The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER. GEORGETOWN, O., TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1845 NEW SERIES.—VOL. V. No. 27.

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From the Richmond Enquirer.

The letter of our regular Correspondent from Washington, to whom we are indebted for so many valuable favors, is very able in the views which it takes and interesting from the facts which it reveals. The quotation which it gives from the Houston Telegraph confirms the last, strong letter which Gen. Jackson has addressed to Mr. Blair. We must act—ACT, now—or we may lose Texas for ever. NOW is the accepted time. We call upon our friends in Washington to hearken to these repeated counsels—to act with decision—and to adopt a conciliatory spirit, which must lead to success.

The signs are more cheering from Washington, in defiance of Hale from New Hampshire. We are happy to hear that Col Benton will give up his bill.—Instructions are confidently expected from the Legislature of Maine to her Senators. The cause of annexation is gaining ground even in Massachusetts. It is thought that in a few days the members of Congress friendly to the measure will go into caucus and adopt some available plan.

The correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot thinks that Mr. Dromgole's scheme is the most popular. The correspondent of the New York News thinks it will prevail, perhaps with some modifications. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer (Whig) has changed his opinion, and is 'now fully convinced that an annexation proposition, in some shape or other, will pass the House at this session. It is not at all improbable that the measure may succeed in the Senate. I have this from the best authority. The chances now are, that Texas will be annexed at this session of Congress.' *So be it.*

We are sure it is necessary to call the public attention to the following manly and thrilling appeal from the Old Hero.

PROMPTITUDE AND ACTION.

(From the Globe.)

If other evidences were wanting of the interference of *Great* Britain in the concerns of this country as regards its relations with Texas, we have it in the subjoined letter, which (although written, as will be seen from its context, in the interchange of friendly correspondence not for publication) contains information of such vital interest to the country, that we cannot hesitate to throw it before the public. The venerable patriot from whose pen it comes, will, we feel assured, pardon the liberty we take, when he sees, in the article copied from the London Times, what vast combinations in Europe are contemplated to give effect to the influence now at work in Texas.

HERMITAGE, January 1, 1845.

My Dear Mr. Blair:—I cannot forbear, on this first day of the year 1845 to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, although greatly afflicted and debilitated. My whole family join me in kind salutations to you and yours, wishing you the joys of the season. May you all live to see many happy New Years.

I observe hat you have before Congress too many joint resolutions for the annexation of Texas. This argues want of unanimity in the Democracy upon this great national and most important subject. I have just received from Maj. Donelson, a letter dated at Washington, in Texas from which I would infer, that if Congress expect to annex Texas to the U. S. they must act speedily, or it will be found to be beyond our grasp. The rejection of the advances of Texas has given offence to some, and a handle to others to press the liberal propositions of England upon the Texians, together with the enlarged view of Texas independent, growing into a vast Republic, in time to embrace not only the limits of Texas, but all the domain once Montezuma's. This view, to ambitious aspirants, added to the guaranties of England of her independence, and the loan of large sums for ten years, based upon a Treaty that English manufactures shall be free of duty, is gaining a party in Texas. General Houston is still the leading star; and his influence alone can be counted upon to resist the present influence of England and its increasing power. How long this influence of England can be successfully withstood in Texas, is becoming a very questionable matter. I have taken a view of the whole ground, giving to all information its due weight, and I say to you, that, unless Congress acts upon this subject promptly, Texas will be beyond our grasp, and lost to the United States forever, unless regained by the sword. What will be the situation of our country, with British manufactures introduced duty free into Texas? Comment is unnecessary.

I hazard nothing in saying that, if the present Congress do not act promptly upon this subject, the next will not have the power. The consent of Texas cannot then be obtained. Great Britain will have laid the lions paw upon her, and bound her by treaty.

I'm exhausted, but, from Major Donelson's letter, and other sources of information, the danger of loosing Texas seemed so imminent, that, altho feeble, I could not forbear to say this much to you, that you might communicate it to my friends. May God bless you and yours.

ANDREW JACKSON.

From the Ohio Statesman.

THE WHIG BANK BILL.

It is the arch design of the whigs in the Legislature, by means of their bank bill, to make laws and exact tribute without the slightest responsibility to the people. Their so called State Bank is in fact the most ingenuous fraud for that purpose. It is not understood, we are satisfied, by many of the led themselves, what is the true character of this monstrous political engine. But the wiley chairman of the Bank committee perfectly appreciates all the powers and uses of his offspring. He knows well that it will be a government, a new constitution for Ohio, and that, without any liability, personal or political, to the action of public opinion.

Just for an instant, in the first place, survey the fraud, and then look at the perfection of its contrivance. The notes are to bear the *imprimatur* of 'the State Bank of Ohio,' but the State of Ohio is not to have one dollar of the capital, nor is there any pledge whatever of her credit. What an unblushing fraud is here, and what daring is it on the part of bankers to thus usurp in vain the great name of the third State in the Union? A league of the most useless and dangerous men in society assume to be representatives of the most worthey, intelligent and public spirited population on the globe. They lay unholy hands on their very government, and pollute it with the association of men who seek a living without any obligation to the perpetual and divine command of earning it by the sweat of their brows. And they are now practising this nefarious fraud by the instrumentality of the people's representatives. What are those representatives thinking about, thus to sleep over the rights of their constituents? Will no some man able to struggle with the monstrous assailant, stop his desolating march into absolute power? Is patriotism so dead that even some political partisan will not avert the curse of its existence? Any man who now, at the great crisis of our day, gains this victory for the people, may expect to wear imperishable laurels.

If the fraud be as bold as we have shown, surely nothing could be more apapted to it than its machinery. This usurpation of bankers upon the people, is proposed to be accomplished without any responsibility whatever to them. Individual responsibility, that sacred first law of contracts, of course is repudiated. But mark how much further this fraud is carried. If this were really a State Bank then the people would have a share in its administration. But it is contrived that they shall have no such thing. It takes the name, and all the credit of the commonwealth, but most carefully excludes from its management any but the privileged order of bankers. Not a man will represent the people in the board of control. All of that board will be bankers bent on gain, and grinding to the dust all classes of society—even their own. for these land pirates are the lawful descendents of Ishmael. Now this dangerous and terrible conspiracy against popular liberty, has only to be understood to be overthrown. Even the United States Bank had the grace to take a government subscription of the seventh part of the stock, and that proportion of the interest was represented at its board by agents of the people. It had not the courage to call itself a bank of the United States, without giving itself that character. But we get hardihood from impunity; and in 1845, men are to be found to take the name of a sovereign State into the firm transacting a private business, to cover a fraud. If they succeed in making that business profitable, it will be nothing else than obtaining money under false pretences. But the majority of the present Legislature cannot pass any law which will escape the axe of their successors, nor can they bind with their Lilliputain cords the vigorous people of Ohio. Let such men devise all the wrongs to the constitution they may, even to its violent, or its secret subversion, and their work will be in vain. Nothing they can do will put those who are plundered from their stern purpose of immediate reparation. In some form the power of the people will be opposed to that of these conspirators, whose wicked work is done without petition, and will be undone without ceremony.

Again we say, let the primary assemblies of the people speak out their indignation and abhorance of the conspiracy of the bankers for the destruction of '*equal rights*.'

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE DEFEATED ONE;

OR IT'S NOTHING WHEN YOU'RE USED TO IT.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL.

It certainly makes a great difference when you are used to it. Every body knows—for the phrase has become proverbical—that it is 'nothing when you are used to it,' whatever it may be. By the process of habitude, the disagreeable loses its piognancy, and pleasure fails in its delight Familiarity so domesticates the occurrence, that at length, as a matter of course, it passes without note. A child is happy with its new shoes in the morning—but before the afternoon arrives, the poetry of leather has evaporated. Millinery, when worn for the first time, has its bliisses; and there is ecstacy in furniture, when it has just come home. But the tendency is always to a level. Gratification has no endurance in it, and the same is true of our sorrows. It is said indeed, that Mithridates had so accustomed himself to the swallowing of poisons, that 'malice domestic' could not dispose of him by a resort to drugs and chemicals. A prescription, no matter how 'carefully compounded,' disturbed not the physical organization of this cunning one of Pontus. He was doctor proof—impregnable to apothecaries, and triumphant over pharmacy, by dint of being 'used to it.' And then, again when people are used to us, how depreciating is the effect. The most impressive and majestic presence is soon unnoticed.—Instead of inspiring awe and reverence at home, people about the house do not hesitate to tell sublimity himself, that they did not know he was there—that they thought he had gone out, or that they were not aware he had come in. It was not so at first; but one may get used even to the term.

Observe, moreover, when you have cause for being coy to invitation—when you are not in costume, or look haggard for need of the razor—yet are pressed to 'come in,' under assurances that 'nobody is there.' How often does it happen, by the agency of use that this same 'nobody' is a comprehensive term. 'Nobody,' in such cases, is the husband or wife—'nobody,' perhaps, to each other; but still a considerable somebody to you. The unshaven gentleman, to his much annoyance and exceeding embarrassment, is entrapped into rooms quite full of 'nobody,' and, like the incautious Braddock, falls by ambush. Always ask who 'nobody' is, when told that 'nobody's there;' and inquire how many people constitute 'nobody' in that family. Dozens become 'nobody' by being used to them.

This world is right, then, there is nothing like being 'used to it.' The Asiatic devotee slept soundly on the surface of an iron bed, until ten penny nails went more soothing and delightful to him than the softest feathers. With a choice of pillows, he would have selected a stove pipe to repose his cheek. And Othello's 'flinty and steel couch of war,' was to him a 'thrice driven bed of down.'

It may be, however, that people in general regard political defeat, especially if the individual himself chances to be on the 'return,' among the killed and wounded; as not exactly coming under the head of the entertaining; but other people know—we know—that even this is nothing when you're used to it. Here, as elsewhere, the hand of least employment has the dainter sense. And then, the freedom from every trammel which it involves. Bless thee, friend, one walks home, after such a disaster, with not the shadow of a real care upon his mind. Whatever of sorrow he may suppose himself to have, it is but a grief from the storehouse of imagination. He is exempt from all solicitude. He can betake himself with confidence to bed.—A minority slumber is but rarely disturbed by the roaring shouts of a torch-light procession.

It is not expected that he should shiveringly arise at two o'clock in the morning, to make thankful speeches for the honor which has been done him, or to invite Tom, Dick and Harry to come in and soil his carpets and drink his wine.—He can take his meals, and read the 'returns' in quiet, unannoyed by either bell or knocker. He is not required to give 'cold cut,' previously given to him at the polls. When he walks forth, his way through the streets is clear and unembarrassed. Nobody squeezes his hand and asks for his influence. He is not obliged to perplex his brain for the coinage of piquant replies, in answer to flat and wearisome compliments. Success must smile, but defeat may indulge in his humor.

And then, what cares 'hefor securities? He is safe enough inhims elf.—His affairs, too, may stand as they are—no winding up—packing up—no changes to disturb his household goods, or to distress his adhesiveness. No winter in Washington or sojourn at Harrisburg, to be provided for—no perplexities about other people's business—no cogitations about how to remain popular, and how to satisfy all the world and the world's wife. He who is defeated may think as he pleases, say what he pleases, go where he pleases, and wear what he pleases.—He is neither compelled to have opinions nor to 'define positions.' He has no dignity to support, pinching him under the arms, and rendering him as uncomfortable as an unaccustomed coat—and whether he is aristocratic in his deportment or otherwise, nobody knows and nobody cares.

Who, then, let us ask, would not be a defeated candidate? Who would not be, like Jaffier, 'in love and pleased with ruin?' It is for the 'constituency' to repent of blunders, not for him, the free, the untrammelled, the independent, the unvoted for. If the affairs of the republic go wrong, let others weep—'thou canst not say I did it.'

But the gentleman whose portrait is given above (the Gazette has an apt and happy wood cut of the 'Defeated One,' in an attitude before his glass,) shows by the fierceness of his expression, that he at least, has not yet learned the philosophy of politics. Halting before the mirror from his hasty traverses about the apartment, he exchanges scowl for scowl with his image, as if disposed to divide himself and go to buffets. He would also see whether he is mistaken in the merits of the man, who had been presented for suffrage, and had been denied. But he can discover no change—no falling off, and his wrath increases. It is plain, alas, that Stentor Stubbs is not used to it; and that he is as yet unable to take that philanthropic view of the case, which would tell that if he had been successful the other side must perforce have been sad. A certain amount of sadness is inevitable. If you listen carefully, each hurrah has its countervailing groan; and the benevolent man whose luck it is—whether good or bad, we shall not now undertake to decide—not to be elected, might do much towards consoling himself, by reflecting upon the happiness derived by others from his mischance.—Ought we not—let the query be pondered—ought we not, in the transcendentalism of our humanity, to desire defeat for this very purpose? What a triumph over selfishness, to be able to say: "'Twas I that made 'em crow—but for my imperfect running, they would now have been in tears!'

Stentor Stubbs, however, in the first flushes of his disappointment, carried on the war differently, from not generalizing enough. When the result was ascertained, Stentor Stubbs hammered his hat upon his brow, as if, unlike Patrick Henry, he was determined never again to 'bow to the majesty of the people.' It seemed as if it were proposed that his hat should be, from this time forth, installed as a fixture—Stubbs and his hat, 'one and indivisible.' Stubbs buttoned his coat up to the chin, with an air that told plainer than words could speak, that his charities were hereafter to remain at home, and that all popular avenues to his heart were closed, now and forever, with 'No Admittance' chalked over the door,—'No Admittance except on business,' to the bosom of Stentor Stubbs. He took his defeat as the inexperienced are apt to take such things—as a personal matter. To be 'game' of your own accord, is an honor; but to imagine that other folks are 'making game' of you, is productive of an unpleasant sensation, when you are not exactly used to it.

'Don't go, Stubbs,' said a brother politician, as he puffed his cigar; 'wait for the full turns. I want to know how much you're defeated, cause I made a bet that you could'nt come it. Then, There's the rest of the ticket—'

'The furies take the *rest* of the ticket!'—ejaculated Stubbs, as he pushed through the crowd and strode indignantly along, 'I'll go straight home and break something. I'll smash a chair over the table—I'll jam my stick right through the window—I'll dance on the top of the tea things. Not elected!! Don't let any body ever try to speak to me again, if they don't want to ketch it. But if they have anything to say, now is the time.—There's the watchman—what does he mean by brawling so, as if the whole town didn't know what o'clock it is. I've a great mind to—yes, if he wasn't so big I would—and if I do come across a little one, I'll shake Charley all to pieces this very night. I'll commit justifiable homicide.

'Ha! ha!' laughed Stubbs hysterically, 'if Mrs. Stubbs is up yet, she's got to hear of it. I'll give her a bit of my mind. Why did she let me take a nomination? She told me not, I know; but I do believe she told me so only to make me take it—to aggravate me into taking it. If she had advised me to take it, she knows I wouldn't; nothing but contrariness in these women. It's all her fault—it's always her fault—somebody else is continually getting me into a scrape.'

'And then,' added Stubbs, savagely, 'when I've done correcting the old woman, there's got to be a spankade. I'll rouse out every one of the children. I'll spank them till I'm tired, and do a father's duty by them. They've been neglected the whole of this campaign, and I'll begin to be paternal right off the reel.'

'Well,' continued Stubbs, in a softened tone, there's always a comfort for married folks. There's somebody at home that you can blow up when you've a mind to, and they can't help themselves. Strangers would take it when you feel sassy, but it is the bounden duty of Mrs. Stubbs to listen and not to throw things at me. Every body isn't liable to slappage, but it's never lost upon the little Stubbs—if it isn't due now, they cant take it on account. Ah! domestic felicity is one of the greatest things that ever was found out, especially when you are not elected. Home sweet home—one can have a row at home, and it's nobody's business but your own.'

'There's one thing certain, at any rate,' said Stubbs on the following morning, as he poked the newspapers with the election returns, into the stove—'I've done with politics. I don't like being called a cangaroo, and cannibal, and all sorts of hard names. I've been peppered quite enough for one while in that way. And another thing—I'm tired of forking out for other people's amusement. When a man's 'on the ticket,' as they called it, he is *pro bono publico*—the public bone every thing he's got. Money—oh yes—money for processions, money for flags, money for meetings, money for documents, money for newspapers—money money all the time. But that's not enough, if you're 'on the ticket'—you must work like a horse besides—run round the town, and scamper over the country—get up early, go to bed late and never get no dinner—have to keep cold potatoes in your pocket, and eat'em as you go. Ketch one bad cold atop of the other bad cold, till you're as hoarse as the man with an oyster cart of a rainy night. And then, when you feel bad y ourself about it, you mustn't let on that you feel bad, but tell whoppers to keep up their spirits. And at last when your pockets are empty, when you're as lean as a greyhound, and croak like a raven—when your business has gone to rack and ruin, why then you're not elected, and are set down as used up—that's the finish.'

'I've had a talk with Mrs. Stubbs about it—we've made up—and now I am going to elect myself to the office of minding my own affairs, and looking after my own shop. Me and Mrs. Stubbs are the United States, and I am to be President thereof. The children are to be the people—they are the *vox populi*, and are to hurrah and vote for me at every election. Our candle-light procession shall be up and down stairs—we'll have a town meeting every day at dinner, and find our own loaves and fishes. 'Pon my word, now that me and Mrs. Stubbs have concluded not to have hard words any more, if I don't begin to think that to be beaten in an election, is sometimes just about the best thing that could happen to a fellow. It sort of settles him down—puts notions out of his head—makes him sleep without dreaming, and sends him about his business. I feel all the better of it already. And the little Stubbs shall have a cent a piece all round this afternoon.'

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

SENATE.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17, 1845.

Mr. Loudon presented the following, and moved that the same be read:

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Ohio:

The undersigned citizens of Brown county, in this State, have been informed that your honorable body has appointed two Associate Judges for said county, on the recommendation of a defaulting Clerk, and his immedidate family friends. And your petitioners further believe, from the family combination of the parties in interest, and the representations made by them, that your honorable body has been over-reached, and the dispensation of justice thus, to a great extent, been put into the hands of this family clique.

We have no personal objections to Mr. John Kay, further than his want of qualification to discharge the duties of the office of Associate Judge, and this want of qualification will compel him to take advice at every step, which will throw him into the hands of those who had him appointed. Thus will the office of Associate Judge be exercised by George W. King or Hanson L. Penn, his son-in-law, as occasion may require.

It is also rendered morally certain, under this arrangement, that George W. King is to be reinstalled into the office of Clerk of the Common Pleas, as both Martin and Kay are known to be his fast friends. It is against the appointment of this defaulting Clerk, George W. King, by your honorable body, *indirectly*, that we mainly enter our protest.

We further believe that your honorable body acted without having all the facts before you, upon an *ex parte* presentation of the case, made by interested persons: and we therefore ask your honorable body to reconsider the appointment made on the 27th ultimo, and to fill the same in accordance with the prayers of the petitioners, that will be laid before you in a few days.

Georgetown, Brown Co., Jan. 6, 1845.

Mr. Loudon said, this was the first petition he had received on the subject of the Brown county Judges. The names attached were familiar to him; some of them he had known for more than thirty years. They were gentlemen, and leading whigs in Brown county. He, therefore, conceived it to be his duty, as a representative of the whole people of his county, to lay their wishes before the Legislature, on this or any other subject in which they may think themselves aggrieved. It may, however, be too late for them now. He had taken occasion to inform the Senate, on the passage of the resolution for the election of Judges for his county, that great excitement prevailed among the whig party of his county on that subject—that if the matter could be delayed a day or so, he could give the majority of the Senate information that they probably could not get from the sources upon which they had to rely, in regard to the wishes of their party in Brown county. But this request of his was ridiculed and put down with a degree of haste and feeling not usually exhibited in legislative halls. The result is what he then predicted, an upspring of the universal whig party of the county.—And there were, continued Mr. Loudon, rumors among his whig constituents, that some 2000 petitions were forwarded to certain whig Senators, for the appointment of other than the successful candidates, and that they were suppressed.—He did not know that it was true. He knew that he had received none, and that no member of the Senate had presented any such petition to this branch of the Legislature. He scarcely knew what direction to give the petition, but as there seems to be a legal question involved in it, he would move its reference to the standing committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Anderson moved that the petition be not received. He said the petitioners wanted to acquire notoriety, or to insult the Legislature—in either case it ought not to be received.

Mr. Cox was in favor of the petition going to the Judiciary committee. He was in favor of the right of petition, and thought this committee the proper one.

Mr. Anderson said, in order to save time, and not give the signers undue importance, he would withdraw his motion. The petition was then referred to the Judiciary committee.

The speaker said he was in possession of a petition signed by many names, precisely of the character of the one presented by the Senator from Brown, and on the same subject.

Mr. Loudon called for the reading of the names attached to the petition. He said the names were familiar to him, and among them he recognized many prominent whigs of Brown county. He would move that the petition take the same direction as the one just presented by himself.

It was accordingly so referred.

Mr. Barrere presented the petition of a large number of citizens of Brown county, approbating the election of the Judges in that county, recently appointed.—Referred to the Judiciary committee.

All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and of decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.

Chesterfield.