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ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

For the Cadiz Sentinel.

OH, COME TO THE WEST!

BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Oh, come to the west—
To the far, far west—
'Mid scenes of the backwoods wild;
Where the fading sun,
When his course is run,
Yet lingers in radiance mild.
'Tis the far-famed land,
The pioneer's hand,
Has cultured with kindest care;
Whilst the eyrie star
Of empire's car,
Is rapidly hastening there!

Oh, come to the west—
Be a cheerful guest,
At the banquet there prepar'd;
Come cheerfully toil
On her fruitful soil,
And great shall be your reward!
Where flower lawns bloom,
And their sweet perfume
Is wafted afar, and wide;
And beautiful streams,
In murm'ring dreams,
Through green-swarded lowland vales glide!

Oh, come to the West—
Where the weary rest,
From hardships of hopeless years;
Cull the life-lit wreath,
From the frontier heath,
And smile on the gifts it rears.
The land where of old,
The Indian bold,
Strode forth in his strength age-grown;
But the white man's brow,
On his birthright now,
Looks proudly, and claims it his own!

Then come to the West—
Choose the wildwoods rest—
Her glens and her shaded groves;
Let your joy be heard
With the warbling bird,
That honors the land he loves!
Rear a worthy shrine,
That for years may shine
Most nobly and make you blest;
And by old age spar'd,
You shall have prepar'd
A home in the far-distant West!

For the Cadiz Sentinel.

ELIZA GREY;
OR, THE EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY T. B.

It was a bright clear evening in the month of May. The sun had just sunk beneath the western horizon, and universal nature seemed to be clothed in all her loveliness. The soft and refreshing zephrys of the evening came whispering through the proud halls of a splendid mansion gently cooling those abodes which had been parched by the sultry sun, and reviving the spirits its of those that dwelt. Seated near a window of a gorgeously decorated hall, enjoying the cool refreshing evening breeze, was the proprietor of this fair domain, the much respected and highly esteemed Mr. Grey. He had by his honesty and untiring industry and application to business, succeeded not only in acquiring his present wealth and prosperous circumstances, but what was better he had obtained the esteem and respect of all who knew him. His family, which consisted of a wife and an only daughter, was such as for kindness and affectionate disposition, perhaps was never excelled. Such were the happy circumstances surrounding the noble and generous Mr. Grey. On the evening above alluded to, as he was seated in his room wrapped in his own reflections he was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of his daughter. Seating herself near her father and gazing intently and enquiringly in her father's face, she thus addressed him:

"Dear Father, there is a subject near my heart and concerning this I wish to speak to you. You know that yesterday you informed Henry Grathan that he must discontinue his visits here. Since then my time has passed in silent sorrow. I can no longer fly to meet him when he comes, or join with him in cheerful conversation. I need not tell you that I love him. Now father say will you not permit him to come again?"

This petition was uttered in such an earnest and affectionate manner as it would seem could not be resisted.

"You know, my daughter," at length Mr. Grey replied, "that I love you. And it was for this reason that I bade this tempter fly from your presence and not seduce you by this flattery. I know my daughter, that his winning manners and polite address, have attracted your admiration, and blinded you to his faults. But beware of him, fly from him as you would avoid your own ruin! Do not, my daughter, seek his company again. For rest assured that, although he possesses a gay appearance, beneath that he wears a false and wicked heart, and is one to whom if you unite yourself in wedlock will prove your lasting ruin.

Dear Father," again said his daughter, "do not thwart the course of my true love. You know it is a dangerous thing to rend assunder loving hearts, or to force youthful affection. Recall thy edict father, or it may be the dictates of love may countermand the duty of obedience."

"My child, I fear you have been reading some vain, foolish novel, about rejected lovers and have brought yourself to think that because Grathan has been rejected by me that he is persecuted, and therefore you love him, and would now make yourself a heroine of a romance in real life. But my daughter, your own good sense in your calm movements, must tell you that you never can have happiness if you wed Henry Grathan. He is an idle fellow, attending to no business, and may be addicted to crime. He only seeks your hand to get your fortune. With such a one I know you can not be happy. Leave me then my daughter and in the silent hours of the night, when no eye but God's can see you, reflect; ponder over your situation and see if you can justify that rash act you now desire.

With a heavy heart and agonizing reflections did Eliza Grey on that memorable evening leave the presence of her father, and proceed to her chamber, she laid down but not to sleep. But there she lay buried in her reflections. For a long time the struggle between love and duty was ardent and doubtful, but how it resulted the sequal will prove.

The circumstances of the case, as the reader has no doubt learned, were briefly these. Eliza Grey among her numerous acquaintances had at one time met with, received and encouraged the attentions of, Henry Grathan, a young man of dissolute habits, and who, being destitute of any honorable business or profession, spent his time in idle amusements and pleasure. Having become acquainted with the fair and accomplished Eliza Grey, and considering that her extensive fortune, as well as herself, would be a most valuable acquisition, he determined to win her hand. For the accomplishment of his purpose he put on all his alluring manners, dressed in the gayest fashion and availed himself of all his light accomplishments, which he thought would be calculated to attract her admiration. And he was successful. The usually good sense of Eliza, failed to discover to her the hollow-hearted villiany of Henry Grathan, and now she lent a willing ear to his seductive flattery.

But her father, who could calmly watch his actions both while at his house and other places, was not to be deceived so easily. He soon found out his dissolute character, and thinking him an unsuitable companion for his daughter, forbade him any more to enter his house.

After the scene above described, a sleepless night was passed by the members of Mr. Grey's family. The next morning found them all at their usual employments. But a certain unutterable emotion seemed to oppress them. Mr. Grey fondly hoped that calm reflection in the quiet hours of the night would lead his daughter to see the justness of his advice. Full of these hopes he eagerly desired to see Eliza and when they were again alone together the following conversation ensued. "Well my daughter," said Mr. Grey, have you calmly reflected upon your situation?"

"Yes, father, I have."

"And do you not now see that Henry Grathan is entirely unworthy of your love, and that your connection with him, if allowed, must prove to you an endless source of sorrows?"

"No, father, I have not. But the more I reflect, the more I become convinced that without Henry, my life will be one of sorrow, unmingled with a single joy. And now, father, I have again come to ask your consent to his visits at least if not to our immediate union.

"That, my child, I can never give. I would rather see you wrapped in the garments of Death and laid in the cold and silent tomb, than see you disgraced by an alliance with this trifling, wicked man. No, my daughter, I love you too well to permit you to be thrown away and ruined by this cold hearted villian you pretend to love."

Mr. Grey had become very much excited, and perhaps his language was two severe. His words seemed to arouse the drooping spirits of his child and looking up she said:

"Father, I love you, and would obey your commands, if they were reasonable. But now I cannot. I will be Henry's bride."

So saying she left the room in haste. Her parents could not believe that she would put her threat in execution immediately. But in this they were doomed to be disappointed. Henry Grathan by some means enjoyed the company of Eliza Grey on that evening, when he was informed of all, the final determination made and arrangements taken to accomplish it.

* * * * * *

Two years have passed away since the occurrence of the events above related. Seated in a cottage in a village in the far west a stranger might have observed a lady sad and pensive and in her beautiful countenance he might see traces of strong emotion. And still she looked like one who had not been used to sorrow, or whose life had all been of that character, but whose whole manner and appearance gave evidence of a dignity of nature formerly possessed, but which was ill suited to her present circumstances. It was Eliza Grathan, she who had formerly been the accomplished, the fair, the happy daughter of Mr. Grey, but who was now the miserable wife of the profligate Grathan. Her story is told in a few words.

After her separation from her parents, she had hastily left the country with Henry Grathan proceeded far out into the west, and having been joined with him in wedlock, they took up their residence in the place where we have just found them. For a while every thing went on pleasantly. Eliza had obtained the object of her most ardent desires. He too at least pretended to love and cherish her. But affection based upon such a shallow foundation as his could not last long. Being disappointed in his principal object, getting her wealth, he became unkind to her and gave himself up to gambling dissipation and recklessness. They were fast sinking down in poverty and wretchedness. Despair seemed to have taken hold of them. Proceeding from one crime to another. Henry Grathan had become a most accomplished villian. And to crown a life of crime he soon after became a A MURDERER! Yes! he who once possessed such attractive manners and such apparently good disposition, now revealed his true character in its real colors, by the commission of a crime for which he soon after paid the penalty with his life! This last misfortune was to Eliza a stroke from which she never afterwards recovered. Left entirely destitute of friends, in a strange land with no means of support how could it be expected she could long bear up. The harrowing recollections of the past came up with all their horrors to add to her grief. How often did she reproach herself for having acted so disobediently and so disrespectfully to her loving parents. But all this was past, nor could it now be recalled, each day seemed now to bring some new misery. But death at length came to her relief, and after a lingering illness, Eliza Grathan departed this life for the Eternal world. A simple unadorned stone with the word "Eliza," modestly engraved upon it now marks her resting place, the gazing upon which by those who were acquainted with her mournful history, brings to mind the melancholy effects of misguided affection and disobedience.

AGRICULTURE.—Scene, a cornfield; men with hoes; time, eleven o'clock, A. M..

Enter Esquire, owner of the field.

One of the men speaks: "'Squire, it's eleven o'clock you know, and we are all thirsty! and the Scripture says, "If any thirst let him come and drink."

'Squire: "Ay, but the Scripture also says, "HOE, EVERY ONE OF YOU THAT THIRSTETH!"

Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

Faintly flow, thou falling river,
Like a dream that dies away;
Down the ocean gliding ever,
Keep thy calm, unruffled way!
Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there.

Roses bloom, and then they wither;
Checks are bright, then fade and die;
Shapes of light, are wafted hither,
Then, like visions, hurry by;
Quick as clouds at evening driven
O'er the many-colored west,
Years are bearing us to Heaven,
Home of happiness and rest.

DAY DREAMS.—How delightful that state of mind when lost to the world, its cares, its ambitions, turmoils, discordant circumstances that are wont to disturb the harmony of the mind, we give loose rein to our imagination, and glide away into the regions of agreeable imagination. I love thus occasionally to lose myself. Bright visions of the past come up; shades of lovely yet indescribable beings flit phantom-like before our view; we woo them and they bring a train of heavenly images to soothe us with their presence. They remind us of other and happier days in some elysium where all was peaceful pleasure; we listen to their enchanting murmuring that speaks of a companionship we once enjoyed—we ask not when, of scenes we ask not where—they beckon us away and we join their band. We glide away, and space is as it it had no existence—we banquet on the profusion of ethereal delights—yet our joy is serene—our memory, elastic as the elements we tread, brings to our view no visions of displeasing sight—now we revel in ecstacies of bliss amid the endless creation of happy existences—and now we repose, yet unfatigued, calmly borne along amid their airy forms—intoxicated with pleasure, we resign ourselves to the influences of their melody and bask beneath the azure of our new found canopy. Oh that the parents of our race had shunned the baneful thing that lost to them and us the life of sinless and serene enjoyments, and gave to us the ban of Wo!

Boundary of Obedience.

Much of the unhappiness of domestic life is the consequence of the very mistaken idea that implicit obedience is the duty of woman. This idea gives man such a high idea of his own prerogative that a woman, unless she be very fortunate in her connections, is forced either openly to rebel or else to cringe and fawn for the sake of peace. It is the duty of servants to obey their employers, as well as wives to obey their husbands, but the obedience of both these classes is quite subordinate to their other moral duties, and is, in fact, the lowest of them all; and why? Simply for the very good reason, that their other moral duties are sanctioned by that inward monitor which cannot direct them wrong, whereas this is embodied in the commands of a moral always weak and often erring; of course, then, whenever they unfortunately come into contact, the latter must and ought to give away.—*Mrs. Hugo Reid's plea for women.*

GOOD ADVICE.

The New York Republic concludes an article on the late disgraceful riots in Poiladelphia, as follows: "It is the plain duty of all and every one to quench the dire flame of discord, and to eradicate at once and forever those bitter animosities which have been too heedlessly permitted to grow. Let kindly sentiments and tolerant feelings be cultivated in their place. Let men live together like rational beings, and not kill each other, even in the name of the law, like beasts of prey. Let God be worshipped, whether in cathedral or church, in the lowly spirit of the Christian, and not with the fierce intolerance of a bigot. And let the public eye rest watchfully upon that man or that journal who, from motives political or fanatical, takes such a course as will stir up a fell spirit of hate between fellow-citizens, and let loose the furies of a religious war between rival creeds."

SAVING TIME.—A clergyman, who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefather's days, went out to see one of his laborers who was ploughing in the field. and he found him sitting upon his plough, resting his team.

"John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?"

John, with a countenance that might have become the divine himself, instantly returned—"would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swingling-board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?"

The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughing heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

THE LATEST BONNETS.—"I observe," writes Willis, "a new fashion of cap; which gives the ladies an air

As pert as bird, as straight as bolt,
As fresh as flowers in May—

a cap that would fit a child's double fist, worn perched upon the summit of the organ of self-esteem, looking like an apple blossom on the top-knot of a French chicken. It is one of those fashions whose worth depends upon the wearer—very *telling* upon a pretty coquette, and very ludicrous topping dignity or sentiment."

THE KING, ON THE KING'S SPEECH.—Though George the Second, as a constitutional monarch, spoke to his Parliament in the language of his Ministers, he did not attempt, in his private conversation, to conceal his real sentiments. Thus on one occasion being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for publishing a spurious royal speech, he answered that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.—*Lord Mahon's History of England.*

A man said to another—"Which is the heaviest, a quart of rum or a quart of water?"

"Rum, most assuredly," said the other, "for I saw a man that weighed 210 pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he could have carried a gallon of water with ease."

Believe about the sixth part of what you hear, and possibly you may be near the truth. If you believe a quarter, you are green; if half, you are soft; if the whole you are a fool.

Polk & Dallas.

THE SENTINEL.

Cadiz, July 31, 1844.

A CAPITAL LETTER.

The subjoined letter of Col. G. W. Thompson, of Wheeling, Va. in reply to an invitation extended to him, by a committee of the Democratic Party of Harrison County, to participate with us in the celebration of the 4th of July, was received soon after the day it bears date. Without consulting with the rest of the committee, and without any express consent from Col. Thompson, we take the liberty of publishing the letter at length. It contains sentiments which will find a response in every democratic breast. Let every democrat read it.

WHEELING, JUNE 22, 1844.

GENTLEMEN:—Previous engagements and pressing duties prevent me being with you on the coming Fourth of July. This is our sabbath day of Freedom, consecrated by the dissolution of our political allegiance to England, and solemnized to us by the death of the author of the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration in itself was a cause as it was the complete justification of the Revolution. It preceded the war for Freedom and it has ever since stood as the best vindication of the war—the soundest justification of the People in taking up arms, & the most perfect code of *Political Rights*. It is fundamental to the Freedom we now enjoy. All the principles of our political conduct have been gathered from its wise axioms and it is only in a strict adherence to its spirit that we can have any hope for the future. As it has saved us in the past, it must guide us in the times to come. And we must remember, that the same apostle who gave us that creed, also, in a long and eventful life gave us his own practical illustration of its principles, and in the solemn hour of death, when his mind involuntarily moved over the acts of his past life, and he felt more fully the deep meaning of his own mission to man, he exclaimed, not to the attendants around his dying body, but to the American people—"WARN THE COMMITTEES."

And although I cannot be with you, let me ask you are the Committees of Freedom *Warned?* Have your committees warned the people to defend the constitution and to perpetuate the principles of the Declaration of Independence? Have the committees been warned that there is a great and unscrupulous party in our country who conceal the most dangerous designs, or are mislead to most destructive results, under a name assumed to deceive; or appropriated through misconception. The name of whig in this country, once meant reform and revolution, against the principles and tyranny of the British crown, and in England to day that good old revolutionary name is the watchword of deep, thorough, radical reform—opposition to the plunder of a national bank—opposition to a national debt, which creates and sustains the High Tariff, which has aided to reduce by its system of protection four millions of human beings to the condition of "*protected paupers.*" Are the committees warned that it is not protection for the people which the capitalists ask, but that it is the means of indirect plunder which they demand? That they have departed from every principle of measure of the revolutionary ancestors, that their "appetite has grown upon what it has fed," and that successful fraud has emboldened their insolence, until they demand that of right which the constitution never gave. They demand protection as a constitutional right, as if that instrument, based upon the political equality of all its citizens, had made direct provisions to secure to capital *larger gains* than to the mechanical and agricultural labor of the country; as if the mere manipulators of cot ton and wool, (not the operat ives but the capitalists who task them,) were entitled to special immunities, and to demand from the real process and consumers an equal portion of their hard earnings. The declaration of Independence and the constitution are both violated, by any such interpolation of unnatural right and ungranted power.

The constitutional power and the moral duty of Congress is to levy equal support for the government, by direct taxation or by imposts (tariffs) on imported merchandize, or part may be levied in one mode and part in the other, yet equal in the principles of their exactions. The first Congress adopted the mode of raising the revenue of the government by a tariff or imposts on the importation of foreign goods, and did so to afford protection to our *infant* manufactories. The collection of revenue by tariffs, instead of direct taxes, was adopted to give this protection. The question was, revenue by direct taxation *without* protection, or the necessary revenue by imposts so that protection to the *extent of the revenue* might be afforded. This first impost is called, the Tariff of July the Fourth, 1789, the day of its approval by Washington—adding another cause of solemnization to the day by the practical application of a great constitutional truth. The preamble of that law read: "Whereas, it is necessary for the support of government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufacturers, that duties be laid on goods, wares and merchandize imported." What is the object proposed by this preamble? to raise revenue for the support of government and for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and to afford that incidental encouragement and protection to manufactures, which would be given by the substitution of the method of raising the revenue by imposts, instead of direct taxation; and the preamble is but the succinct argument of that Congress in favor of the adoption of the tariff, instead of the direct revenue system. This is what I have ever understood to be and now is the democratic doctrine, and which subsisted without question and without qualification until after Henry Clay's residence in, and return from Europe.

The alarming extension of the doctrine of protection beyond revenue, was made by Mr. Clay after his return from Ghent, and the present name of the old Federal party was assumed for them by James Watson Webb, after he had turned traitor to the Democratic cause, and for acknowledged favors joined the party of the Bank of the United States. The one stuck at the integrity of the democratic Party by a change of principles, the other by the change of a name. The name of whig covers over the faults and crimes of this great party, as the silver gilding covers the base brass—as the glittering outside covers the counterfeit. There are two parties in England to day, the Democratic party and the High Tory party, the latter standing around the throne supporting and supported by its abuses; sustained by its National Debt; by its High Tariff; by its Imperial legislature, making laws to control the destiny of two hundred millions of subjects, and virtually blotting out the local legislatures of every state incorporated under her immense power. She is a grand consolidated empire. All the measures of administration which sustain its splendor, and supplying to its nobility and fund-mongers, the wealth which dazzles and corrupts, are precisely the same which are advocated by the American whigs. In every measure of policy, in every tone of sentiment, in every motive of action the identification of the English tories with the *wire workers* of the whig party of the United States is perfect. What then is the duty of American Democrats?—to abandon the Declaration of Independence—to surrender up to such men the constitution for their mutilation—to permit the *Anglicizing* of our institutions, to reject the creed of Jefferson, disregard the example of Jackson—to transfer White Hall to Washington, Thread Needle street to New York, corruption into all the operations of government and legalized breaches of contracts by Clay's Bankrupt laws into all the marts of trade, that the palace may overshadow the hovel and the spirit of tyranny oppress the soul and the taint of luxury unnerve the arm of the freeman?

Lest this be our fate, in the death-bed language of Jefferson, "*Warn the Committees*"—reassert the Declaration of Independence—defend the Constitution and perpetuate the Republic and by the Administration of POLK AND DALLAS, extend its broad limits and its great dependencies of enlarged interests to the Rio del Norte and the mouth of the Oregon.

Reciprocating your firm devotion to the cause in which we are engaged,

I am,
Your obedient servant,
GEORGE W. THOMPSON.

L. Harper,
Samuel Bell,
J. Sharp,
J. R. Hunter. } *Committee.*

For the Cadiz Sentinel.

WHO ARE JEFFERSON DEMOCRATS!

As the self-styled whigs, with Mr. Clay as their party leader, have also assumed the name of Jefferson Democrats, that the reader may be able to ascertain whether the name of Jefferson Democrats has been justly or surreptitiously assumed by them, I will here give a few extracts from publications that appeared in some of the leading Federal journals, during the Administrations of Messrs. Jefferson and Madison, wherein the opinions then entertained by the Federal party, including some of the present whigs, of both these patriots and the Democratic party who elected them to office and supported their Administrations, are clearly developed. The extracts may be found in the Olive Branch, in the pages as marked. I will also give a few extracts from the speeches of Messrs. Quincy and Clay, as they may be found recorded in the Debates of the House of Representatives of the United States, in 1812:

Extracts, Olive Branch, page 41.

"On or before the Fourth of July, if James Madison is not out of office, a new form of Government will be in opposition in the Eastern States of the Union."—*Federal Republican.*

"Is there a Federalist, a Patriot in America, who considers it his duty to shed his blood for Bonaparte, for Madison, for Jefferson, and that host of ruffians in Congress, who have set themselves against us for years, and spirited up the brutal part of the populace to destroy us? Not one. Shall we then be held any longer in slavery and be driven to deepest poverty, by such a graceless faction? Heaven forbid!"—*Boston Gazette.*

Extract, page 142.

"You have reposed confidence in a coward (Jefferson) and leaned on a broken staff too long—give ear no longer to the Syren voice of Democracy and Jefferson liberty. It is a cursed delusion, adopted by traitors and recommended by sycophants. Jefferson, a man with the dagger of popular *confidence*, first give the stab to your liberties."—*Newburyport Handbill.*

Extract, page 168.

"Scarcely was Mr. Madison seated in the Chair of State, when, contrary to all our expectations, but agreeable to our wishes, he give the lie to all the electioneering course of the sage."—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Extract, page 171.

"Well may the merchants of Alexandria rejoice at Mr. Madison's return to the good old principles of Federalism. Let the crazy professors of Jeffersonism give themselves up to weeping and wailing, and all the affecting stings of jealousy and mortification."—*Federal Republican.*

Extract, page 179.

"Since Mr. Jefferson has retired in disgrace into private life, his successor has been compelled to abandon the ruinous policy under which the country has so long suffered."—*Federal Republican.*

Extract, page 341.

"There is no event that could happen; no possible condition of things that could be imagined, which ought not to be deplored and avoided, as the heaviest of calamities, if its tendency is to prostrate power in the profligate hands that for sixteen years have governed this unhappy country."—*New Jersey Post.*

I will now give the extracts from the speeches of Messrs. Quincy and Clay. Mr. Quincy said:

"Since the invasion of the , there is nothing in history like this war. The disgrace of our enemies is celestial glory, compared to the disgrace reflected upon our country, by this same invasion, (of Canada.) Yet it called glory! Yes, such as that of the tiger when it tears the bowels from the lamb, filling villages with its savage roar. We are the very last people on the face of the earth, that should call together and embody the vagabonds of the country, and put them under that dangerous class of men, the 'choice spirits.' When I contemplate the character and consequences of the measure, it is a solace to me, under all my regrets, that my section of country has no hand in it—that we have done our utmost to drive the guilty authors from their seats. This way of thinking was not peculiar to himself, but was the opinion of *all* the moral sense of nine-tenths of the intelligence of the section of country from which he came. Some who are here from that quarter, some of the household troops, who lounge for what they can pick up about the Government House, will say differently—toad eaters, who live on eleemosinary, all purchased courtesy upon the palace."

To which Mr. Clay replied:

"They (opposition) are the champions of war; the proud, the spirited, the sole repository of the nation's honor; the exclusive men of vigor and energy. The Administration, on the contrary, is weak, feeble, and pusillanimous, 'incapable of being kicked into war.' Is the Administration for negotiation?—The opposition is tired, sick, disgusted with negotiation. When war become identified with our independence and our sovereignty, and it was no longer possible to abstain from it, behold the opposition becoming the friends of peace and commerce. Now we see them exhibiting the terrific form of the roaring king of the forest, *now* the meekness and humbleness of the lamb—you find them, sir, tacking with every gale, displaying the colors of every party, and all notions; steady only in one unalterable purpose, to steer if possible into the haven of power."

How well this last remark of Mr. Clay, may be applied to himself, I leave the reader to judge.

Again; Mr. Quincy said:—"The destinies of this country has for twelve years been exclusively regulated by three individuals—two Virginians and one foreigner, out of twenty-four years, have been President." To which Mr. Clay replied:—"During all this time, the parasites of the opposition do not fail, by cunning sarcasm and sly inuendo, to throw out the idea of French influence, which ought to be met in one manner only—and that is, by the lie direct. Next to the notice which the opposition have found itself called upon to bestow upon the French Emperor, a distinguished citizen, formerly President of the United States, has never for a moment failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No, sir; in 1801, he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation, the violated Constitution of this country; and that is his crime. He preserved that instrument in form and substance and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come; and for that he never can be forgiven. When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude, shall be consigned to oblivion, or if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto, the name of Jefferson will be hailed as the second founder of the liberties of this country, and the period of his Administration will be looked back to, as one of the happiest and brighest epochs in American history."

Having introduced Mr. Clay as a witness, to prove the hostility manifested by the old Federal party towards Mr. Jefferson and Madison, I will also as evidence of the inconsistency of *his political course*, notice some of his acts while acting with the democratic party, and by way of contrast, notice as I pass along his acts with relation to the *same kind* of measures, while voting with the Federal party, to which I charge he now belongs. That Mr. Clay, in the early part of his political life, was professedly a Democrat, is freely admitted. He was, in fact, one of the most efficient supporters of the party, and engaged in a continual contest with the Federalists generally. Yea, even with many of his present political friends and supporters, until he went to Ghent. It, however, soon became evident from the change in his political course, and the men with whom he associated, after his return, that the aristocracy with which he had associated while in Europe, had had a corrupting influence on him with regard to his political principles. For on his return home, instead of finding him the *zealous partisan*, we find him the political *friend and associate* of the very men with whom he had been engaged in contest, and from whom he had received so much abuse while acting with the democratic party. And in order to conciliate them, he united with them in carrying out such measures as he had, while acting with the Democrats, decidedly opposed.

The first of Mr. Clay's political acts that I shall notice, is while acting as a member of the Convention that revised the Constitution of the State of Kentucky. From the course he pursued, as a member of that Convention, it is evident that he at that time was opposed to slavery, as he advocated the abolition of it in that State. And yet, after his return from Ghent, in 1819 and '20, he was one of the most decided advocates for the admission of the State of Missouri into the Union as a slaveholding State.

Again; it is a well known fact, that a great National Bank has always been a leading measure of the old Federal party, and one to which Mr. Jefferson was decidedly opposed. The law by which the first bank of the United States was incorporated, was introduced by Col. Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, at that time known as the principal leader of the federal party, and whose aristocratic principles were fully developed while acting as a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of the United States. In 1811 it applied to Congress for a renewal of its charter, to which Mr. Clay, then voting with the democratic party, was opposed, and to him more than any other person was *its defeat attributed*,—which was the cause of raising him at the time so high in the estimation of the democratic party, and of much abuse from the Federalists, even many of his present friends and supporters. He contended that its charter had been obtained by a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States. The Constitutional power claimed by its friends, for creating such an institution, he called "a vagabond power." That such an institution was uncongenial with the nature of our Government, and that it might be used by unprincipled and designing men for subverting it. So convincing were the arguments introduced by him, in support of these charges, that no attempt was made to answer them, and they have been considered by men of unquestionable intelligence, unanswerable. And yet, after his return from Ghent, in 1816, he united with the very men who had advocated the recharter of the old Bank which he had opposed in 1811, and assisted them in procuring a charter for the late