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GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends to-day a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And sheds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from Heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose—
A flower for peer or peasant born,
An everlasting rose.
A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay;
Spread gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew
That gems the lily's breast—
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threatning storm begins—
An music with the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins;
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam.
So comes the seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm—this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

For the "Star and Banner."

TO ———.

Lady, I love thee for the smile
That lights thy sunny brow,
Winning the soul from sadness,
At pleasure's shrine to bow.

I love thee for the gentle tone
That falls upon the ear,
When evening shades are stealing on,
And none but thou art near.

I love thee for thy gentleness,
Making thee seem the while
Like an angel from that better world,
To gladden with thy smile.

I love thee:—in thy lustrous eye
There dwells a silent tear
For those whom sorrow's blighting touch
Hath wrapped in misery here.

I love thee—wouldst thou know how well!
Then list thee to this vow:
Long as this heart its pulses tell,
I'll love thee well as now.

April 3, 1848. CROAKER.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

"MY FORTUNE'S MADE."

BY MARY ALEXINA SMITH.

My young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as it, to use a common saying, just out of a band box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among these was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest; and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits are so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. "There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone."

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is not very enthusiastic or sanguine; and did not mean, in this instance, to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life, a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honey-moon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlor looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well! No matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I. "I'm married, you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say?" replied Cora.—"My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly, I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember, he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do and say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day, in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency require me to dress when I go upon the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favor of your dressing well at home, and for the eye of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world."

"But he doesn't want to see me rigged out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dress maker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street and ball room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife, but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon: but at home, she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long. I noticed, after a few months, that the habits of home were confirming themselves and becoming apparent abroad. Her fortune was made, and why should she now waste time or employ her thoughts about matters of personal appearance.

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before, and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast table without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in his shirt sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously; and still more so when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted any thing on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented; but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite cooly, and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours growth.

"You havn't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort, every thing," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaven face.

"I dont know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slip-shod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair, awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you know how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you did'nt shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as if I had. So much saved at any rate."

But Cora urged the matter, and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me just as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and colar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why Edward! How do you look?" said Cora, "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and run his fingers along the edge of his colar, remarking, indifferently, as he did so,

"It's no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife, and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was.—In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me—

"You know my fortune's made now, said Cora, "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

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"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. Its a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impression upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlor opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, like stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots were unblacked; and there was an unmistakeable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face on which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw of all reserve on the subject.

"The matter! Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well may he ask what's the matter!" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is any thing wrong?"

"You look as if you had just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's face brightened a little. Then he said with much gravity of manner—

"I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my store a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home and dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides, *'as my fortune is made'*"—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, toward his wife—"I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now its of no consequence."

I turned over to Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room.—I followed her, and Edward came after us, pretty soon. He found his wife in tears and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But its too bad in you, Mr Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I, in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired, and in spite of good breeding and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh over the matter, on the return to the parlor, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain; I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.

MEMOIR OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE.

The Ex-king of the French was born in Paris, October 6th, 1773; and consequently is now in his 75th year. He succeeded to the title of Duke of Orleans in 1793, after the death of his father, Phillippe Egalite, who, it is well known, suffered by the guillotine in the sanguinary days of the Revolution. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, of which Louis Phillippe is now the head, originated in Phillippe, a younger son of Louis XIII, created Duke of Orleans by his elder brother, Louis XIV. The first Duke of Orleans twice married, his second wife being Elizabeth Charlotte of Bohemia, grand daughter of James I. of England; thus connecting the houses of Orleans and Stuart, from the latter of whom the Queen of England, Victoria, is descended.

For many years Louis Phillippe was exiled from France, travelling in various countries of Europe, and visiting the United States in his exile. While in Switzerland he engaged as a teacher in an academy for eight months, being then twenty years of age. It is a mistake, however, that he ever taught school in the United States, as is generally supposed.

He arrived in this country in November 1796, and was joined by his two brothers, the three spending some time with General Washington at Mount Vernon, by invitation, previous to making a journey through the Western country. After a tour to the Lakes and the Falls of Niagara, the Princes returned to Philadelphia, where they resided a few months. Having determined to join their mother in Spain, the Princes concluded to go thither by way of New Orleans and Havana. For that purpose they again crossed the mountains of Pittsburgh, and descending the Ohio, and Mississippi rivers in a boat, arrived at New Orleans in February, 1798. Being refused a passage to Spain from Havana, whither they went from New Orleans, they sailed to New York, whence an English packet carried them to Falmouth, at which place they arrived in February, 1800. The Princes then took up their residence on the banks of the Thames, at Twickenham. They received much attention from the English nobility. They made a voyage to the Island of Minorca, a passage being given them in a frigate by the British Government; but finding no opportunity of passing thence to Spain, which was then in a convulsed state, they returned to England, and resided for some years at Twickenham. The Duke of Orleans had the misfortune to lose both his brothers while in exile.—The Duke of Montpensier died in England, in 1807, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. The Count Beaujolais died at Malta, whither his brother accompanied him in 1808.

From Malta Louis Phillippe went to Sicily, and accepted an invitation from Ferdinand, the King of Sicily, to visit the royal family, at Palermo. During his residence there he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the King, and with the consent of Ferdinand and the Duchess of Orleans, who had joined her son in Sicily, their marriage took place in November, 1809. By this lady, late Queen of the French, Louis Phillippe has eight children, of whom six still survive, viz:—

1. Louisa, Queen of Belgium, (wife of Leopold,) born 1812.

2. Louis, Duke of Nemours, born 1814, married Victoria Augusta, of Coburg, cousin of Prince Albert.

3. Maria Clementina, born 1817—unmarried.

4. Francis, Prince de Joinville, born 1818, Admiral of the French Navy, married Francisca, a sister of the emperor of Brazil, and of the Queen of Portugal.

5. Henry, Duke d'Aumale, born 1822; married to Caroline, cousin of the King of the Two Sicilies.

6. Anthony, Duke of Montpensier, born 1824; married a Queen of Spain.

The oldest son of Louis Phillippe was Ferdinand Duke of Orleans, born 1810; killed by jumping from his carriage in July, 1842. He married, in 1837, Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin—by whom he had two children viz:—Louis Phillippe, (Count of Paris,) born 1838, and now ten years of age, and Robert Phillippe, Duke of Chartres, born 1840.

At Palermo, Louis Phillippe remained after his marriage until 1814, when in the restoration of the Bourbons he repaired to Paris, and was restored to his rank and honors. The return of Napoleon from Elba in 1815, broke up his arrangements, and he sent his family to England, where he joined them, and again took up his residence at Twickenham.

On the restoration of Louis XVIII., the Duke returned to France, in September, 1815, and took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The large estates to which he was entitled by inheritance being restored to him, he devoted his attention principally to the education of his family. His opulence enabled him to become the protector of the Fine Arts, and the patron of Letters, and few men in France were more popular during the career of the Bourbons. He was unexpectedly called from private life by the Revolution of the three days in July, 1830, and adopted the style and title of *Louis Phillippe, King of the French.*

The Ex-King was a handsome man when young; his frame is now bulky, but there is much ease in his manners. He is ready in conversation, and was always remarkably affable to all.

[From the Hagerstown Torch Light.

DR. STOY'S RECEIPT FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.

MR. BELL: The following receipt, verbatim, of Dr. Stoy's celebrated cure for the bite of a mad dog, has accidentally fallen into my hands; the authenticity of the receipt cannot well be questioned, from the circumstance, that it was found among a Gentleman's papers, who purchased a receipt about twenty years ago, of the late Wm. Kreps, an authorized agent of Dr. Stoy, and also, who was restricted by oath before Dr. Schnebly, not to use nor cause it to be used for any person, other than a member of his own family. I would thank you to publish it in your paper, for the benefit of all:

RECEIPT.—Take of the Red Chick Weed *(herba anagaiis ruber)* that has been dried, one handful, pour two quarts of good beer on it, and boil it in a new earthen pot (the pot must be covered with a close lid until half the liquor boils away,) it must be boiled over a slow fire; the vessel in which it is boiled must be kept very clean and used for no other purpose. When the herb is boiled enough, it must be strained through a clean cloth and well squeezed, so that the substance may be all taken out of it; then add to the decoction two drachms of the best Threriaca Venti, it must be well dissolved and mixed with the decoction. Of the above decoction give to a man or beast in the morning fasting the following proportions. A man of strong constitution must take a pint of it, and that at one time if possible; if not at once, take it at short intervals. If there should be any symptoms of madness, the medicine must be taken two or three mornings in succession; but if actual symptoms of madness should exist, a larger portion of the herba should be added to the said quantity of beer. A woman should take less of the medicine than a man, say about 3 or 3½ gills—for children the medicine must be regulated according to their age and constitution. It must be likewise observed that children can bear more of it than grown persons in proportion.

The mother, or person that nurses the child, should take an extra portion; if the child would receive one or two spoonfuls of the medicine it would be sufficient. A horse should be given one pint; a cow 20 table spoonsful; a heifer or dog according to age, size and strength—the medicine to be taken warm and well shaken; it must be taken in the morning, and fast must not be broken for 3 or 4 hours after taking it. No cold or fresh water must be taken, otherwise serious consequences might arise.—On the day of taking the medicine, the person must abstain from spoon victuals, particularly milk or warm beer. A beast must not be watered on that day; and a person must for two weeks abstain from the following eatables, viz: Meat and pork of all kinds, cabbage, peas, beans, fish or water fowls. If a person is bit through the skin, the wound must be scratched with a chip until it bleeds, and washed with some of the decoction; this may be done for two or three days. If the wound requires dressing, make a plaster of the threriaca venti (venice treacle) twice a day until the wound is healed. Observe that before dressing, the wound must be clean washed with the decoction. After having made use of the medicine, the person must put on clean linen and change his clothes and bedding, which must not be worn until perfectly clean. All straw that a beast has lain on must be burnt and the stable cleansed.

DODGING A BULLET.

John Quincy Adams once received the following challenge:

Sir—Your remarks in the House on Tuesday last, relative to my deceased friend and relative, I consider as a personal insult. Being at leisure to-day, I have prevailed on my friend, the Hon. Mr. Jamieson, (whom you will find to be a man of the strictest honor,) to call upon you and arrange for a proper settlement of the matter, as is customary among gentlemen.

Very respectfully your ob't servant.

J. R. SATTERLEE.

To which Mr. Adams made the following reply:

"*My Dear Sir*—I thank you for having afforded me the opportunity of half an hour's conversation with the agreeable and excellent Mr. Jamieson. As to the proposal which you were good enough to make—and which I presume is intended as an invitation for me to set myself up as a mark to be fired at—excuse me if I decline it.—I can do so consistently, as I assure you I have not the honor to be a gentleman; but yet I remain,

Your humble and ob't. servant,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The paper, in which we find this correspondence, says that Mr. Satterlee afterwards met Mr. Adams with the intention of caning him; but the mild and benevolent countenance of Mr. A. deterred him from the assault. A short explanation, which succeeded, made Mr. Satterlee one of Mr. Adams' warmest friend and admirers.

REVERENCE FOR AGE.—How beautiful it is to see the young reverence old age!—We never see a little boy bowing respectfully to an aged man in the street, but we feel sure he is a good boy. "Reverence is always due to aged people. Good nature and a proper education say to the young: Reverence old age. Gray hairs are crowns of glory, when found in the way of righteousness. The promptings of our kindly nature teach us to respect the aged, to rise up before the hoary head. The dim eye, the furrowed brow, and temples thinly clad,—who would not respect, reverence, and love them?"

MR. WEBSTER & THE WAR.

☞ In the U. S. Senate, on the 23d ult., pending the consideration of the Loan Bill, Mr. WEBSTER addressed the Senate for several hours, in review of the policy of the administration, the war, and its objects. The annexed abstract of his remarks will be read with interest:

Mr. WEBSTER rose and said, that on Friday a bill had passed the Senate for raising ten new regiments. And they are informed that this bill is to be followed by another to raise twenty regiments of volunteers for the same service. He had desired on Friday to express his views, and would now do so, in opposition to the policy which they were intended to promote. The bill now before the Senate was a measure to provide the means for the support of these thirty regiments. The scenes through which we have passed and are passing here are various.

For a fortnight the world supposed them to have been occupied in the ratification of a treaty of peace. And though the world had been shut out, strong assurances had been given us of the prospect of a treaty of peace to console us. Not a temporary peace—but a permanent one, which shall cut off their expenses, and return our children from the land of slaughter and still more deadly climate to our fireside.

Scarcely had these notes died away, when we were called upon for this additional force to press home, by fire and the sword, the claims which we had put forth against a fallen, he had almost said an ignoble, foe. The doctrine put forth by the Senator from Michigan was, that not only was it necessary to secure peace, but to press the war with renewed vigor.

What then should all this mean? Was it an admission that we were no nearer a peace than when we snatched up a piece of paper and passed it through this body? His strong desire had been for peace.—The actual order of proceedings had been to negotiate first and ratify afterwards. But we have reversed the order of proceedings, had ratified a treaty and then sent agents to negotiate. It struck him that the course which they had adopted was strange, was grotesque—unprecedented in the history of diplomatic intercourse.

We were in possession of California and New Mexico, and were informed of the intention of the President to retain them as provinces proper to be added to the United States, and these troops were to coerce Mexico into a cession of this territory.—This is the object of these additional regiments in his opinion, the identical object for which the war was commenced. All, all Mexico.

The members of the other House had all been elected since the declaration of the 11th of March, 1846. That other House had declared by their vote that this war was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced by the President of the United States. In that declaration he concurred, and he believed the majority of the people also.

There was another proposition equally capable of demonstration, that this war was begun and has been prosecuted for the acquisition of new territory, with a view to bring new States into the confederacy.

And this force is to be used to force Mexico into an acquiescence in this design on our part to bring in new States from her territory. We know that the Mexican people will never accede to this treaty unless compelled by irresistible force, and for this it was that these thirty thousand troops were to be sent into Mexico.

My opinion, said Mr. Webster, in the present state of things, is, that the people of this country will not sustain this war.—They will not go to the expense. They will not find any gratification in putting the bayonet to the throats of the Mexican people. For my part, I hope the Ten Regiments bill will never become a law.—Three weeks ago I should have entertained that hope with the utmost confidence. Events since have struck me with pain and shaken my conviction. Still I hope it will not pass. And here, I dare say, I shall be called a "Mexican Whig." A man who can stand up here and say that he hopes that what the Administration projects for the farther prosecution of the war against Mexico, will not be carried into effect, is "an enemy to the country;" or, what gentlemen would consider the same thing, an enemy of the President of the United States, and his Administration, and his party! He is a "Mexican!" Sir, I think very badly of the Mexican character, high and low, out and out. But names do not terrify me. Besides, if I am a sufferer in this respect—if I be made the subject of reproach by these stipendiary presses—these hired abusers of the motives of public men—I have the honor on this occasion to be in very respectable company. In the vituperative—the accusative—the denunciatory sense of that term, I do not know a greater Mexican in this body than the honorable gentleman from Michigan at the head of the Military Committee.

Mr. Cass—I should like the honorable gentleman to explain what sort of a Mexican I am.

Mr. Webster—That is exactly the thing I now propose to do.

Mr. Cass—I shall be glad to hear the explanation.

Mr. Webster—In his remarks on this bill in the Senate, the other day, the honorable gentleman told us that his object was to frighten Mexico—it would touch his humanity to hurt her.

Mr. Cass—Does the honorable gentleman mean to say that I made such a remark?

Mr. Webster—I mean to say that the gentleman said it twice.

Mr. Cass—I beg the gentleman's pardon. I said no such thing. Will the gentleman allow me to state what I did say? I remarked that we had two objects to accomplish in raising these regiments: one was, the vigorous prosecution of the war; and, secondly, to produce a moral effect upon Mexico by convincing her of our determination, and thereby hold out an inducement to her to make peace.

Mr. Webster—The gentleman said that his principal object was to "frighten" Mexico, and that would be more humane than to harm Mexico.

Mr. Cass, (in his seat)—True.

Mr. Webster—It is true? Very well, I thought as much. Now the remarkable characteristic of his speech which makes it so much a Mexican speech is, that the gentleman spoke it in the hearing of Mexico, as well as in the hearing of the Senate. We have been accused, Sir, of being "Mexican Whigs," because what we say here is heard by Mexico, and Mexico derives countenance and support from what is said here. But the honorable member comes forth and tells Mexico that his object is to frighten her! His words have passed along the wires—they are on the gulf—they are floating away to Vera Cruz, and when they get there, they will satisfy the Mexicans that after all—after all, "ye good Mexicans, our principal object is to frighten you!" And to the end that they may not be frightened too much, he gives them notice that the object is to frighten them! Mr. President, when Snug, the joiner, was to represent the lion, and roar on the stage, he was quite apprehensive that he might too much frighten "the duchess and the ladies;" and, therefore, by the advice of his comrade, one Nicholas Bottom, he wisely concluded that in the heat and fury of his effort, he would show one-half his face and say—"Ladies, fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours, if you think I come hither as a lion, it were a pity of my life! No, I'm no such thing; I am a man as other men are; I'm Snug the joiner!"

Mr. Webster contended that there was no necessity for this additional force.—Sickness and battle had so thinned the ranks of the army in Mexico, that it would require 10,000 men to fill up the present regiments.

This was all that was necessary. He understood that there was a report from Gen. Scott, (upon whose career in Mexico he passed a very high compliment,) showing, that if the regiments were all filled up, there would be, including recruits on the way, 55,000 troops in Mexico.

The effect of creating new regiments, raising new recruits, and appointing new officers, without filling up the old regiments, would be ultimately so to thin the ranks that the officers would exceed the privates in number.

The Government of Mexico, he said, probably owed its existence to the expectation of relief from the three millions appropriation. Then where the necessity of sending this new force into Mexico. The main object of these wishes, he believed, was patronage—the gratification of friends.

The bill would render necessary the appointment of some 500 officers—Colonels, Majors, Captains, &c.—but there were also paymasters, commissaries, *et id omne genus*—down to sutlers, who, in the language of Corporal Rim, declares:

"Sutler he would be unto the camp,
And profits should ensue."

To the object for which this war was prosecuted—the bringing of new States into the Union—he was opposed. He was opposed to bringing new States into the Union from foreign territories, East, West, North or South. He would reject all—and if the question were put to him to-day, whether he would have peace with new States, he would say no!

For there was no reason whatever to believe that we could obtain as speedy, as safe, as honorable peace without as with territory. Mexico does not wish us to take her territory—she yields it reluctantly—and every man here knew it.

And if the Trist paper was rejected by Mexico, it would be in consequence of the reluctance of the Mexican Congress or the Mexican people to give up their territory. They preferred to keep their territory, and that we should keep our money—just as he preferred that we should keep our money, and she should keep her territory.

He denied that the people of the United States, in concluding a treaty of peace, desired the acquisition of territory—and *such* territory. Through the South and West, he believed there was no general feeling in favor of taking territory, and such he believed the preponderating sentiments at the North.

He knew no reason then, why the purpose of the President should control them, any more than their purpose should control him. He would stand out, it was said, against them, and were they afraid to stand out against him. He was willing to go to the people on the issue whether we shall or shall not take territory.

If the constitution was to be broken down, let it be the act of the people not his. But he did not distrust the people. He was willing to submit it to them, whether they will take territory, paying for it a thousand times more than it is worth, or whether they will take peace without territory.

But the truth could not be concealed that we trembled before Executive power.—Mr. Polk would take nothing but this, and we feared that if we opposed, the King's anger would be kindled. And who was Mr. Polk? He meant no disrespect. He was in the last year of his official term, and in two short months events might occur which would render his wishes of very little consequence. We were on the eve of a Presidential nomination.

It might be that Mr. Polk would receive again the nomination of his party; but if not, his position and influence would be as insignificant as any of theirs. Who then would care for the consistency of the present incumbent? Manifest destiny will then have pointed out some other man, as only fit to be at the head of this government. Therefore it was that he did not ascribe any particular consequence to the will of the present Executive in the matter.

He wished, like Zachary Taylor, at the battle of Buena Vista, that they had the prudence to "feel the enemy," before acting, and if they did so, he believed that, as in the other case, they would find him on his way to San Louis Potosi! From the annexation of Texas down to the present moment, he had opposed the annexation of new territory into the American Union.

He then explained his position in Mr. Tyler's cabinet on the Texas question.—He saw subsequently, in 1843, when not in public life, that the annexation of Texas was the settled purpose of the administration, and he had then deemed it his duty to let the public know his views thereon. Just before the coming in of the present administration, when the resolutions for the annexation of Texas were before the Senate, he had again taken the opportunity, as a member of that body, to express his views in opposition to the annexation of new territory, and here reiterated the views which he had there expressed.

But we admitted Texas, and with the provision that we should thereafter have the power to make four other new States from Texas—five new States altogether, and ten new Senators. And now it is proposed to make two other new States from California and New Mexico—fourteen new Senators, in all, from new States thus coming in from foreign territory with a population of some 290,000 only.

Had the Senate looked at the consequences? He trusted if they had not, that they would—to the disproportion of people, two Senators from these new States. He held it to be a most flagrant imposition upon the government and constitution which we professed to support. To be sure it was provided that these new States should come in at a suitable time—but that suitable time would be, as in the case of Texas, when party votes were wanted.

Mr. W. said the two votes of the Texas Senators, who came in in 1846, overthrew the Tariff of 1842, one of the best systems of finance which had ever existed in this country. This was then the suitable time for them, and possibly two years hence we may again be engaged in revising the present system, when it will perhaps be the suitable time for the admission of another of these new States.

If we take New Mexico and California, who is so weak as to think that the hunger for acquisition will be appeased unless upon the presumption that what we get is so worthless, that more is undesirable?

He had heard no cry so absurd as that we were getting *indemnity*. We were paying a large sum, and what did we get for it? He proceeded to show that there was no public domain in New Mexico—that there are plenty of people, such as they are—and that there will not be 200 planters or farmers who will go from the United States to Mexico, in fifty years.—They cannot live there. For agricultural purposes it was useless to us.

[Mr. Rusk here, Mr. Webster giving way, explained that a very great portion of the territory in New Mexico lying between the Nueces and the Rio Grande was valuable, and that Mexicans were emigrating to this portion of Texas.]

M. Webster proceeded. Much has been said about leaving the regulation of certain matters to the people of these new States, when they shall adopt the new constitution, and ask for admission into the Union. Who did not know that the people of New Mexico and California were wholly incompetent to form a Constitution for themselves—that when the "suitable" time arrived, a Constitution would be provided for them by the executive government at Washington?

Mr. Webster said that while their territories remain territories, they will be troublesome—armies will be required for their protection. When they become States they will be still more so. He thought he saw in the future a determination to destroy the proper checks and balances of the Constitution. He should do his duty, whether supported or unsupported. He despised all auguries, and looked for support to no omen but his country's good.