

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1844.

VOLUME I. NUMBER 15.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

BY J. R. MORRIS.

TERMS:—\$1.50 per annum in advance; \$2.00 if paid within six months; \$2.50 if paid within the year, and \$3.00 if payment be delayed until after the expiration of the year.

No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the editor, until all arrears are paid.

All communications sent by mail must be post-paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates.

POETRY.

From the Ohio Statesman.
OREGON.

To his excellency, the British Charge d'Affaires at Washington, commissioned with authority to investigate the Oregon claims.

Back! back! insulting England!
Back to thy starving poor;
Back to the broken, bleeding hearts,
Hovering round thy door.
Back to the cries of misery,
The humble prayer for bread,
Back, e'er thy household peans sleep
With England's mighty dead.

Go to the powers that see thee,
Tell them we know our own;
Tell them our bond of union spans
The plains of Oregon.
Tell them a people long injured
To hardship, pain and toil,
Have wound their heart-strings closely round
Their own dear native soil.

And while the God of mercy spares
Our homes, our altars, and our wives,
With His benignant smile of love,
We'll guard them with our lives.
Then cease your war of idle words;
Boast not your dark renown;
The sword of heaven's vengeance hangs
In gloom, o'er England's crown.

Avert the doom—go! loudly plead
For strength and faith to east
Your guilty souls at Jesus' feet,
And humbly mourn the past.
Then shall your eyes correctly view
The laws by which we claim
A right to rear our stars and stripes,
In freedom's sacred name.

Then may the shades of the mighty past,
In solemn silence rise,
To guide the ponderous helm of state,
And guard her destinies.
May our eagle's pinions soar,
Still proud o'er the free,
And waft our prayers from altars here,
Above, great God, to thee!

Mansfield, O. ANNIE.

From the Young Ladies' Friend.

THE DUEL.

BY THE EDITOR OF ZION'S HERALD.

THE REV. M— was a veteran itinerant preacher of the west. He related many incidents in his itinerant life. Among them was the following, which I give in his own words as much as possible. About four miles from N— is an extensive grove well known as the scene of several fatal duels. As I passed it one morning on my way to my appointment in that town, I perceived a horse and vehicle among the trees, guarded by a solitary man, who appeared to be the driver. My suspicions were immediately excited, but I rode on. About a mile beyond, I met another carriage containing four persons besides the driver; and hastening on with all speed.

My fears were confirmed, and I could scarcely doubt that another scene of blood was about to be enacted in those quiet solitudes. What was my duty in the case? I knew too well the tenacity of those fictitious and absurd sentiments of honor which prevailed in that section of the country, and which give to the duel a character of exalted chivalry, to suppose that my interference could be successful, yet I thought it my duty to rebuke the sin, if I could not prevent it; and in the name of the Lord I would do it. I immediately wheeled about, and returned with the utmost speed to the grove.

The second carriage had arrived and was fastened to a tree. I rode up, attached my horse near it, and throwing the driver a piece of silver requested him to guard him. While treading my way into the forest, my thoughts were intensely agitated to know how to present myself most successfully. The occasion admitted of no delay. I hastened on and soon emerged into an oval space surrounded on all sides by dense woods. At the opposite extremity stood the principals, their boots drawn over their pantaloons, their coats, vests and hats off—handkerchiefs tied over their heads, and tightly belting their waists. A friend and a surgeon were conversing with each other, while the seconds were about midway between them arranging the dreadful combat. One of the principals the challenged, appeared not more than twenty years of age. His countenance was singularly expressive of sensibility, but also of determination. The other had a stout, rufian-like bearing—a countenance easy but sinister and heartless, and he seemed impatient to wreak his vengeance upon his antagonist.

I advanced immediately to the seconds and declared at once my character and object. "Gentlemen," said I, "excuse my intrusion; I am a minister of the gospel. I know not the merits of this quarrel, but both my heart and my office require me to bring about a reconciliation between the parties, if possible."

"Sir," replied one of them, "the utmost has been done to effect it, without success and this is no place to make any further attempts."

"Under any circumstance, in any place, gentlemen," I replied, "it is appropriate to prevent mur-

der, and such, in the sight of God, is the deed you are aiding. In the name of the law which prohibits it—in the name of God, who looks down upon you in this solitary place, I beseech you to prevent it at once; at least wash your own hands from the blood of these men. Retire from the field and refuse to assist in their mutual murder."

My emphatic remonstrance had a momentary effect, they seemed not indisposed to come to terms if I could get the concurrence of the principals.

I passed immediately to the oldest of them. His countenance became more repulsive, as I approached him. It was deeply pitted with the small-pox, and there was upon it the most cold blooded leer I ever saw on a human face. He had given the challenge. I besought him by every consideration of humanity and morality to recall it. I referred to the youth and inexperience of his antagonist; the conciliatory disposition of the seconds; the fearful consequences to his soul if he should fall, and the withering remorse that must follow him if he should kill the young man. He evidently thirsted for the blood of his antagonist, but observing that his friend and the surgeon seconded my reasonings, he replied, with undiminished reluctance that he gave the challenge for sufficient reasons, and that if those reasons were removed, he might recall it, but not otherwise.

I passed to the other. I admonished him of the sin he was about to perpetrate. I referred to his probable domestic relations, and the allusion touched his heart. He suddenly wiped a tear from his eye. "Yes, sir," said he, "there are hearts that would break if they knew I was here." I referred to my conversation with the seconds and the other principal, and remarked that nothing was "how necessary to effect a reconciliation but a retraction of the language which had offended his antagonist."

"Sir," replied he, planting his foot firmly on the ground and assuming a look which would have been sublime in a better cause. "Sir, I have uttered nothing but the truth respecting that man, and though I sink into the grave, I will not sanction his villainous character by a retraction."

I reasoned with increased vehemence, but no appeal to his reason or his heart could shake his desperate firmness, and I left him with tears which I have no doubt he would have shared under other circumstances. What could I do farther? I appealed again to the first principle, but he spurned me with a cool smile. I flew to the seconds and entreated them on any terms to adjust the matter and save the shedding of blood. But they had already measured the ground, and were ready to place the principals. "Gentlemen," said I, "the blood of this dreadful deed be upon your souls. I have acquitted myself of it." I then proceeded from the area toward my horse.

What were my emotions as I turned away in despair! What! thought I, must the deed proceed? Is there no expedient to prevent it? In a few minutes, one or both of these men may be in eternity, accused forever with bloody guiltiness! Can I not pluck them as brands from the burning? My spirit was in a tumult of anxiety; in a moment and just as the principals were taking their positions, I was again on the ground. Standing on the line between them, I exclaimed, "In the name of God I abjure you to stop this murderous work. If you do not, it can not proceed." "Knock him down!" cried the elder duelist, with a fearful imprecation. "Sir," exclaimed the younger, "I appreciate your motives, but I demand of you to interfere no more with our arrangements. The seconds seized me by the arms and compelled me to retire. But I warned them at every step. Never before did I feel so deeply the value and hazard of the human soul. My remarks were without effect, except in one of the friends of the younger principal. "This is a horrible place," said he, "I can not endure it," and he turned away with me from the scene.

"Now for it," cried one of the seconds, as they returned, "Take your places." Shudderingly I hastened my pace to escape the result.

"O—two—!" and the next sound was lost in the explosion of the pistols! "Oh, God!" shrieked a voice of agony. I turned round. The younger principal with his hand to his face, shrieked again, quivered and fell to the ground. I rushed to him. With one hand he clung to the earth, the fingers grasping the sod, with the other he grasped his left jaw, which was shattered with a horrid wound. I turned with faintness from the sight. The charge had passed through the left side of his mouth, crossing the teeth, severing the jugular vein, and passing out at the back part of the head, laying open entirely one side of the head and neck. In this ghastly wound, amid blood and shattered teeth, he had fixed his grasp with a tenacity which could not be moved. Bleeding profusely, and convulsed with agony, he lay for several minutes, the most frightful spectacle I had ever witnessed. The countenances of the spectators expressed a conscious relief when it was announced by the surgeon that death had ended the scene. Meanwhile the murderer and his party had left the ground.

One of the company was despatched on my horse to communicate the dreadful news to the family. The dead young man was cleansed of his blood and borne immediately to his carriage. I accompanied it. It stopped before a small but elegant house. The driver ran to the door and rapped. An elderly lady opened it, with frantic agitation; at the instant when we were lifting the ghastly remains from the carriage. She gazed for a moment as if thunder-struck, and fell fainting in the doorway. A servant took her into the parlor, and, as we passed with the corpse into a rear room, I observed her extended on a sofa, pale as her hapless son. We placed the corpse on the table, with the stiffened hand still grasping the wound, when a young lady, neatly attired in white and with a face delicately beautiful, rushed frantically into the room and threw her arms around it, weeping with uncontrollable emotion, and exclaiming with an agony of feeling, "My brother! my dear, dear brother! Can it be—Oh! can it be!" The attendants tore her away. I shall never forget the look of utter wretchedness she wore as they led her away

—her eyes dissolved in tears, and her bosom stained with her brother's blood.

The unfortunate young man was of New England origin. He settled in the town of N—, where his business had prospered so well, that he had invited his mother and sister to reside with him. His home, endeared by gentleness and love, and every temporal comfort, was a scene of unalloyed happiness, but in an evil hour he had yielded to a local and absurd prejudice—a sentiment of honor falsely so called, which his education should have taught him to despise. He was less excusable than his malicious murderer for he had more light and better sentiments. This one step ruined him and his happy family. He was interred the next day with the regrets of the whole community.

His poor mother never left the house till she was carried to the grave, to be laid by the side of her son. She died after a delirious fever of two weeks duration, throughout which she ceased not to implore the attendants with tears to preserve her hapless son from the hands of the assassin, who, she imagined kept him concealed for his murderous purpose. His sister still lives, but poor and broken-hearted. Her beauty and energies have been wasted by sorrow; and she is dependent on others for her daily bread. I have heard some uncertain reports of his antagonist, the most probable of which is, that he died three years after, of the yellow fever at New Orleans, raging with the horrors of remorse. Such was the local estimation of this bloody deed, that scarcely an effort was made to bring him to justice. Alas, for the influence of fashionable opinion! It can silence by its dictates the laws of God—can exalt murder to the glory of chivalry!

When we consider how many hearts of mothers, sisters and wives, have been made to bleed by this brutal and deadly custom, shall we not invoke the influence of women to abolish it? It rests upon an accidental state of public opinion, a fictitious sentiment of honor. Whose influence is more effectual in correcting or promoting such sentiments than woman's? Human laws have failed to effect it, but her influence can do it. Let her, then, disdain the duelist as stained with blood. Let her repel him from her society as one who has wrongly escaped the gallows. Let her exert all the benign influence of her virtues and her charms to bring into disgrace the murderous sentiment which tolerates him, and it cannot be long before the distinction between the duelist and the assassin will cease.

SPEECH OF MR. DUNCAN, OF OHIO.

[Concluded.]

But falsehood and slander, and the base, criminal, and treasonable auxiliaries were brought to co-operate with them, as I have said, were not the only resort of the federalists in 1840. There were other means, perhaps less criminal, but not less disgraceful, resorted to. I mean drunken orgies; empty displays; vulgar scenes; and exhibitions of coons, possums, skunks, empty barrels, old gourds, and snapping turtles; profane sacrifices; Tippecanoe and Hartford banners. These disgraceful shows, senseless parades, and profane demonstrations, were as fatal to the good order of society, and the moral institutions of the country, as the CHANGE they effected was fatal to its political and pecuniary interests. Dignity of character, and morality of purpose, were alike sacrificed. All orders, all sexes, and all professions, of the entire federal family, were contaminated with the virus. Every institution and every temple, however sacred, was polluted. The temple of justice and the temple of religion, the judge's seat and sacred desk, were prostituted to the use and the level of dogery, and the haunts of debauchery and dissipation. Yes, sir; not only were the emine and the judgment seat contaminated, but the sacred desk and the pulpit were polluted; and some of those who claim to be ministers of the gospel, ambassadors of our Saviour, and Heaven's bearers of despatches and glad tidings, standard bearers of the holy cross, and those who administer the holy sacraments, prostrated themselves from their high and lofty station, to which none but apostles and ministers ordained by Heaven's sanction should presume to ascend—even some of them, I say, prostrated themselves at the shrine of the corruptions and political iniquities of that time; and in place of obeying the commands of their divine Master, in teaching the way of salvation to a dying world, were found playing the political missionary. In place of bearing witness to the truth of His holy religion, they were endorsing all the base, false, and infamous slanders and detraction which were propagated to overthrow the administration—slander and detraction worthy of the disreputable brain of the reckless political desperado, the heart of corruption, and the tongue of poison.

I cheerfully recognize the right of every individual in the community to exercise the rights of a freeman; but while I hold sacred the names of Christian minister and apostle, I deem it a duty I owe to the holy religion, by which I hope for redemption and salvation in the world to come, to denounce the man who will abuse it, as unworthy to be its professional advocate. Yes, sir, some of them were found participating with, and mingling in, the drunken carousals that would have disgraced a bacchanalian feast, in the most degraded days of Greece. Such men are made for the tables of money-changers, not for casting out devils. They might grace a gambler's board, but they would pollute a temple. For the honor of the holy religion of our fathers, and the sacred names of minister and apostle, I hope there were not many who so disgraced themselves, their name, and the religion which it is their profession to teach. But there were some. They will be marked, and made the subjects of religious and moral condemnation while they live, and wherever they go. Such were the demoralizing effects of means used in 1840, and such the end which justified the means. But, sir, other promises were made besides those of reform and retrenchment. We will examine them, and see how far they have been fulfilled. We were

promised a sound currency, and plenty of it. How has that promise been fulfilled? It is useless for me to relate what every body knows; and that is that this administration has done nothing either to improve the currency, or to increase its quantity. So, under the general head of falsehood, I place that to No. 2.

The people were told that treasury notes were an unconstitutional currency, and were the offspring of the independent treasury. They were denounced and ridiculed as "Uncle Sam's shimplasters." The constitution was to be preserved, and there was to be no more of such shimplaster currency.—The whigs had not been in power three months, before they authorized the issue of millions of dollars in treasury notes, and they have constituted a vast portion of the national currency from that day to this. That is general falsehood No. 3.

The people were told, among the thousand other falsehoods about the independent treasury, that it was a dangerous executive engine, and that it placed the purse in the hands of the President, and gave him a dangerous control of the national treasury; and, if they obtained possession of the government, that dangerous executive control should be abolished. So, one of the first acts of the federal coin administration was to repeat the independent treasury, without making any provision for the safe keeping and secure disbursement of the public revenue. The consequence was, that the President and his secretary, *typo faccio*, acquired the entire and uncontrolled possession and management of every dollar of the public revenue, and have so enjoyed it from that day to this. The violation of that promise I call falsehood No. 4.

It was urged that the administration of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren were proscription administrations; that they were administrations of a party and not of the people; that no man was permitted to share in the discharge of official duties, except those who were partisans to the principles and supporters of their administrations; merit, worth, honesty and talents, were no recommendation, &c. All this was false; for, throughout both the administrations of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, there were more federalists who held office under the general Government than democrats. But I have no time to detail single whig falsehoods; I must limit myself to generalities. It was said that such a system of unrelenting proscription, was demoralizing, and was corrupting the morals and prostrating the patriotism of the nation; and if the democracy could be overthrown, "proscription should be proscribed." "Proscription proscribed" was one of the federal coin banners.

[Here Mr. Duncan held up a whig banner bearing this inscription.]

PROSCRIPTION TO BE PROSCRIBED.

No man was to be turned out of office for opinion's sake. The only question was to be, "is he honest, is he capable." All this, it was well known was contemptible cant and miserable hypocrisy.—For one month before the Presidential inauguration, this city was crowded with office seekers, loafers, and loungers long, long and lank, to the number (it was said) of more than thirty thousand. I know that every public and private house (and some houses that I shall not name) were full from garret to cellar; and filled as the houses were, it was impossible to walk ten steps at a time in the avenue without being jostled by some staggering, hungry, federal loafer. They seemed to have flocked from every part and every longitude, and every latitude and every zone, torrid, temperate, and frigid, of this wide spread Union, numerous as the locusts, the lice, and the frogs of Egypt, and more devouring and destructive. Old federalists, who had been driven into caves with the Adamses, where they had slept for forty years, waked up, came forth in their moth-ridden, antiquated garbs, staggering on their worn-out staves, dragging their withered, emaciated carcasses, and shaking their gray locks—such a gathering never before had been seen, until the sea shall give up her dead at the summons of the last trumpet. Well, the inauguration came, and with it, as a first step, the dismissal of every chief democratic officer at the head of every department of the Government; then commenced the guillotine. The axe was not permitted to dry, nor the executioner to sleep; each head in each department vied with each other in the work of execution. But Granger and Ewing went ahead, and even surpassed Robespierre, their worthy master and patron. The trial was more summary than that of the victims of the triumvirate. The inquiry to each victim was not, "Is he capable, is he honest?" It was, "Are you a democrat? Do you belong to the democratic association, and are you a subscriber to the Extra Globe?" The answer being in the affirmative, so it went. Such was the inquisition—such the guillotine—such the Robespierres, and such the fate of the victims.

Mr. Speaker, there were more men proscribed for opinion's sake the first six months of this administration, than there were from the first day of Martin Van Buren's administration to the last day of Martin Van Buren's. So I make "proscription proscribed" general falsehood No. 6.

One of the charges of extravagance against Mr. Van Buren's administration was the "princely manner" in which the President's house was furnished. That falsehood was negated by the appropriation of six thousand dollars, made to furnish the President's house at the commencement of this administration. That appropriation was properly made; the President's House required it; but the application of the money was not made as intended. I do not know what was done with all the money; I think I know what was done with a part of it. I am told that near twenty-five hundred dollars was laid out in wines to furnish the cellar—not in furniture for the house. What will the honest, sober, tax-paying community say, when they learn that this was to be economical and reform administration used twenty-five hundred dollars of their money to purchase wines for the loafing, lounging, tank

federal office-hunter to guzzle down. But I must be brief on each head; so I place the charge of extravagance of the President's House—"gold spoons, French bedsteads," &c.—to general falsehood No. 7.

The day-laborers were told that if they would join the federalists in the overthrow of the democratic party, they should receive two dollars a day and good roast beef. I hold a banner in my hand; here it is; and here is the promise. Here is the inscription. It reads:

SIX AND A FOURTH CENTS A DAY AND SHEEPS PLUCK TO THE LABOURER UNDER VAN BUREN. TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND GOOD ROAST BEEF UNDER GEN. HARRISON.

This was your promise, and this your flag, displayed in all your cavalcades, and in all your hard-cider orgies and bacchanalian feasts far and wide. How has that promise been fulfilled? Thousands of honest laborers will answer next fall through the ballot-box—that they can get but twenty-five cents a day and no beef at all. So I place that promise to the credit of No. 8.

The federalists in the last Congress made but one attempt at retrenchment, and that attempt was but insistent hypocrisy, and made to deceive. The democrats, in a former Congress, reduced the price of public printing fifteen per cent. When the federalists came into power prior to electing the government printers, they passed a resolution reducing the price of printing twenty per cent, or five per cent more, and then elected Gales & Seaton printers. That was the show of retrenchment, and under that contract and resolution was the public printing done; but, in order to compensate for the reduction of the price, more printing was given to Gales & Seaton, by near one-half, than ever was given to public printers before by any Congress in the same length of time. But that was not all; at the close of the last session, and to one of the last appropriation bills, was made an amendment appropriating forty thousand dollars to Gales & Seaton, in addition to price stipulated in the contract. This was the public treasury robbed to feed and fatten a pampered favorite partizan. So much for the only attempt to fulfill the promises of retrenchment. That hypocritical show and false pretence I mark No. 9.

Sir, my time, and the limits of a speech, will not permit me to prosecute the subject. If I had time I could fill a volume with these startling and damning falsehoods. I have selected those general and unvarnished ones, because they were connected with promises the more effectually to mislead the thoughtless and unwary; because they were appeals to the passions, to cupidity, and to avarice. When you hold up the promises made in 1840 to the federalists, and ask them, why have you not made the retrenchments and reforms you promised in the government expenditures? Where is the plenty of money, and of good quality, you promised? Why have you not preserved that sacred principle of patriotism—toleration in office—for the abuse of which you so denounced the administrations of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren? Why did you not "proscribe proscription?" Where is that brilliant prosperity you promised to every institution, to every interest, and to every person of the country?—But above all, where is that two dollars a day and good roast beef you promised to the day laborer? The answer is, Oh! Gen. Harrison died, and John Tyler turned traitor. Every sniffling whig whiffet, and bank spaniel, as well as every pompous puffet up, haughty, federal, aristocratic rag baron has that answer at his tongue's end.

Gen. Harrison did die, but John Tyler did not turn traitor. Of Gen. Harrison and his death, I have nothing to say. Peace be to his manes. If he had any faults in his life I am the last to speak of them. Let his narrow tenement at North Bend conceal them. His virtues I will be first to speak of on all proper occasions. But I feel no restraint in saying that the man you elect to fill the highest station that man can occupy—to discharge duties the most important that can interest a nation—by such unhalloved means, and for such unhalloved purposes,—he will die, too in one month. There is a providence who superintends this nation. He holds its destinies in His hand; His track is to be seen in every path of the revolution that emancipated us; and he who cannot see His divine interposition throughout this administration is an imbecile or a fool—he may have his choice. I predict that, if the same means are to be used by the federalists to secure the election of their candidate, I mean drunken orgies, empty and profane songs, coon-skins, hard-cider carousals, and their kindred and criminal means, perjury, treason, falsehood, corruption, bribery, swindling, and blasphemy; and the end to be effected by such means is to break down our free institutions, trample upon the constitution, and subvert human liberty,—the result will be as it has been. The workers of such iniquity will fall before the breath and vengeance of a just God, as grass before the scythe. I speak of the guilty, not of the innocent. But John Tyler did not turn traitor; John Tyler has done nothing to merit such a charge. This charge is made, because he vetoed the bank bill.

The whigs caught a Tartar when they elected John Tyler—that is, they elected an honest man.—He was raised a democrat, and prior to 1832 had always been a democrat, and a member of the democratic party; some of his last official acts, when a member of the United States Senate, were directed with ability and eloquence against the Bank of the United States. He was a warm and ardent supporter of Gen. Jackson, and all the leading measures of his administration, until what was called the proclamation made its appearance. To some of the doctrines contained in that paper, he took exceptions, and, for a time, withdrew his support and influence from the democratic party, under the supposition that he had abandoned the democratic principles. The whig Harrisburg Convention nominated him for Vice President, with a view to unite the whig slave-holders of the South with the whig abolitionists of the North against the democracy of the North and South. Mr. Tyler was not questioned as to his political principles prior to his election; consequently, he was under no pledge as to

what measures he would or would not support.—President Harrison died. Mr. Tyler took his place, untrammelled by any party, bound alone by motives and principles of patriotism, with a free judgment, a id, I believe, an honest heart. Soon after the executive duties devolved on him, the extra session was called, and one of the first acts of the session was to pass a bill to incorporate a National Bank.—John Tyler vetoed it, and that is his great offense; for it, he has been denounced far and wide, by every hireling whig press as a traitor, and by every whig demagogue as a scoundrel. The short of the story is, that the whigs were playing a fraudulent game when they elected John Tyler, and they got caught in their own net. I am no Tyler man, but it is due to my feelings and to justice, to say that the democracy and the country owe Mr. Tyler a debt of gratitude, which will only be paid when the party strife which overshadows good and revends evil shall have passed away, and merit and worth shall have a place in the political history of our country.

When General Jackson heard that John Tyler had vetoed that bill of abominations, he thanked his God that "we had one honest man left."

When General Jackson, in 1832, vetoed the bill to recharter the Bank of the United States, every heart and every tongue of every patriot was full of gratitude and praise. It was said that, under all circumstances then existing, (meaning the power of the bank and the strength and influence of the bank party) there was no other man living who had the nerve and the moral courage to brave the storm, but General Jackson. John Tyler did the same thing, under as fearful circumstances. Why should he not have the same amount of gratitude and praise? "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's."

Mr. Tyler has done things that I regret. I regret that he signed the bill to repeal the independent treasury. I regret that he signed the bankrupt bill, by which just claims to the amount of millions were repudiated, swindlers encouraged, and scoundrels discharged from their honest obligations. I regret above all, that he signed the bill to provide for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands—a measure that, in its effect and object, was designed to plunder the people and bribe the States. But of all this the democracy, as a party, have no right to complain. Mr. Tyler was not of their choice, nor is he indebted to them for his situation. He has done all for the democracy that they could hope, and more than they had a right to expect.

Permit me to take this occasion to say that no blame is to be attached to the President for the profligacy and extravagance of this administration. It was the people's representatives in the House and Senate who made the appropriations of the people's money, and not the President. Let the blame rest where it properly belongs. "Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall."

Mr. Speaker, from the very nature of our government, and from the nature of the representative character, the people have a right to demand and to know the principles and the measures which shall govern in the event of his election; and that right to demand carries with it the duty and the obligation, on the part of the candidate, to answer all interrogatories, made in a proper manner, and from proper motives, touching the duties, measures and principles, which shall govern him in the event of his election. That right and that duty were both violated in the contest of 1840, by the federal candidates for office. The candidate for the presidency was interrogated as to what measures and what principles would govern him in the event of his election? Those interrogatories were put to him from proper motives, and in a proper manner; but he refused to answer, and the people were given to understand that he would give "no opinion for the public eye." A national bank, a high protective tariff, the independent treasury, the assumption of the State debts, and the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands, were all questions in which the people felt a deep interest. They were the great questions which had often agitated the country, and had divided the two great parties from the commencement of the government to that time, and still continue to do so. But it was a part of the whig organization to conceal their principles, and to substitute an honest and fearless exposure of principles with log cabin parades, Tippecanoe songs, coon skin displays, and such disgraceful flummery. When the whigs were cornered, and compelled to show their hand, they denied that they were in favor of those high-toned federal measures which had always characterized the federal party, and which had always been acknowledged as federal measures.

Mr. Speaker, I am one of those who believe that the march of intellect and moral and philosophical improvement has not been so great as some suppose. I believe that mankind would now be what they were many thousand years ago, if they were surrounded by the same or similar circumstances. That we have not improved in many of the arts and sciences, both architectural and fine, the monuments of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, that have survived the destructive hand of time for more than three thousand years, plainly demonstrate. They display, at this day, a mechanical and philosophical power, and a success in fine arts, which no wisdom of this day can imitate. The pyramids of Egypt the temples and lofty columns (though in ruins) of Greece, and the obelisks of Rome, not only surpass our imitation, but confound our wonder.—Paintings are yet to be found, that have survived half the age of the world, whose delicacy and beauty confound the most splendid artists of our day, and from which every artist must take lessons, before he can be considered accomplished. Nor, even in this Christian day, and this Christian land, have we improved in morals and religion. The Egyptians, for want of a revealed Deity, worshipped crocodiles, cats, snakes, and toads. The Grecians worshipped owls and held their drunken feasts, in congregated thousands, in honor of Bacchus, and carried and displayed jugs of wine and baskets of grapes, and decorated themselves with vine leaves.