

# The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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## MAN NOT THE LORD OF THE CREATION.

It would seem to be a canon of the knack of writing now so much in vogue, that every "light" article should commence with a paradox—an assertion involving a contradiction. I should be sorry to lose my small chance of popularity by too stern a contempt for such a custom, and I will therefore boldly conform to the fashionable absurdity, by at once asserting that the Ladies are the Lords of the Creation.—This of course I mean to prove, even though it involves a contradiction of the convictions of ages. In an era of revolutions a few more or less are a trifle—at least in the imagination of a youthful philosopher.

From the time when Eve lost her equality by leading Adam into that sin which cost us Paradise, woman has been struggling to regain her natural position in the creation. She has passed from a condition of positive slavery through all the intermediate stages up to her present high advancement.—And she is still progressing. Whether or not the act of the first woman forfeited the right of her female descendants to an equality of advantages as well as of punishment is a question on which the world is divided, the majority, if we consult the population tables, being decidedly on the side of the softer sex. By the way, and *par parenthèses*, does not the fact of the decided preponderance of female over male births furnish a strong argument in favor of polygamy, and not marrying widows? If it does, then are the Turks a much abused nation, and the existence of old maids is a social anomaly, caused by our neglect of a palpable hint of nature to multiply the blessings of connubiality. These are very shocking conclusions, no doubt, but truth is truth—at least it always has been so until within these very few years.

Clear it is, however, that woman passed through all the stages of subjection until she arrived at a kind of surreptitious freedom, dependant sometimes on the capricious likings and sometimes on the fears of her companion, accordingly as he might happen to be ferocious or foolish. And it is also a curious fact that, until within a late period, when the rights and virtues of the sex first came to be really comprehended, she has owed her influence (when it existed) to arts and blandishments very similar to those which led to her first slavery and our ruin; for she has been, in most instances, content to exert the power of her charms when she ought to have known and shown the charms of her mind. The present age, however, if distinguished for nothing else, would be distinguished for having first seen the true rights of women, and for having admitted them to a well founded and legitimate authority in society.

Now it seems to me that in society, as in politics, the inevitable consequence of tyranny is revolution; and that in proportion to the hitherto forced degradation of woman will be their future elevation. By having too rigorously denied them any rights, we shall have piqued them on asserting all their rights; and assuredly, if they once proceed to these lengths, we shall at once sink disgracefully in the comparison. To such an extreme does my enthusiasm carry me, that though I would not, nature having made me a man, monkey myself, as do the dandies of the day, by engraving on the coarseness of the stock the manners, and—as nearly as can be—the dress, of the other sex, yet I have even gone the length of wishing myself born a woman. But alas, that cannot be; nature has designed me as an inferior animal, and a man I must remain.

To come back to the point, however, I repeat that I feel satisfied that not only will woman show herself the equal of man, but also his superior. In personal charms there can be no comparison, save to the disadvantage of sedentary habits, look at the difference between a milliner and a tailor! The former is assuredly more often nine women in one than is the other even the ninth of a man. Then, too, in cooking. You may talk of your men-cooks—I deny their superiority. They may be good cooks for epicures; but let a woman cook for a man. We don't want science, we want heart. There is a plumpness, a juiciness, a natural savouriness about a woman's cooking that the other may despise, but he cannot equal it. Did an old lady ever fall in love with her man-cook, for his cooking, I should like to know? How many old gentlemen have married their cooks, I should also like to

see calculated, and that solely because the dear creature showed such a knowledge of human affections in their cooking, that the old fellows could not resist the inspiration. This settles that question. Who ever hires a man nurse? or a man nursery maid? Man-miliners are universally despised, so clumsy do they look in their attempt to equal the natural; and though one has heard of man-staymakers, a modest imagination refuses to dwell on the idea.

In learning, we have had women who could put even a German commentator to the blush. Indeed we have heard that Mrs. Trollope is preparing for publication the Domestic Manners of the Ancient Egyptians; and that Miss Martineau is about to undertake a journey northward, to prove the immemorial existence of a preventive system among the Esquimaux Indians. We have had sculptors, too, whose genius has only been restrained by the natural modesty of the sex; and the sciences boast a fair exponent of their mysteries, whose work bids fair to be a standard in the language. In poetry, what man would not give half his days to equal the fine fervor of Mrs. Hemans or the lyrical delicacy of L. E. L.? In the literature of fiction women are, I do not hesitate to say, far beyond the men. All the finer attributes are theirs. How can a man portray a woman's heart, which he never designs to study? How well can a woman paint those feelings which are her daily object of contemplation? What wit of man has ever equalled the wit of woman? Can a man's detection of the viciousness of ambition be so utterly heart-sick as that of woman, whose whole nature is a rebuke of this debasing tendency of man? To say no more than the names of Mrs. Gore, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Hall, Miss Pardoe, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Austin, Lady Charlotte Bury, a few of the brilliant who adorn the star-studded heaven of our literature, I do not hesitate to affirm that Miss London, by her *Elphinstone*, has placed herself beyond all comparison at the head of the novelists of the affections. You rise from the perusal of it with a sense of the impossibility of man's nature conceiving such a picture of the delicacy of the female mind.

Then what is left to man? His grand accomplishments of riding and driving will vanish before the omni-irrigative tendencies of railroads. Soldiering certainly he can adhere to, and much joy may he have of his superiority there; though I am even loth to leave him even that corner, for a stuffed sack would do as well to be cannon added at. It is true he can turn apothecary or surgeon. It would be unfair in the women to monopolize the disgusting as well as the elevating employments. Besides, tailoring is left to him, though, in a late "strike," it was found that the women could supersede him there also. Footmen will always be in request; and there are many other respectable employments by which he may gain an honest livelihood. But all will depend on his good behaviour. A little more humility of spirit would not be a bad thing to begin with.—*London paper.*

## DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT.

The following article is from the pen of Mrs. Conant, the new Editor of the *Mother's Monthly Journal*, and is copied from the first Number of the present Volume of that valuable work.

*Child.* Mother, I want a piece of cake.  
*Mother.* I haven't got any—it's all gone.  
*C.* I know there's some up in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.  
*M.* Well, you don't need any now; cake hurts children.  
*C.* No, it don't; (sighing.) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?  
*M.* Be still, I can't get up now, I'm busy.  
*C.* (Crying aloud.) I want a piece of cake.  
*M.* Be still, I say, I shan't give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.  
*C.* (Still crying.) I want a piece of cake.  
*M.* (Rising hastily and reaching a piece.) There, take that, and hold your tongue! Eat it up quick, I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell him you've had any.  
*[Ben enters.]* C. I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any.  
*M.* Yes, I will; mother, give me a piece.  
*M.* There, take it; it seems as if I never could keep a bit of any thing in the house. You see, Sir, (to the child) if you get any thing next time!  
*[Another room.]* C. I've had a piece of cake!  
*Young Sister.* Oh, I want some too.  
*C.* Well, you wait, and mother'll give you a piece; I did.  
Let us see how many errors were committed by the mother during this short conversation. In the first place she tells a

downright lie, and the child detects her in it; "I haven't any cake!" "You have, I saw it in the cupboard!" Secondly, she gives a false reason, "cake hurts children," for not gratifying the child's wishes at least her next reply would lead him to suppose so. Thirdly, she encourages the child in crying for what he desires, by offering, as a reward for leaving off, the gratification which he could not obtain by continued good humor. Fourthly, she breaks her promise and rewards the child for desobeying her. Fifthly, she fosters a spirit of selfish greediness, the lowest and most degrading of all passions; "eat it quick, and don't tell Ben!" Sixthly, she utters a threat which she has no intention of acting upon; "See if I give you any next time." We must mention, also, the spirit by which her conduct through the whole is marked, and which makes the child feel that she has at last yielded to his wishes, not because she loves him, but in order to save herself the vexation of being teased any longer. The practical commentary which he makes in his advice to his sister shows that he fully understands the springs of her domestic machinery.

Yet this is probably a mother who loves her offspring, who is tending early and late for their comfort and respectability, but who will perhaps have to complain that her old age is embittered by the neglect and unkindness of her children. They are not wholly in the fault. A mother may sacrifice her health, and life itself, for her family, and yet not make them happy, and if she does not make them happy, they will not love her. A child cannot comprehend the value of that affection which keeps his mother busy from morning till night, when her industry is continually crossing the track of his enjoyment; when it is made an apology for petulance, injustice, and neglect of those little things which make up the happiness of childhood. Nothing but a constant, hourly flow of kindness, prompt in gratifying, gentle in refusing—a kindness which knows no ebb, unrolled by passion, unpolled by selfishness—can gain the entire confidence and affection of a child. I ought also to add, that a mother who has made herself an object of contempt to her children, cannot justly claim their deference and respect; and such she surely will be, if, in her management of them, she stoops to the meanness of deceit and falsehood. The pure, ennobling sentiment of filial piety, can spring up only in an atmosphere of truth and love. In its nature it is akin to that which is exercised towards the beneficent Father of all, and requires for its full expansion the same influences of rectitude and goodness.

"This conversation was actually overheard passing between two children, by a lady of my acquaintance."

## THE DARK SIDE.

The disposition to view the dark side of the most beautiful objects around us, instead of contemplating the unnumbered beauties with which we are surrounded—the disposition to anticipate evil at the very season when the greatest blessings are poured out upon us, are exhibited in the experience of every day. We were very strikingly reminded of this disposition of human nature the present week, when the year opened upon us in all the mild radiance of the creation. "This is such weather as we usually have before earthquakes," utters one of the poets of social happiness. The words of the prognosticator are whispered around—the young, who never heard of an earthquake, generally believe it—and their enjoyment of the pleasantest days of the year, is turned into forebodings more dismal than the chill northern blast or the most pitiless storm can produce. In the *Widow's Offering* is the following paragraph:

"Better days are like Hebrew verbs—they have no present tense; they are of the past or future only. 'All that's bright must fade,' says Tom Moore. Very likely; and so must all that's not bright. To hear some people talk, you would imagine that there was no month in the year except November, and that the leaves had nothing else to do than fall off the trees. And, to refer again to Moore's song of 'Stars that shine and fall,' one might suppose that, by this time, all the stars in heaven had been blown out, like so many farthing candles in a show booth at the Dartmouth fair; and as for flowers and leaves if they go away, it is only to make room for new ones. There are as many stars in the heaven as ever there were in the memory of man, and as many flowers on earth, too."

Look on the bright side, and the world has charms—and every day presents cause for renewed gratitude to providence.—Those who wish to borrow trouble will always find an abundant supply at hand to chill the best feelings of our nature—those who take it as it comes, however paradoxical it may appear, receive no more than what will eventually add to their happiness.

A VALUABLE SENTIMENT.—"If there is any sentiment of most value, for the comfort, the character, the virtuous sociability of the young—one that will shed the greatest charm over society, and make it the most pure—it is that which inculcates perfect delicacy and purity in the intercourse of the sexes. Virtue of any kind never blooms when this is not cherished. Modesty and purity once gone, every flower that would diffuse its fragrance over life, withers and dies with it. There is no sin that withers and blights every virtue—none that so enfeebles and prostrates every ennobling feeling of the soul, as to indulge in a life of impurity. Now should purity dwell in the heart; breathe from the lips; kindle in the eye; live in the imagination; and dwell in the intercourse of all the young!"—*Barnes's Notes.*

## OCCELA AT THE THEATRE.

From the Charleston Courier.  
BY JAMES H. HANCOCK.  
The chandeliers sent forth a dazzling light, And splendid lamps and paintings shone around, The scenes were superb, and all looked bright, While not one vacant seat could there be found. I noted a picture of high pretensions might Have rivaled the scene without a single fault—For beauty, fashion, bearing, all combined To form a crowd, gemmed, polished, refined.

Then OCCELA with his warriors came— A stern, menacing, staid band they were— Whose names, in truth, will long be known to fame For deeds of valor, and for love of war. With eagle wings, trinkets, necklaces and hands, Heads decked with feathers, crests upon their heads A group of swiftness, grace, and yet so sage, Have very seldom looked upon the stage.

I marked the heavy thought upon his brow, Which hung like mist around the moustache top, And watched his restless eyes and careless brow. As though he saw the play and heard it not, And then his lips would breathe some secret vow, To strike for injuries he'd never forgot.

And, perchance, though life should be his cost, To save his native home and country, fast.

The lovely glow of JULIANA'S face, Her smiles and blushes, and the tears she shed, Her splendid attitude, and native grace, Were, to his watchful fancy, stale and dead.

Yes, there he sat, subdued, but still enraged, Like the fierce tiger when he's caught and caged. Will he compass—yet, when you pass him by, You'll see a "looking dead" in his eye."

The soft strains of music fell unheeded, And every soul seemed lost upon his ear— While songs that spoke of love in every word, Nor made him sigh, nor smile, nor drop a tear; For he would think, like some unfeeling bird, Flew swift as lightning to that home so dear, Where his unloved heart still longed to go, To raise the savage yell, and fight the foe.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 7, 1838.

## SCENES AT THE THEATRE—NOT CRITICAL.

On Saturday night last, we were present as we have hinted before, at the grand play of Hamlet. The Theatre was crowded from the gentleman's parquette to the cloud-capped gallery. Along the front boxes how much beauty flashed, we cannot tell. We can count the stars on a cool and tranquil night, but who can count bright eyes and flashing cheeks in such a galaxy as was there and then congregated? From the front seats to the partition—from one end to the other of the semicircle, we gazed and acknowledged that our own dear countrywomen could not be surpassed for beauty and animation, go where you will to find their superiors. It was a rare and brilliant sight for a poor unblest citizen of Washington, so infrequent are our plays attended by the beauty of the place and its Herr Cling or Jim Crow, have drawn houses nearly equal to the one on this night, but then they were not so beautiful for on this occasion they came beaming with intelligence to witness that child of genius, the *Shakespeare*, Hamlet the Dane.

Well, the curtain was rolled up—the scene shifted—the music played—and general quiet and attention reigned throughout the House. Vandenhoff walked the board the weeping lover—the clavalous friend—the desperate flatterer—the fearful man—and poured his cadences into every ear. The Ghost, ghastly and grim, from the tomb came up, and glided through the woods, and passed the battlements with a noiseless step, his steel helmet glittering in the moon. Ophelia, with her maiden fear, trembled before the gaze; and the guilty train who wore the crown, shuddered in all the agony of an assumed remorse. Every thing was going off well—the audience was delighted—and rounds of applause greeted the successful points made by the performers—when, suddenly, like a murrain in a ship at sea, like the wail of a sinking crew, there arose a low but universal wail of alarm—it grew into a shout from the dense and beautiful crowd—and then were heard separate and individual shrieks. Amid the din and the confusion, topmost over every voice, there came the single and awful cry of fire!

What a scene! We turned our eyes towards the body of the Theatre—we looked at the fleeing hundreds—at the upper boxes—and shrank away within ourselves, least some wretch might tumble upon our head from the trembling and waving concourse above. The boxes were cracking beneath the hurrying of feet. And we, scared half to death, leapt the barrier of the orchestra, and stood in that wild and undigested tragedy upon the boards. "The first appearance on any stage," by a young gentleman of Washington. We made no bow, but stood agape with several friends, ignorant of our way among the labyrinth of scenery, &c. of the stage. We saw the curtain move (it was at the end of the third act) and in pale as death came forth Mr. Mauger Ward, not with a fire bucket in hand, but clothed in the horrible habiliments of the grave—as he was the Ghost of Hamlet's Father. His eyes beamed with fire, and he called aloud, not in the language of the play, but in the language of an armed manager; "Ho! ho! what's the matter?" The ghost's gibbering in the streets of Rome. Actors upon actors—the incestuous Queen—the usurper of the crown—the sweet Laertes—tender Ophelia, with other nondescripts in their night caps and night—, all gathered in a quaking group at the opposite end of the stage, and cried in terrific concert, "What's the matter?" A pretty question to ask, when a Theatre was on fire! The doings of alarm were going on, when Hamlet, unbanned and unshook, rushed upon the stage, and in a calm and dignified manner, assured the audience that there was no cause for alarm.

As the Washington Stage can support but two stars at once, we prudentially and modestly made our descent and took to the *Critical Pit*, leaving Mr. Vandenhoff undisputed and unobscured way of the Rostrum. He recalled the Musicians, who at the first breath of danger, had flown, instruments under arms, to a place of shelter, and with a presence of mind and tact truly singular, ordered them to strike up Washington's March. That brought back the American audience to the *National Theatre*. And oh! what a joyous clapping of hands and rattling of cane ensued! Again we must introduce ourselves. There was Vandenhoff dressed "A la Hamlet," with a cool and ordinary brow, strutting up and down by the foot lights, raising his chances for the balance of the play. We called to him—Sotto voce—Go in for money's sake, you are breaking the charm!" And so he did break the spell. The people had seen behind the fictitious garb—had heard the voice of Mr. Vandenhoff, gentleman; and the artificial tones of Mr. Vandenhoff, Hamlet, grated harshly and unnatural on the sense. However, the tumult subsided—the good people took their seats—the ladies looked pale, but more interesting—and every thing went on "as merry as a marriage bell."

It is only necessary to say, that the alarm of fire arose from a cigar that was thrown into a bundle of shavings in a stove. A little smoke ensued, and a terrible uproar. *Washington City Native American.*

HINTS TO WRITERS FOR NEWSPAPERS. Write plain; not merely so plain that the editor can "make it out," but so write that the compositor cannot fail to read every syllable. Take care of your orthography. Punctuate correctly, and do not leave half of that task for the weary editor. Make some distinction between little a and little A. Do it. Cross every t. Where t and f are in the same word do not cross them both. When you cross t, do not so place the mark as to leave it doubtful whether you intend it for the t, or to emphasize the word immediately above. If you are not quite satisfied with your article re-write it. Never offer a sentence for publication which you are not willing to meet at the judgement.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

REMOVAL OF NEGLECTED STUDIES.—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages," says Sir Walter Scott, in his auto-biography, "let such a reader remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

SCRIBERSTION.—Johnson, it is said, was superstitious; but who shall exactly ascertain to us what superstition is? The Roman is charged with it by the Church of England—man: the Churchman by the Presbyterian; the Presbyterian by the Independent; all by the Deist; and the Deist by the Atheist. With some it is superstition to pray, with others, to receive the sacrament; with others, to believe in a God. In some minds its springs from the most amiable disposition in the world; a "pious awe" that feared to have offended; a wish rather to do too much than too little. Such a disposition one loves, and wishes always to find in a friend; and it cannot be disagreeable in the sight of Him who made us. It argues a sensibility of heart, a tenderness of conscience, and the fear of God. Let him who finds it not in himself, beware, lest in flying from superstition, he fall into irreligion and profaneism.—*Bishop Horne.*

TWO AGAINST TWO.—A gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private madhouse, met one of its poor inhabitants who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, "I am a double man; I am Man by name, and man by nature." "Are you?" rejoined the other; "why, I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two." He then knocked poor Man, down and ran away.

FOR A FIT OF DEPENDENCY.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cabbages and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.—*Salsbury. [Eng.] Her.*

A long nose.—Napoleon used to say, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man, providing his education has been suitable, with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observation of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and a long head to go together."

BACHELOR WIT.—"The 'Young Wife' is the title of an attractive little volume just manufactured by Dr. Alcott, of Boston. Will our neighbor of the Transcript see to it that the Doctor sends us a copy?"—*Mr. Atwell of the Northampton Courier.*

"Certainly. We will tell the Doctor you want a 'Young Wife,' and must have one. If he will not send you one, you shall have ours."—*Mr. Walter of the Transcript.*

"How the deuce do the donkeys live here?" said a man to his friend in South America. "I see no grass?" "Why," said his friend, "we put green spectacles on them, and feed them with fine shavings!"

Florida War.—The aggregate force under the command of Gen. Jessup, in Florida, amount to 9,993 men, consisting of 4,637 regulars, 4,073 volunteers, 100 seamen, and 178 Indians.

## DOMESTIC MATTERS.

A SIGN.—The *Wheeler Times* says, that there are now seventeen Whig Governors in the United States, and but nine Van Burenites. Four of the States having Van Buren Governors, have given Whig Majorities at the last elections. Abroad there are only four States conceded to the Administration, viz: New Hampshire, Missouri, Michigan and Arkansas. Our next elections however will show, that we are not willing to be ranked with such a jingo.

MR ADAMS NOT AN ABOLITIONIST.—The following is from the *Alexandria Gazette*: "A mistake prevails as to the opinions of Mr. John Quincy Adams, which originates from his own indirect course, but which, justice demands, should be corrected. He is not an abolitionist. Nay, he is decidedly opposed to any interference with the domestic concerns of this District; and if a committee could be raised, of which he were chairman, to whom the Abolition petitions should be referred, I venture to say his report would be one of the most able and unanswerable papers against the justice, the policy and the expediency of the measure, ever read."

But this singular man is consistent in his inconsistency. He has fancied that the right of petition has been disregarded, and he has undertaken to be the champion of that right. He glories in his cause, and all his prejudices and feelings being enlisted, he goes to all lengths, and stops at no obstacles. Mr. Adams says they may talk as much as they please about 'personal responsibility' for words spoken in debate; but he shall acknowledge no responsibility except to his constituents. No menaces or threats will prevent him from uttering such sentiments as he pleases on the floor of the House.

TEXAS. Mr. Preston's measure, 'on high constitutional grounds,' in which all parties may unite, for the annexation of Texas, is embodied in the following preamble and resolutions: "Whereas, the just and true boundaries of the U. States, under the treaty of Louisiana, extended on the southwest to the Rio Grande del Norte, which river continued to be the true boundary line until the territory west of the Sabine was surrendered to Spain by the treaty of 1819; and whereas, such surrender of a portion of the United States is of evil precedence and of questionable constitutionality."

"Whereas, many weighty considerations of policy make it expedient to re-establish the said true boundary, and to annex to the United States the territory occupied by the State of Texas, with the consent of the said State. Be it therefore, Resolved, That with the consent of the said State, previously had, and whenever it can be effected consistently with the public faith and treaty stipulations of the United States, it is desirable and expedient to re-annex said territory to the U. States."

Something of this sort we supposed it would be. The 'high constitutional grounds' are that a surrender of territory 'is of evil precedence, and, of questionable constitutionality.' But such a surrender remains to be proved, and even after proof it seems to us that the incorporation of an independent State with our confederacy is also of extremely 'questionable constitutionality.' We might take in the whole world on the same principle, proving our right to the territory as descendants of Adam. The *New York Sun* suggests the following resolutions parallel to Mr. Preston's, as proper to propose in the English Parliament.

"Whereas, the just and true boundaries of the British empire embraced the territory of the U. States till that territory was relinquished by the treaty of 1793; and whereas, such surrender of a portion of the territory of the British empire is of evil precedent and of questionable constitutionality."

"Whereas, many weighty considerations of policy—as for instance the prevention of the spread of republican principles among our loyal inhabitants of Canada—make it expedient to re-establish the said true boundary, and to annex to the British empire the territory occupied by the U. States, with the consent of said States; be it therefore,

Resolved, That with the consent of said States, previously had, and whenever it can be effected consistently with the public faith and treaty stipulations of Great Britain, it is desirable and expedient to re-annex said territory to the empire."

Mr. Preston's resolutions have been withdrawn for the present, to be brought forward by him on the first Monday in February. In the mean time, the discussion of the Canada frontier question will introduce Texas incidentally, and show the neutrality of our Government in relation to Mexico in such a light as to assist members in making up their judgments as to how an annexation of Texas to the U. States will look to the world. It will seem a province conquered from the Mexicans, in fact, by the U. States annexed to the United States, by its Government, by way of official approval. It is not necessary to touch the slave question in discussing the matter at all; the high moral question is enough. Shall we as a nation be the receivers of stolen goods?