

The Spirit of Democracy.

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

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

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POETRY.

DEMOCRATIC HYMN.

Att—Marseilles Hymn.

Raise every voice—in songs of gladness;
Let us swell the choral strain;
This hour we'll know not gloom or sadness,
Our country calls, nor calls in vain!
Our country calls, nor calls in vain!
Shall the Whig hosts that now surround us,
Whose falsehoods fall like summer rain,
Triumph o'er principle again?
No!—by the ties that long have bound us,
We swear—we swear to save
Free Freedom from her grave!
Then on! then on! all hearts resolved
On victory once more!

We saw the sword of ruin gleaming,
In a bold and reckless hand;
We saw triumphant banners streaming
O'er our wrecked hopes—our prostrate land—
O'er our wrecked hopes—our prostrate land—
Fraud, falsehood, vilest degradation
Marked the Whig triumph o'er the free;
But 'mid their flash of victory,
Heaven bared its arm to save a nation!
Again, again our foe,
We'll strive to overthrow!
Then on! then on! all hearts resolved
On victory once more!

Again the o'erbearing foe advances,
"Stooping to conquer"—haughty boast!
Their banner in the sunlight gleams
With emblems true of such a host!
With emblems true of such a host!
On—on they come, still "mischievous breeding;"
A "tyrant" crew, a "ruffian band,"
To affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding;
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory once more!

Let, then, that Democratic feeling,
That erst the Pilgrim Fathers felt,
When, in the God of Hosts appearing,
On Plymouth's rock, they, praying, knelt,
On Plymouth's rock, they, praying, knelt,
Be ours—let "harmony—communion"
Glow on our flag of living light;
Then, then, into the fight
All our true hosts, in glorious union,
Will rush—will rush—while we
Shout again, Victory!
Then on! then on! all hearts resolved
On victory once more!

From the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper.

THE CHOICE.

VIRTUE AND VICE CONTRASTED.

BY ROSALIE CROMLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Mother, now with angels dwelling,
Look down from the spheres of light,
While my heart with fear is swelling,
Guide! oh! guide thy orphan right!
In one of the remotest streets of the famous city
of New York, in a small room destitute of all com-
forts, with nothing to recommend itself but utmost
cleanliness, stood a young maiden, her hands pressed
convulsively to her heart; burning tears chased
down her feverish cheek, and her otherwise sym-
metric and beautiful features wore the expression of
deep affliction—but, mark! there comes a change
over that beautiful brow! Like the rays of the sun
breaking through a cloud, so lightens suddenly a
heavenly smile her countenance! She is on her
knees and bends her head low in ardent prayer!

Isabella was the daughter of a wealthy merchant
who, in his youth, had wooed and won the affections
of a young lady of excellent education. Smooth
and calm, like the tranquil course of a pure rivulet,
led the days of this happy couple, and the birth of
a daughter added to their felicity. Isabella grew up
beautiful and gentle as her mother; the pride of her
parents, and beloved by her friends, a happy future
indeed seemed to smile on her—but what is lasting
on this earth? As summer and winter, day and
night, sunshine and rain, change,
So threaten gathering clouds to darken scenes so
fair,
That smiled upon us now, but vanished in the
air!

But if to the right and to the left our eye discovers
nothing but gloom and night, then let the glance
rise upward—look on high—there is a light that fa-
deeth never, there is a Hand that guideth through
mist or darkness to everlasting bliss!

Such were the words which the mother repeated
to Isabella, after a raging fever had snatched from
her side the kind husband and affectionate father,
when a few weeks later, they heard that the mer-
chant was ruined with whom all their earthly goods
had been placed.
Her religious principles sustained her to bear her
misfortunes without a murmur, but she could not
command her physical strength; she grew daily
weaker, and when fall approached and the wither-
ed leaves dropped rustling to the earth, Isabella
found herself bereft of her second parent. The
sickness of the mother had consumed the little
money which they had saved out of the ruins of their
fortune, and the only resource that was left to our
desolate orphan was to support herself by the work
of her hands—a task which she, who had seen bet-
ter days, considered hard and tiresome.

It was about this time that Louis M., a young and
well respected mechanic, endeavored to gain her
affections. It is true, he was poor, but he possessed
strength to work, and an ambitious mind that
bade him aim at perfection in his trade. He had
loved her long in secret, but had never ventured,
while her prospects in life remained fair, to address
her as a lover, but now stepped forward to offer his
true and affectionate heart. Alas! malice and vice
were at work to embitter or snatch perhaps, forever,
that happiness from her which was within her reach!
In the same house with her, on the first floor, lived
a female, Marie Lafont, smooth-tongued and fine in
appearance, by which means she knew how to lay
hold on Isabella's affections, who young and inex-
perienced, deemed to see in her a friend, interested
in her welfare and anxious to promote her happi-
ness.

Oh! Isabella, couldst thou but see that heart,
which black and deformed, made it a game to un-
dermine thy virtue and poison thy peace! It was
in vain that Isabella tried to enumerate the virtues
of young Louis to her who she considered as a ma-
ternal friend. Lafont knew always when to throw
an unfavorable light on him, and pointed out, in
sharp words, the course of life which Isabella would
be compelled to lead at his side—praising wealth
and luxury as earth's most desirable goods! Al-
ready had she the satisfaction of witnessing a dispute
between the lovers; and seeing that Louis had left
the house in anger, she dared to accomplish a long
contemplated plan—to persuade Isabella to lend an
ear to the offers of a wealthy but unprincipled fash-
ionable, who, enamored by her extraordinary beau-
ty, had persecuted her with dishonorable proposals.
She had been now with her, exerting all her power
of persuasion, and Isabella, when left alone, being
conscious that her better feelings began to waver,
tried to calm her agitated mind in prayer.

"Oh! mother!" she cried, "thou who hast led my
steps of infancy; who, with care and untiring love
hast watched my progress through life, thine eye is
closed, that sweet voice is hushed; no more can I
crave counsel from thy lips; no more listen to thy
words of wisdom; descend then spirit of my sainted
mother, hover round me in the hour of danger, and
show which path to pursue!"
"She arose—it was utter darkness. Isabella sought
her couch, and, with the dear image of her mother
floating before her tearful eyes, she closed them in
profound sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Five years had elapsed. In a saloon, decorated
in a style where taste and magnificence vied with
each other, reclining on an ottoman of the richest
materials, we find Isabella again; the costly hat and
velvet cloak carelessly thrown aside, show that she
has returned from her morning ride, but her counte-
nance, though glowing with the recent exercise,
exhibits to the penetrating eye, the bitter sorrow
which has taken deep root in her breast. How of-
ten does outward splendor hide an aching heart!
In vain Isabella tried to quiet her conscience; the
word GUILT met, in large letters, her eyes wherever
she directed them. And Lafont! the first cause
of this misery, where was she? Well had she stud-
ied her interest. Knowing our heroine to be of a
generous disposition, she had calculated that Isabella,
once placed in the possession of wealth, would
heap it upon those who knew how to win her favor,
wherein she succeeded but too well, by means of
flattery, and protestations of love and friendship.
While Isabella now sat and gave audience to all the
gloomy thoughts that came crowding upon her, the
artist was announced when a friend had recom-
mended to furnish some costly articles for the equip-
ment of an adjoining room. As he approached,
Isabella looked up, but what language can portray
her feelings, when, in the renowned artist, she be-
held Louis, her former lover! Her excitement was
too great to permit her to speak; but after she had
mastered her agitation, she addressed him in the fa-
miliar tone of former days, and, her voice trembling
with emotion, she gave vent to her troubles, and,
craving his forgiveness, besought him to throw the
veil of oblivion over the past, and to make her his.

A glance, in which pity was mingled with pride,
met her eye, as he replied—"Madame, from my an-
cestors I inherited principles of right and duty;
though poor and of humble origin, my family has
never yet numbered a name not corresponding with
good; and, before me, the ideal which is held out to
every American citizen who aspires to something
noble, I will bow only to genius and virtue!"
He turned, abruptly, and left her to all the ag-
onies of remorse, which she in vain sought to stifle.

CHAPTER III.

Among the many promenades which New York
boasts of, the Battery is undoubtedly the most beau-
tiful; a thousand grand and striking objects greet
the gaze's eye as he surveys, with delight, the char-
ming scenery before him. The sparkling water,
bearing, proudly, many a puffing steamer, to and
from the bustling city; the foam-covered waves
dancing gaily, and glittering like numberless dia-
monds in the brilliant sun, and the many notes of
the little warblers that have nested in the surround-
ing trees; all this forms one of the loveliest spots in
the universe! How bitter is the thought that vice
creeps with her destroying breath into such a place,
and dares to rear its false yet enticing form into the
very face of nature's greatest charms.

To the left, at a corner of one of the neighboring
streets, the passer-by could discern a little cake
shop, where an old woman offered for sale all vari-
eties of that line. Her appearance was miserable
—evil passions had drawn deep furrows on her face,
and it was with difficulty that traces of the former
features of the once dashing Lafont could be detected
—but she it was. And though on the verge of
the grave, she had not given up her degraded hab-
its, but had added to her other sins the base crime
of pilfering. There offers itself, just now, an op-
portunity to exert her diabolical faculties.

See that poor seamstress directing her hurried
steps towards an elegant house, where she expects
to receive, from the wealthy owner, the reward for
her neatly executed work. The fine material is
wrapped up in a large bundle, which she carries
carefully before her—she is already on the marble

steps, but, on looking round, what bright smile
lights suddenly her face? She has recognized a school friend whom she has not seen for
years, and who, spying her at the same time, hur-
ries toward her with a similar delight. In the agi-
tation of the moment, she is not aware that the bun-
dle, which she had deposited close to her side, has
been stolen and carried off by Lafont. The hag-
gard aught in crime, feeling some uneasiness that
the theft might be immediately detected and her
guilt found out, she considered what to do. An
old female accomplice, well known to her, just then
approached, and she beckoned to her. The age of
this adjunct had not so much distorted her features
as dissolute habits, and her predominant expres-
sion was sorrow, deep, heartfelt sorrow! "Remorse
had put its indelible stamp on every line of that
face, where not a trace of former beauty remained.
Such was Isabella thirty years after her first intro-
duction to our reader! Feigning to deplore the
helpless state of her victim, Lafont advanced eger-
ly towards her, and placing, cautiously, the bundle
in her hand, addressed her thus:

"Your looks speak plain your sufferings—you
may have been deprived of food many hours—still
be comforted; though my purse is empty, here is
some costly linen, the only remnant of better days;
take it and pawn it advantageously, and whatever
you receive for it, I will faithfully share with you,
that you may be enabled to strengthen your enfeebled
body."

While the hypocrite chuckled with delight, to
have succeeded so well in ridding herself of the fat-
tal bundle, Isabella took it with trembling hands,
gateful at the prospect of satisfying the gnawing
hunger that devoured her, and hurried onward in
spite of her weakness. But scarce had she passed
into the next street, when she was surrounded by a
crowd. The young seamstress, after parting with
her friend, had looked immediately after her parcel,
but what words can express her dismay, when she
found that it was gone. Concluding, rightly, that
the gentleman for whom the linen was destined,
would lend her all possible aid in detecting the
thief, she sought the master of that splendid man-
sion, who, more irritated at the base deed than at
the loss of his linen, consented to join her without
delay in the prosecution of the guilty individual. On
turning the corner in pursuit, the young artist es-
pying Isabella, carrying the very identical bundle,
exclaimed:

"This is the thief, let her not proceed!"

Hardly had this appeal escaped her lips, when a
group of idlers, that lounged in the street, surround-
ed Isabella, who was so amazed that several min-
utes elapsed before she could understand the cause
of this tumult. At length she gained sufficient com-
posure to vindicate herself; but, at the same mo-
ment, a gentleman stepped forward, examining the
linen, which the mob had already taken from her,
and exclaimed in a distinct tone—

"There remains no doubt of her guilt—the linen
is mine!"

As the sound of that sonorous voice, which vi-
brated from the lips of that agonized burst from
the lips of that agonized burst! With a deep
sigh Isabella lifted herself from her couch, and
wiping the large drops of perspiration from her brow,
she looked bewildered around her room. The
bright rays of the sun shone cheerful through the
window, and convinced the young orphan that it
was indeed her own apartment, where she found
herself and every thing else as she had left it the
day before. Scarcely could she believe her senses that
what she saw was reality—and her misery, her
guilt, her death! It was a dream—a gloomy dream,
and she had precipitated herself into the deep water below!

Ha! what was that? What groan of agony burst
from the lips of that agonized sleeper! With a deep
sigh Isabella lifted herself from her couch, and
wiping the large drops of perspiration from her brow,
she looked bewildered around her room. The
bright rays of the sun shone cheerful through the
window, and convinced the young orphan that it
was indeed her own apartment, where she found
herself and every thing else as she had left it the
day before. Scarcely could she believe her senses that
what she saw was reality—and her misery, her
guilt, her death! It was a dream—a gloomy dream,
and she had precipitated herself into the deep water below!

A knock at the door announced a visitor; she rose
to meet the unwelcome disturber, who was no other,
than Louis himself. Inexpressible grief was his
delight, as he listened to his words of love, and re-
plied, "I will be thine—thine forever!"

ANECDOTE.—The New Orleans Picayune tells
the following anecdote of the Creek Campaign.
While Gen. Jackson was operating in the Creek
country, some twenty odd years ago, he invariably
gave orders that all encampments should be made
near the main body to prevent surprise and alarm;
but he had one officer, Capt. G., who, although a
brave man, was rather lawless, and disposed to
prowl and "bushwhack" about on his own hook and
account. When the main camp fires were lit at
night, he would frequently be seen off on some hill
by itself, a mile perhaps, from the others, and in a
very exposed situation. Gen. Jackson finally got
as tired of giving his orders in relation to encamp-
ment as Capt. G. was of receiving them, and seeing
his fire one night on a distant hill, the commander
sent an aid to arrest the brave but eccentric officer.
"Capt. G." said the aid, "I am ordered to take
your sword from you."
"Are you?"
"I am."
"Well, take the sword to Gen. Jackson, and tell
him to keep the d—d old thing. I only gave a
dollar and a half for it when it was new, and I know
where I can get one twice as good to-morrow, for
the same money."

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

From the Democratic Review, Feb. 1842.

GEORGE M. DALLAS.

Mr. Dallas was born in the city of Philadelphia
on the 10th day of July 1792. He is the elder son
of Alexander J. Dallas, one of the most accom-
plished advocates and distinguished statesmen that
have adorned the legal profession of the United
States, or sustained, in important posts of public
trust, the principles and policy of the republican
party. He received the rudiments of his educa-
tion at a school in Germantown, and afterwards at
the Friends' Academy in Philadelphia. At the
age of fourteen he was entered in Princeton Col-
lege, and continued there until 1810, when he was
graduated with the highest honors of his class.
Indeed, as a public speaker, he gave early promise
of that excellence which has since been displayed
in many of the prominent situations to which his
talents have elevated him; and a published oration,
delivered when he was but seventeen years of age,
and preserved in the Port Folio, strikingly attests
the maturity of his powers.

On leaving college, Mr. Dallas commenced the
study of the law in the office of his father at Phil-
adelphia; and although in the intervals of that
severe study the more attractive forms of literature
and poetry were not unfrequently cultivated, he
yet persevered with unceasing application in mak-
ing himself the thorough master of the great prin-
ciples of the profession of which he has since been a
member. He was admitted to the bar in 1813.
Soon after the declaration of war with England,
he had enrolled himself in a volunteer corps; and
when, in the year 1813, Mr. Gallatin was appointed
by President Madison, a member of the commis-
sion that repaired to St. Petersburg, for the pur-
pose of negotiating a peace under the mediation
of the emperor Alexander, he accompanied that
minister as his private and confidential secretary.
During a residence of more than a year in Europe,
Mr. Dallas had an opportunity of visiting Russia,
France, England, Holland and the Netherlands.
While in England, a family connection with Lord
Byron brought him into frequent association with
that great poet, who, then, at twenty-five years of
age, was receiving in London the general and
enthusiastic admiration which the appearance of
his two beautiful poems, the Giaour, and the Bride
of Abydos, could not fail to call forth. It was in
consequence of a remark of Mr. Dallas, upon the
popularity in America of Child's Harold, and some
of his previous poems, that he declared in his jour-
nal that these were the first things that ever sound-
ed to his ears like fame; and that popularity in a
far rising country, caused tidings very different
from the ephemeral praises of the crowd of
fashion then buzzing around him. Through an-
other relative, the humane and eloquent jurist who
was then the chief justice of the court of common
pleas, it was Mr. Dallas' good fortune to be thrown
unfrequently into the society of some of those
eminent lawyers who have, by the brilliancy of
their genius, and devotion to philanthropy, made
their profession yet more distinguished than it was
in previous days. Romilly, whose beneficence
flowed in a current so transparent, copious and
strong; Brougham, with his far-reaching, inquisi-
tive, and undaunted utilitarianism; Mackintosh,
who could wisely and kindly apply to the heated
actions, and in the busy forums of men the rules
of conduct which he had deduced in the patient
reflections of a guileless life,—these were men
whose society, even transiently enjoyed by one
much younger, could not fail to leave impressions
equally permanent useful and gratifying.

In August, 1814, Mr. Dallas returned to the U.
States, bearing the despatches from the American
commissioners then holding their sessions at Ghent,
which announced the prospects little favorable to
a speedy peace that are known have resulted from
the earlier conferences with the British envoys.
On his arrival, he found his father transferred from
the bar of Philadelphia to the head of the treasury
department—a post requiring in the complicated
state of the finances, and amid the pressing exigen-
cies of the war, all the resources of talent and
judgment for which he had been already distinguish-
ed, but which he was now destined to display
through a brilliant administration of two years,
under circumstances and in a manner that secured
for him a larger share of the applause and confi-
dence of the people of the United States. His
son remained with him a short time at Washington,
to assist him in the arduous duties of the treasury,
and then returned to Philadelphia, to resume, or
rather to commence, the actual practice of his
profession—an event that was almost immediately
followed by his marriage with an accomplished
lady, the daughter of Mr. Nicklin, an eminent
merchant of that city.

The death of his father, which occurred shortly
after he retired from the administration of the
treasury department, took from Mr. Dallas in the
outset of his career at the bar, not merely the bene-
fit of professional assistance seldom equalled, but
those kind and endearing associations which could
have grown up only in intercourse with one whose
genius was not more brilliant than his affections
were warm. Self-dependent, however, he applied
himself with the more ardor to the practice of the
law; and being appointed in 1817 the deputy of
the Attorney General in the city of Philadelphia,
he soon gave evidence of that skill in conducting
criminal cases which has since always distinguish-
ed his occasional attention to that branch of his
profession. When, in the following year, charges
were introduced into the assembly of Pennsylvania
against Gov. Findlay, which resulted in a
legislative investigation, Mr. Dallas acted as his
counsel; and the firmness and ability which he
displayed throughout the whole proceeding, placed
him at once by general consent, in a rank in his
profession that has seldom been attained by so
young an advocate.
It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the exi-
gencies of a legal life could not withdraw Mr.

Dallas from the deepest interest in political topics.
Deriving from the conduct and counsels of his
father, and from the associations of his earliest
youth, as well as those of later years, a strong
attachment to the principles and views of the
democratic party, he had never failed to co-oper-
ate with his fellow citizens in the measures which
were calculated to advance them. The more
tranquil administration of Mr. Monroe, succeeding
to the fierce political conflicts which existed during
the war with England, did not present many ques-
tions that rallied party controversy on national
affairs; but the election of Governor Heister in
Pennsylvania had brought the federal party into
power in that State after a long period of demo-
cratic ascendancy; and no one embarked with
more zeal than did Mr. Dallas in endeavoring to
effect the restoration of the policy which he be-
lieved to be essential to a sound and just admini-
stration of the affairs of the commonwealth. These
efforts resulted in the triumphant re-election of
Gov. Shultz, the candidate of the democratic
party.

But while unanimity, followed by success, thus
attended the course of his political associates in
the State, the elements of division among the
democracy of the Union began to be apparent in
regard to the individual who should succeed Mr.
Monroe. Early personal associations, as well as
just appreciation of his distinguished talents, had
led Mr. Dallas to unite with a large portion of his
political friends in Pennsylvania in a desire that
the vote of the State should be given to Mr. Cal-
houn; and the success with which that statesman
had conducted the administration of the war de-
partment for the eight previous years seemed to
give a certain pledge notwithstanding his compara-
tively youth, of the ability he would display in any
executive office to which the voice of his country-
men should call him. When, however, the general
sentiment of the republican party throughout
the Union expressed a desire to confer on the ven-
erable patriot who had so long and so faithfully
maintained their principles in various posts of
civil trust, and so brilliantly augmented the glory
of his country in the field of battle, Mr. Dallas,
with sentiments toward Gen. Jackson in which
the friends of Mr. Calhoun in Pennsylvania at
once participated, took the lead in suggesting that
the younger candidate should be presented to the
American people for the second office, while the
united and harmonious voice of the democratic
party should name General Jackson for the presi-
dential chair. In every measure that resulted from
this determination, Mr. Dallas bore a prominent
part: the eloquent address in which the democratic
convention of the State presented their reasons for
the course they had adopted, is generally under-
stood to have proceeded from his pen; and when,
in November, 1824, the unusually large majority
of more than thirty thousand democratic votes
showed the enthusiastic feeling of the people of
the State, there were few among them whose zeal
had been more honorably and actively displayed
than his in producing that gratifying result.

The choice of the house of representatives hav-
ing given the presidency to Mr. Adams, the suc-
ceeding four years only contributed to create the
yet stronger concentration of public opinion in
favor of Gen. Jackson; and when he obtained in
1828, the suffrages of fifteen States, the majority
in Pennsylvania had been increased beyond fifty
thousand. It was during this interval, that Mr.
Dallas received from the people of his native city
an honorable mark of their confidence by an elec-
tion to the mayoralty—an office which, for many
years past, has, in consequence of the usual ascen-
dancy of the federal party, been seldom bestowed
upon a person of his political opinions. On the
election of General Jackson, he was selected by
him as the chief representative of the executive
government of the Union in the same city, by
being appointed to the office of district attorney
of the United States. To the same post his father
had been appointed by Mr. Jefferson, through the
whole of whose administration he continued to fill
it, and from that office Mr. Madison called him to
the head of the treasury. His son occupied that
post for a much shorter period; but in the two years
during which he discharged its duties, several cases
of considerable magnitude gave full scope to his
abilities; and contributed their share to his reputa-
tion as a professional man, which each year contin-
ued to augment.

At length, in the year 1831, a vacancy having
occurred in the representation from Pennsylvania
in the Senate of the United States; the legisla-
ture selected Mr. Dallas to fill that honorable post.
Thus, in entering for the first time a legislative
body, he found himself in the highest and most
important assembly that exists under the provisions
of the American constitution. A new field was
given to his talents as a statesman and an orator.
Having at the bar of Philadelphia few equals in
forensic eloquence, and being perhaps without a
rival—certainly without a superior—at home on
any occasion of public and especially political
discussion, he was now required to match himself
with men trained by exercise, as well as possessed
of distinguished ability, in a scene which forbade
the logical precision of a court, and yet could
scarcely call forth or permit the animated current
of spontaneous declamation, so often successfully
indulged in the lesser assemblies of his fellow
citizens. His speeches in the Senate of the United
States throughout the period that he remained
there, were heard with attention that gave evi-
dence of his complete success. Those that have
been more carefully reported, display, on a variety
of topics, striking political views; and they abound
with passages of animated eloquence. The most
interesting subject of general discussion was that
which made the winters of 1832 and 1833 more
memorable in our legislative history than any peri-
od since the war with England. The principle on
which a revision of the tariff of duties was to be
made, gave rise, in the former session to warm and
long debates, which in the following one, led to
those that involved the serious question of a right
of one or more of the States to nullify a law mak-

ing such revision on the principles that it might
regard as contrary to the provisions of the consti-
tution. On both occasions, Mr. Dallas took part
in these debates. On the former, after an eloquent
picture of the situation and resources of the United
States, he touched with a powerful, but friend-
ly spirit, the various causes to which, independ-
ently of the policy of protection generally advocat-
ed by northern statesmen, might be imputed the dis-
tresses that were supposed peculiarly to afflict and
injure the agriculture of the South. Following,
then, the course of general opinion as well as the
declared policy of Pennsylvania, as evinced in the
votes of her legislature, he presented, in a manner
not often surpassed in force and clearness, by those
who have treated the matter in the same light, the
views then entertained on the best mode of adjust-
ing the delicate question, so as to save the south
from any real injury, and yet preserve from destruc-
tion the labor and pursuits of the northern and
middle States. When the heightened excitement
of the following year produced that gloomy epoch
in our fraternal annals, which was marked by seri-
ous discussions on the extent of force that the
general government might exert upon the opposing
laws of the States, and the consequent actions of
her authorities and people, he sustained that power
in the Union which he believed to be essential to
its preservation, and warranted by the spirit and
terms of the contract, but deprecated in so doing,
every measure not clearly necessary for those
objects. On all questions appearing to involve
any differences of policy or interest among the
States, Mr. Dallas appears uniformly to have lean-
ed to that course which he deemed most calculated
even at some sacrifice to preserve the harmony of
the whole.

On the 3d of March, 1833, the term expired for
which he had been elected to the Senate. At his
own request, his name was withheld from the legi-
slature as a candidate for re-election. He was
desirous to return to the bar, from which such an
occupation necessarily withdrew him; and his
doing so was speedily followed by his appointment
to an office, whose duties, while not unconnected
with politics, were far more in accordance with
his professional pursuits. He was selected by
Gov. Wolf as the Attorney General of his native
State; and he continued to hold it with increasing
reputation, and with a degree of approbation on
the part of the whole community never exceeded
nor often equalled, until the change in the execu-
tive administration of the State, by the election of
Governor Ritner, of course induced him to with-
draw.

Mr. Dallas had scarcely retired to private life,
when he was made the object of one of the most
remarkable proceedings that ever characterized the
political course of the party opposed to democratic
principles during any of the intervals of their
temporary ascendancy. Under the pretext of
inquiring into the character and acts of secret
associations, several of the leading members of the
republican party were summoned to Harrisburg
in the middle of the winter, and, in defiance of
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