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## POLITICAL.

### TYLER, WEBSTER & SPENCER.

#### SPEECH OF HON. J. C. CLARK, OF N. Y.

IN CONGRESS, FEBRUARY 22, 1843.

The speech of Hon. John C. Clark, of N. Y. delivered in the U. S. House of Representatives, on the bill to establish commercial relations with China, gives the President, and Messrs. Webster and Spencer of the Cabinet, the severest handling which their base treachery to the Whig party has yet received. We are sorry that our limits do not admit the entire speech. Mr. Clark says the bill under consideration proposes to give the administration a large discretionary power in the expenditure of \$40,000, and places his opposition to this on the ground, very justly, of a want of confidence in the administration. After a lengthy exordium, in which he thinks the "greatness" of the subjects of his remarks does not fairly give them an exemption from the merited reproaches of those they have injured, Mr. Clark proceeds to show Mr. Webster to the country as the chief plotter in a scheme which was intended to ruin the great Whig party of the Union. He proceeds:

I have no doubt that John Tyler came to Washington on the demise of General Harrison with honest intentions to administer the Government on Whig principles. His inaugural address bears on its face evidence of such intentions. The declaration that he should take as his model the "fathers of the Republican school" soothed the alarms of many Whigs who distrust Virginia politicians—I mean those of the modern abstraction school. The inaugural, taken in connexion with his partiality for Mr. Clay, and his tears shed at the Harrisburg Convention over his defeat, were hailed by them as harbingers of prosperity to the country and of safety to the Whig party. The sentiments of Mr. Clay in regard to the currency and to a National Bank were well known to Mr. Tyler and to the country. For years they had been emblazoned on the pillars of the Capitol in characters of living light, and had illumined every hill-top in the country. They did not elude it within the range of possibility that Mr. Tyler, knowing, as he did know, the opinions of Mr. Clay on all subjects of national concernment, and who, at that Convention and elsewhere, had manifested such an ardent zeal for his nomination to the Presidency, could turn his back upon his principles and his friend. What, said they, is it possible that he can be guilty of the glaring inconsistency of advocating the claims of a man to the Chief Magistracy whose whole life and conduct stands pledged to give to the nation a sound currency through the instrumentality of a National Bank, and not himself be the friend of such an institution? Surely, said they, Mr. Tyler cannot believe a bank unconstitutional, else he could not, with any appearance of honesty or consistency, aid in placing in the Presidential chair a man whose first official act would be a strong recommendation of that very measure! Though it might have been known to them that, at certain periods of his life, Mr. Tyler had entertained opinions hostile to a bank, they believed, and they had a right to believe, that his presence as a Whig delegate at a National Whig Convention, avowing his predilections in favor of a bank candidate, and himself accepting a nomination from that Convention for the second office in the Republic, furnished conclusive evidence of a change of opinion. Better men than John Tyler had changed their opinions in regard to a bank, and why may he not have seen in the necessities of the times, and the afflictions of his countrymen, abundant reason to change his opinions also?

But the fond hopes inspired by the inaugural in the bosoms of the Whigs—of the pure and patriotic men who had taken Mr. Tyler from obscurity and placed him on the pinnacle of power—were doomed to sad and bitter disappointment. The good resolves with which he came here armed were soon smothered in the impure embrace of a forbidden ambition. The fatal words *second term* were whispered into his too willing ear, and "all was lost." These have been the "open sesame" to all the woes and afflictions of the Whig party.

He found himself suddenly, unexpectedly in the possession of power, and soon, very soon, tasked his ingenuity to devise plans for its perpetuation in himself and his successor. Surrounded by flatterers, he greedily inhaled their incense, freely offered, to gratify at once his vanity and to minister to their own advancement. Pleased with the rattle with which his maiden ambition was tickled, new visions of glory flitted before his bewildered fancy, and new hopes swelled his tiny heart to the very verge of bursting. With a promptitude commensurate with the energy of his character and the magnitude of his towering genius, he issued to the admiring sycophants of his *cortège* the *sic volo, sic jubeo*, and in the stern language of a second Cato, thundered forth the terrific fiat—"*Delenda est Carthago!*"

The decree for the dismemberment of the Whig party was promulgated from the palace, and his faithful vassals were charged with its execution. This decree be-

came necessary to effect his object. The "one term" principle—a principle which I trust is now permanently incorporated into the Whig creed—presented an insuperable barrier to his re-election. That re-election could be effected only by a new, a third, a Tyler party, to be composed of a portion of the Whig party and the "odds and ends" of all parties.

Mr. Clark thinks the President was made the dupe of Mr. Webster and others, who in their jealous hatred of Mr. Clay, were willing to sacrifice even their own reputation together with the interests of the entire Whig party, if they could crush the aspirations of the great Western Statesman who had obtained so strong a hold upon the affections of the people. Mr. Clark again proceeds:

Instead of standing by his principles with the firmness of a patriot, and with a self-sacrificing devotion to the great and paramount interests of the country, the Secretary became the humble apologist of John Tyler's delinquency, ay, and of his imbecility too. What had become of his vaunted boast that the pillars of the Capitol

"Should fly From their firm base as soon as I?" Sir, like the courage of Bob Acres, when the hour of trial came, all his firmness and all his patriotism "oozed out at the ends of his fingers." It seems that the fear of the loss of place, like a spectre, has haunted him in all his out-goings and incomings. Sir, had he assumed towards the President the part and bearing of a man resolved to go for the country at all hazards, maugre all personal and private considerations, I believe in my heart that at this moment the Whig banner would be proudly floating in the breeze in every direction. But the closet scene had been enacted, and it was no longer any part of his purpose to act the honest, faithful, and fearless counselor of the President. The dignified and lofty Minister of State had dwindled down into the mere sycophant and parasite.

I have said that the record of the compact has not been promulgated. But I will hazard the conjecture that the high contracting parties, for good and sufficient considerations then thereunto moving, resolved that, so far as they had the power, John Tyler should be elected President of the United States; that the political world should be turned upside down; that quiet should be thrown into confusion, harmony into discord, and order into chaos. The Whigs temple, with its stately pillars and splendid capitals, reared with so much toil and care, and standing forth a model of political beauty and of strength, was to be razed to the earth, and from its disjointed materials, aided by cross-ties dug from the ruins of the Locofoco Hercules, to be deluged by the molten lava of the revolution of 1840, was to be constructed a new edifice, and dedicated to the use of John the Third, President in his own right in 1845, and then to pass to his successor, Daniel the First.

Sir, it is my firm and honest belief that considerations other than those connected with the importance and delicacy of our relations with England had overpowered the weight with the President in retaining Mr. Webster in the Cabinet. He saw that a storm was in preparation, and although at that time the cloud in the political horizon was no bigger than a man's hand, he felt that it would rapidly increase, and that ere long the little speck would become a desolating tempest. He wished for strength, for support, for allies; to enable him to weather the storm. And who at the North could give him more efficient aid than the man who, to talents of the very highest order, united, in an eminent degree the respect and confidence of the Whig party?—His means of mischief were in a ratio compounded of those talents, of that respect, and confidence. Leaning on the pillars of his mighty reputation, which had cost him years of unremitting toil to erect, the Secretary vainly fancied that his fall was beyond the reach of human power. Vain illusion! Among the honest and sturdy Whig sons of the North, so far as my acquaintance extends, he stands almost desolate and alone, still majestic in the ruins of his own creation. Like the strong man, he has madly seized hold of the granite columns of his own fair fame, but, unlike him, he has buried with himself neither friends nor foes beneath the ruins.

I have spoken of Executive influence. This influence may be beneficent or malignant. Thus far the conduct of the honorable gentleman of the Guard may be attributed to the former. Up to the period I have neither the right nor disposition to impugn their motives. There may be doubters and skeptics on the subject; from such let me invoke for the gentlemen of the "Guard" the charity of their eyes. Wait for the developments of time—the great trier of things and of men. "Wait till the 4th of March, 1845. If that day shall find them in this place, representing, with their well-known ability, the interests of their constituents; or, having been dismissed the public service here, if still found them mingling among the masses; or if that day shall find their shoulders unsoiled by the robes of office, then may those who, from motives of prudence, now practice non-com-

mittalism, award to them their unqualified approbation, so far at least as motive is concerned.

I trust, sir, that by this good time the eyes of the Whigs of the country are fully open to a just appreciation of the motives and the management of those who have betrayed them and made the vain effort to sell them to the support of the President. Up to the period of the Faneuil Hall speech, there were no doubt some, perhaps many, Whigs who cherished the hope that Mr. Webster would return to the fold from which ambition in a fatal moment had tempted him to wander. They thought of his herculean intellect and of his indomitable spirit when fighting in the Senate the battles of constitutional liberty, and they were slow to believe that he had left the camp of the faithful to form a lasting alliance with a crooked, perverse, and unscrupulous generation. But, sir, that speech extinguished the last hope of his few remaining friends.

Those who believed that his efforts to defeat a National Bank were prompted by considerations of anxiety for the peace and harmony of the Whig party, of the position in which a veto would place the President towards that party, and the effect of that position on that peace and harmony—those who believe that his continuance in the Cabinet resulted from a conviction that he could there best serve the country by conducting to a successful termination our negotiations with England—were compelled then to admit that they had extended to him a charity which he did not merit. Then it was that the painful reality of his tergiversation was fully realized. Then it was, reviewing the "out ensemble" of the Secretary's course, that they discovered that ambition and the love of place, more than love of country, had counselled him to remain in a Cabinet from which his high-minded, pure, and honored colleagues had retired in disgust. And the honorable Secretary was not content to remain in his degraded position in silence: To evince his subserviency to the President, as a volunteer he appears in the public prints and unblushingly heralds to the world not only his want of sensibility to insult and to manhood to resent and repel it, but his fixed determination to remain in power, notwithstanding all the contumely which the President had heaped upon him and his late associates.

In his letter to the editors of the National Intelligencer, under date of 13th September, 1841, he informs us, "that he had seen no sufficient reason for the dissolution of the late Cabinet by the voluntary act of its own members."

Sir, the Secretary's optics were not usually sharp. His eyes were dazzled by the glare of the preferment in present possession and of the Presidential coronet in the distance. He is a Yankee—belonging to that tribe famed for its coolness of calculation, especially in all matters of pecuniary and personal thrift. Sir, I will not impute to the Yankees are not as sensitive to attacks upon their honor as others; such an intimation would dishonor my own father and all my kindred: but the Secretary seems to be an exception to the general rule of his caste. The allegorist is not devoid of sensitiveness; but it is imperious to assault, and the hunter's attempts to reach it in vain: the rebounding balls of his enemy demonstrate the impenetrable nature of the coat of mail with which nature has protected him.

The influence of the Secretary over the President is said to be second that of no other gentleman; but he remains here, calm as a summer's morning, the quiet and pleased spectator of the persecutions for opinion's sake which the furious rage of the President inflicts upon his *ci devant* brethren.

What cares he that Jonathan Roberts, and thousands of others—good men, honest, faithful, and capable public servants—are rudely ejected from office, for no worse other than that of an attachment to Mr. Clay, to make room for the hypocritical neophytes to Tylerism, so long as he continues quietly to gnaw the bone of office. Sir, the President exacts from his dependents a strict execution of the condition of the bond, though it may consist in the performance of services from which a well-regulated and patriotic spirit would revolt. The Secretary was becoming operated in the enjoyment of inglorious ease at Washington: an important election was about to take place in Massachusetts; he was therefore ordered by his taskmaster to gird on the armour, in which, like another Richard Cour de Lion, he had so often met and vanquished the stalwart knights of the ultra Democracy, to couch his unconquered lance against his once-confiding and generous allies.

The same John Tyler, who in his inaugural address, proclaimed that "he would remove no incumbent from office who has faithfully and honestly acquitted himself of the duties of his office, except he has been guilty of an active participation, or by secret means, the less manly, and therefore the more objectionable, has given his influence to the purpose of party, thereby bringing the patronage of the Gov-

ernment in conflict with the freedom of elections" this same political Pope, who on the 28th of September, issued from the Vatican a pompous bull, threatening decapitation to executive officers who "had violated the obligations which they impliedly assumed on taking office under (my) his administration, or abstaining from any active partisanship, or in any way connecting their offices with party politics, or using them for party purposes;" this same John Tyler unblushingly commissioned his Prime Minister to denigrate the "Cradle of Liberty," insult the Whigs of the old Bay State, and aid in the achievement of a Locofoco triumph in that venerable and patriotic Commonwealth! Who can compare this abuse of the President to the office holders with the electioneering tour of Secretary, and not feel contempt alike for master and for man? I know not which most to abhor, the base hypocrisy of the President, or the mean servility of the Minister.

And thus, in this green morning of our national existence, for the first time has been exhibited to the astonished view of the American people, the revolting spectacle of a political crusade of a Secretary of State against the peace and integrity of the party which elevated him to office, attended with the pomp and parade of official pageantry, and with the delivery of a partisan speech by this same Secretary, as distinctive of taste and of power as it was insidious to the "good men and true" who were doomed to witness the degradation of their once beloved orator.

Sir, the time is not distant when the Secretary would give all the wealth of the Indies to have every trace of that speech blotted from the recollection of his countrymen. Would to God I could throw over it the thick mantle of oblivion, and replace its unhappy author on the proud pinnacle he occupied on the 4th of March, 1841! Vain wish! The recording angel has performed his office: an ocean of penitential tears cannot efface the record. There will it stand, through all time, a monument of the frailty and folly of human greatness.

What must have been the anguish of feeling of men like Abbot Lawrence, when the mendacious orator, after referring to many offices in the customs filled with Whigs, and to the mission to England so ably filled by an accomplished scholar and statesman—all of which opposition to the Administration of Mr. Tyler might place in jeopardy—pitiously inquires, "Where do the Whigs intend to place me? where am I to go?"

Here again the fear of the loss of office, the necessary result in this reign of terror of a faithful adherence to principle, is most plainly developed. Sir, had there been in that assemblage one true, honest, and frank friend of the inquiring Secretary, he would have cited to him the 5th verse of the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, and in the spirit of pity and mercy, would have recommended to him an imitation of the example of his great prototype, recorded in the verse referred to by the faithful evangelist.

A great man guilty of ingratitude to his friends, of the abandonment of his principles for the sake of office, and of treachery to his party, can find a resting place only in the grave. There may his bones and faults repose together, in the uncertain hope that the hand of friendship may place on the title page of his biography the charitable maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But, living, in vain may he invoke the charity of the world. He cannot escape the daily reproaches of friendship betrayed, of faith violated, and patriotism outraged. In the language of Scripture, should he take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the east, even there will the voice of violated obligation reach him, and nightly disturb the repose of his bed chamber. The inquiry, "where am I to go?" seems to have been made in the spirit of deprecatory anticipations. The 4th of March, 1845, will soon arrive. Then, in anguish and bitterness of soul, will he make the same inquiry. And the spirit of prophecy need not be invoked to indite the answer.

Then will rush upon him, with afflictive and soul-rending force, the frightful recollections of the past and the painful forebodings of the future. Though now glittering in the pride of place, the subject of baseless flattery and of hollow respect, then he will find "none so poor as to do him reverence."

And now, the Secretary, having fulfilled his political embassy, no doubt enjoys with infinite glee the fruits of his treachery in witnessing the chair of the Hancock defied by an ultra Democrat, the abettor of revolutions, the hero of clamor, and the instigator of a rebellion which threatened to wrap a neighbouring State in flames, and deluge it with blood. But I must part with the honorable Secretary. We could have better spared a better man. But he has gone, and peace to his political ashes! It belongs not to me to write his epitaph. An honest, patriotic, and betrayed party, and a deserted country, will, in their own proper time, inscribe on his headstone an appropriate "his last."

A few words more, however, before final leave-taking. Sir, the impudence of the Faneuil Hall speech is in keeping with all the circumstances under which it was delivered. Men of high standing and exalted worth—Mason, Russell, Quincy, Otis, Saltonstall, Lawrence, and others had assembled to greet their old friend, and to hear from his lips the words of consolation and of hope. And what did they hear? Was their drooping courage aroused, to engage to fresh vigor in the battle then about to be fought in Massachusetts between the Whigs and their old resurgent and implacable enemies? Were they urged to the contest by that voice which so often had cheered them on to victory? No, sir; nothing like this. They were compelled to listen to a speech made up of self-glorification of the orator, of his apprehensions of loss of office if he continued firm to his Whig principles, and insolent and unmerciful rebuke of his hearers. In the person of A. Lawrence, then before him, was the chair-man of the Massachusetts Whig convention, then lately convened to nominate candidates for Governor & Lieutenant Governor of the State. He and his associates in the Convention were denounced for their virtue and independence in declaring to the world a final separation between the Whigs of the old Bay State and their recent President. Their right to utter these sentiments was challenged and denied, and they were insultingly told that they were sent to the Convention for no such purpose.

In imitation of all similar conventions, they had adopted resolutions expressive of their opinions of public men and public measures; and for this expression they received at the hands of the arrogant Secretary the castigation of his censure.

[Here Mr. Clark's hour expired. He gave notice that he would write out the balance of his remarks. He intended, if time had permitted, to have said something like the following:]

And sir, it was not sufficient that the excellent gentlemen referred to were thus grossly insulted in public by an impudent, itinerant Secretary, but two of them (Abbot Lawrence and my friend, the honorable gentleman who so ably represents the Essex district, Mr. SALTONSTALL, and who by his genuine moral and political firmness, has endeared himself to every Whig in the Union)—were selected by the Secretary as the peculiar subjects of ridicule and lampoon. They were caricatured in the columns of the Court Journal under the control of Tyler, Webster & Co. in the following article, under the date October 13, 1842:

"Messrs. Webster and Cushing, it seems, have been guilty of the gross, the enormous offence of censuring the proceedings of a Convention where Abbot Lawrence presided, and which Leverett Saltonstall addressed.

"The Secretary of State finding fault with the decisions of an owner of spinning jennies and a retailer of tapes and cutwaters? Ye gods, it does amaze me. Is there no law in Boston for scandalous magnanimity? No consideration of the delicacy of station? Boston can be correct Boston no longer if she allows an individual of mere intellectual notoriety and some slight political standing, to publicly admonish, nay, censure—'berate and belabor,' these are the very words—a man whose vast mind has been deeply engaged in the coloring of cloth, and whose arithmetical science is so profoundly available. And Caleb Cushing belabors Leverett Saltonstall! *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*, i. e. the man who can hunt down a quarrel of ten bellies his reputation by knocking over a poor Leverett."

Whether the same number of the paper contained the assertion that the Faneuil Hall speech and Gen. Scott's letter had "put an end to Clay's prospects," or whether it contained the announcement of the Whig defeat in Georgia in capitals, "The work goes bravely on!" "Great destruction of 'looms in Georgia!" I do not at this moment remember.

And thus it is that an expression of a difference of opinion with Mr. Webster subjects the most pure and intelligent merchants and statesmen of the country to the ribald scoffs and spears of a man who is unworthy to unloose the latches of their shoes.

Were there not in the Convention those whose hearts throbbled with indignation at the insolent assumption of ministerial prerogative? If there were not, then indeed has the blood of their Revolutionary sires, of their Hancock and of their Adams, ceased to flow in the veins of their descendants.

Sir, I will not impute to these excellent men the slightest insensibility to insult, and I hazard little in saying, that could the Secretary have looked into the recesses of their tortured bosoms, while listening to this outpouring of vanity, egotism, and venom, he would have discovered a conflict of emotions in which contempt and indignation were struggling for the mastery. And here I must take leave of the honorable Secretary; and in so doing, let me commend to his attention the fable of the kind-hearted husbandman and the frozen sinner. Sir, I leave him to ponder on its moral and draw from it what consolation he may.

But the honorable Secretary, though pre-eminent, stands not alone in the deformity in which ingratitude and treachery have clothed him. In the person of the Secretary of War, (John C. Spencer), he has found a willing, if not an efficient coadjutor. Though he may not share the

ly compete with him in intellectual strength, he may aspire, with no humble pretensions, to a fair portion of the honors with which insensibility, coldheartedness, sordid ambition, and fanaticism adorn their possessors. To a head of no inconsiderable strength and clearness, he joins a heart cased in triple steel, and responsive alone to the calls of self-aggrandizement. Untrifling in application, and prompt in manoeuvre, he watches, with cat-like intensity, the revolutions of the political wheel, and careless of the power which propels it, obtains a quiet lodgment in its topmost bucket.

Though an Isacher in politics, "crouching down between two burdens" to effect his objects; his great archery undoubtedly is Dan, who, in the prophetic language of the dying patriarch, was to be "a serpent in the way, an adder in the path, biting the horse's heels, so that his rider should fall backward."

Although the honorable the Secretary of War has enacted many astounding political summeres, he has exhibited in his recent demonstration of ground and lofty tumbling, a rapidity and boldness of movement, a suppleness of conformation, an aptitude for juxtaposition, and a flippancy of harlequinry, which may well excite the unbounded admiration and applause of the most accomplished performers in the ring.

In September, 1841, the Secretary, indignant at the outrages committed by the President upon the honor and principles of the Whig party in New York, and acting upon that occasion as its champion, issued an address to the party, appealing to their injured patriotism and wounded pride to meet in Convention at Syracuse to express their feelings of abhorrence at the usurpation and treachery of the President. In pursuance of this appeal the Convention met. But where was the burning and indignant John C. Spencer, whose voice was to have aroused the dormant Whigs from their lethargy, infused new life and energy into their chilled veins, and rallied them to the polls at the election then fast approaching? Sir, he was among the missing. To the summons himself had issued there was endorsed a return of "*non est inventus.*" While, in obedience to that call, his faithful brethren were in consultation in regard to the adoption of measures best calculated to advance the best interests of the party and the country, Mr. Spencer, like a covering and skulking culprit, afraid that the honest sun should peer upon his treason, was crouching in a dark corner of a dingy room at Brown's, in this city, taking lessons from his fagles in the art and mystery of making boys, grimaces, and congees which might be acceptable to the tenant of the palace.

Sir, the Secretaryship of which he is the incumbent was offered to, and finally conferred upon him, for the sole purpose of defeating the Whigs in the election referred to. The wire-workers at Washington knew their man, and the price to be paid for his apostasy. They knew him to be the author of the address, and they calculated that his appointment would lull the Whigs to repose. It was intended as a wet blanket for the Syracuse Convention, and as an opiate to drug that portion of the Whig party who yet fondly (i. e. foolishly) hoped that John Tyler was true to his principles and to his party, into a fatal security. It was an artful game, most foully, wickedly, and I regret to add, successfully played. The Whig party in the State was once more prostrated at the feet of the Locofoco Diagon, not by the power of open, generous enemies, but by the coldness and apathy of its friends, produced in a great degree by the defection of Spencer.

Well do I remember, sir, on my return home, when speaking to some of my Whig constituents of the recusancy of Mr. Tyler, that I was rebuked, and the appointment of the Secretary was referred to in proof of the President's fidelity to his party. Mr. Spencer, by a long course of hypocritical profession, had become a prominent and leading member of the Whig party in the State, and many, unacquainted with the history and passions of the man, were incredulous to the suggestion that he was to be the instrument of the President for the prostration of their party in the Empire State. But the delusion has vanished—the scales have fallen from the eyes of the doubters, and he is now presented in the bald and naked turpitude of his character. He has performed the dirty work of his employers, and is now here receiving his reward, the wages of political iniquity. But, sir, I am happy to say that he no longer possesses the power of mischief to the Whigs of New York. The lion's skin has been torn from his recumbent shoulders, and he stands forth a hyena, fattening on the mutilated corpses of his recent friends. The impotence of his last recent effort in the service of his master in the State of New York was equalled only by its mendacity and impudence.

In my judgement, my colleague was right when he told us the other day, that, so far from having aided it, actually injured his (the Locofoco) party. The Whigs had become familiar with his duplicity, and hence were not to be the victims of his

impositions. A few more such efforts would have aroused the Whigs throughout the State to a general and triumphant rally.

To the close observing portion of the Whig party no evidence of Mr. Spencer's defection was wanted other than that furnished by his acceptance of a place in a Cabinet from which had been ejected Cribbenden, Bell, Granger, and Ewing—men whom the Whig party delighted to honor—men in whose persons the entire Whig party throughout the country had been incultured by a field, vacillating, and imbecile Executive, expelled because they would not compromise their principles, and, like the Secretary of War, play the apostate. I say expelled; for though the members of the Cabinet, with one notable and dishonorable exception, resigned, yet a further continuance in it had become incompatible with self-respect and with their duty to their party and the country. No true Whig, having the slightest respect for himself or for Whig principles, would have occupied a place from which the patriotic and talented Bell had been driven for his steadfast devotion to those principles.

Sir, the labors of love of Mr. Spencer were as useless as they were gratuitous and insulting, and he has no just right to join his colleague in office and in guilt, who had aided in the overthrow of the Whigs in Massachusetts, in shouting praise to the triumphs of Locofocoism in the State of New York, achieved by his agency.

It is said, however, that he has contrived to impose on the soft and plastic mind of New York writes in the revolving embryo of the ultra democracy through the efforts of his faithful Minister. I doubt it not. And I doubt not that in the "wastels" of the palace some insulated recess has often been vocal with the voices of the merry trio chanting hosannas to the conquerors of the Whig party, and the despoilers of their country.

Sir, let them quaff on and sing on. The day of fearful retribution will soon come. Though now high in power, sparkling in its sunshine and reveling in its enjoyments, rest assured, sir, that their political "damnation slumbereth not. On the 4th day of March 1845, by the common consent of parties, they will be consigned to a political pandemonium, where in the bosom of a restless and disappointed ambition "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

Sir, amid all the gloom which treachery has thrown around the Whig party, I do not permit myself to doubt that its recuperative energies will marshal it to the field in 1840, and then, as in 1840, victory will again perch upon its standard. Let not the Locofoco leopards "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that they are to have a bloodless fight. No, sir; they shall have a war, *tenus capulis*, in all its honorable forms, and with all its consuming fierceness, and waged too with a spirit which would do honor to the most chivalric campaign of 1840.

Under the banner of patriotism, inscribed with the name of the honest, frank, fearless and patriotic "Harry of the West" associated, as I confidently trust it will be, with the name of a Northern gentleman well known to the country for his fearlessness, integrity, and undomitable spirit, and under which all opposed to the Robespierrean Democracy, be they old Whigs or new Conservatives, may rally, the Whig party will again take the field and wage the war with the spirit and enthusiasm which characterized the triumphs in New York in 1838 and 1839, and the general triumph throughout the country in 1840. Under such a banner, and with such a spirit we will reconquer the laurels of which treachery has robbed us, and again attempt, and under the auspices of a faithful President, successfully attempt, to raise the country from the horrible pit of Locofocoism, and place it on the rock of solid and enduring prosperity.

Pretty Sentiment.—"The memories of childhood, the long far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and school-house, all with their green and hallowed associations, come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passages of a pleasantly-remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own hallowed sweetness and purity over them."

Ma, said a young lady, "whereabouts shall I find the state of matrimony?" "Oh!" replied the mother, "you will find that to be one of the United States."

Pooh, pooh!" said a humane lady—impudently to her expiring husband as he strove to give her a few last words, "don't stop to talk, but go on with your dying!"

New Case.—"What can a man do?" asked a green one yesterday. "When the sheriff is seen coming to him with a writ in his hand?" "Apply the remedy!" said another one promptly. "Remedy!" what kind of remedy? "Hacking remedy."