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## THE BLIND WIFE.

BY ALICE G. LEE.  
My head upon thy breast, my love,  
My hand within thine own,  
I envy not the rich man's wealth,  
The Queen upon her throne.  
In thy arms I have a wealth  
That knoweth no decay,  
And feel that my heart over thine,  
Bears a gentle sway.  
And such a crowd of happy thoughts  
Come rushing to my mind,  
That for a moment I forget  
That I am blind.  
Although I have not seen thy face,  
I know that it is fair,  
I've touched thy forehead broad and high,  
And smoothed thy silken hair.  
I know thine eyes are large and deep:  
They rest with love on me;  
And, to behold that gentle glance,  
I sometimes wish to see.  
And then the voice that blesses me  
Is always soft and kind:  
Each word thou speakest tells my soul  
Thou hast a noble mind.  
Oh, till I heard that cheering voice,  
My heart was sad and lone;  
It thirsted for one kindly word,  
Prayed for one gentle tone.  
I seemed born but for misery,  
To hear of others' joy,  
And feel that in their happiness  
I might not find employ.  
My life was one eternal night,  
Without a cheering ray;  
I knew that ages might wear on  
Yet never bring the day.  
I sometimes wished that death might come  
To free me from my woe,  
And bring the happiness I sought  
While pining here below.  
'Twas then you saw and pitied one  
To whom life seemed so drear,  
Who in the past had known but pain—  
Whose future was all fear.  
But hope and joy came to my heart  
When pity grew to love—  
It seemed that to my darkened soul  
Light came as from above.  
I know not how I won that love,  
For wild and weak I'd been;  
And still I did not leave from thee  
One secret thought or sin:  
But when I felt that it was mine,  
My sorrow all was o'er;  
And though the future may for me  
Have evil yet in store—  
With thee love for my comfort,  
My guardian and my guide,  
My life will not be sorrowful  
Let good or ill betide.  
Then, dearest, clasp my hand in thine,  
One kiss upon my brow—  
I should forget the dreary past  
When I'm so happy now.  
And do not chide this foolish heart:  
It clings alone to thee—  
From every tie on earth save this,  
Full long it has been free.

From Yankee Doodle.  
**THE RETURN OF SANTA ANA.**  
As sung by a high official character at a Cabinet  
council, held on the news that Santa  
Anna had organized an army of 30,000 men at San-  
Luis Potosi.

ARR--"Roy's Wife."  
Mexico's great Santa Anna,  
Keen cock-fighting Santa Anna—  
Wot ye he cheated me,  
When he left the gay Havana?  
He vowed, he swore, he wad be mine,  
He said he lo'd me best of onie,  
He won my heart—he'd won my cash,  
Had it not been for Yankee Johnnie!  
Oh! the cunning Santa Anna, &c.  
Millions twa, in shining gold,  
He begged in sweet persuasive manner,  
And California should be mine—  
A present from my Santa Anna!  
Oh! the cunning Santa Anna, &c.  
Who could doubt his promise fair,  
Such charming files Mexican?  
I asked my Congress for the cash,  
And sent a pass for Santa Anna!  
Oh! the cunning Santa Anna, &c.  
Oh! he is a canny chief,  
And well in war can flout his banner;  
Thousands brave will rue the hour,  
I gave out for his Santa Anna!  
Oh the cunning Santa Anna, &c.  
His speech sae smooth, his need sae small,  
The money lands he said he'd gie me!  
To me he ever will be dear,  
Although he's bilked and left his Jenny!  
Oh! the cunning Santa Anna—  
Keen, cock-fighting Santa—  
How the rouge outwitted me,  
When he left the gay Havana!

**CHINESE PROVERBS.**  
"Good iron is not used for nails, nor are soldiers made of good men."  
"Wood is not sold in the forest, nor fish at the tank."  
"Ivory does not come out of a rat's mouth."  
"An avicious man is like a serpent wishing to swallow an elephant."  
"Exaggeration is, to paint a serpent and add legs."  
"To ride a fierce dog to capture a lame rabbit is to attack a contemptible enemy."  
"To investigate a villain to do wrong, is like teaching a monkey to climb trees."  
"An inefficient man set to do anything is like taking a locust's shank for a carriage-shaft."  
"To climb a tree to catch a fish, is talking much and doing nothing."  
"Looking for promotion is hanging to the tail of a beautiful horse."  
"Two skins cannot be stripped from one cow, is to say that extortion has its limits."  
"To win a cat and lose a cow, expresses the folly of going to law."  
"Chickens will at last come out of the eggs, is equivalent to 'murder will out.'"  
"All that a fish drinks goes out at its gills, is to describe a spendthrift."  
"Let every man sweep the snow from his own doors and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles, conveys a lesson for people of all nations."

## SPEECH OF Mr. CORWIN. In the United States Senate on the 11th inst on THE "THREE MILLION BILL."

Specially Reported for the New York Tribune.  
(Concluded.)

The Republic of Texas comes under the Government of the United States, and it happens that the Minister resident at your Court—and it is pretty respectable Court, Mr. President—we have something of a King—not for life, it is true but a quadrennial sort of a monarch, who does very much as pleases—the Minister resident at that Court of yours stated at the time that this revolted Province of Texas was claimed by Mexico, and that if you received it as one of the sovereign States of this Union, right or wrong, it was impossible to reason with the people about it—they would consider it an act of hostility. Did you consult the national feeling of Mexico then?

The President has now to deal with a people thus humbled, thus irritated. It was his duty to concede much to Mexico, every thing but his country's honor or her rights. Was this done? Not at all. Mexico and her Minister were alike spurned as weak and trivial things, whose complaints you would not hear or heed; and when she humbly implored you not to take this province, declared that it might disturb the peace subsisting between us, you were still inexorable. During this time, she was forcing loans from her citizens to pay the debt she owed you for fulfilling her treaties with you by painful exactions from her own people. She begged of you to let Texas alone. If she were independent, let her enjoy her independence. If free, let her new-born liberty, in defiance of Mexico, as she alleged she would and could. Your stern reply was, No! we will, at your expense, strengthen our own arm, by uniting to ourselves that which has been severed from you by our own citizens; we will take Texas; we will throw the shield of our constitution over her rights, and the sword of our power shall gleam like that at Eden, "turning every way," to guard her against further attack.

Her Minister, his remonstrance failing, leaves you. He tells you that he cannot remain, because you had created by this act hostile relations with his Government. At last you are informed that Mexico will receive a commissioner to treat of this Texan boundary if you will condescend to negotiate. Instead of sending a commissioner to treat of that, the then only difficult question between the two Republics, you send a full minister, and require that he shall be received as such. If he could not be styled Minister Plenipotentiary, and so accredited, why then we must fight, and not negotiate for a boundary. The then Mexican President, the representative of some faction only, was uttering to his fall, His Minister besought Mr. Sillidell not to pass his reception then.—He was told that the excited feelings of the Mexican people were such that he must delay for a time. To this petition what answer is returned? You shall receive me now; you shall receive me as though the most pacific relations existed between the two countries.—Thus, and not otherwise, shall it be. Such was the haughty imperious tone of Mr. Sillidell, and he acted up only to the spirit of his instructions. Let any one peruse the correspondence I have referred to, and he will see that I have truly represented it. He tells you that it may, this is done under the instructions of a Cabinet here, who represented themselves in our public documents as sighing, panting for peace; as desiring, above all things, to treat these distracted, contemned Mexicans in such a way that not the shadow of a complaint against us shall be seen. From this correspondence it is perfectly clear that if Mr. Sillidell had been sent in the less ostentatious character of "commissioner" to treat of the Texas boundary, that treaties and not bullets would have adjusted the question. But this was not agreeable to the lofty conceptions of the President. He preferred a vigorous war to the tame process of peaceful adjustment. He now throws down the pen of the diplomat and grasps the sword of the warrior. Your army, with brave old "Rough and Ready" at its head, is ordered to pass the Nueces and advance to the east bank of the Rio Grande. There, sir, between these two rivers lies that slip of territory, that chaparral thicket interspersed with Mexican haciendas, out of which this wasteful desolating war arose.—Was this territory, beyond the river Nueces, in the State of Texas?

Now I have said, but I would not state any disputable fact, it is known to every man who has looked into this subject that a revolutionary government can claim no jurisdiction any where when it has not defined and exercised its power with the sword. It was utterly indifferent to Mexico and the world what legislative enactments Texas made. She extended her revolutionary government and her revolutionary dominion not one inch beyond the extent to which she had carried the power of Texas in opposition to the power of Mexico. It is therefore a mere question of fact; and how will it be preterded that that country, lying between the Nueces and the Del Norte, to which your army was ordered, and of which it took possession, was subject to Texas law and not Mexican law? What did your General find there? What did he write home? Do you hear of any trial by jury on the east bank of the Rio Grande—of Anglo-Saxons making outlaws of their principal cities; and displaying the star-spangled banner, as if in defiance, under their very noses, and they with an army twice our size, at least, sit quietly down, and make not the least resistance, nor the first effort to drive the invaders off. There is no parallel to it.

Sir, did this officer consider himself in Texas? Were they our own Texas citizens, who, in the language of the letter, "did not make the first effort to drive the invaders off?" It had been Texas there, would that State consider invasion, or her people by from your standard?

"The people of the soil leaving their homes?" Who were those "people of the soil?" Sir, they were Mexicans never conquered by Texas, and never subject to her laws; and, therefore, never transferred by annexation to your dominion; and therefore, lastly, your army, by order of the President, without the consent or advice of Congress, made war on Mexico, by invading her territory, in April, 1846.

Mr. President, the Senator from Missouri was right. "The incorporation of the left bank of the Rio Grande into the American Union" was an act of direct aggression on Mexico; and his resolution most truthfully alleged. We, or at least the President, has attempted to incorporate the left bank of the Rio del Norte, or the Rio Grande, into the Union, and the consequence the legitimate consequence, war, has been asserted on us. The President in his message asserts the boundary of Texas to be the Rio Grande.

when you compare these two documents together, is it not a biting sarcasm upon the sincerity of public men—a bitter satire upon the gravity of all public affairs?

Can it be, Mr. President, that the honest, generous, Christian people of the United States will give countenance to this egregious, palpable misrepresentation of fact, this bold falsification of history? Shall it be written down in your public annals, when the world is looking on, and you yourselves know that Mexico, and not Texas, possessed this territory to which your armies marched? As Mexico had never been dispossessed by Texan power, neither Texas nor your Government had any more claim to it than you now have to California; that other possession of Mexico over which your all-grasping avarice has already extended its remorseless dominion.

Mr. President, there is absent to day a Senator from the other side of the house whose presence would afford me, as it always does, but particularly on this occasion, a most singular gratification. I allude to the Senator from Missouri who sits farthest from me, (Mr. Beeton) I remember, Mr. President, he arose in this body and performed a great act of justice to himself and to his country—of justice to mankind, for all men are interested in the truths of history—when he declared it to be his purpose, for the sake of the truth of history, to set right some gentlemen on the other side of the house in respect to the territory of Oregon, which then threatened to disturb the peace of this Republic with the kingdom of Great Britain. I wish it had pleased him to have performed the same good offices on this occasion.

I wish it had been so, if he could have found it consonant with his duty to his country, that now, while engaged with an enemy whom we have no reason to fear as being ever able to check our progress or disturb our internal peace for the sake of justice, as then he did for the sake of justice and the interest and peace of those two countries, England and America, he had come forward to settle the truth of history in respect to the territorial boundary of Texas, which our President said was the Rio Bravo—the "Rio del Norte" as it is sometimes called. I express the wish for no purpose of taunting the Senator from Missouri, or leading him to believe that I would draw his name into the discussion for any other than the most sacred purposes which can animate the human bosom—that of having truth established; for I really believe that is not true which the Senator from Michigan stated yesterday, that the worst said in the Senate is that much might be said on both sides; I cannot view it in that way.—Much may be said, much talk may be had on both sides on any question, but that this is a disputable matter, about which a man could apply his mind for an hour and still be in doubt, is to me an insupportable mystery.

I wish to invoke the authority of the Senator from Missouri, when about to receive Texas into the United States he offered a resolution to this effect:

"That the incorporation of the left bank of the Rio del Norte (Rio Grande) into the American Union, by virtue of a treaty with Texas comprehending, as the said incorporation would do, a part of the Texian departments of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas, WOULD BE AN ACT OF DIRECT AGGRESSION ON MEXICO FOR ALL THE CONSEQUENCES OF WHICH THE UNITED STATES WOULD STAND RESPONSIBLE."

I beg, Mr. President, to add to this another authority, which I am sure will not be contradicted by any calling themselves Democrats.—In the summer of 1844, Mr. Silas Wright in an elaborate address delivered at Watertown N. York, said:

"There is another subject on which I feel bound to speak a word; I allude to the proposition to annex Texas to the territory of this Republic. I felt it my duty to vote as a Senator, and did vote against the ratification of the treaty for the annexation. I believed that the treaty, by the boundaries that must be implied from it, if Mexico would not treat with us, embraced a country to which Texas had no claim, over which she had never asserted jurisdiction, and which she had no right to cede. On this point I should give a brief explanation.

"The treaty ceded Texas by name, without an effort to describe a boundary. The Congress of Texas had passed an act declaring by metes and bounds, what was Texas, within their power and jurisdiction. It appeared to me, if Mexico should tell us, 'We do not know you—we have no treaty to make with you,' and we were left to take possession by force, we must take the country as Texas had ceded it to us; and in doing that, or forfeiting our own honor, we must do injustice to Mexico, and take a large portion of New Mexico, the people of which have done us wrong, and the people of Texas this to us as an insupportable barrier. I could not place the country in that position."

How did your officers consider this question? While in camp opposite Matamoros, being then on the left bank of the Rio Grande, between the latter river and the Nueces, a most respectable officer writes thus to his friend in New York:

"CAMP OPPOSITE MATAMOROS, April 19 1846.

"Our situation here is an extraordinary one. Right in the enemy's country, actually occupying their corn and cotton fields, the people of the soil leaving their homes, and with a small band of men, marching, with colors flying and drum beating, right under the guns of their principal cities; and displaying the star-spangled banner, as if in defiance, under their very noses, and they with an army twice our size, at least, sit quietly down, and make not the least resistance, nor the first effort to drive the invaders off. There is no parallel to it.

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The Senator from Missouri asserts the left bank of that river to be Mexican territory. Sir it is not for me, who stand here a humble man, who all the law and obey it, but who, like the poor Publican, would stand afar off and smite my breast, and say God be merciful to me a poor Whig—when the appointed High Priests in the Temple of Democracy differ on a point of fact, it is not for me to decide between them.—Is it for me to say that the Senator from Missouri was ignorant and the President omniscient? Is it for me to say that the President was right and the Senator from Missouri wrong? If it were true that Texas laws had been in operation there since 1836, as the President's action seems to declare, how happened it that when General went to Point Isabel, and the people set fire to their houses and fled the place, and how did it happen that there was a custom-house there in Texas, as you now allege. A Mexican custom-house in Texas, where, ever since 1836, and for one whole year after the State of Texas became yours, a Mexican officer collected taxes of all who traded there, and paid these duties into the Mexican treasury? Sir, it is credible that this State of Texas allowed Mexican laws and Mexican power to exist within her borders for seven years after her independence? I should think a people so prompt to fight for their rights, might have burnt some powder for the explosion of Mexican usurpers from Texas territory. Sir, the history of this country is full of anomalies and contradictions. What a patriotic, harmonious people! When Taylor comes to protect them, they fire their dwellings and fly! When you come in peace, drilling in arms for protection only, your eagle spreading its wings to shield from harm all American citizens—what then happens? Why, according to your own account these Anglo-Saxon Republicans are so terrified at the sight of their country's flag that they abandon their homes, and retreat before your army as if some Nomad tribe had wandered thither to enslave their families and plunder their estate.

All this mass of undeniable fact, known even to the careless reader of the public prints, is so utterly at variance with the studiously contrived repetition only of the original wrong, that I do not wonder at all that an amiable national bird, however misplaced here, has prevented this thorough and fearless investigation of their truth. Nor, sir, would I probe this feeble mass of misrepresentation had I not been compelled to do so in defence of votes which I was obliged to record here within the last ten days. Sir, with my opinions as to facts connected with this subject, and my deductions, unavoidable from them, should have been worthy the high-souled State I represent, had I voted me and money to prosecute further a war commenced, as it now appears, in aggression, and carried on by every man able to bear arms, and the ranks of war. But, I until I shall be thus convinced, duty to myself to truth to conscience, to public justice, requires that I persist in every lawful opposition to this war.

While the American President can command the army, thank Heaven, I can command the purse. While the President, under the penalty of death, can command your officers to proceed, I can tell them to come back, or the President can supply them as he may. He shall have no funds from me in the prosecution of a war which I cannot approve. That I conceive to be the duty of a Senator. I am not mistaken in that. If it be my duty to grant whatever the President may demand for what I have not, I will not support the subject? Is it not placed at my discretion, understanding, judgment? Have an American Senate and House of Representatives nothing to do but to obey the bidding of the President, as the army he commands is compelled to obey under penalty of death? No! The representatives of the sovereign people and sovereign States were never elected for such a purpose as that.

Have Senators reflected on the great power which the command of armies in war confers upon any one, but especially on him who is at once the civil and military chief of the Government? It is very well that we should look back to see how the friends of popular rights regarded this subject in former times. Prior to the revolution in 1688 of England all grants of money by Parliament were general. Specific appropriations before that period were unknown. The King could out of the general revenues, appropriate any or all of them to any war, or other object, as best suited his own unrestrained wishes. Hence, in the last struggle with the first Charles, the Parliament insisted that he should yield up the command of the army raised to quell the Irish rebellion to that person as Parliament should choose. The men of that day saw that, with the unrestricted control of revenue, and the power to name the commander of the army, the King was master of the liberties of the people. Wherefore, Charles, after he had yielded up almost every patriotic prerogative, was in order to secure Parliament and the people against military rule, required to give up the command of the forces. It was his refusal to do this that brought his head to the block. "Give up the command of the army?" was the last imperative demand of the forces of arbitrary power then. What was the reply of that unhappy representative of the doomed race of the Stuarts? "Not for an hour, by God," was the stern answer. Wentworth had always advised his royal master never to yield up the right to command the army; such was the counsel of the Queen, whose notions of kingly power were all fashioned after the most despotic models. "This power over the army, by our constitution, is concerned to our King. Give him money at his will, as we are told we must, and you have set up in this Republic just such a tyrant as him against whom the friends of English liberty were compelled to wage war. It was a hard necessity; but still it was demanded as the only security for any reasonable measure of public liberty. Such men as Holt and Somers had not yet taught the people of England the secret of controlling arbitrary power by specific appropriations of money, and withholding these when the King proclaimed his intention to use the grant for any purpose not approved by the Commons, the true representatives of popular rights in England.

When, in 1688, this doctrine of specific appropriations became a part of the British constitution, the King could safely be trusted with the control of the army. If war is made there by the Crown, and the Commons do not approve of it, refusal to grant supplies is the easy remedy; one too, which renders it impossible for a King of England to carry forward any war which may be displeasing to the English people. Yes, sir, in England since 1688, it has not been in the power of a British sovereign to do that which, in your boasted Republic, an American President, under the auspices of what you call Democracy, has done—make war without consent of the legislative power. In England supplies are at once refused if Parliament does not approve the objects of the war. Here we are told we must not look to the objects of the war; being in the war, made by the President, we must help him to fight it out, should it be the utter extermination of the Mexican race. Sir, I believe it must proceed to this shocking extreme if you are by war to conquer peace. Here, then, is your condition. The President involves you in war without your consent. Being in such a war, it is demanded as a duty that we grant men and money to carry it on.—The President tells us that he shall prosecute this war till Mexico pays us, or agree to pay us all its expenses. I am not willing to scourge Mexico thus; and the only means left me is to say to the commander-in-chief: "Call home your army; I will feed and clothe it no longer; you have whipped Mexico in three pitched battles; this is revenge enough; this is punishment enough."

The President has said he does not expect to hold Mexican territory by conquest. Why then conquer it? Why waste thousands of lives and millions of money fortifying towns and creating governments, if at the end of the war you retire from the graves of your soldiers, and the desolated country of your foes, only to get money from Mexico for the expense of all your toil and sacrifice? Who ever heard, since Christianity was propagated amongst men, of a nation taking its people, enlisting its young men, and marching off two thousand miles to fight a people merely to be paid for it in money? What is this but hunting a market for blood, selling the lives of your young men, marching them into regiments to be slaughtered and paid for, like oxen and brute beasts? Sir, this is when stripped naked, that atrocious idea first promulgated in the President's message, and now advanced here, of fighting on till we can get our identity for the past as well as the present slaughter. We have chastised Mexico, and if it were worth while to do so, we have, I dare say, satisfied the world that we can fight. What now? Why, the mothers of America are asked to send others of their sons to blow out the brains of Mexicans because they refuse to pay the price of the first war we fell there for glory. And what if the second fall too? The Executive, the paternal reply, is, "we shall have him paid for—we shall get full indemnity." Sir, I have no patience with this flagitious notion, of fighting for indemnity, and this under the equally absurd and hypocritical pretence of securing an honorable peace. An honorable peace! If you have accomplished the objects of the war (if indeed you had an object which you dare to avow) cease to fight and you will have peace. Conquer your insane love of false glory, and you will "conquer a peace." Sir, if your commander-in-chief will not do this, I will endeavor to compel him, and as I find no other means I shall refuse supplies—without the consent of the people, he cannot go further. He asks me for that money; I wish him to bring your armies home, to cease shedding blood for money; if he refuse supplies, and then I know he will cease his further sale of the lives of my countrymen. May we not ought we not now to do this? I can hear no reason why we should not except this, it is said that we are in a war wrongfully it may be, but being in the President is responsible, and we must give him the means he requires. He responsible! Sir, we are responsible if having the power to stay this plague we refuse to do so. When shall he be held responsible? When the American Senate and the American House of Representatives can stoop from their high position and yield a dumb compliance with the behests of a President, who is for the time being commander of your army; when he will open the treasury with one hand, and the veins of all the soldiers in the land with the other, merely because the President commands, then, sir, it matters little how soon some Cromwell shall come into this hall and say, "the Lord hath no further need of you here." When we fail to do the work, "whereunto we were sent," we shall be, we ought to be removed, and give place to others who will. The fate of the barren fig tree will be ours—Christ cursed it and it withered.

Mr. President, I dismiss this branch of the subject, and beg the indulgence of the Senate to some reflections on the particular bill now under consideration. I voted for a bill somewhat like the present at the last session; our army was then in the neighborhood of our line. I then hoped that the President did sincerely desire a peace. Our army had not then penetrated far into Mexico, and I did hope that with the two millions then proposed we might get peace and avoid the slaughter, the shame, the crime of an aggressive, unprovoked war. But now you have overrun Gulf of Mexico, you have exasperated and irritated her people, you claim indemnity for all expenses incurred in doing this mischief, and boldly ask her to give up New Mexico and California; and as a bribe to her patriotism, seizing on her property, you offer three millions to pay the soldiers she has called out to repel your invasion, on condition that she will give up to you at least one-third of her whole territory. This is the modest, I should say the monstrous proposition now before us, as explained by the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, (Mr. Sevier, who reported the bill. I cannot now give my assent to this.

But, sir, I do not believe you will succeed.—I am not informed of your prospects of success with this measure of peace. The chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations tells us that he has every reason to believe that peace can be obtained if we grant this appropriation. What reason have you, Mr. Chairman, for that opinion? Facts which I cannot disclose to you, correspondence which it would be improper to name—facts which I know, but which you are not permitted to know, have satisfied the committee that peace may be purchased if you will grant these three millions of dollars." Now Mr. President, I wish to know if I am required to act upon such opinions of the chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, formed upon facts which he refuses to disclose to me? No; I must know the facts before I can form my judgement. But I am to take it for granted that there must be some prospect of an end to this dreadful war—for it is a dreadful war, being, as I believe in my conscience it is, an un-

just war. It is possible that for three millions you can purchase a peace with Mexico? Now! By the purchase of California? Mr. President I know not what facts the chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs may have had access to. I know not what secret agents have whispered in the ears of the authorities of Mexico; but of one thing I am certain, that by a cession of California and New Mexico you never can purchase a peace with her.

You may wrest provinces from Mexico by war—you may hold them by the right of the strongest—you may rob her, but a treaty of peace to that effect with the people of Mexico, legitimately and freely made, you never will have! I thank God that it is so, as well as for the sake of the Mexican people as ourselves, for, unlike the Senator from Alabama, (Mr. Bagby), I do not value the life of a citizen of the United States above the lives of one hundred thousand Mexican women and children—a rather cold sort of philanthropy in my judgement. For the sake of Mexico then, as well as our own country, I rejoice that it is an impossibility that you can obtain by treaty from her those territories under the existing state of things.

I am somewhat at a loss to know on what plan of operations gentlemen having charge of this war intend to proceed. We hear much said of the terror of your arms. The afflicted Mexican, it is said, when you shall have despatched his country in blood, will sue for peace, and thus you will indeed "conquer peace." This is the heroic and savage tone in which we have heretofore been lectured by our friends on the other side of the chamber, especially by the Senator from Michigan, (Mr. Cass.) But suddenly the Committee on Foreign Relations comes to us with the gentle phrase of diplomacy, made potent by the gentle manner of gold. The chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs calls for thirty millions of money and ten thousand regular troops; these we are assured shall "conquer peace," the obstinate Colt refuses to treat till we shall whip him in another field of blood. What a delightful scene in the 19th century of the Christian era! What an interesting sight to see those two representatives of war and peace moving in grand procession through the halls of the Montezumas!—The Senator from Michigan, (Mr. Cass), red with the blood of recent slaughter, the gory spear of Achilles in his hand, and the hoarse clarion of war in his mouth, blowing a blast "so loud and deep" that the sleeping echoes of the lofty Cordilleras start from their caverns and return the sound, till every ear from Panama to Santa Fe is deafened with the roar. By his side, with modest mien and downcast look, comes the Senator from Arkansas, (Mr. Sevier) covered from head to foot with a gorgeous robe, glittering and embossed with three millions of shining gold, putting to shame, "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." The olive of the delicate rebel, from which are breathed, in Lyden measure, notes "that tell of thought but love and peace." I fear very much you will scarcely be able to explain to the simple savage mind of the half-civilized Mexicans the puzzling dualism of this scene, at once gorgeous and grotesque. Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we were to vindicate our rights by battles—in bloody fields of war—let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then—let us call back our armies into our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better than blood, and that a land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you are doing? You have taken from Mexico one-fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending another third, and for what? I ask Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained.—She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas faithfully paid it. And for all that she has lost, (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain), what reparation do we send her, rich, robust neighbor make? Do we send our missionaries there "to point the way to Heaven"? Or do we send the school-masters to pour day-light into her dark places, to her infant strength to conquer freedom, and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, none of this do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made. They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearth-stones against the invasion of these very men who shoot them down, and exhort them to be free. Your chaplains of the navy throw aside the New Testament and seize a bill of rights. The Rev. Don Walter Colton I see abandons the screen on the mount, and betakes himself to Blackstone and Kent, and is elected a Justice of the Peace! He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the attainment and the way of salvation to the poor ignorant Celt, he presents Colt's pistol his ear, and calls on him to take "trial by jury and habeas corpus," or nine bullets in his head. Oh! Mr. President, are you not the lights of the earth, if not its salt? You, you are indeed opening the eyes of the blind in Mexico with a most emphatic and exoteric power. Sir, if all this were not a sad mournful truth, it would be the very "ne plus ultra" of the ridiculous.

But, sir, let us see what, as the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations explains it we are to get by the combined processes of conquest and treaty.

What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there. The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeath to them when these battle-fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts, had England's Lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have run red with blood? Is there a field but which would have been piled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battle-fields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister Republic, and says to poor, weak Mexico, "Give up your territory; you are