

THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

—UBI LIBERTAS, UBI PATRIA.—Cicero.—“Where liberty dwells, there is my Country.”

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO., THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5, 1841.

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POETRY.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior pass'd away!
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dream of future fame!
String'd of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and thy race?
If haughty chieftain, holding sway,
Or lowlier, destin'd to obey.

The light of that fix'd eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow.
Expression has not yet wad' break,
The lips seem open in a silent speak,
And clench'd the cold and lifeless hand,
As if to grasp the battle brand!

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn;
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Unhonour'd and forlorn!
Yet death's dark shadow cannot hide,
The glances of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lives there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see,
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Parchments to roam a maniac there,
With wild-dower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gaze on the dark'ning main,
Shall often call on him
Who fears her not—who cannot hear—
Oh! deaf forever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the music of her tongue.

Long may she dream—to wake is woe
No'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell,
The heart, bereaving of its way,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life—till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DAY AT NIAGARA.

BY MR. E. C. STEEDMAN.

“Well, here's an evil of rail-road travelling that I never thought of before!” screamed a bright girl, with pointing, rosy lips and a dimpled chin, at the risk of spoiling as sweet a voice as ever warbled ‘Away with melancholy,’ on a May morning; addressing her words to our good cousin, who had taken upon himself the responsible charge of escorting a party of ladies, (among whom were the fair speaker, his sister and my fortunate self,) to see the great ‘lion of this western world.

“You say that we are within five miles of Niagara, yet I cannot hear its voice for the eternal gabble of this locomotive. Why, all my dreams have been associated with the geographic recollections of childhood, which invariably said, ‘The roar of the cataract may be distinctly heard at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles.’”

“You forget,” replied her brother, “that it is when those wise assurances were written which make the eyes of the school-girl stand out as visibly as letters on a sign, that this rapid, noisy mode of travelling was unthought of; wait a little, my sweet sister, till we reach the point of our destination, and Niagara's thundering bass will sound all the mightier, for bursting suddenly upon your ear.”

While the remarks were passing, we were nearing the end of our journey; and on reaching the depot, our party was among the foremost to leave the puffing, snorting ‘black pony,’ behind, as we turned our faces towards the hotel. But neither my fair cousin nor myself seemed astounded at the noise of the cataract; much to the surprise of her brother. The truth was that in this particular of sound our ‘loud expectations’ exceeded the reality; though it may as well be remembered here as elsewhere that before leaving Niagara, our ears were ‘filled with hearing,’ no less than our ‘eyes satisfied with seeing.’ The sun was fast hiding his face behind the golden curtain of a July evening, and tea already sending forth its grateful fragrance from the ample board, as we reached ‘The Cataract House,’ so it was agreed that we should refresh ourselves with a dish of the green beverage, before sallying out for a peep at the Falls—furthermore, that until then, no one of our party should approach a certain window which commanded a view of the rapids, upon the penalty of our good-natured cousin's displeasure; and as we had one and all promised obedience to his wishes, each poised herself on the tip-toe of curiosity, long enough to swallow a boiling draught, at the expense of some, though not disabled tongues, for some days thereafter. We were, however, too unmerciful to allow our gallant the comforts of his cigar after tea; but by sundry hints in the form of sonnets and shawls, compelled his politeness to yield to our impatience for the evening ramble. Our footsteps were first directed to the bridge which extends over the boiling, angry rapids to Goat Island. Even here, it would seem that as much of the awful, the sublime, and the beautiful, had met together, as human eyes could endure to look upon. As we leaned over the railing of the bridge, (holding on instinctively with convulsive grasp,) and surveyed the yawning whirlpools beneath, encompassed by the ever restless forest, I, for one, thought I had never seen any thing terrific before! But from the imperfect view of the falls, which the gathering shades of twilight and the American side gave us that evening, my ‘first impressions’ were those of bitter disappointment. ‘And is this the end of all my vast imaginings!’ said I in haste to myself; but breathed it not aloud; for, indeed even then and there, the scene was grand and imposing; so I held my peace, resolving to await the morning beams, for its rainbow crown, and retire to my pillow opinionless, touching the glories of the grand cataract.

The sun looked down upon us the next morning without the shadow of a cloud between, and preparations were made for a great day at Niagara. Much to our delight, we found a familiar party of ladies and gentlemen, at a sister hotel, who had arrived during the night, and would join us in the pleasures of the day. As it happened that the gentleman of said party numbered the ladies, the fair responsibilities of our

obliging cousin (who had performed the part of ‘beau-general’ much to the credit of his gallantry) were fairly divided with the other beaux, and all things being arranged, each lady could boast of her own protector. I know of nothing that quickens the pleasing excitement of these excursions more than an unexpected recruit of acquaintances and friends. Never was a gayer or happier little company than left the ‘Cataract House’ that shadowless morning, to cross the green waters of Niagara river for the Canada side. Oh! how those bright faces come before me now, as if among the vivid recollections of yesterday! There was the brilliant Mrs. — with her raven curls, matchless form, and ‘dangerous eyes of jet,’ ever and anon returning a dazzling smile for the involuntary gaze of admiration. And what coquette by nature ever learned, until she had been the happy wife and mother more than two years, to confine her glances to one beloved object. Albeit the beautiful Mrs. — is a ‘jewel of a wife,’ (though I heard her adoring husband confess that she ‘caught’ him ‘with her eyes!’ There, too, in staking contrast was the gentle wife of our happy cousin, with her hazel eyes, like shaded water, the earnestness of modesty upon her cheeks, and the ‘ornament of a meek and quiet spirit’ beaming on her brow. And then the fair Miss — only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. —, from New York, who were exposing for the first time, their fragile flower of sixteen summers, whose delicate complexion & lily hands, needed none to affirm that ‘the winds of heaven never visited her too roughly;’ but whose chief attraction seemed in some way connected with the appellation of ‘heiress!’ So no doubt thought a whiskered ‘fortune-hunter!’ who by dint of bows and smiles, had contrived to insinuate himself in to the good graces of our party, and played the devoted to Miss —, after the most approved fashion. To say nothing of the pretty sister of our cousin with her tiny feet—the lightest and gentlest that ever from the heath-flower brushed the dew! Nor of the radiant and fascinating belle of —, who had already commenced a flirtation with the rich southerner, who was her chosen knight for the day. Nor of other laughing eyes and mirth-stirring spirits that made up the party. But, alas! the shadow of death fall’ upon his remotest picture. Of one individual, whose gallantry, good sense and extraordinary musical powers, rendered him a favorite of the fair on that occasion, may it now be said, ‘the places that know him shall know him no more.’ In early manhood, and in a stranger's grave sleeps he whose active step, who buoyant spirits, whose melody of song and sparkling wit concealed from us the insatiable disease, whose slow sure worm had even then fastened upon his vitals. Consumption sent him to the balmy south, there to find a resting place amid orange groves and perpetual blooming flowers. Peace be with the ashes of the early, the gifted dead.

No sooner was our little barge on the centre of the rapid tide, and the eye glanced upward and round about, than a scene of magnificence and glory burst upon us, which it had ‘never entered into the heart of man to conceive!’ Many have attempted to describe it; but if the ablest pen of the most ready writer hath failed to embrace half its wondrous beauties, let not this humble pen dare to deprecate what for sublimity and loveliness is verily indescribable. To us it seemed that ‘the fountains of the deep were again broken up’—as if old Ocean was pouring forth his deep green floods into that awful abyss, so wide, so vast, so terrible was their rush to the brink—so mighty and resistless their plunge into the boiling chasm! There hung the rainbow; with God's promise in its hues of beauty—

“That arch, where angel-forms might lean,
And view the wonders of the mighty scene!”

On reaching the Canada side, our first post of observation was Table Rock. The picture it presents—who shall paint it! The most striking feature of the whole is the vast quantity of water which pours unceasing and unceasing, and its consequent deeply emerald hue as it passes the rock before breaking in its fall to the pure, amber-shaded foam, which sends up an eternal incense of spray to Heaven. Another feature of beauty which arrested our attention was the meeting of the floods at the termination of the ‘Horse-shoe Fall,’ where an angle of the rocks causes a continual embrace of the waters. The eye could scarce weary in viewing this one beauty of the scene; but before the mighty whole awe-struck, the heart could only bow in silent adoration to that Great being who made it all, for the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters. We next ascended the craggy steep to a wide extended plain above, where are placed the barracks of the ‘Forty-third regiment of Her Majesty's troops.’ Fortunately for us, the day was one of regular review, and the whole regiment was out on duty. As we reached the brow of the hill, where, on the one side was Niagara in all its glory, and on the other an extensive military display of red coats and arms of steel flashing in the sunlight, I thought that Nature and Art needed no embellishment from the pen of fancy—‘Twas like enchantment all!’ While in the full enjoyment of this glorious scene, her Majesty's well-disciplined band played ‘God save the Queen!’ as to us it was never played before, and my heart vibrated with as much joy as it ever felt at the sound of our national air, ‘Hail Columbia!’

Our party returned to the hotel at sunset, all uniting in the opinion that it is impossible to anticipate too much of enjoyment at Niagara, so far as it respects the marvellous and beautiful in nature, and only regretting that we could not pass a month, instead of a day, with its scenes around us. A few hours, previous to our departure the following morning, were spent in exploring Goat Island, so far as our limited time would allow. ‘Tis in sooth a ‘fairy Isle,’ lashed day and night by the untiring rapids, and affording various and beautiful views of the great cataract it divides. The luxuriant foliage of its majestic trees shelters the admirer of the scenes around from the noon-day heat, and the odors from its garden of flowers regale his senses the while.

We bade a reluctant adieu to Niagara, calling to mind all the imaginations that the heart had devised—all the descriptions we had heard from others' lips—but with the words of ‘the Queen of the East’ on our own, ‘The half was not told me.’

By way of concluding this imperfect sketch, we add some few lines, which were written in despite of a resolution most religiously made against such a presumptuous measure; for, somehow or other, the humblest, as well as the loftiest pen, will attempt in numbers to express the unnumbered thoughts and strange, which

crowd into the brain at Niagara. And while the prince of Cataracts flows on, its terrific beauties will be still the oft-told but unspent theme of the ‘spirit-stirring muse.’

NIAGARA.

“How dreadful is this place!” for God is here!
His name is graven on th' eternal rocks,
As with an iron pen and diamond's point
While their unceasing floods his voice proclaim,
Or as the thunder shakes the distant hills.
O! if the forest-trees, which have grown old
In viewing all the wonders of this scene,
Do tremble still, and cost to earth their leaves—
Familiar as they are with things sublime—
Shall not the timid stranger here unloose
His sandals, ere he treads on ‘holy ground,’
And bow in humble worship to God?
For unto such as do approach with awe
This bright creation of th' Immortal Mind,
Methinks there comes, amid the deafening roar
Of ‘many waters,’ yet ‘a still, small voice,’
Know that this God, this awful God, is present!
Yes, here have wrath and peace together met—
Justice and Mercy sweetly have embraced;
For, o'er the terrors of the angry floods,
The bow of promise and of beauty hangs:
When in the sublimity with its matchless hues,
Or as a silver arch on evening's brow,
Saying, ‘God's works are marvellous and great,
But ah! when understood, his name is Love,’
Cedar Brook, Plainfield, N. J.

POLITICAL.

FISCAL BANK OF THE U. S.

SPEECH

OF MR BENTON OF MISSOURI.

In Senate, Wednesday, July 7, 1841—on motion of Mr. Buchanan to strike out the words “District of Columbia” from the first section of the bill to incorporate the subscribers to the Fiscal Bank of the U. S.

Mr. B. was in favor of the motion to strike out the words mentioned, for he was opposed above all things to have the management of this Bank here at Washington city. It would complete its capacity as a political machine in the hands of the Administration, ruling and corrupting the Congress at the same time. These nine managers at Washington will be the nine lords of the Treasury, living at the seat of Government, always arm in arm with members of Congress, and giving their sumptuous entertainments every night. They have salaries, such as the stockholders will allow them, and the stockholders will doubtless see their advantage in enabling these nine lords to entertain magnificently, especially as the United States pay a heavy part of it. The pay will come out of the people, for it is to come out of the Bank, and the Bank is to be built up with public money, and to be kept filled up with public money. Besides salaries, they will have their expenses and perquisites; their dining fund—their presents of plate—their office, and its paraphernalia—some great building with a train of clerks, messengers, and servants—all at the expense of the people. The danger of those nine lords of the Fiscal Bank have been already exemplified when Congress and the first Bank of the U. S. sat together in Philadelphia; the Bank directors and the Federal members of Congress always acted together—they made what laws they pleased—twisted and tortured the Constitution into what they pleased—and set the people at defiance. Mr. Jefferson has given us some view of these wretched times—the fruits of the licentious union between Bank and State—and I will read a paragraph from his works. It is in *Ann*, near the end of the fourth volume. It sustains most fully the view which the Senator from Pennsylvania (Mr. Buchanan) took of this corrupting connection, and may be well read as an illustration of his argument. Mr. Jefferson says:

“While the Government remained at Philadelphia, a selection of members of both Houses of Congress were constantly kept as directors, who, on every question interesting to that institution, or to the views of the Federal head, voted at the will of that head; and, together with the stockholding members, could always make the Federal head that of the majority. By this combination, legislative expositions were given to the Constitution, and all the administrative laws were shaped on the model of England, and so passed. And from this influence we were not relieved until the removal from the precincts of the Bank to Washington.”

This, said Mr. B., is the voice of experience—the voice of Jefferson—an eye-witness of what he relates & what he saw for the benefit of posterity. He wrote for our benefit; and shall we neglect his warning voice? He tells you that the Bank directors, and the Federal members of Congress, acted together while the Bank and the Congress sat in the same place, and that there was no relief from the baneful influence of this corrupt combination until Congress was removed from Philadelphia. This was in the year 1800—say 40 years ago. The removal was then real—the travel between Washington and Philadelphia was then slow, tedious, and expensive; now it is rapid, easy, and cheap; still Philadelphia and N. Y. accessible as they are to members of Congress, are to ferret out the purpose of the new Government Bank, and, therefore, the directors must be brought to the city of Washington, and placed in immediate communication with the President, the Cabinet, and the Congress: The nine Lords of the Fisc will be a Treasury board here; they will sit at the council and instrument of the Secretary of the Treasury. They will be a political as well as a moneyed board, and their influence will be felt in Congress, and in all the business of the country. And who will compose this board? Who will these nine lords be? The bill very cautiously and most carefully, provides that they shall not be members of Congress—members of the Government—or the Government contractors. This is pretty, very

pretty indeed! Members and contractors are excluded; but the ex-members and the ex-contractors are admitted! So that a resignation—an expiration of the term of service—removes the disability, and qualifies the member or the contractor to become one of the board! And of such will it be composed! Members will resign their places or decline elections, to become fiscal lords. It will be the highest place in the Union; the most splendid and powerful post in the Union, the Presidency only excepted. You can depopulate the two houses of Congress with such offices—you can pick and cull the Union with such a temptation. What is it? A power over money and politics—a power over a bank of thirty millions, to be increased to fifty millions—a residence at Washington—a power over Congress—salaries—a palace to live in ante-chambers, crowded with suppliant expectants. Such will be the new offices, and who can refuse them? Sir, they will be eagerly, furiously, sought. The incumbents will be politicians—old hacks—prostitutes—worthy to grace the new political Magdalen hospital, of which they will be the battered and worn out inmates.

Mr. B. scouted the whole idea of this board of nine directors at Washington city. Bad in itself, this board was conceived for a fraudulent purpose—for a fraud on the Constitution—to cheat the poor Constitution out of its objections to a Bank! It is for a fraudulent purpose—it is to make the Bank constitutional—to obviate constitutional objections to it—this new and tremendous engine of political and moneyed corruption of a board at Washington is interjected into this charter.

The Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Buchanan] is right in characterizing this proposed Bank as a Treasury Bank. It is a Treasury Bank in every way in which you can view it. It is to be built up with Treasury money; all the taxes and duties are to be put there; it is to be the Treasury of the U. S. so declared by a clause in the charter; it is to be under the supervision of nine managers—that is to say, lords of the Treasury—and they stationed here where the Government resides; and, finally, its name is Treasury. Its name is fiscal; and what is fiscal, but belonging to the Treasury? It is from the latin adjective *fiscalis*, and signifies belonging to the Treasury. *Fisc* is Treasury, from the same noun *fiscus*. The French say *fisque* for Treasury, from the same noun. *Fiscus* and *fiscalis* are from the Greek *phaskos*, and *phaskalos*. The primitive meaning of the Greek is big basket, and belonging to the big basket, commonly called hamper, or hamper basket. This is the primitive sense: the figurative or metaphorical sense is treasury; and belonging to the treasury; and the reason of this metaphorical sense is this, that ancient governments collected their taxes as the priests did their tithes, and as many landlords now collect their rents, that is to say, in kind.—Thus when the wheat, barley, olives, grapes, &c., were ripe, the Government tax-gatherers entered the field with the owner, and gathered the Government share, which was always a large share, and required large baskets to receive it. The farmer had a little basket, and the Government a big basket—a hamper, or as our good housewives call it, a hamper—which had handles to it, and required several men to carry it. This big basket received the tax for the Treasury; what was put in it was put in the Treasury took the name of big basket. Thus we trace the word *fiscal* in this bill, to the latin *fiscus* and *fiscalis*, and that to its Greek root *phaskos* and *phaskalos*, and it all comes to the same thing, that is to say, belonging to the Treasury.

Sir, said Mr. B., this name *fiscal* ought to be changed; it will bamboozle the people, and lead them off from the true idea of this Bank; it will conceal its true character, that of a Treasury, or Government Bank—the thing so much dreaded and detested in General Jackson's and Mr. Van Buren's time. It is a bamboozling name, and ought to be changed [Some member near repeated the word bamboozle, doubtingly.] Yes, said Mr. B., it is a good word—and old English word—a powerful word in its place—and appropriately used here. I have used it before in the Senate, and justified it by Johnson, and the best lexicographers, and the finest writers in the English language. You will recollect, Mr. President, (addressing himself to Mr. Southard in the Chair,) that you rather sneered at this word when I first used it here; whereupon I called in the Hercules, Dr. Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. and F. R. S., and he quickly settled the matter in my favor. Some of the illustrations of its meaning, which I then read, will not be forgotten on this floor—they suited the times and the subject so well. Mr. Archer. What were they? I was not here.

Mr. B. (to one of the little pages) bring me the book—bring me Johnson. (The boy brought it. Here, said Mr. B. listen. He read.

“To bamboozle, active verb, to deceive; to impose upon, to confound.”

“After Nic had bamboozled about the money, John called for counters.”—*Arbuthnot*.

“All the people upon earth, except these two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled!”—*Addison*.

Mr. B. said here was authority for the verb, to bamboozle; there was also good authority for the noun substantive, bamboozler. Listen to Johnson again:

“Bamboozler, a tricking fellow; a cheat.”

“There are a set of fellows they call bamboozlers and bamboozlers, that play such tricks.”—*Arbuthnot*.

This is good authority, said Mr. B., But it is not all. Richardson, more modern than Johnson, and a standard lexicographer, has redeemed and established the word in our language. He says the meaning is to deceive, to mislead, to cheat, to cozen, to deceive, to be-

guile; and he gives several illustrations, some very suitable to our times. Thus:

“After Nic had bamboozled John awhile about the 18, 000 and the 28,000, John called for counters; but what with sleight of hand, and taking from his own score and adding to that of John's, Nic brought the balance always on his own side.”—*Nicoll's Hist. of John Bull*.

“This whimsical phenomenon, ‘Confounding all my pro and con, Bamboozles the account again.’ ‘And draws me nolen volens in.’”

(King, in *Scambling Block*.) “Why you look as if you were Don Diego'd to the tune of a thousand pound.”—*Taylor No. 31*.

[The reading of these illustrations occasioned much amusement in the Senate.]

Mr. B. trusted that he had vindicated the use of the term to which the exception seemed to be taken, and he trusted that it was equally easy to vindicate the application which he had made of it. The name of this Bank was a cheat and a trick; it deceived the ignorant and the thoughtless. The name implied that it was for the Treasury alone—that it was an agent for the Treasury—when it is a Bank of discount, deposit, and circulation, in which foreigners and other banks may be stock-holders, and which, instead of being an agent of the Treasury, will be its master! The name is a cheat; it should be altered; fiscal should be struck out, and some other substituted. It is a compound monster, part treasury, part individual, part subordinate corporation, for other corporations may subscribe to its stock.—Call it the Treasury Bank of the U. States. Then it is the abhorred thing—the gorgon head—the raw head and bloody bone—which was held up to terrify the people during the whole administration of Jackson and Van Buren. Even the Independent Treasury was stigmatized as a Treasury Bank, and many good people were excited against it on account; yet it issued notes, received no deposits, made no discounts, bought and sold no bills of exchange; had no attribute of a Bank; yet the Independent Treasury was cried down as a Government Bank. Now we established one in fact, a mixed one to be sure—an hermaprodite—but give it a name which misleads the mind. It is a bamboozling name, and should be changed for a plain one. Call it Treasury at once, or Treasury and British; for the British are to be stockholders. Call it the Treasury and Company; for there are to be companions enough in it. Call it by some common and plain name, and at the same time appropriate. Call it the Hanaper Bank. That would be classic; for it goes up to the Greek root of the term. It also is an English term for the Exchequer and the Treasury. We remember very well, said Mr. B., addressing the President of the Senate, that as apprentices to the law, we had to learn a long list of courts in England, among others that of Hanaper, in law latin, *Hanaperium*. The Hanaper court, the Hanaper office, the clerk of the Hanaper, are all familiar to the student at law; and they all refer to the Exchequer, the Treasury. It is the old Greek word for Treasury, and is revived in England, both because the clerk formerly used a big basket to hold his papers, and these papers belonged to the Treasury, and because it is an Exchequer or Treasury court. I would recommend it to the gentleman, then, to call this a Hanaper Bank, especially as they have English precedent for it, and this fiscality is to be a half English concern. Hanaper will do, but I would prefer Hamper. It is the same word, in a shorter form, and not only has all the power of meaning which belongs to Hanaper, but has another meaning very appropriate to this institution. The noun hamper, is the big basket; the verb, to hamper, is to restrict, to hobble, to fetter, to cripple, to hamstring, &c., and that is the way this Bank will serve this Government and the people. It will hamper, hobble, and hamstring them; and then, like a real basket, it will not hold water that is, it will not hold the people's money, which will go by the hundred thousand to jobbers, gamblers, speculators, and military plunderers.

Mr. President, continued Mr. B., will wonders never cease? will political miracles never cease? Last year, and for many years, the country was alarmed, agitated, terrified, at the idea of a Treasury Bank, gratuitously and unfoundedly attributed to the Democratic party. Now, the very persons who charged this as offence upon the Democracy are themselves openly doing the same thing. A Treasury Bank is now their idol, after having been their terror and the good people are required to love it, as much now as they were instructed to hate it a few months ago.—Such are the inconsistencies, the contradictions, which are played off before the people; and which, it is supposed, the good nature or the ignorance of the people will swallow.

Mr. B. referred to the speech of the Senator from Pennsylvania [Mr. Buchanan] as one that would not be answered, because it could not be answered. He (Mr. B.) had waited for some one on the other side to reply to this speech. No one rose. No one broke silence. Shut pan seemed to be the word of command on the left side of this Chamber. It was one way to curtail and stifle debate. Another way was to limit the time of the speaker, as was to limit the time of the second Triumvirate; and this way we have partly adopted in the Senate. The morning hour, which, with many exertion on our part, was saved for resolutions, was an infringement of our right of speech, perpetrated for the first time in this Chamber, and even this hour is now taken away from us by those from whom we want it; it is frittered away by motions, and propositions, and small speeches, from the gentlemen of the other side. Another way of stifling debate is to fix an arbitrary hour for its termination; another, to cut off amendments with-

out notice; another, to cut off amendments with-