman who resided on the island at the time they happened, who was personally acquainted with M. Haima, and who had seen the high spirited, misguided Antoine in the height of that favor and prosperity which could not weigh with him against the name of—SLAVE.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."—Howitt relates an anecdote, associated with the poem from which this famous line is so often quoted, which may not be familiar to our readers. Burns being invited to dine at a nobleman's on a certain occasion, was turned off to eat his dinner with the butler. After the repast was over, he was sent for to the dining-room, a chair placed for him at the bottom of the table, and he was called on for a song. Controlling his indignation he sang—

"Is there, for honest poverty,
Who hangs his head and a' that?
The coward, slave we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that.

"You see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
(*Pointing to the nobleman at the head of the table,*)
Who struts and stars and a' that,
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that."

As the last words issued from his lips, he rose and not deigning the company a syllable of adieu, marched out of the room and the house.

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it—at least, none who are engaged in the business pursuits of life.—Have you had a bad fellow in your employment and discharge him—he goes round and slanders you; let your conduct be such as to excite the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—he is either a milksop or a fool. No, no, earn a bad name by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove you entitled to a good one.

THE INTERIOR OF A HAREM.

"The woman made me sit down; and when I placed myself in the usual European manner, they begged me, in a deprecating tone, not to remain in that constrained position, but to put myself quite at my ease, as if I were in my house. How far I was at my ease, installed *a la Turque*, on an immense pile of cushins, I leave to be imagined by any one who ever tried to remain five minutes in that posture.

I was determined to omit nothing that should give them a high idea of my 'savoir vivre,' according to their own notions, and began by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant that the penance was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in; seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultana between almost every whiff. Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet, (the most delightful of all pleasant draughts,) were brought to me in constant succession by the two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as I lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which for my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

"My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it were to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me the most extraordinary questions—many of which I found it really hard to answer. My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked farther than from one room to another; and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought; nor do I wonder that the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls."

AN EGG HATCHING IMPOSITION.

The Rochester Advertiser tells a capital story of egg hatching by steam. While the operation was going on in Baltimore, and while hundreds were examining its wonders daily, an old lady called at the door and paid her quarter for admission. Once inside, she took the gentleman who conducted the apparatus by the button, and wanted he should tell her all about it: how the machine worked—how much it cost—where they were to be bought—and whether or not it was really a fact that the brood of little chickens running about the floor were actually hatched by steam. She then gave a detailed account of how much poultry she raised, how much money she made by it, &c., adding that the profits were "*orfully* small," and if these machines would do the thing cheaper she would buy one.

After she had made a thousand inquries the gentleman proceeded to show her the drawers wherein were deposited the eggs, in different stages of incubation. The old lady looked astonishment.

"La, me!" she exclaimed, do you use *eggs?*"

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Then," said she, "I consider this a perfect piece of imposition—a downright swindle, to pick the pockets of honest people! Why, anybody can hatch chickens with eggs. I can do it myself, and not charge nothing for the sight either."

And the old lady made her way out in a mighty *huff*, muttering to herself, "what impudence! to charge a woman two shilling to see chickens hatched out of *eggs!*"

WANT OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.—Mr. Gough, the temperance lecturer, is, it seems, not firmly established in his temperance principles. He said, in a lecture recently, that he had so little confidence in his own power to resist temptation, and so fearful lest at any time he should again fall, that no sum of money however large, no prospect of worldly advantage, would induce him to pass a night in a room, with no companion but a bottle of rum.

HARVEST WITHOUT PREVIOUS SOWING.—We find in the Schnellpost an account of a method of compelling the wheat plant to become perennial, like grass, and to perfect its grain annually, without annual sowing of seed, which has been successfully practiced at Constance, in Germany. It was discovered by a steward of an estate named Kern. His method, after plowing and manuring the land and sowing it with summer or winter wheat, is to mow it in the spring, before the ear makes its appearance. This process is repeated several times in the season, and the product is used as hay. The plant is then allowed to grow and be cut in the ordinaway. The next year it ripens earlier.

GOOD.—A youth, who, it is charitably presumed, had never "seen the elephant," recently found himself in the company of three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them. "You will rob yourself, said one of the damsels." "Not at all," replied our innocent, "*I have three or four more in my pocket!*"

POLITICAL.

Voters of Adams County,

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk recommended the REPEAL OF THE TARIF OF 1842, and approved the British Free-trade Tariff of 1846, by which American Industry must be brought into ruinous competition with foreign pauper Labor.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, by usurping powers delegated by the Constitution to Congress alone, has involved the country in an UNNECESSARY WAR, waged for the dismemberment of a sister Republic, and the propagation of American Slavery.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk gave orders to the commander of our squadron in the Gulf not to obstruct the PASSAGE OF SANTA ANNA INTO MEXICO, by which act the broken and dispirited soldiery of the enemy were furnished with a favorite and popular leader.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk exerted himself to the utmost TO DEGRADE GENS. SCOTT & TAYLOR, by repeatedly urging upon Congress the appointment of a Lieutenant General to supersede them both.

REMEMBER, that James K. Polk, by withholding the requisite supplies of men, has, throughout the entire campaign, embarrassed the operations of these officers, and forced them to engage the enemy under desperate odds.

REMEMBER, that James K. Polk's official organ, the Washington Union, recommended that the war be converted into a CRUSADE AGAINST THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION OF MEXICO, and that the temples of Religion be desecrated and pillaged, to procure means for carrying on the war.

REMEMBER, that James K. Polk, in the true spirit of black-cockade Federalism, CHARGED TREASON upon all who dared speak of these things, or call in question the merits of his administration.

REMEMBER, that James K. Polk warmly urged upon the last Congress to lay a revenue tax of 20 per cent. on TEA AND COFFEE, and that the Union fiercely denounced those members of "the party" who refused obedience to his Excellency's orders.

AND AS YOU REMEMBER THESE THINGS,

REMEMBER ALSO, that the late Locofoco County Convention, which called upon you to cast your suffrages for Mr. SHUNK, APPROVED of all these acts of Mr. POLK by adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, That the course pursued by JAMES K. POLK, during his truly trying administration, MEETS OUR MOST HEARTY APPROBATION; and that the honesty, ability and firmness he manifested in the prosecution of the present war, notwithstanding the opposition he meets with in the Federal party, eminently entitle him to the esteem and admiration of the American people.

TESTIMONY OF A DEMOCRAT AGAINST THE WAR.

[From the Pennsylvania Telegraph.]

The Locofoco journals who take their cue from the Washington Union, and other unscrupulous Locofoco organs, have attempted to manufacture capital out of the opposition expressed by many Whigs, to the War, as to its origin and commencement. The attention of these as well as the public is called to the following vindication of the opinions of the Whigs by the testimony of one of the Doctors and Fathers of the Locofoco party.

Mr. Brownson, the able editor of the "Brownson's Quarterly Review," in the July number of that "exponent of Democracy," conclusively proves that the War with Mexico is "UNCALLED FOR, IMPOLITIC AND UNJUST." Mr. Brownson is known to be one of the most powerful champions of Democracy in the Union; and as such obtained great celebrity as editor of the "Democratic Review."—He is the political friend of the President, and an adherent of the Locofoco party.—It was, therefore, certainly not to be expected that such a man, in such a position, would so completely demolish every argument advanced by Mr. Polk and his friends in support of the present war, as Mr. Brownson has done. He has thus voluntarily rendered a service to truth for which the Locofocos will never forgive him.—But let him speak for himself:

"For ourselves we have regarded the Mexican War from the first as *uncalled for, impolitic and unjust.* We have examined the documents published by order of the Government; we have read the official defence of the war in the last annual Message of the President to Congress, and with every disposition to find our own government in the right; but we are bound to say, that our original impressions have been strengthened rather than weakened. The President undoubtedly makes it clear that we have many just causes of complaint against Mexico, which at the time of their occurrence might have justified reprisals, perhaps even war, but he cannot plead these in justification of THE PRESENT WAR; for they were not the ground on which we professed to engage in it. The official announcement of the President to Congress was that war already existed between the two republics, *by the act of Mexico herself*, and whatever use we may make of *old grievances* in adjusting the terms of *peace*, we can make *no use of them in defending* THE WAR.—We can plead in its defence only the fact on which we grounded it; namely, war exists by the act of Mexico herself. But unhappily, at the time of the official announcement, WAR DID NOT EXIST between the two republics at all, for neither republic had declared war against the other. There had been a collision of their forces, but this was not war, as the people would probably have conceded, had he known or recollected the distinction between war and hostilities. By placing the war on the ground that it existed by the act of Mexico, and that ground being FALSE, he has left it wholly *indefensible*, whatever the old grievances we may have to alledge against Mexico.

"The act of Mexico in crossing the Rio Grande, and engaging our troops on territory which she had possessed and still claimed as hers, but which we asserted had, by a recent act, against which she had protested, become ours,—the act which the President chose to inform Congress and the world was war—may or may not have been a just cause for declaring war against her, but assuredly it was not war itself.—We have no intention of justifying Mexico. She may have been decidedly in the wrong; she may have had no valid title to the territory of which the President had just taken military occupation; that territory may have been rightfully ours, and it may even have been the duty of the President to occupy and defend it; but it cannot be denied that she once possessed it; that it was still a part of one of her States or provinces; that she still claimed it, and had continued to exercise jurisdiction over it, till driven from it by our army of occupation; that she invaded it with an armed force, if invasion it can be called, not as territory belonging to her; and that she attacked our troops, not for the reason that they were ours, but for the reason, as she held, —and she had as good a right to be judge in her own case as we had in ours,—that they were intruders, trespassers on her soil. The motive of her act was not war against the United States, but the expulsion of intruders from her own territory.

"No sophistry can make her act WAR —certainly not without conceding that our act in taking military possession of that territory was also *WAR*; and if that was war, then the war, if it existed at all, existed BY OUR ACT, and not by hers, for her act was consequent upon ours. The most that the President was at liberty to say, without condemning his own government, was, that there had been a collision of the forces of the two republics on a territory claimed by each; but this collision he had no right to term war, for every body knows that it takes something more than a collision of their respective forces on a disputed territory to constitue war between two civilized nations. In no possible point of view was the announcement of the President that war existed between the two republics, and existed by the act of Mexico, *correct*. IT DID NOT EXIST AT ALL; or if it did, it existed not by act of Mexico, but by *our act*. In either case, the official announcement was FALSE, and cannot be defended.

"The President may have been governed by patriotic motives; he may have felt that prompt and energetic action was required; he may have believed that in great emergencies the chief magistrate of a powerful republic, having to deal with a weak and distracted state, should rise superior to mere technical forms, and the niceties of truth and honor; but it strikes us that he would have done better, proved himself even more patriotic, and sufficiently prompt and energetic, if he had confined himself to the ordinary rules of *morality*, and the well defined principles of *international law*.—By aspiring to rise above these, and to appear original, he has placed his country in a false position, and debarred himself, whatever the just causes of war Mexico may have given us, from pleading one of them in justification of the actual war. We must be permitted to regret that he did not reflect beforehand, that, if he placed the defence of the war on the ground that it already existed by the act of Mexico herself, and on that ground demanded of Congress the means of prosecuting it, he would in case that ground proved to be untenable, as he must have known it would, have nothing whatever to alledge in its or his own jurisdiction. He should have been lawyer enough to have known that he could not plead anew, after having failed on his first issue. It is often hazardous in our pleadings to plead what is not *true*, and in doing so in the present case, the President has not only offended morality, which he may regard as a small matter, but has even committed a blunder.

"The course the President should have pursued is plain and obvious. On learning the state of things on the frontier, the critical condition of our army of occupation, he should have demanded of Congress the reinforcements and supplies necessary to relieve it and secure the purpose for which it was avowedly sent to the Rio Grande; and, if he believed proper or necessary, to have, in addition, laid before Congress a full and TRUTHFUL statement of our relations with Mexico, including all the unadjusted complaints, past and present, we had against her, accompanied by the recommendation of a declaration of war.

"He would then have kept within the limits of his duty, proved himself a plain constitutional President, and left the responsibility of war or no war to Congress, the only war-making power known to our laws. Congress, after mature deliberation, might, or might not, have declared war—most likely would not; but whether so or not, the responsibility would have rested with it, and no blame would have been attached to the President.

"Unhappily, this course did not occur to the President, or was too plain and simple to meet his approbation. As if fearful, if Congress deliberated, it might refuse to declare war, and as if DETERMINED TO HAVE WAR at any rate, he presented to Congress not the *true issue*, whether war should or should not be declared—but the FALSE ISSUE, whether Congress would grant him the means of prosecuting a war, waged against us by a foreign power. In the true issue, Congress might have hesitated—in the one actually presented there was no room to hesitate, if the official announcement of the President was to be credited, and hesitation would have been criminal. By declaring that the war already existed, and by the act of Mexico herself, the President relieved Congress of the responsibility of the war, by throwing it all on Mexico.—But since he cannot fasten it on Mexico—for war did not already exist, or if so, by our act, and not hers—it necessarily recoils upon HIMSELF, and he must bear the RESPONSIBILITY of doing what the Constitution FORBIDS him to do—of making WAR without the intervention of Congress. In effect, therefore, he has trampled the Constitution under his foot, set a dangerous precedent, and, by the official publication of a palpable FALSEHOOD, *sullied the national* HONOR.—It is with no pleasure that we speak thus of the chief magistrate of the Union, for whose elevation to his high and responsible office we ourselves voted. But whatever may be our attachment to party, or the respect we hold to be due from all good citizens to the civil magistrate, we cannot see the Constitution violated, and the national honor sacrificed, whether by friend or foe, from good motives or bad, without entering, feeble though it be, *our stern and indignant protest.*"

"The Tariff of 1842 is safe in the hands of Mr. Polk."

"Mr. Polk is a better Tariff man than Mr. Clay."

"The annexation of Texas cannot and will not endanger the peace of the country."

These were the talismanic promises which won the triumph of Polk in 1844.

Was this the answer of Truth? *Let History answer!*

☞Let the clouds that hang over the domestic industry of the country, soon to break upon the laborer and the manufacturer, tell whether Mr. Polk is a better Tariff man than Mr. Clay!

☞Let the graves of dead men, and the groans of the dying—let the tears of the widow and the forlorn condition of the orphan—tell whether Annexation was a work of Peace!

The people were *deceived:* they have been *betrayed* by those whom they have honored—basely, outrageously betrayed!

The Tariff of 1842 *is not.* Peace and its blessings, that were—*are no more!*

☞Will not those who have been thus deceived and betrayed—will they not cast off and put down those who have so grossly and shamefully imposed upon them?

[*Village Record.*

[From the North American.

THE PUBLIC WORKS.

The statement of the new Collector on the Public Works located at Pittsburg, shows that although the number of boats passed from the opening of navigation to the first of August this year is 755 less than last year up to the same period, the tonnage is 3,692 306 lbs. more, and the tolls near $10,000 more than they were during the whole of last year! What is the unavoidable inference from these facts! What but that the State, under a Locofoco Canal Board, has been plundered systematically from a quarter to half a million of dollars a year? How has the robbery been discovered and checked?—By the election of JAMES M. POWER, the Whig Canal Commissioner, whose presence at the Board compelled salutary reforms and honest returns.

Our State has witnessed strange sights of late years in the management of the public works. We have seen men go into the public employ penniless, at small salaries, and in the course of a year or two become the owners of large farms or the possessors of funds to enter largely into speculative business. We have seen employees, whose wages were set down at $1 50 or $2 50 per day, voluntarily leave their situations, and live subsequently on their means like very nabobs. We have seen the State encumbered by debt and its citizens tax-ridden, until endurance at most ceased to be a virtue, and we have seen at the same time our public works losing money when under locofoco control. But as soon as there was an infusion of Whig energy and Whig honesty given to the Canal Board, the aspects are all changed—the works become profitable, and, while the number of boats passing has decreased 25 per cent. the tonnage and tolls of the present year have already exceeded those of last year.

Will the people need prompting to apply the proper corrective, which they commenced last fall! Will they require to be told that a Whig Canal Board will prevent future frauds on the public works, when they see what has already been accomplished by the election of Mr. Power?—We think not. Give the good old commonwealth the services of POWER and PATTON as Whigs, and Mr. BURNS, who, though opposed to us politically, we believe to be an honest and conscientious public officer, and we need have no shadow of distrust concerning the payment of the State interest, and a surplus of available means towards the creation of a sinking fund for the eventful liquidation of a portion of the principal.

GOV. SHUNK'S DEMOCRACY.—The Whig Legislature of last winter passed a bill authorizing the People of the several counties to elect their Prosecuting Attornies in the same manner in which they elect the other County Officers. This mode of choosing these officers has long prevailed in Ohio and many other States and has recently been introduced into the new Constitution of Illinois.

Gov. Shunk, however, was not willing to relinquish so valuable a branch of official patronage. The power of appointing the Attorney General subjects all his Deputies to his control, and insures him the possession of a servile tool in every county. An old office holder himself, without any qualifications (of merit or service) to recommend him to the People he relies on the exertions of these official dependants to secure his re-election.

He therefore quietly pocketed the bill when it was presented to him, and thus prevented it from becoming a law as effectually as if he had *vetoed* it. But he did not dare to veto it—he would have been obliged to give his reasons for doing so! And he had not the manliness to avow, as Martin Van Buren did in the New York Convention, that "*the farther Power was removed from the People, the better!*"—He wished to secure his re-election first! Then he can apply the veto with safety. But should Gen. Irvin be elected, he will let the bill become a law simply by letting it lie in his pocket. Will the people endorse this kind of demagogueism by giving their votes to Mr. Shunk!—*Lan. Union.*