

# NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

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## TERMS OF THE DEMOCRAT.

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## POETRY.

From the Young America.  
THE UNSOLD LANDS.

"The United States claim to own more than one billion acres of unsold lands.—Senate Doc. 446, XXIX Congress, 1st Session.  
A BILLION of acres of unsold land  
Are lying in grievous dearth;  
And millions of men in the image of God  
Are starving all over the earth!  
O! tell me, ye sons of America,  
How much men's lives are worth!  
Ten hundred millions of acres good,  
That never knew a spade or plow—  
And a million of souls in our godly land,  
Are pining in want, I trow;  
And orphans are crying for bread this day,  
And widows in misery bow!  
To whom do these acres of land belong!  
And why do they thriveless lie?  
And why is the widow's lament unheard?  
And stilled the orphan's cry?  
And why are the Poor-House and Prison full?  
And the gallows-tree built high?  
These millions of acres belong to man!  
And his claim is—that he needs!  
And his title is signed by the hand of God—  
Our God, who the ravens feeds.  
And the starving soul of each famishing man,  
At the throne of Justice pleads!  
Ye may not heed it, ye haughty men,  
Whose hearts as rocks are cold—  
But the time shall come when the fiat of God  
In thunder shall be told!  
For the voice of the great I AM hath said  
That the "land shall not be sold."

## MISCELLANY.

### Abby's Year at Lowell.

A Tale of Self-Denial.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Mr. Atkins, I say! Husband, why can't you speak? Do you hear what Abby says?"  
"Anything worth hearing?" was the responsive question of Mr. Atkins; and he laid down his spectacles with a look which seemed to say, that an event so uncommon deserved particular attention.  
"Why, she says that she means to go to Lowell and work in the factory."  
"Well, let her go," said Mr. Atkins, looking up the Patriot again.  
"But I do not see how I can spare her; the spring cleaning is not yet done, nor the soap made, nor the boys' summer clothes; and you say that you intend to board your own men-folks and keep two more cows than you did last year; and Charley can scarcely go alone. I do not see how I can get along without her."  
"But you say she does not assist you about the house."  
"Well, husband, but she might."  
"Yes, she might do a great many things, which she does not think of doing; and I do not see that she means to be useful here, we will let her go to the factory."  
"Father, are you in earnest? May I go to Lowell?" said Abby, and she raised her bright black eyes to her father's with a look of exquisite delight.  
"Yes, Abby, if you promise me one thing; and that is, that you will stay a whole year without visiting us, excepting in case of sickness, and that you will stay but one year."  
"I promise anything, father, if you will only let me go; for I thought you would say I had better stay at home and pick rocks, and weed the garden, and drop corn, and rake hay; and I do not want to do such work any longer."  
"May I go with the Slater girls next Tuesday for that is the day they have set out for their return?"  
"Yes, Abby, if you will remember you are to stay a year, and only a year."  
Abby retired to rest that night with a heart fluttering with pleasure; for ever since the visit of the Slater girls with new silk dresses, and Navarino bonnets trimmed with flowers, and lace veils, and gauze handkerchiefs, her head had been filled with visions of fine clothes; and she thought if she could only go where she could dress like them, she should be completely happy. She was naturally very fond of dress, and often while a little girl, had sat on the grass bank by the road side watching the stage which went daily by her father's dwelling; and when she saw the gay ribbons, and smart shawls, which passed like a phantom before her wondering eyes, she had thought, that when older, she too, would have such things; and she looked forward to womanhood as to a state in which the chief pleasure must consist in wearing fine clothes. But as years passed over her, she became aware that this was a source from which she could never derive any enjoyment while she remained at home; for her father was neither able nor willing to gratify her in this respect, and she had begun to fear that she must always wear the same brown cambric bonnet, and that the same calico gown would always be her "go to meeting dress." And now what a bright picture had been formed by her ardent and uncalculated imagination! Yes, she would go to Lowell, and earn all she could, and spend those earnings in beautiful attire; she would have silk dresses—one of grass green, and another of cherry red, and

another, upon the color of which she would decide when she purchased it; and she would have a new Navarino bonnet, far more beautiful than Judith Slater's; and when, at last, she fell asleep, it was to dream of satin and lace, and her glowing fancy revealed all night in a vast and beautiful collection of milliner's finery.  
But very different were the dreams of Abby's mother; and when she awoke the next morning, her first words to her husband were, "Mr. Atkins, were you serious last night when you told Abby that she might go to Lowell? I thought, at first, that you were vexed because I interrupted you, and said so to stop the conversation."  
"Yes, wife, I was serious, and you did not interrupt me, for I had been listening to all that you and Abby were saying. She is a wild, thoughtless girl, and I hardly know what is best to do with her; but, perhaps it will be as well to try an experiment, and let her think and act a little while for herself. I expect she will spend all her earnings in fine clothes, but after she has done so, she may see the folly of it; at all events, she will be rather more likely to understand the value of money when she has been obliged to work for it. After she has had her own way for one year, she may possibly be willing to return home and become a little more steady, and be willing to devote her active energies, (for she is a very capable girl,) to household duties, for hitherto her services have been principally out of doors, where she is now too old to work. I am also willing that she should see a little of the world, and what is going on in it; and I hope that if she receives no benefit, she will at least return to us uninjured."  
"Oh, husband, I have many fears for her," was the reply of Mrs. Atkins, "she is so very giddy and thoughtless, and the Slater girls are as hair-brained as herself and will lead her on in all sorts of folly. I wish you would tell her she must stay at home."  
"I have made a promise," said Mr. Atkins, "and I will keep it; and Abby, I trust will hers."  
Abby flew round in high spirits to make necessary preparations for her departure, and her mother assisted her with a heavy heart.

#### CHAPTER II.

The evening before she left home, her father called her to him, and fixing upon her a calm and almost mournful look, he said, "Abby, do you ever think?"  
"Abby was subdued and almost awed by her father's look and manner. There was something unusual in it—something in his expression which was unexpected to her, but which reminded her of her teacher's look at the Sabbath School, when he had endeavored to impress upon her mind some serious truth."  
"Yes, father," she at length replied, "I have thought a good deal lately about going to Lowell."  
"But I do not believe, my child, that you have had any serious reflection upon the subject, and I fear that I have done wrong in consenting to let you go from home. If I were too poor to maintain you here, and had no employment about which you could make yourself useful, I should feel no self-reproach, and would let you go, hoping that all might yet be well; but now I have done what at some future time I may severely repent of; and Abby, if you do not wish to make me wretched, you will return to us a better, milder and more thoughtful girl."  
That night Abby reflected more seriously than she had ever done in her life before. Her father's words, rendered more impressive by the look and tone with which they were delivered, had sunk into her heart as words of his had never done before. She had been surprised at his ready acquiescence in her wishes, but it had now a new meaning. She felt that she was about to be abandoned to herself, because her parents despaired of being able to do anything with her, and thought her too wild, reckless and untamable to be softened by angel but the stern lessons of experience. It will surprise them, said she to herself: I will show them that I have some reflection: and after I come home my father shall never ask me if I THINK. Yes, I know what their fears are, and I will let them see that I can take care of myself, and as good care as they have ever taken of me. I know I have not done as well as I might have done, but I will begin now, and when I return they shall see that I am a better, milder and more thoughtful girl. And the money which I intended to spend in fine dresses shall be put into the bank. I will save it all, and my father shall see that I can earn money and take care of it too. O, how different I will be from what they think I am, and how very glad it will make my father and mother to see that I am not so very bad after all!  
New feelings and new ideas had begot new resolutions, and Abby's dreams that night were of smiles from her mother, and words from her father, such as she never had received or deserved.  
When she bade them farewell the next morning she said nothing of the change which had taken place in her views and feelings, for she felt a slight degree of self-distrust in her own firmness of purpose.  
Abby's self-distrust was commendable and auspicious; but she had a very prominent development in that part of the head where physiologists locate the organ of firmness; and when she had once determined upon a thing, she usually went through with it. She had now resolved to pursue a course entirely different from that which was expected of her, as different from the one she had at first marked out for herself. This was more difficult on account of her strong propensity for dress, a love of which was freely gratified by her companions. But when Judith Slater pressed her to purchase this beautiful piece of muslin, her constant reply was, "No, I have determined not to buy any such things, and I will keep my resolution."  
"Before she came to Lowell, she wondered, in her simplicity, how people could live where there were so many stores and not spend all their mo-

ney; and it now required all her firmness to resist being overcome by the tempting display of beauties which met her eyes whenever she promenade the illuminated streets. It was hard to walk by the milliners' shops with unvarying step; and when she came to the confectionaries, she could not help stopping. But she did not yield to the temptation—she did not spend her money in them. When she saw fine straw-berries, she said to herself, "I can gather them in our own pasture next year," when she looked upon the nice peaches, cherries and plums, which stood in tempting array behind their crystal berries, she said again, "I will do without them this summer;" and when apples, pears and nuts were offered to her for sale, she would eat none of them till she went home. But she felt that the only safe place for her earnings was the saving bank, and there these were regularly deposited, that it might be out of her power to indulge in momentary whims. She gratified no feelings but a newly awakened desire for mental improvement, and spend her leisure hours in reading useful books.  
Abby's year was one of perpetual self-control and self-denial; but it was by no means one of unmitigated misery. The ruling desire of years was not to be conquered by the resolution of a moment; but when the contest was over, there was for her the triumph of victory. If the battle was sometimes desperate, there was so much more merit in being conqueror.—One Sabbath was spent in tears because Judith Slater did not wish her to attend their meeting with such a dowdy bonnet; and another fellow-boarder said that her gown must have been made "in the year one." The color mounted to her cheeks, and the lightning flashed from her eyes when she asked if she had "just come down," and she felt that she should be glad to be away from them all, when she heard their silly jests about "bush-whackers." Still she remained unshaken. It is but for a year, said she to herself, and the time and money that my father thought I should spend in folly, shall be devoted to a better purpose.

#### CHAPTER III.

At the close of a pleasant April day, Mr. Atkins sat at his kitchen fire-side, with Charley upon his knee. "Wife," said he to Mrs. Atkins, who was busily preparing the evening meal, "is it not a year since Abby left home?"  
"Why, husband, let me think; I always clean up the house thoroughly just before fast-day, and I had not done it when Abby went away. I remember speaking to her about it and telling her that it was wrong to leave me at such a busy time; and she said, 'Mother, I will be at home to do it all next year.' Yes, it is a year, and I should not be surprised if she should come this week."  
"Perhaps she will not come at all," said Mr. Atkins, with a gloomy look; "she has written us but few letters, and they have been short and unsatisfactory. I suppose she has sense enough to know that no news is better than bad news; and having nothing pleasant to tell about herself, she thinks she will tell us nothing at all. But if I ever get her home again, I will keep her here. I assure you, her first year in Lowell shall also be her last."  
"Husband, I fold you my fears, and if you had set up your authority, Abby would have been obliged to stay at home, but perhaps she is doing pretty well. You know she is not accustomed to writing, and that may account for the few and short letters we have received; but they have all, even the shortest contained the assurance that she would be at home at the close of the year."  
"Pa, the stage has stopped here," said little Charley, and he bounded from his father's knee. The next moment the room rang with the shout of "Abby has come! Abby has come!" In a few moments more she was in the midst of the joyful throng. Her father pressed her hand in silence, and tears gushed from her mother's eyes. Her brothers and sister were clamorous with delight; all but little Charley, to whom Abby was a stranger, and who repelled with terror all her overtures for a better acquaintance. Her parents gazed upon her with a speechless pleasure; for the better had taken place in their once wayward girl. Yes, there she stood before them, a little taller and a little thinner, and when the flush of emotion had faded away, perhaps a little paler; but the eyes were bright in their joyous radiance, and the smile of health and innocence was playing around the rosy lips. She carefully laid aside her new straw bonnet, with its plaid trimming of light blue ribbon, and her dark Navarino dress showed to the best advantage her neat symmetrical form. There was more delicacy of personal appearance than when she left them, and also more softness of manner; for constant collision with so many young females had wore off the little asperities which had marked her conduct while at home.  
"Well, Abby, how many silk gowns have you got?" said her father, as she opened a large trunk.  
"Not one, father," she said as she fixed her dark eyes upon him with an expression which told all. "But here are some books for the children, and a nice calico dress for mother; and here is a nice black silk handkerchief for you to wear around your neck on Sundays. Accept it, dear father, for it is your daughter's first gift."  
"You had better have bought me a pair of spectacles, for I am sure I cannot see anything." There were tears in the rough farmer's eyes, but he tried to laugh and joke, though they might not be deceived. "But what did you do with all your money?"  
"I thought I had better leave it there," said Abby, and she placed her trunk on in her father's hand. Mr. Atkins's face, which she had so often smiled faded. The surprise had been too great, and tears fell thick and fast from her father's eyes.  
"It is but little," said Abby.  
"But it is all you could have," replied her father, "and I am proud of you, Abby; you are proud that I am the father of such a girl. It is not this paltry sum which pleases me so much, but the prudence, self-command, and re-

al affection for us which you have displayed. But was it not hard, sometimes, to resist temptation?"  
"Yes, father, you can never know how hard, but it was the thought of this night which has sustained me through it all. I knew how you would smile, and what my mother would say and feel, and though there have been moments, yes, hours that have seen me wretched enough, yet this one evening will repay for all. There is but one thing now to mar my happiness, and that is the thought that this little fellow has quite forgotten me," and she drew Charley to her side. But the new picture book had done wonders, and in a few minutes he was in her lap, with his arms around her neck, and his mother could not persuade him to retire until he had given "Sister Abby a hundred kisses."  
"Father," said Abby, as she rose to retire when the clock struck eleven, "May I not sometime go back to Lowell? I should like to add a little sum in the bank, and I should be glad of one silk gown."  
"Yes, Abby, you may do anything you wish. I shall never again be afraid to let you spend a year in Lowell. You have shown yourself to be possessed of a virtue, without which no one can expect to gain either respect or confidence."  
—SELF-DENIAL.

#### YOUNG MEN.

Give us young men to direct the affairs of young countries. Young men are bold, adventurous, ardent and aspiring. Not content with the present, they aim upwards, and generally aim high. Old men are generally conservative and consequently timid. They wish to keep things as they are, because they have monopolized the best of every thing yet obtained. Old men wish to keep what they have got, young men to get what they can. Among farmers, old men plod on, and laugh at the innovations which young men call improvements. Among mechanics, old tinkers shake their heads at new machinery. Among physicians, old men bleed and blister and bucket, according to old books, established authorities when they were young. Among preachers, old men stick to creeds and platforms, and swear by Hooker or Hopkins. Old soldiers stick to Frederick and Baron Steuben. Old politicians stick to their old mistakes. In our Revolution, the old men were Tories, who wished to keep what they had got, while the Whigs were young fellows, seeking their fortunes. Washington was middle-aged, the great lights of the Continental Congress no more; Knox, and Greene, and Schuyler, and Mercer, and Morgan, and Sheldon and the rest of them were young fellows, and Hamilton hardly of age. In the French Revolution, the old nobles, the old priests, the old fools—run away. The movement was directed by the splendid young men who afterwards became Napoleon's marshals; Napoleon himself being little more than a stripling when he crossed the Alps, and cleared Italy of Austria's granaries.  
In our last war with the British, the war department was directed, first by Dr. Eustis, then by Gen. Armstrong, and our armies led by Gen. Hull, Gen. Wilkinson, Gen. Hampton, Gen. Dearborn, all remains of the Revolution. Every thing went wrong. Defeat, surrender, disgrace were the order of the day. If our young soldiers and subordinate officers gained a victory, the grumpy generals were sure to lose all its fruits. Mr. Madison became disgusted and the country indignant. He called to his cabinet Alexander J. Dallas and other men of younger years, and put our armies under the command of Brown, Scott, Gaines, Ripley, all young fellows. Then every thing prospered, and the star-spangled banner was enveloped in a blaze of glory. "Old Hickory" was just or scarcely forty when he gained the battle of New Orleans. On the ocean, all the commanders who did anything were young. While old Channey was poking about on Lake Ontario, young Perry, and young Elliott, and young McDonough were gaining victories on Lakes Erie and Champlain. While old Rodgers made a cruise after cruise without finding the enemy, young Hull, and young Decatur, and young Biddle, and young Jones, and middle-aged Steward and Bainbridge were finding and capturing the enemy every day. Give us young men to act, and nothing ever middle aged men to think. Our country is young, and therefore we must go it while we're young.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.—Marriage is of a date prior to sin itself—the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one smile that God let fall on the world's innocence, lingering and playing still upon its seared visage. The first marriage was celebrated before God Himself, who filed, in his own person, the office of Guest, Witness, and Priest.  
There stood the two godlike forms of innocence, fresh in the beauty of their unstained nature. The hallowed shades of the garden, and the green carpeted earth smiled to look on so divine a pair. The crystal waters flowed by, pure and transparent as they. The unblemished flowers breathed incense on the sacred air, answering to their upright love. An artless round of joy from all the vocal natures, such as a world in tune might yield, ere discord was invented. Religion blessed her two children thus, and led them forth into life, to begin her wondrous history. The first religious scene they knew, was their own marriage before the Lord God. They learned to love Him as the Interpreter and Sealer of their love to each other; and if they had continued in their uprightness, life would have been a firm betrothal—ship—a sacred mystery of spirit and communion.  
Curiosity triumphed over innocence. They tasted sin, and knew it in their fall. Man's heart changed; woman's heart changed; man's heart and woman's heart are no longer what the first hearts were. Beauty is blemished. Love is debased. Sorrow and tears are in the world's cup. And the world is away all paradisean matter, and the world is bowed under its curse. Still one thing remains as it was. God mercifully spared one token of the innocent world, and that the dearest, to be a symbol for ever of the primal love.

And this is marriage—the religious rite of marriage. This one flower of Paradise is blooming yet in the desert of sin.—*Rev. Dr. Bushnell.*

#### Memories of Louis Philippe.

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, Philippe 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 Philippe is now the head, originated in Philippe, a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duke of Orleans by his elder brother, Louis XIV. The first Duke of Orleans was twice married, his second wife being Elisabeth Charlotte, of Bohemia, grand-daughter of James II. 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 Philippe 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 determined 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 river in a boat, arrived at New Orleans in February, 1798. Being refused a passage to Spain from Havana, whether 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 de Beaujolais died at Malta, whither his brother accompanied him in 1808.  
From Malta Louis Philippe 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 Philippe has had eight children, of whom six still survive, viz:—  
1. Louis, Duke 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'Anjou, born 1822, married to Carolina, cousin of the King of the Two Sicilies.  
6. Anthony, Duke of Montpensier, born 1824, married a sister of the Queen of Spain.  
The oldest son of Louis Philippe was Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, born 1810, killed by jumping from his carriage, July, 1842. He married, in 1837, Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, by whom he had two children, viz: Louis Philippe, (Count of Paris) born 1838, and now 10 years of age, and Robert Philippe, Duke of Chartres, born 1840.  
At Palermo, Louis Philippe renewed his marriage, until 1814, when on 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, when, on the abdication of Charles X., the Chamber of Deputies offered him the Crown, which he accepted on the 9th of August, 1830; and adopted the style and title of Louis Philippe, 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.  
Besides the young Count of Paris, grandson to the Ex-King, there are two other claimants to the French throne at this time, namely: first, the young Duke of Bordeaux, son of the Duke de Berri, and grandson to the late King, Charles X., who was the elder branch of the Bourbon family, and brother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. Charles X., it will be recollected, was deposed in 1830.

Second, Louis Napoleon, son of the late Louis Bonaparte, who was for awhile King of Holland. The mother of this Prince was Hortense, daughter of Josephine, first wife of the Emperor Napoleon.  
The claims of neither of these two Princes seem to be worth much now; the only chance, if a republic be not permanently established, is probably for the young Count of Paris, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, who is now 84 years of age.—*N. Y. Express.*

#### CASSIUS M. CLAY TO HENRY CLAY.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer.  
NEW YORK, April 13, 1848.  
HENRY CLAY.  
SIR—In the Tribune of this morning I find a letter dated Ashland, April 10th 1848, over your signature. The letter is addressed, I presume, to the American people. If I did not know you well, the intervening space of three days only between this date and its arrival here would lead me to suspect its authenticity. If your determination to allow your name to go before the Philadelphia Convention as a candidate for the Presidency had been in accordance merely with your wishes and individual judgment, I should have kept a respectful silence. But as your determination is based upon the supposed interest of the Whig party, I shall venture, unasked, to add my opinion to that of the numerous Whigs to whom you refer. When I tell you that royalty rarely hears the truth, you will think, no doubt, that I repeat a very stale dogma, if not altogether out of place in a republic. But there are parasites in republics as well as in despotisms, and of those you have a very liberal portion just now. Were I to claim to be your personal friend, I might better, perhaps, accomplish my purpose; but as I never avowed one class of sentiments whilst really holding another, I tell you frankly that, although from my earliest youth I had been something more than a cold admirer of yourself, so when you started, on the 14th of August, 1845, to the Virginia Springs, leaving your friends and family to murder me in my sick bed, for vindicating those principles which you had taught me, in your speeches, at least I ceased to be your friend, and became, by the necessity of my nature, your enemy. What I shall say to you now, then, will have the more weight, because you will see that it comes from an honest, if not an unprejudiced man; whilst I shall attempt to divest myself of the individual and attempt to speak as the member of a great party.  
I shall then take up your letter in its proper order. In saying that you had "a strong disinclination to the use of my [your] name in connection with that office," courtesy leads me to confine myself to the remark that you deceived yourself—but no one else! So soon as you were defeated in the last election, a committee of your friends from Frankfort waited upon you and consoled you upon that melancholy event. You responded in a manner that led me almost with the power of certainty, to come to some friends that Henry Clay is a candidate again for the Presidency. Time attests my sagacity.  
So strong was my conviction that you would be a candidate, when letters were read in the Convention of the "Whig friends of Gen. Taylor" in the State House at Frankfort, from the Hon. J. C. Crittenden, Charles S. McCreedy, and J. P. Gaines, begging us not to nominate Gen. Taylor, and thus push you from the track, and saying that you would on your return home retire from the canvass, in the presence of the thousands there assembled I rose up and declared that although I respected these gentlemen, I had not the least confidence that you would in truth withdraw. Time has again attested my sagacity. After you had gone to New York, and delegates were chosen to the National Convention whilst you were the city's guest, and it was again asserted that you would decline on your return home, I said, no, you refused to go to New York last summer, you would not have gone now unless you had determined to run for the Presidency. Time attests the truth of the prediction.  
You say that your friends represent that the withdrawal of my name would be fatal to their success. If they so speak to you, they speak a different language elsewhere. I have seen told that all the members of Congress from our own State; but one told you that you could not be elected, and that others thought whom I could name told you the same thing. But if these reports be untrue, allow me to tell you that I have heard almost universally that your name would again bring us defeat. In that opinion I concur, and will give my reasons. Because I am not guiltless myself, and because of the bad taste of the thing, I will not urge objections to your private character. Neither will I press your prestige of *ill luck*, in saying that all the measures which you have urged upon the people, except the Missouri compromise, have been erased from the statute book. For we lament, in common, the fall of the tariff, the bank, and internal improvements, under your lead. I shall confine myself to the question of availability. Three times have we run you and three times your name has brought us defeat! So soon as Gen. W. Harrison had brought us up from a miserable minority, where you had left us, to a large majority, you hurried on to Washington, when Mr. Tyler, under Mr. Webster's lead, was doing good service to the country and party; and by attempting to force on him and us the "obsolete Bank" which he had purposely slurred in the canvass, you brought us to a speedy minority.  
A long time ago, being too old to perform the comparatively light duties of Senator, you gave the public a farcical address, and retired from public life. The Democratic party, by the excess of its numbers, was at once split into widely separated fragments. Messrs. Cass, Calhoun, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, and others were all pressing their claims with a bitterness before unknown to the party.—"Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." They determined to bring Texas into the Union, avowedly to break down the power of the free North, and to make this nation a slave empire. The friends of liberty