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be sent to the publishers.

POETRY.

To One in Heaven.

GEORGE D. PRENTISS—himself one of the
most gifted of the American bards—thinks
that no living poetess can surpass the grace-
fulness and beauty of the following lines from
the music of AMELIA. They are exceedingly
beautiful.

Pale star, that with thy soft sad light
Came out upon my bridal eve,
I have a song to sing to-night,
Before thou tak'st thy mournful leave,
Since then so softly time hath stir'd,
That months have almost seem'd like hours,
And I am like a little bird
That's slept too long among the flowers,
And waking, sits with weavless wing,
Soft singing 'mid the shades of even;
Eat oh, with sadder heart I sing—
I sing of one who dwells in heaven.

The winds are soft, the clouds are few,
And tenderest thought my heart beguiles,
As floating up through mist and dew,
The pale young moon comes out and smiles,
And to the green resounding shore
In silvery troops the ripples crowd,
Till all the ocean dimpled o'er,
Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud;
And star on star, all soft and calm,
Floats up you archly serenely blue;
And, lost to earth and steeped in balm,
My spirit floats in ether too.

Loved one! though lost to human sight,
I feel thy spirit lingering near,
As softly as I feel the light,
That trembles in the atmosphere;
As in some temple's holy shades,
Thy mute the hymn and hush'd the prayer,
A solemn awe the soul pervades,
Which tells that worship has been there—
A breath of incense, left alone,
Where many a censer swung around,
Will thrill the wanderer, like a tone,
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul, from words of bliss
That stoops awhile to dwell with me,
Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this,
That I at last might dwell with thee.
I hear a murmur from the seas,
That thrills me like thy spirit's sighs;
I hear a voice on every breeze,
That makes to mine its low replies—
A voice all low and sweet like thine;
It gives an answer to my prayer,
Add brings my soul from heaven a sign
That I shall know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,
Round which a tender halo plays,
Still touched with that expressive grace
That made thee lovely all thy days,
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed
A beauty like the light of even,
Whose soft expression never fled,
Even when its soul had flown to heaven,
I'll know thee by the stary crown
That glitters in thy raven hair;
Oh! by these blessed signs alone
I'll know thee there—I'll know thee there.

For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere
The sweets of youth and beauty met,
That swam in love and softness here,
Must swim in love and softness yet,
For ah! its dark and liquid beams,
Though sadden'd by a thousand sighs,
Were holier than the light that streams,
Down from the gates of Paradise—
Yet soft and dewy as the eve;
Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,
Too young for eyes that learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cool, sweet breeze
Hath touch'd thy lips and fam'd thy brow,
For all my spirit hears and sees
Recall thee to my memory now;
For every hour we breathe apart,
Will but increase, if that can be,
The love that fills this little heart,
Already fill'd so full of thee,
Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,
And many a sin must be forgiven,
Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep—
Ere thou and I shall meet in heaven.

MISCELLANY.

Jersey Acquittances.

It is well known that there are wise men in
New York, for, as the old song says:
"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to seek in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
Then this song had been longer—"

but it may not be so well known that our sis-
ter State of New Jersey is equally happy in
being blessed with numerous wise and sharp
witted citizens, as the following anecdote, which
we find uncredited in one of our exchanges, will
prove. As to the truth of the story, it would
be a sin to doubt—it is such a good one—
Here it is:

"A person made application in a town meet-
ing of a New Jersey town, for liberty to build
a grist mill, and if they would grant him the
privilege, offered to grind for the inhabitants
of the town for one-twentieth part of the grain.
The town appointed a committee of their wise

men to search into the matter, who, after de-
liberating upon the subject, told the miller that
one-twentieth part would be too much, consid-
ering the advantage it would be to him, and
they thought he might afford to grind for one-
sixteenth. To this the man, after some hesi-
tation, agreed, and the place was granted him
accordingly.—Eve. Post.

A Night in the Gulf of Mexico.

BY NED BUNLINE.

MANY a wild scene has occurred to me dur-
ing my strangely varied life—crises, and many
a thrilling memory is stereotyped upon my
mind, yet none more vividly than that which I
now relate.

I was mildly on board of the sloop of war
Boston, in 1838, and had the honor to be aid
to Capt. E. B. Babbitt, her commander. Both
Babbitt and the Boston, staunch and true craft
they were, have gone to Davy Jones' locker,
but long will dwell their pleasant memories
with all who sailed under the one and in the other.

We were off Tampico in the fall of 1838, and
Capt. B. determined to visit the town in person
to see the consul, and of course mine was to
be the chance and duty to go with him. Leaving
the Boston outside the bar at anchor, we rowed
up to the town in the captain's gig, a six oared
whale boat. We found every thing right on
shore, and accepted the consul's invitation to
dinner. It was near sunset when we arose
from the table and passed out upon the piazza
of the consul's house; and as we stepped out
I saw my old Captain take a hasty glance to
the westward, and following the direction of
his look, saw that the sun was just being wrap-
ped up for the night in a regular storm track,
settling in a cloud as dark as a sinner's soul.

"We must get aboard, youngster!" said the
captain. "It'll blow like cats and dogs before
two hours have passed over! Go down to the
boat and have the crew ready to shove off!"
"Aye, aye, sir!" said I, hurrying to obey.
For already the black cloud had rolled up and
hidden the sun, and the stillness of the air be-
tokened that Nature was drawing in her breath
for a regular puff.

In a few moments we were swiftly rowing
down the glassy bosom of the Tampico, all
hands of us glancing back frequently at the ris-
ing storm, which was fast overspreading the
sky, coming along growling like a lion over a
desert, hungry for its prey.

Before we arrived at the mouth of the river,
it was down upon us, not "like a thousand of
brick," but like itself alone, for never before
or since have I seen its match.

The clouds came rolling along, wrapping up
everything in condensed night; the wind came
on with a force which raised the water behind
us in a very tall foam, that curled up
like drifting snow over the stern of our frail lit-
tle boat. On getting to the mouth of the river,
we looked in vain to seaward to get a sight
of our vessel, which we had left anchored a-
bout four miles from land, and we knew that
she was still at her anchorage, it would be im-
possible to see her, for even when the lightning
flashes lit up the sky, we could not see half a
mile ahead to seaward.

We for a moment hesitated whether to at-
tempt to cross the bar, which was now boiling
like a kettle of soap suds, and at this moment
we saw the flash and heard the report of a gun
some miles to leeward.

"By thunder, that's the old Boston!" she
under way, but still waiting for us," said Bab-
bitt, and then added:

"Youngster, make sail on the boat and take
the helm! We'll go out!"

"Orders must be obeyed. I looked up at the
sky, then glanced out upon the hissing and
roaring bar, and though I dared not hesitate,
still I felt as if I'd rather stay on shore, and
said mentally, if we do go out, farwell to all
my hopes of wearing an epaulet or seeing a
Mrs. Bunline by my side.

Hoisting up a reefed, big foresail, I took the
tiller and told the men to shove off. Just as
we did so, another gun was fired from seaward
and this gave me an idea of the course I should
steer.

The wind blew a gale while we were close in
shore, but now that we dashed out from under
the lee of the land, we found that it was a per-
fect hurricane. Our little mast bent like a
hoop-pole, the men clinging to the sheet of the
lug with all their strength, and yet the wind
nearly dragged it through their hands. Our
boat swept on like a grey gull through the
foam, now rising over the huge waves, then ap-
parently diving right through them—now fill-
ing with the water that "combed" in over
both bow and stern, and which the crew bailed
out with their hats. They were pale with ex-
citement, every nerve seemed upon the stretch
—not one of us spoke—we almost held our
breath as we drove before that fearful blast.

At last we passed the range of breakers up-
on the bar, and were out upon the less foamy,
but darkly heaving ocean. Oh God! I never
shall forget how huge seemed each wave that
rolled along with our little shell of a boat, as
a cloud would bear a feather; they were
"mountains" indeed. On I steered, heading
as near as I could towards the spot where we
had seen the flash of the last gun, yet nothing
more could we see to give us an indication of
the whereabouts of the ship. We were steer-
ing out into utter darkness, out upon a stormy
ocean, and knew not whether our ship had
borne in for us, or had borne off before the
gale.

We ran for miles and still got no glimpse of
the ship, no sign to guide us. The wind seem-
ed to increase, the sea rose higher and higher
and became rougher. Our men, old tars and
used to peril as they were, now turned pale,
and their lips quivered. I could see, as the
lightning flashes lit up each face that hope was
trembling in their hearts, and that they each
felt the danger of our situation.

"You'd better take in that lug, youngster,"
said the captain, calmly. "It won't do to run
so far to leeward."
At this moment the order was rendered up-

necessary by the mast snapping short off at the
thwart, and as the boat pitched forward with
the puff which carried away the spar, a sea
came in upon us, which in a moment filled the
boat, drenching us with spray, and sweeping
away our oars, sails and all.

I closed my eyes—I thought that all was
over with me, and that indeed my intended
Mrs. Bunline was a widow; and the next mo-
ment the gruff voice of old Charley Carey shout-
ed:

"Sail ho! Close aboard, and by the pipes
of Moses, it's the old Boston!"
"Boat ahoy!" shouted a voice from aboard
of her, which showed that we were seen, with-
in five minutes we were all safe on board, and
Mrs. Bunline that was to be, was a wid-
ow!

"Day broke soon after we got aboard, and
then the 'night in the gulf' was ended.—A-
merican Mail.

What every body is after.

What a curious, strange sort of a world this
is. Did you ever think of it, reader? Just
look around you a little—not with common ev-
ery day business eyes—but with sober
thoughtful analyzing eyes—for every man, un-
less he is sadly deformed, has such eyes,
though he may seldom think of using them.—
Sit down if you have not a note to pay or an
office to run for, in which cases we suppose it
will be expedient for you to be moving—wipe
the perspiration from your brow, let the crowd
dash on without you, and think five minutes
what they are all about, and yourself among
the rest. What is it that makes men get up
so early, scheme and dash about all day, cal-
culate schemes, talk smooth, smile when they
would like to stab, stab when they think it
would not be known, sail under false colors,
pull down hills, drive into mountains, meet
each other with anxious looks, and hasty or
cold salutations and go to bed jaded out to
travel the same roads, perform the same ac-
tions, and transact the same business again in
their dreams. What is it that keeps the crowd
always moving, meeting and mingling in con-
fused and opposite current, hot, feverish and
dissatisfied? What is it that induces men to
spend the bright days of their youth, the
strength of their manhood, and—alas! that it
should be so, the weak days of old age in weary
toil and incessant action.

Money—money!—that's it, reader. The
greater part of the world's machinery is put in
motion for the purpose of getting money—
small round pieces of gold and silver that shine,
and make a pretty noise when dropped on a
counter and feel rather comfortable than oth-
erwise in a man's pocket—when he can get
them. Yes, money is the thing which keeps the
world awake and sets it moving and keeps it
moving, from January to December as if it had
St. Anthony's Dance. Making, getting, spend-
ing, calculating money, are the worthy objects
which employ God's glorious creation—the
civilized part of it, we mean, of course; for
savages—nothing can show true blindness
more strongly—don't think much of money,
and they are, as we might suppose, a stupid
set of mortals.

Money stretches the kitchen maid's patience
and the master's conscience and puts a keen
edge on the farmer's axe; makes the joiner's
hammer click; puts an edge on the tailor's
shears and a long tail upon his bill. Money
makes the merchant stand behind his counter,
and submit to the eternal meanness of higgling
customers; cut off a sample for an old woman
who has a patchwork quilt half finished and
wants it to lengthen out, and unroll a dozen
pieces for a young one, saying all the while
pleasant things to her; who no more thinks of
buying than she thinks of dying. Money
builds factories, and fills it with machinery,
and laborers; digs canals—it dug one from
Northampton to New Haven's few years ago,
and there is yet so much of it as is yet filled
up with the bones of innumerable kittens and hogs
who have jumped "the fence of mortality";
stretches the railroads from State to State;
lifts the lash of the overseer; bridges the At-
lantic; and scatters whale ships from the Ar-
ctic to the Antarctic seas. It makes boys—
very much like quails, who run from the nest
before they are free from the shell—jump from
the fitting pursuits of childhood, into a hard
busy, obnoxious life. It makes men walk,
and dream, and drive hard bargains, and die
before their time comes.

Is not this the case, reader? Most certainly
it is. Every man has some plan for making
money, and for making it out of his neighbor.
Thus the circles in which they purpose to make,
cross each other, their plans interfere, and this
occasions the "jarring, and confusion, and dis-
cord, and heat that we see around us.

Money is the main-spring of the world, and
keeps all its wheels in motion. It is the prin-
cipal object of pursuit, notwithstanding men
call themselves rational beings. The "Al-
mighty Dollar" is every where worshipped.—
Altars are erected to it in every high place and
low place, under every green tree and dry tree.
Meek, modest virtue is jostled from the world's
highway, and is obliged to wander in the fields,
or less crowded paths of life. Very little is
thought of cultivating the social sympathies.
The intellect is only regarded as the agent in
money getting schemes and is educated and
sharpened principally for that business; while
the heart always interfering if free, is boxed
up in steel, and not suffered to speak a word.
Such the world is, and pity, tis, 'tis true."

A clergyman in England, not long
since, adopted the following text: "Wilt thou
go up to battle with me at Ramoth Gilead?"
The popular emphasis with which the ques-
tion was twice repeated, induced a brave sol-
dier to suppose it a reality, and he very cordi-
ally answered:

"Why, gentlemen, if you are all cowards,
I'll go for one."

An American writer, speaking of certain
New York speculators, some of whom professed
to be of a decidedly pious turn of mind, said
that their motto ought to be—"let us pray."

SPEECH OF HON. D. WILMOT,

BEFORE A MEETING

Of his Constituents of Tioga County,
At the Court House, in Wellsboro, on the
Evening of Sept. 21, 1847.

MR. PRESIDENT—I respond cheerfully to
the call that has been made upon me by this
meeting. It always affords me pleasure, to
meet with any portion of my constituents; and
especially, to interchange opinions with the
democracy of Tioga Co., to whom I am under the
deepest obligation, for their uniform kindness
and support.

When I turn to my District and constitu-
ency, it is with mingled feelings of gratitude and
pride. Such a constituency will reflect honor
upon the humblest Representative. The Demo-
cracy of the twelfth Congressional District of
Pennsylvania, by their devotion to principle,
in the State, but throughout the Union. In
this district, and in this only, in Pennsylvania,
was the standard of correct principle, upon the
question of the Tariff maintained in the Presi-
dential contest of 1844. Here only, upon that
question, could the banners of rival and con-
tending parties be distinguished. The unjust
Tariff of 1842, with its burden upon labor, and
its bounties to wealth, found no favor with
you. Again in 1840, after having aided in
establishing a more equitable system of taxa-
tion and revenue, you re-affirmed your verdict
of '44, under circumstances of difficulty, and
in the face of opposition, that would have de-
feated the party in any other district in the
State. Upon that ground where you stood in
'44, and again battled in '46, now stands the
united democracy of the State. The banner
you then unfurled, is now borne with pride, by
the democrats of every county in this broad
Commonwealth. Let us take courage from the
past; and while we exult in the victory, let
us also remember the lesson it teaches—
never to surrender the "right for the expedi-
ent." There is a moral power in the right,
which neither numbers nor high names can
overcome.

Mr. President: we must defer the past, for
interest appertaining to the present, and the
future. In a few days, the freemen of this com-
monwealth, will be called to the performance
of the high duty of selecting their Chief Magis-
trate. The earnest democrat, will ever be
found ready for the discharge of all those duties
he owes to his country. If there is not an in-
difference as to the result of the approaching
election, there is at least, an unusual calm in
the politics of the State. So free are we from
political excitement, that I almost hesitate to
intrude my voice into a stillness so profound.
I know not what, this quiet, upon the eve of a
most important election, may forebode. To
some it may forebode a shock, that is to
overwhelm the democracy of this State in dis-
aster and defeat. To me it has no such porten-
tous threatening. Our people have been wear-
ied with excitement. They require rest, but
not the rest of sleep. I cannot believe that
democrats are indifferent to the success of
their principles, or their party,—that, after hav-
ing triumphed upon the great issues, State and
National, which has agitated the country for
the last few years, they have become weary in
well doing, and are prepared to surrender the
trifles of so many a hard fought field, into
the hands of the enemy, without a struggle or
an effort. No sir, the democrats of Pennsylvan-
ia, I am persuaded, will be at the polls on the
second Tuesday of October next, again to vin-
dicate their principles, and assert the ascen-
dancy of their party.

Federalism is at this day the same that it
has ever been. Its organized and extensive
system of fraud in this State in 1836, is not
forgotten. Its subsequent treasonable at-
tempts at Revolution, when an armed military
force, at the command of a whig governor in-
vested the Capitol of the State, and with "back
shot and ball," sought to overawe the Legisla-
ture, and resist the declared will of the people,
constitutionally expressed through the ballot-
box, is fresh in the memories of all who hear
me.

Why is it, Mr. President, that democrats
are appealing to the past, and whigs always
croaking about the future? The whigs ally
of the past, affords a complete vindication
of the general policy of the democratic party,
while every page bears record of the follies and
blunders of federalism; it is to silence this
instructive lesson, taught by the history of
parties in America, that our opponents ever
seek to drown the voice of the past, in noisy
and ill-omened prophecies of the future.

I am yet sir, a young man; but the events
of the few years that I have been an actor upon
the stage of life, would abundantly satisfy me,
if history were silent, which party had the
strongest claim upon my confidence and support.
I have lived long enough to see Federalism
driven from one position to another—aban-
doning issue after issue—concealing its
principles, and changing its name—predicting
ruin and overthrow of Liberty, and laboring
with unparitric zeal, for the fulfillment of its
gloomy prophecies.

The war waged by the Bank of the United
States, against the people and the Government
of the country, during the Administration of
Gen Jackson, proves all that I have here charg-
ed upon the Federal party. All who partici-
pated in the intensely exciting strife of that
day, will remember the desperation of Federalism,
when its great idol was struck down.—
How were our ears assailed with imprecations
and curses upon the head of that good old man
who, faithful to his trust, stood like a Rock in
the midst of an agitated ocean, calm and resolu-
ted, beating back the surges of corruption, that
for a time overwhelmed all beside. Federalism
bewailed a constitution shattered into frag-
ments, and proclaimed the country in the midst
of a revolution. A Senate thundered forth its
impeachments, and a party excited to madness,
even clamored for the blood of the old Roman.
Yet sir, the storm subsided. Instead of a
constitution broken, its breach had been heal-

ed; and the country sprung forward, under a
new impulse, to a higher prosperity.

Again, under the administration of Mr. Van
Buren, when the Banking and Paper money
system, had exploded from its own inflation,
that sagacious statesman and sound democrat,
advised a return on the part of the government
to the currency of the constitution, and the es-
tablishment of an independent treasury, in
which the public monies should be kept for
public purposes, instead of being deposited in
banks, and loaned out to speculators. The
passage of this just and constitutional measure
by Congress, was the occasion of renewed ex-
citement and agitation, so violent and noisy,
that the voice of reason and argument was for
a time, unheeded and unheard. Both upon
the Bank and the Independent Treasury, have
the triumph of our principles been signal and
complete. Federalism now gives scorn instead
of reverence to its former idol. It openly re-
pudiates, or carefully conceals an issue, upon
which, a few years since it stood and battled
as for life. The Independent Treasury, is no longer
established and in successful operation, is no longer
assailed. Indeed, I hazard nothing in say-
ing that a large majority of the federal party,
that saw in this measure only hopeless and ir-
retrievable ruin, are even ignorant of the fact,
that for more than a year past, it has been the
established law of the land.

In the late Presidential election, the Tariff of
1842, was put forward as the controlling
and all absorbing issue. To this Federalism
clung as to its last and most darling measure.
The ruthless Democracy, that respected noth-
ing venerable or good—that delighted in ruin,
was about to lay its sacrilegious hand on this
the latest born and best beloved. Oh! how
black—how universal was to be that ruin
which was to follow the Tariff of 1842!—
"Your canals a solitude, and your Lakes a de-
sert of waters," were as a shadow, to that pro-
found abyss of ruin, that was to overwhelm all
classes, and all conditions. It was a ruin that
was to come home in its desolating influence,
to the fireside of every family in this wide U-
nion. The fires of the forges were to go out.
The loud breath of the engine, and the busy
hum of machinery were to be silent—the plow
to stand still in the furrow, and the axe of the
poor man to be no more heard in the forest.—
The arm of industry was to be paralyzed, and
the strong muscles and sinews of the laborer
to become relaxed and powerless. Oh! such
a ruin! such a ruin! such a ruin! It is
trifling to look back upon the picture. The
Tariff of 1842 is repealed. There is a great
noise and tumult in the land—but the sun
shines, and the rains descend—the seed is
sown, and the harvest ripens. From every
whig press—articulated by every whig tongue
in the land, comes up the cry of ruin! ruin!
LURN! LURN! like the spirit of the vasty deep
it will not come.

Mr. President, I approach a question of most
momentous import to the American people. One
with which my own name has become somewhat
intimately associated. I refer to the question
between Freedom and Slavery, involved in the
amendment offered by me, to the Three Mil-
lion Appropriation Bill. I would have refrain-
ed from any discussion on this subject, at this
time, as having no direct bearing upon the
more immediate objects this meeting was de-
signed to promote; but friends have otherwise
advised, and I come to the subject with that
confidence, which truth and a consciousness of
having, to the best of my ability, discharged
my duty to you, and to the country, justly in-
spires. If I am right, so straight and plain
are the ways of truth, that the weakest advo-
cate may walk therein with confidence and
safety; even though the authority of high
names, and the weight of shining talents be
against him. If wrong, I derive consolation in
the reflection, that error will be made more
apparent, from the feebleness with which it is de-
fended. I have been misrepresented, because
of my agency in this movement. After devo-
ting a few moments to the vindication of my
conduct and motives, I will proceed to an ex-
amination of the merits of this question—its
bearing upon the Constitution, and the
"Compromise of the Constitution"—and also
its lasting influence upon the character of our
Government, and the well being of our people.

I have been charged with an intent to em-
barrass the administration, in the prosecution
of the war against Mexico. My personal re-
lations and feelings towards the President,
have been represented as hostile and unkind.
This I deny. Towards the President I enter-
tain respect, and unreserved good will. I have
given support to the measures of his adminis-
tration, when some who now challenge my
friendship for him, stood at a distance, utter-
ing censure and complaint. Sir, the President
knows where to find me. On a vote, when the
principles of my party are at issue, I am count-
ed without being sent for or seen. I have given
my support to the war, and all measures for
its vigorous prosecution. It certainly was
farthest from my wish to embarrass the Exe-
cutive, in the discharge of any of the various
responsible duties, rightfully appertaining to
his high office. If, forgetful of those duties,
he, or the members of his Cabinet, have en-
tered the Hall of Legislation, and with patro-
nage, endeavored to control the independent
action of the people's Representatives, in this,
I may have embarrassed them. I charge no
such high immoderation upon him or them;—
but if I offered any embarrassment to the ad-
ministration it was of this character. My labors
were confined to the appropriate sphere of
my duties as an American Representative.

It has also been charged, that ulterior political
designs, looking to the election of a President
in 1848, was the great object of the friends of
"Proviso" had in view. So far as I am implic-
ated in this charge, or have knowledge of the
motives of others, I declare it equally false
with the other. I never played at the game
of Presidential-making; and if the proceedings
of the late Baltimore Convention, in establish-
ing a two-thirds rule, be a fair example of the
principles which govern it, I have no desire to
stake anything upon its chances.

The "Proviso," Sir, was not hatched up, in
any cabal or caucus. The occasion which cal-
led for it, arose but a few hours before the ad-
journment of the first Session of the late Con-
gress; which took place at 12 o'clock M., of
Monday, the 10th of August. On the Satur-
day before, the message of the President, ask-
ing that two millions be placed at his disposal,
was received and read in the House of Repre-
sentatives. It was the subject of general re-
mark and speculation. That day at dinner,
the conversation turned upon it; in which,
Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana, Robert P.
Dunlap, of Maine, Jacob S. Yost, of Pennsylvan-
ia, and myself, took a part. I remarked
that it was clear, that the two millions asked
for by the President, was to be paid, if paid as
all, as the first instalment of purchase money,
for large accessions of territory from Mexico to
the United States; and then declared my pur-
pose, in case Mr. McKay, (the Chairman of the
Committee of ways and means) should bring
in a bill, to move an amendment, to the effect
that slavery should be excluded from any terri-
tory acquired by virtue of such appropriation.
Mr. Owen objected, and said he would make
a speech against it. Gov. Dunlap and Mr.
Yost approved of such an amendment, and
advised me to adhere to my purpose. If any
thing of the kind had been suggested, before
the House took a recess for dinner, I cannot,
and I have tried to do so, recollect it, I would
not, however, say that it had not. After din-
ner, in front of the Hotel, I had further con-
versation with several members. Those that
I now recollect, were Mr. Grover, of New
York, Mr. Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, and Mr. Ham-
lin of Maine. We agreed to advise with our
Northern friends generally, when we re-assem-
bled in evening session, and if the measure
met with their approbation, that it should be
passed. We did so, and so far as I heard,
Northern democrats were unanimous in favor
of the movement. When the Bill was intro-
duced, or called up, several gentlemen collect-
ed together, to agree upon the form and terms
of the proposed amendment. I well recollect,
that Mr. Rathbun, Mr. King, and Mr. Grover,
of New York, Mr. Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, Mr.
Hamlin, of Maine, and Judge Thompson and
myself of Pennsylvania, were of the number, if
we did not constitute the entire group. Some
were engaged in drafting an amendment, my-
self among the number, and several were sub-
mitted; all of which underwent more or less
alterations, at the suggestions of those stand-
ing around and taking part in the business go-
ing on. After various drafts had been drawn
and altered, the language in which the amend-
ment was offered, was finally agreed upon, as
the result of our united labors. I well remem-
ber, that my colleague, Judge Thompson,
made, in the progress of the matter, various
suggestions, some of which were adopted.—
True, he afterwards, and in the hour of trial,
voiced against the "Proviso" because, as he
declared of the time of its introduction, and
the place it occupied. He was a principal in
the treason, both as to time and place, if there
was treason in it. However, at the time of his
vote, he avowed himself in favor of the prin-
ciple and ultimate object of the "Proviso." I
trust I shall find him where I left him, and not
in favor of compromising the principle upon the
line of 36 deg. 30 min. North latitude.

I have given a brief history of the "Provi-
so," and its introduction into Congress. In
no conversation or consultation that I heard,
touching it, was the subject of President-mak-
ing introduced. Its effect upon Presidential
candidates, was never, to my knowledge, the
theme of speculation. Its effect upon them
since, has been pretty clearly seen. The mer-
its of the measure, and the propriety of the
time and occasion of bringing it forward only
were canvassed. I trust I have said sufficient
to exculpate me from the charge of hostility to
the administration, or of scheming for a Presi-
dential candidate in 1848. Now, Sir, to the
thing itself.

What is the "Proviso"? What is its effect
and object? Although plain in its language,
and clear in its design, this enquiry becomes
necessary, from the covert manner in which it
is continually assailed. The whole Southern
press and Government Organs of the North,
represent it as something that affects or inter-
feres with Slavery in the States where Slavery
exists. Even great men, when writing or
speaking upon the subject, persist in talking
about the abolition of slavery; and the right of
the Slave States; as if the Proviso proposed
the one, or in any respect interfered with the
other. It does not propose, either to abolish,
restrict, or in any manner to interfere with
slavery, in any of the States of this Union.—
Its sole object is, to secure from the unlawful
aggressions of slavery that territory which is
now free. In opposing it, continual use is
made of the words "Constitution," "Compro-
mise of the Constitution," and "Compromises
under the Constitution," as if the former was
violated, and the latter assailed by the "Provi-
so." If this be so I pledge myself to abandon
it.

The Constitution was adopted as the funda-
mental law of this Republic. It prescribes the
duties, and defines the powers of the general
government. At the time of its formation and
adoption, slavery existed in some of the States,
and in others it was prohibited. The Slave
States, before entering the Union, desired cer-
tain concessions or compromises, touching their
popular institution. They insisted upon guards
for its security, against any interference with
it, on the part of the General government.—
Accordingly, the whole question of slavery in
the States wherein it existed, was by the
Constitution, left to those States respectively.
Each Slave State, individually and for itself,
within the limits of its own boundaries, had the
sole and exclusive control over the whole ques-
tion of slavery; to regulate it, and abolish it,
at the time and in the manner, it should see fit.
Other concessions were also made, by which
slaves were enumerated in fixing the represen-
tation of the States. To the master was also
given the right to pursue into the free States
his fugitive slave, and reclaim him. I have
here embraced everything upon the subject of
Slavery, comprehended within the spirit or let-