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POETRY.

My Mother's Voice.

My mother's voice! how often dreams
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing music on wings of sleep,
Or dew upon the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manifold woes,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to the some lingering lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years—
But nature's book is even yet,
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garmented like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing—
When bursting buds find diamond grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness, thronged the night—
When all was beauty then have I,
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myth on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there,
Flung over the its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain.
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured my deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven—like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

MISCELLANY.

Pay Your Debts.

The success of various individuals through life is dependent in a great degree upon the punctuality they exercise in regard to the payment of their debts. Talk as much as you please about the "keep out of debt" system, it is attainable only by a few. We very much doubt whether there is a person living who is entirely out of debt. Not that all owe money—that is of partial consequence. When we see persons all money, and who can think of nothing but riches, we almost wish them the fate of the poor starving traveler in the desert, who, upon seeing a little bag lie upon the ground, grasped it with eagerness, hoping it contained food; but finding it filled with gold, threw it down with mortification exclaiming, "alas, it is nothing but gold."

We are indebted to our Creator, to our parents and friends—but that to which I would more particularly call the farmer's attention in this article, is his indebtedness to the soil he tills. The soil is the farmer's great creditor, from which he is every day borrowing; and, in proportion to the punctuality with which he "pays up," will lend him again. We know of farmers, (or those who call themselves such,) who have been continually borrowing from the soil these twelve or fifteen years, without ever thinking of even paying the interest, although it amounts only to a few loads of manure annually. At first their loans were quite large, as this great creditor seems to believe every man honest till he finds him to be a rogue. But every year he has been dealing out to him less and less, until of late it is almost impossible to prevail upon him to unlock his great safe, and help to replenish their already sinking fortunes.

The soil is a very singular old creditor. His books are all open for at least some six or seven months in the year, and are only closed when the snows of winter render him incapable of doing further business. His accounts are all written in a plain, bold hand, so that any one passing through a section of country, although an entire stranger, can tell at a single glance whether the farmer "pays up."

Let us take a short ride and see how his books stand with some of our neighbors. Do you see that beautiful piece of grain on your right, as it waves its heavy laden treasures to the breeze—those beautiful cattle that look so sleek and comfortable in their rich green pastures—that neat little house, the home of that well clad and intelligent family? These are neighbor A's. He is a man that never borrows a crop of grain or anything else from the soil without returning a fair equivalent, and this curious old gentleman, seeing neighbor A's punctuality, seems determined to get him in debt, by lending him more and more every year. But our word for it, neighbor A will continue to pay punctually, and advance rapidly in wealth and prosperity.

Now let us go a little farther, and see the farm of—should I say farmer B. There is a piece of land that looks as though it had been owned to some kind of grain or other, one can hardly tell what. The heads are so few and far between that it would take all the Drum Majors in Mexico to drum enough together to form a respectable line. His cattle look as though the crows were about to foreclose their mortgages, and secure them for their own special use; his house would hardly do for a pig-sty and his family—but I will stop here. Go and see for yourself.

Mr. B's farm and circumstances were at first as good as neighbor A's. But he has been continually borrowing from the soil, without

ever thinking of even paying the interest, till it will trust him no longer. He is now about the same as "used up," for you may rely upon it that, as your soil refuses to trust you, your other creditors will be but few, and not very obliging.

Farmers, do not keep annually borrowing from your soil without returning a fair equivalent. Pay all your debts punctually, (not even forgetting your subscriptions to the newspapers,) and you will be prosperous, contented and happy.

Turning over a New Leaf.

"Are you going to get in that corn to-day?" said John Hendricks to Mr. Butler, the farmer for whom he was at work by the month.

"Yes," said Mr. Butler, "we must try to get it in, in the course of the day."

"If it is to be got in to-day, we must go about it this morning. It is time it was in; it is half destroyed now. Benton's cattle were in again last night."

"I know they were. Here, Saul, do you run over to Benton's and tell him his cattle lay in our corn last night."

"And he will tell you to put up the fence," said Saul.

"The fence ought to be seen to. Hendricks, you bring the axe, and I'll go now and tackle it up a little," said Mr. B.

Hendricks went for the axe, and having searched in vain for it, returned to Mr. Butler, who was trying to set up a wash tub, which had fallen to pieces in despair of the fulfillment of Mr. Butler's promise that he would get a hoop to-morrow.

"I can't find the axe; I would as soon undertake to make a thing as to find it in this place. It seems to be a rule with every one who uses a tool here, to put it in a place where it can't be found no how. If it was left where it was used last, a body might find something once in a while, but as it is, 'tis about impossible. I expect the barn will be among the missing some day."

"Never mind," said Mr. Butler, in a conciliating tone, "the axe will turn up in the course of the day. You see if you can get these staves up. I want to see if Holmes can come and cut that buckwheat to-day."

Hendricks did as he was requested. He set up the staves, and looked round for the hoop to confine them in place. "I wonder," said he, "if I am expected to sit here and hold these in place all day. There is no hoop between here and the blacksmith's I dare say. I have done harder work than sitting here and doing nothing, and more profitable work for my employer; but I must obey orders. Benton's cows are to have another pull at that corn, I see plainly."

In due time Mr. Butler came, and Mr. Holmes was ready to go at the buckwheat as soon as he had ground up his new scythe and spliced one of the fingers of his cardie.

"You have got them set up, have you?"

"Yes, but what is going to hold them up when I let go of them?"

"Here's a hoop," said Mr. Butler. "I forgot to tell you about it."

Hendricks took it; while Butler and Holmes were grinding the scythe, he put it on and drove it down. "There," said he, "that's the first job I've known to be finished on this ground since I came here, three months ago."

At this moment Saul returned. "Well, Saul, what's the news?"

"Benton says Hyde's cows are in the lower meadow."

"Very likely, I saw a red squirrel running towards the fence, and I thought likely he would get on it and throw it down. If they find the potatoes, it will save some labor."

"What about the potatoes?" said Mr. Butler, coming up at that moment.

"Hyde's cows are taking care of them," said Hendricks.

"You run and drive them out, Saul, and find out where they got in, and put up the fence a little, just enough to turn them for the present; I'll see to it in a day or two. Hendricks, you harness the horses—we'll try to get a load of that corn in before dinner."

In about half an hour, during which time Messrs. Butler and Holmes had been employed in splicing the cardie fingers, Hendricks came to Butler and asked,

"Where is the harness of the off horse?"

"Oh, I let Finkle have it last night. I didn't know as we should want it to-day."

"Yes, there is something else you can do to-day."

"Yes, there is enough to do, if a body could ever get at it. There he comes with the harness. You haven't lost any of the linc-pins?"

"I guess not."

"Well, it may be," said Hendricks to himself, "that some of that corn will be saved after all."

The reader has had a specimen of the mode of proceeding on Mr. Butler's farm, and will be able to form a pretty shrewd guess why it was that Mr. Butler, who had an excellent farm, was not deemed and taken by his neighbors to be a forehand man.

Hendricks, with the aid of Saul, succeeded in getting in most of the corn to which allusion has been made; so that Mr. Benton's cows came home the next day, which was the Sabbath, much less filled than ordinarily.

On Monday morning, Hendricks was out by daylight, and at work when Saul made his appearance, which was not until he had given the sun due precedence. Hendricks informed him that a new leaf was turned over.

"Things about the place are going to be done this week as they ought to be done."

"I'm agreed," said Saul, who was quite willing to work, but wished very much to be relieved from the responsibility of directing his own movements.

"Mr. Butler," said John, after breakfast, "has that axe come to light yet?"

"I haven't seen it."

"Here it is," said Lizzy, "I found it in the grass in the garden."

"And took care of it, like a sensible body," said John, as he took the axe from her hand.

"Thank you."

The compliment was not a very polished one, but it brought over her beautiful countenance

a blush, which she hastened into the pantry to conceal.

"Now," said he, "if you and Saul will go at those potatoes, I will put up that fence in a shape that will keep Hyde's cattle out of that meadow for some time, I guess."

"Hyde ought to put up a part of it," said Butler.

"I know he had, but he will never do it; you might as well try to get a hen to do a sum in the rule-of-three, as to get him to do any thing worth while. Come, let us have those potatoes in, and that fence up, before sunset."

"If we get all the potatoes in, it is not much matter about the fence."

"What's the reason it isn't? Who wants the cattle making mortar of the meadow?"

"Come on."

They got into a wagon which had been brought to the door before breakfast, and Hendricks drove off at a rapid rate, making a great clattering of the loose boards of the wagon, and rendering it somewhat difficult for Mr. Butler and Saul to keep themselves, or rather the board on which they sat, in place.

"What has got into John?" said Mrs. Butler, pausing from her efforts over the butter bowl, and watching the rapidly disappearing wagon.

"I don't know," said Lizzy, softly. Now she had better not have made any reply to the question, for it was not asked with any expectation of a reply. I say she had better not have answered it, for I am not sure but she strained the truth a little in so doing. Some passages which had taken place between John and herself, as they came home from meeting together one Sabbath evening, and sat in the "front room" together till the roosters crowed, were, in fact, the causes of the turning over of the new leaf of management of the farm.

Before night the fence was put up in the most substantial order, and the potatoes all put into the cellar.

The next morning, when they were at breakfast, John inquired, "Is Holmes to work for you to-day?"

He promised to come and do what he could towards finishing the buckwheat. He thinks it will take him a day and a half to finish cradling it."

"Well, you don't want him to-day; send the cradle home, and tell him it is cradled."

"Cradled! who did it?"

"I did it."

"When?"

"This morning."

The look of astonishment and admiration with which Mr. Butler regarded John, was not unobserved by Lizzy, and led her to meditate on the propriety of another retreat to the pantry.

She adopted, however, the expedient of holding a cup of coffee to her lips for a very unnecessary length of time.

"What shall we go to to-day, after we have sheeked up the buckwheat?" said Hendricks.

"I don't know; what do you think we had best do?"

"Have the rye in where we took the corn off."

"Well, we'll go at it then."

In like manner John's advice was asked daily and followed; so that, when winter set in, the farm presented a very different aspect from that which it usually wore at that time. Commonly, some potatoes were frozen up, and some portion of the sowing left undone, in consequence of the frost overtaking the plow. But now every crop was secured, the grain sown and up quite green, the house banked, and quite a string of stone wall made. That the corn was husked in season, might have been owing to the fact that turning over the new leaf had inspired the family with such a spirit of industry, that Lizzy had joined them in their huskings, and took her seat near John, that by might break off the ears that were beyond her strength. It happened, on one or two occasions, that these two continued their labors long after Saul and his father had gone to bed.

In the course of time it came to this, that Mr. Butler used to ask John what he was going to do, as though his right to direct operations was unquestionable. For example, one morning John had a stone boat, with several crows in, at the door.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Butler.

"I'm going to build a piece of stone wall on the east side of the meadow. The ground is high enough for a wall to stand, and there are stone enough on the knoll, which ought to come out, to make it."

Mr. Butler made no reply, but, together with Saul, went to digging stone.

"This looks like a new farm," said Mr. George one day to his neighbor, as they rode by Mr. Butler's house.

"Yes," replied the neighbor, "there is a new hand at the bellows."

"Does Hendricks work it on the shares?"

"No, he works by the month."

"Does he? What makes him drive on so?"

"I don't know for certain, but I guess Butler's daughter is at the bottom of it."

When winter set in, Saul, though he was a good boy to work, felt a desire to have a little more furniture in the upper story, and asked leave to go to the Centre to school. "Uncle Zeb says he will board me if I'll come."

"I don't see how I can spare you," said Mr. Butler; "we must build in the spring, and we have all the timber to get to the mill."

Saul looked rather down-hearted.

"You can go," said John, who was sitting before the blazing fire, between Saul and Lizzy.

"I'm going to stay, that is, if they'll let me. I tell you what it is," turning to Mr. Butler, "if you will give me this critter," laying his hand on Lizzy's arm, "I'll stay and work for you at any lay you choose."

Lizzy turned very red, but neither ran for the pantry nor pushed away John's hand.

"Well," said Mr. Butler, who had recently seen what things were coming to, "that must be pretty much as you and she can agree, mustn't it, mother?"

"I guess so," said Mrs. Butler, dropping several stitches in a stocking she was knitting for John.

"There won't be much difficulty about it,

then, I guess," said John. "Saul may go to school; he may go to College if he has a mind. I can get his support out of the farm, without hurting any body, I reckon." Then turning to Lizzy he said, "the road is good, and Jack wants to stir himself, and I want you to go over to mother's. Suppose you jump into the wagon and ride with me."

Lizzy looked towards her mother, rose up and went to put her things on. The horse was soon at the door, and Lizzy was soon at John's mother's, and John's mother was soon introduced to Lizzy, who soon became her daughter-in-law, that is to say, on New-Year's eve.

LONG EVENINGS.—The nights are sensibly lengthening, and the long interval between sun-down and bed time presents a very favorable opportunity to all to improve it in such a manner as to make their homes not only interesting and instructive, but to add greatly to their store of knowledge and their pleasures. One who has experienced the advantages of such a course gives this advice in this fashion. Instead of running after foolish and uninteresting exhibitions, let families unite at home, adding to the circle a few friends when desirable, in devising and carrying out plans of amusement that combine the elements of mental and moral improvement and foster the filial, domestic and social affections; for in these, after all, rest the true elevation of character and the security of our republican institutions. This is really a graver question than many suppose. When frivolity becomes the main trait of national character, and pleasures taking and luxury engross a people's attention, they become unfitted for self-government, and an easy prey to those who will school their own minds to more difficult and important tasks, and will think and contrive, and carry into operation their schemes, while the masses are pursuing amusements and degenerating frivolities.

Bullying a Witness.

There is an attorney practising in our courts who has attained a great notoriety for bullying witnesses on the opposing sides of cases: when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right-out to the crowd, we will merely call him "Wyke," for short.

There was a horse case, a very common case upon our magistrate's docket, trying before Squire Snellbaker one day, in which Wyke happened to be "fernest" the horse. A slow and easy witness, had been called, to the stand by the plaintiff, who in a plain straight forward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wyke commenced a regular cross-examination which was out short in the following manner:

"Well, what do you know about a horse—

you a horse doctor?" said the barbarian, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal about the nater of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wyke, in the same style, looking knowingly at the court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out:

"Oh, ye-as—jes-so—I'd never take you for a horse?"

The Supreme Court of the United States said not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. Everybody was con-

ced, that, whatever the attorney might be, his witness was a horse!"—*Cin. Dispatch.*

Two Brns.—A young lady who signs herself "Jessie," advertises for a husband in the Cincinnati Dispatch. She says that she possesses an unimpeachable character—youth beauty and talent, with all other qualities requisite to make an agreeable companion, and will listen to a proposition from any gentleman of "good moral character, affectionate disposition, and agreeable person."

A bachelor acquaintance of ours, who has "serious intentions," says he would like to understand, before he proposes, whether, by marrying her, he would not be likely to "get Jessie," in more senses than one.

OLD MAIDS.—We do not always love those who admire us. There is a haughty carriage in some beautiful women, which betrays a passion for dominion and an acerbity of manner in others who lack beauty, which shows that they not only do not expect homage, but also, that they despise it. It is from these two classes that the strict order of old maids is chiefly peopled.

A TOUCH OF THE SUBLINE.—A democratic editor took up his goose quill, and set off in this way—it is the best thing in the campaign:

"Reader, did it ever occur to you, that when the glorious dawn of the millennium shall burst forth upon your astonished vision, when the pillars of the earth shall be upheaved, and the stars shall shoot madly from their spheres, and when you orb of day, as by rolls on in his meridian splendor, shall involve the nations of the earth in one general conflagration—we say did it ever occur to you, that amid this wreck of matter and this crush of worlds—when Heaven's last thunder shall shake this lunatic sphere, that you can smile undimmed over its ruins, consoled by the pleasing reflection that you once voted for Cass and Butler?"

GEN. CASS AT HOME!—An interesting incident is recorded in the Free Press published at Detroit, the home of Gen. Cass. At a Free Soil Meeting held in that city, a Mr. Briggs delivered a speech, in the course of which he said: "As a Citizen and a Man, I presume, you all love and respect General Lewis Cass, do you not?" The speaker paused for a moment, when one universal AYE was the response, uttered in a tone and with a unanimity that shook the City Hall to its very foundation. Mr. Briggs said he had nothing more to say on that subject. He was continued.

POLITICAL.

From the Albany Argus.
A POLITICAL SEE-SAW.

There was a gallant vessel
Triply riding on the main,
Or the storm had wrenched her timbers,
And she wore the battle stain:
From the mast her streamers floated,
At the gaff her colors flew,
Her crew was staunch and steady,
Her officers were true.

That good old ship so often
Triumphant on the sea,
Was a fast and steady sailer—
Her name "Democracy."
Both captain and lieutenant
Were seamen tried and bold,
Each owing their promotion
To service done of old.

Sail ho! the look-out shouted
The question—"where away?"
The answer—"on the larboard."
Just rising dim and grey,
They made her out the "Aahland,"
A vessel known of yore,
A vessel met and vanquished
In combat thrice before.

The drummer beat to quarters,
The boatswain gave his call,
Guns were manned, and matches lighted—
Stern and expectant all!
When lo! another sail ho!—
And then another sail
That of a stranger cruiser
Came down before the gale.

After speaking with her foe,
The "Aahland" sheered away,
Her crew—not Captain "Harry,"
Fearful of the coming fray,
Meanwhile the stranger vessel
Came down upon the wing,
They called her "Rough and Ready,"
"White legs," or any thing.

As the stranger neared the "Aahland,"
En masse the latter's crew
Their war-worn ship deserted
Save a self-devoted few,
Who would rather with her perish
Clinging to the shattered spar,
Than join that stately vessel
Wearing not a single scar.

Meanwhile the gallant vessel
Staunch did "Democracy,"
Revealed her flag should triumph
Once more upon the sea—
With open ports she waited
For the stranger—calm and still
Laughing at his hoity chasers,
And to see him back and fill.

All at once from other quarters
Hull and sails began to rise,
Like the vulture's all converging
Towards the noble prize;
But like the sleeping lion
The hoped for prize was there,
Scarcely wakened by the croaking
That echoed in the air.

But alas! among these cruisers
Hovering round our ship as foes,
An old familiar banner
From a little craft arose:
'Twas the flag, our ship, when under
Had fought and won of old—
Alas! we greivous to say it—
The flag of Lindenwald.

Proud of her olden colors,
Moved the little craft in state,
Light in tonnage—light in metal
Yet heavy in her hate;
Alas! that the same thunder
Her skipper woke of yore,
Should at length be doomed to sink him
So far away from shore.

With decks all clear'd for action,
With the mongrel's squadron near,
There was little time for pity
And none at all for fear,
So "Democracy" then proudly
In defiance fired a gun,
Which "Rough and Ready" answered
And the squadron one by one.

With the cry of eighteen forty
Pitch'd in another tone,
So softly and discordant
That it seemed a plaintive moan,
Came the traitor ship to battle;
Each sturdy mutineer
Trembling with his angry passions
His impotence and fear.

But the cheer for Cass and Burleigh
How it sounded o'er the sea,
Together with the slogan
Of the old "Democracy!"
And when her crew, the broadside
To the reeling foe gave,
How deafening its thunder!
Went booming o'er the wave!

Although the cloud of battle
Hid his noble brow,
Yet his thunders never slacken'd;
You can even hear them now—
And as surely as those colors
From her gaff are floating on
Will she and another triumph
To those already won.

AN ARTFUL DONKEY.—One of the most amusing instances of dodging that we have read of in the present campaign, is that practised by Saabury Ford, the whig candidate for Governor of Ohio, who has hitherto stood perfectly mute on the question of the Presidency. Anxious to draw him out, some one recently addressed him a letter, stating the people in his vicinity were exceedingly desirous to know how he should vote this fall. He promptly replied, thanking him for his solicitude, and stated that he expected to vote, as usual—by ballot!

Mr. HEMPSTEAD.—Please give place to the following from the "National Era."

STILL ANOTHER.—Joseph Cable is the Cass candidate for Congress in the 17th district Ohio. He, too, is out for the Wilmot Proviso! In reply to inquiries addressed to him by the Democratic Central Committee of Vigilance for Columbiana county, respecting his views of the policy of extending the anti-slavery provisions of the Ordinance of 1837 over the Territories, he says:

I take pleasure in saying that if elected to Congress, my voice and influence shall be used in favor of extending the Ordinance of '37 over the Territory recently acquired from Mexico.

This brief statement would be sufficiently explicit to answer the design of your letter, but I will add a few remarks further.

It being an admitted fact that the territory recently acquired from Mexico is free from slavery, a very large portion of the American people hold that it must remain free until a law of Congress shall authorize the introduction of slavery. This doctrine is sustained by the opinion of some of the most distinguished statesmen and jurists of the Union. Judge McLean declares that, "without the sanction of law, slavery can no more exist in territory than a man can breathe without air;" and that "the legislature of a territory can exercise no power which is not conferred on it by Congress." If this doctrine be correct, the simple failure of Congress to pass a law authorizing the introduction of slavery, is itself an effective prohibition. But as the correctness of this is questioned in certain quarters, I deem it safest that Congress should extend the Ordinance to the new territory, and shall vote accordingly. If it be claimed that Congress would thus exceed its powers, the Supreme Court will afford an ample remedy.

This, says the Era, is sensible and honest—no fraud or evasion about it. R.R.'s

The Veto Power.

Wm. F. Johnston, in all his stump speeches, avows his hostility, and that of his party to the Veto Power; General Taylor in the Alliance letter says that he would not exercise the veto except in cases where the bill passed was unconstitutional, or there was manifest haste and want of consideration in its passage; and all his party seize upon this as the only principle, on which to conduct the campaign. The Veto is denounced as a kingly prerogative, which the crowned heads of Europe scarcely dare exercise. But these reckless politicians forget that there is a vast difference between the absolute veto of the King and the qualified veto of the President of the United States. The King does not represent the people but is an absolute monarch, and the people never in any manner have an opportunity to pass upon his acts except by revolution. The President of the United States, however, is the representative of the people, elected for only four years, and if by his veto he invades the rights of the people he would be reversed by two-thirds of their Representatives in Congress, and hurled from power at the expiration of his term.

We maintain that the veto power as it exists in that great charter of our liberties the constitution of the United States, is one of the greatest safeguards which can be thrown around the people; that it has never been exercised by any of our Presidents except to their advantage, and that it has always met their warmest approval. Washington exercised it twice, once on a bill discharging a portion of the army of the revolution, and with the advice of Jefferson he vetoed an apportionment bill, and who at this day will dare to say that these two vetoes invaded the rights of the people? John Adams did not resort to it; and his administration failed to be sustained by the American people. If he had vetoed the Alien and Sedition laws, and kept his standing army from invading the rights of the people, he would have been elected; Madison exercised the veto power six times, upheld the rights of his country in a foreign war, in opposition to the treasonable designs of the Federal party of that day, and was triumphantly re-elected. Mr. Monroe exercised it and was re-elected almost without opposition. John Quincy Adams did not exercise it, and the people did not re-elect him. Gen. Jackson exercised it nine times and was sustained by the people over the most active combination of the money power which ever existed in this country. John Tyler exercised it four times, the principal of which were the vetoes of Mr. Clay's United States Bank, and subsequently his fiscal policy; only another name for rascality, and if the people could have had a vote on that question separate and apart from all others he would have been triumphantly sustained. The present Executive has exercised it three times, all of which were heartily sanctioned by the people.

Here are the facts of the case in regard to this great conservative power, placed in the constitution by the wisdom of the fathers,