

# THE CADIZ SENTINEL.

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## POETICAL.

From the Ohio Statesman.

### ERIN.

Far o'er the blue sea there's a bright little island,  
Endeared to my heart by a million of stories,  
Where the pure flowing streamlets and glorious highland,  
Add charms to the page of her greatness and glories.  
Her soil is as rich as the hearts of her yeomen.  
Her flowers are the sweetest that deck the green earth,  
And where the man, be he friend or foe man,  
Who loves not her lanes, their beauty and worth!

Her birds have charmed her legends for ages,  
Their songs have re-echoed from mountain and dale,  
Her orators, patriots, statesmen and sages,  
Have told her wrongs—a sad, bitter tale!

For many long years the hard hand of oppression,  
Like an incubus, weighed down the valiant and brave,  
And though feeling daily new acts of aggression,  
Ere yet will be free!—on her soil not a slave!

Like a giant refreshed with new wine, she will rise!  
The chain'd lion will yet break forth from his lair!  
The voices of FREEDOM will resound thro' the skies!  
Sending fear to her tyrants—to her oppressors despair!  
Hasten the day, O, great Father of Nations,  
When Emma's last prayer shall be felt in each station,  
When Erin's brave sons shall once more take their stations,  
The highest and proudest on Liberty's chart.

L. HARPER.

## GOOD BYE.

Farewell! Farewell! is often heard

From the lips of those who part;

'Tis a whispered tone—'tis a gentle word,

But it springs not from the heart.

It may serve for the lover's closing lay,

To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;

But give me the lips that warmly say

"The honest words—'Good bye!'"

Adieu! Adieu! may greet the ear,

In the guise of courtly speech;

But when we leave the kind and dear,

'Tis not what the soul would teach.

Whence'er we grasp the hands of those

We would have forever sigh,

The flame of Friendship bursts and glows

In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

The mother sending forth her child

To meet with cares and strife,

Breathless thro' her tears, her doubts and fears,

For the loved one's future life.

No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives,

Lives within her choking sigh;

But the deepest sob of anguish gives—

In the warm frank words—"Good bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,

When the glance has lost its beam—

When the brow is cold as marble stone,

And the whole a passing dream;

And the latest pressure of the hand,

The look of the closing eye,

Yield what the heart must understand,

A long—a last—"Good bye!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### DEMOCRACY.

BY REV. W. S. RAISII.

The system of democratic government is most beautiful in its structure, and benevolent in its operations. It is a transcript of the government of God. It is supported by the profoundest researches of philosophy, by the sublimest teachings of religion, the purest piety, the deepest virtue, the firmest faith, the brightest hope, the most expansive charity. It gives to each the right of all. Each man is estimated a unit, the sum of which makes up the whole. What is the right of one is the right of all. It confers no title; it bestows no immunities. It makes each accountable for the whole, and pledges the protection of the whole for the good of each. The man that is born in insignificance, and bred in a corner, may, by a continuance in well doing, rise to the centre of glory and honor. Merit is the only avenue to success. And the sons and daughters of the rich, by the neglect of virtue, by indulgence in vice will sink into merited insignificance. The man in office may be removed without a revolution, while vacant seats are open to the emulation of all.

"I can conceive no form of government so perfectly compatible with the sublime principles of christianity, or so directly calculated to promote the happiness of all mankind, as a democracy. It needs only to be understood in theory, and adopted in practice, by a people qualified to test its qualities to secure the admiration and support of every philanthropist throughout the world."

### The Brother and Sister.

Mrs. Child relates the following pleasant anecdote, in one of her New York letters to the Boston Courier:

"I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Everything seemed moving to the vernal tune of

"Bridal" banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green."

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said smilingly, "You are a nice little girl!" She stopped, looked up in a nice so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed earnestly, "and he is a nice little boy, too!" It was a simple, childlike act, but it brought a warm glow into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness. On all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Here lies the secret of universal harmony; this is the disposition which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves."

## RELIGION.

Religion never shines with so bright and benignant a lustre as upon those who embrace it in early youth. To the aged it gives light, peace and hope. Upon the young it confers all these, together with many peculiar benefits. It nurtures kind affections. It imposes needful restraints upon bad passions, or purifies every vicious taste. It sheds a beautiful and benignant influence upon the whole social and moral character. Thus it blesses for a whole life time, and lays the foundation for blessings throughout eternity. It is to the young who listen to its voice, a counsellor of infallible wisdom, a sun of righteousness which guides them through their whole being. Have you, my young friends, sought this inestimable treasure. You cannot prize it too highly. Give to it your whole heart, sacrifice for it pride, and passion, the love of pleasure and of the world. Be simple hearted. Be heavenly minded. Lay the foundation of piety broad and deep now, while habits are plastic and feelings are lively. Never be ashamed of your religion. Never compromise it. Keep a conscience void of offence towards God and toward man. Remember you are to grow in grace. Let every year, if possible, every day, add perceptibly to your piety. Endeavour to do good, to be active, pious. Try to feel habitually that it is your duty always to make upon others a decidedly religious impression. Your life and example must do something towards saving others. Cultivate a sense of perpetual responsibility, that every day's history may give a coloring to your eternity.—S. Olin.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy, one of the members read an interesting memoir of BAILY, the famous astronomer and a conspicuous personage in the French Revolution. In the course of the memoir the author related the first interview of BAILY and FRANKLIN, as follows:

"The illustrious delegate from Pennsylvania entertained on his arrival in France the opinion that our countrymen love inordinately to hear themselves talk and would infinitely rather speak than listen. When the philosopher and astronomer met for the first time, the latter kept silence, expecting a question from the illustrious stranger. FRANKLIN, on his side, did not open his mouth; at the end of a half hour, neither having yet uttered anything, BAILY took out his snuff-box and offered a pinch to the other mute. FRANKLIN, motioned that he did not use snuff; another half hour elapsed in the same way, after which, BAILY having risen to depart, FRANKLIN seized his hand, saying, 'very well, Mr. BAILY—very well indeed!'"

**Pulsations of the Heart.**—If the brain be an electric pile, constantly in action, it may be conceived to discharge itself at regular intervals, when the tension of the electricity developed reaches a certain point, along the nerves which communicate with the heart, and thus to excite the pulsations of that organ. This idea is forcibly suggested by a view of that elegant apparatus the dry pile of Deluc, in which the successive accumulations of electricity are carried off by a suspended ball, which is kept by the discharges in a state of regular pulsation for any length of time. We have witnessed the action of such a pile maintained in this way for whole years, in the study of the above named eminent philosopher. The same idea of the cause of the pulsation of the heart appears to have occurred to Dr. Arnott, and is mentioned in his useful and excellent work on Physics; to which however we are not indebted for the suggestion, it having occurred to us independently many years ago.—Herchel's Natural Philosophy.

**A gentleman's pleasure.**—"It is in youth as in after life, that vicious propensities are best counteracted, not by stern precept and rigid law, but by turning the feelings and passions into a purer channel, by giving a higher object to generous ambition, by centering the active energies on more worthy pursuits, by teaching them, in short to find their highest gratification in mental and moral culture. Let a man's pride be to be a gentleman—furnish him with elegant and refined pleasures, imbue him with the love of intellectual pursuits, and you have a better security for his turning out a good citizen, and a good Christian, than if you have confined him by the strictest moral and religious discipline, kept him in innocent and unsuspecting ignorance of all the vices of youth, and in the mechanical and orderly routine of the severest system of education."—London Quarterly Review.

**A man three years old.**—The following account of an extraordinary phenomenon, witnessed at Palermo, and which has excited some interest, appears in the Journal des Deux Siciles: "Guiseppe Gonzaga, a child scarcely three years old, has attained the height of four palms and a third Sicilian measure, or about four feet and a half French measure. His limbs are well formed; he is extraordinarily strong and vigorous, and he is a man in every sense of the word. The savans who have seen him, say that their examinations have led to discoveries of great importance in pathology; and Dr. Diego Sgroppo, one of the most distinguished physicians of Palermo, says, that if Guiseppe's growth should not be arrested by accident or illness, he will be one of the most astonishing giants ever seen."—Le Cabinet de Lecteur.

**When is a Man drunk.**—We presume this question is now settled. Our temperance friends have frequently tried to answer it satisfactorily; but have as frequently failed. Some where in South Carolina it was thought to be settled; for after solemn debate it was decided that a man was drunk when he was seen holding himself by a pump stock and trying to light his cigar by the spout. In North Carolina it was decided that a man was drunk, when he went to bed with the hogs instead of his wife. But the New York Court of errors has settled the important question. It has determined that a man is not drunk as long as he can stand on his two legs (dont faint ladies) without any support.

**A clean skin.**—Dr. Kitchener states, that "a clean skin is next to a clean conscience," and the old saying of "a healthy mind in a healthy body," goes further, and may be understood to imply, that a clean skin is a prerequisite for a clean conscience; at all events, that it is essential to bodily health, is established on physiological principles. To keep the pores of the skin open and free from impurities, contributes to the healthful action of all the other organs of the body, particularly those of the stomach; and this requires frequent and regular bathing.

## A FACT.

In a town not a hundred miles off, a small sized man went to the plantation of a certain gentleman who was light in wit, but rather heavy in flesh, with a piece of paper in his hand, folded in a legal form, and known by the abbreviation of 'case.' Having found the owner of the mansion in the field; he explained his business when he was requested to read the *casus*, commenced as usual. 'You are hereby commanded, without delay, to take the body of, &c.

"Humph!" said the prisoner, stretching himself upon his back, "I am ready!"  
"Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?"  
"Certainly you must take my body, you know, I do not resist the process of the law, understand, but submit with cheerfulness."  
"Will you wait here until I bring a cart?"  
"Can't promise; I may recover my fatigue in the mean while."  
"Well what must I do?"  
"You must do your duty."  
"And there he lay immovable until the Sheriff left."

**American Heroine.**—In the late wars which ensanguined the provinces of Buenos Ayres, the women of that country displayed the greatest courage. Donna Juana Ossanduy fought a considerable time by the side of her husband, General Cadilla. At the battle of Laguna this Amazonian lady carried off from the Spaniards one of their colors, and the republic, in order to show its gratitude, conferred upon her the rank of lieutenant colonel. When the battle at Cochabamba took place, the general commanding, finding himself inferior in forces to the opposing party, gave arms to the women of the city, and a position to defend. They all perished in the conflict. On the same evening, according to the practice of the French army, an officer at the roll-call enquired, whether all the women of Cochabamba were present, and was answered, "No, they are all dead for their country in the field of honor."—Le Camelot.

**Beauty and Poetry.**—Beauty is to a woman what poetry is to a language, and their similarity accounts for their conjunction; for, there never yet existed a female possessed of personal loveliness, who was not only poetical in herself, but the cause of poetry in others. Were the subject to be properly examined, it would be discovered that the first dawn of poetical genius in a man proceeds almost invariably from his acquaintance with the other sex. Where love exists, poetry must exist also; for one cannot possibly have being without the fellowship of the other;—they live together, and together they perish.—Fraser's Magazine.

**KING CHARLES AND DR. BUSHBY.**—King Charles II. on a certain time, paying a visit to Dr. Bushby, the Dr. is said to have strayed through the school room with his hat upon his head, while his majesty walked complacently behind him with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking leave at the door, the doctor, with great humility, thus addressed the king—"I hope your majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

**A new discovery.**—In the expedition lately made by Dr. Gerard into the territories between the British frontiers on the northwest and the Caspian sea, the ruins of an extensive city were traced at the base of the Hindoo Kosh mountains supposed to be the city of "Alexandria ad Caucasum." Various topos were also examined by Mr. Mason, from which he collected upwards of 30,000 old coins, mostly copper, and a large portion with Greek inscriptions.

**CHILDREN.**—A popular writer contends that one fifth of all the children born, die before they attain one year old, and significantly ask if a farmer was to lose one fifth of his cattle would he not ascertain the cause and apply the remedy? Children are overfed, overclothed, take too little exercise in the air, & these are the causes of mortality among them. We agree with the writer who recommends mothers to study Combe and Brigham instead of Bulwer and Boz.

**LUCKY HIT.**—An old building about to be pulled down in the Bowery, was sold for \$30 to two Irishmen, on condition they would remove it. They went to work at it, and in tearing open some of the wainscoting found a jug, which on examination proved to be a money jug; containing it is said \$9,000 in old coin. This is a good prize.—N. Y. American.

**Curious ancient manner of getting gold.**—Sir Walter Raleigh tells us, "Not far from Caucasus are certain steep-falling torrents, which wash down many grains of gold, as in many other parts of the world; and the people there inhabiting used to set many fleeces of wool in these descents of water, in which the grains of gold remain, and the water passed through, which Strabo witnesses to be true."

**Errors in education.**—"Many a child is brought to me in my room for a little reward of a tract, &c. Since I began this scribble, a sharp little girl was brought for this purpose. She repeated a short poem extremely well. I then said, 'Now I must examine what you know of the Bible. Who was Abraham?' After some hesitation, she answered, 'I think he was an Exeter man!'"—Life of H. Moore.

The Picanney says—"Four ladies walked through Royal street, a few days since, who attracted particular attention. Their dresses were precisely alike—their parasols were alike—their bonnets were alike—and judging from appearance, we should say their bustles were alike."

Mercury congeals at a temperature of 40 degrees below zero. Mr. Simpson and his party on their exploring expedition to the northern seas, made bullets of mercury when the thermometer was at 49 degrees, and on the 11th of March their spirit thermometer, indicated 66 below zero.

Honor, honesty, and industry, are the best capital that a young man can have to begin life with. If he have principles of honor, he will be always respected. If he have honesty he will always be credited. If he have industry, he will never lack for the means of bettering his fortune.

"My 'speeted bredder," said a venerable looking preacher of the Ethiopian race, "blessed and praiseworthy be thy name, for dey aint guine to be disappointed."



## THE SENTINEL.

Cadiz, April 18, 1844.

### A POLITICAL GEM!

We believe we have never read any thing that pleased us more than the following address, delivered by GANSEVOORT MELVILLE, Esq., in New York, at the great Democratic festival, on the 5th ultimo. We publish it in full, because every paragraph is a living stream of glowing eloquence!—Read it—Read it!

### ADDRESS.

**FELLOW-DEMOCRATS:**—We are not here to mouth high-sounding phrases, to prate of transcendental philosophy in transcendental language, and to deify "the mill boy of the slashes." Neither are we here to indulge in fulsome eulogy, and debase ourselves at the foot of the stool of any man. Nor are we here to enter deep into a discussion of the principles and policy of the democratic party. This is not the fitting time for the elaborate consideration of a subject so grave and weighty. What, then, are we here for? Why, this gathering in the democratic host? Wherefore are the beauty and bravery of this fair city congregated here to night? This is a jubilee. We come here to discharge a duty which is a pleasure. We are here to celebrate the anniversary of the birth-day of Andrew Jackson—(applause)—the man who has filled the measure of his country's glory.—He who, in times not long passed, was our champion and our leader—he whose crest always danced in the hottest and thickest of the fight—he who swept on at the head of the democratic masses with a force as resistless as the surges of the sea. And we come here to celebrate the anniversary of his birth-day, as he would have us celebrate it—to take each other by the hand—to look each other in the face—to cheer each other onward—to feel that we stand as we did of yore, shoulder to shoulder, making common cause against a common enemy. (Cheers.) This is the way that the anniversary of his birth-day should be celebrated. We are brethren, and we meet as brethren. The spirit which actuates us, one and all, is the spirit of union, harmony, and concession. Everything for the cause—nothing for men. Our opponents, the whigs, held a great pow-wow here on the fourth day of this present March. It was a celebration—in anticipation—of the inauguration of Henry Clay. (Laughter.) Apprehensive that they will be deprived of the reality, they are determined not to do without the illusion. Their celebration will turn out to be very much like the dead sea apple—fair to the eye, but turning to ashes on the lips. They have enjoyed their shadow, but we have a word to say about the substance. Who ever before heard of a celebration in anticipation? There is not a farmer's wife in the country but who might have taught the magnates of the whig party here a lesson of practical wisdom, by simply referring them to the old saw, that it is imprudent to count chickens before they are hatched. (Great laughter.) This celebration of theirs is pretty much the same thing as if some poor, hungry, starving loafer should cuddle up in a warm corner, close his eyes, shut his mouth, and eat a glorious good dinner—in imagination. (Continued laughter and cheering.) The whigs said one thing at their late meeting here, which cannot be passed over in silence. The orator of the evening declared that the women were with them. This sentiment was concurred in by a very high authority. A gentleman who in private life is estimable and respectable, and to whom I only refer in his public capacity. He distinguished himself on that occasion—calling to mind the fact that the devil can quote scripture; and being justified by the precedent, he quoted scripture too, (laughter.) For all most know who is referred to—the celebrated whig extravaganzasinger, Mr. Jim-along Josey Hoxie. (Roars of laughter, and cries of "clear the way ole Dan Tucker.") Now, with all due respect to such high authority, we meet this assertion boldly and plumply, and deny that the women are with them. On that point we are ready and desirous to join issue whenever and wherever they choose. On that point that have thrown down the gauntlet. We take it up, and in behalf of our fair democratic countrywomen, accept the challenge. Calling to witness the bright cecus of Venus and the blushes of young Aurora, we feel confident that we can produce more and prettier women than they can. (Tremendous cheering for several minutes.) When I learned that their orators had made that monstrous assertion, it caused me to reflect.—What, though I, the fairer, the better, and the gentler sex—that we all delight to honor—to whom we all owe so much—they who make a paradise of home—against us! If this be so, we might as well give it up first as last—for it would be decidedly a bad job. (Laughter.) But it is not so. (Cheers.) Every man of us, on that subject, can speak from his own observation.—(Cheers.) As for myself, I come from a stock, the women as well as the men of which have, from the first organization of parties, manifested a preference for and a sympathy with the democratic cause. (Loud cheers.) If any man wishes more proof than this derived from his own personal knowledge, let him look around him. These galleries will settle the question. (Tremendous applause, and nine cheers for the ladies.) The wild flowers of feminine delicacy, beauty and grace, that honor us with their presence here to night, and whose exceeding loveliness might lure an anchorite from his cell, were never plucked from the prim and artificial gardens of modern whiggery. (Shouts of laughter and tremendous applause.) Show me a woman who can sympathize with the magnificent mother of the Gracchi—who, when asked by the aristocratic dames of ancient Rome to exhibit her store of ornaments of gold and precious stones—answered, that she had none of these, but at the same time produced her two glorious sons, exclaiming, "these are my jewels!" Show me a woman who can understand this and feel it—and that woman is at heart a democrat. (Cheers.) Remember the simple story of that sweet English girl, who was affianced to an officer on foreign service. It is related that he was desperately wounded in battle,

losing one limb and the use of another, besides being terribly hacked and disfigured. The first use that he made of returning strength was to write to his affianced wife—she who was a part of his very being—informing her of the misfortune which had befallen him, and releasing her from her engagement. This was the first intelligence that she had received of the sad occurrence. It fell upon her with stunning force.—Recovering from the shock with heaving bosom, and suffused eye, she sat down and wrote: "If your feelings for me are unchanged, and you have body enough left to contain your soul, I will not be released from my engagement."

That glorious girl, whose high-souled and self-sacrificing spirit dictated these words, well illustrated the hopeful, trusting, Christian nature of the democratic creed. (Great cheers—hurra—a-a-a-a.) Now, my fair countrywomen, with your permission, a word with you. I grant you that the whigs have the advantage of us plain-spoken democrats, in scented hair, diamond rings, and white kid gloves—(roars of laughter)—in the language of compliment, and the affectation of manner, and most particularly, in their style of dressing. If one of these exquisite wished to express the idea contained in the home-spun adage, "There is no pitch hot, and the devil to pay," he would say, "There is a pecuniary liability due to the old gentleman, and no bituminous matter, of the proper temperature, where-with to liquidate the obligation." (Uproarious laughter and applause.) These flashing qualities do not answer the purpose. They do not rank in the list of fireside virtues. They do not make home the holiest spot on earth, loved and prized as it ought to be. Such qualifications will not smooth the pillow for the aching head; will not pour balm into the wounded heart, and quicken the soul of sympathy. (Cheers.) It is most presumptuous in me, ladies, to proffer you advice, for I am so unfortunate as to be a bachelor. (A laugh.) But I may never have another opportunity to say so, and now, I can't resist the temptation. So let me tell you, that if you wish your lovers, when transformed into husbands, to be all that you would wish them, kind, affectionate, reliable, of good habits, truth loving—husbands that will be the idols of your hearts, your protection, your glory and your pride—be sure and choose from among the democracy. (Thundering applause.)

To sum up, in the words of an old lady of my acquaintance, who, I must confess, has strong political predilections. Says she to me, one day, "I always tell my daughters that they must never marry any body but democrats, because they always wear so well." (Laughter and great applause.) Intelligent warm-hearted, and right-feeling women, the world over, must always wish well to that great democratic party, whose watchword, and whose crowning glory is—"Equal and exact justice to all men." And I may add, "womankind." (Tremendous cheering.) Now let us give a little of our attention to our friends, the whigs. They like to be noticed. It will not do to neglect them on this festive occasion. (Cheers.) Their modesty is only equalled by their merit. (Laughter.) They claim all the respectability, all the morality, all the decency. A party with such claims commends itself especially to our attention. We have all heard a good deal said about amalgamation. Did it ever occur to you that the whigs are practical political amalgamationists? It is clearly so. Federalists, national republicans, anti-masons, and conservatives—all rallying under one banner, professing one set of principles, and uniting in the support of one man. If this is not practical political amalgamation, what is it? The whigs naturally affect the composite order of architecture. The democracy prefer the Doric. The Doric is more in consonance with our principles. It accords all superfluous ornament. It is strong, simple, severe, sublime. The whig party and whig principles call to my mind two things. The whig party—practical political amalgamation, and whig principles—Joseph's coat of many colors. (Laughter.) Their principles shift with every anticipated change in popular opinion. They change their names with a facility kindred to that of those ingenious gentry, who, when brought up to the bar of our police court charged with petty larceny, or something of the sort, are always provided with half a dozen appellations—Jack Smith alias Tom Brown, alias Jim Jenkins. (Cheers.) To do our opponents justice in speaking of them, they should always receive the benefit of full name and title. Federalists, alias national republicans, alias anti-masons, alias conservatives, alias native Americans, or adopted whigs, alias democratic whigs. (Great laughter and applause.) But this last cognomen is enough to make a horse laugh. Why, they might as well talk of a white black cat, or a tall short man, or any thing else that is a contradiction in terms. If they do procure any suffrages by such petty shuffling as this, I am inclined to think that an indictment would lie against them for obtaining votes under false pretences. (Great laughter and applause.) Whig tactics are very peculiar, and there is a reason for it. They feel and know that, in sober earnest they are the weaker party. And hence the manner in which they conduct their campaigns.—Did you ever see a man contending, physically, with one who is an overmatch for him? Now the whigs, swells and tugs—but to no purpose. The strong man puts his hand on him, and it is all over. Do you know the way they catch rattlesnakes at Lake George? A man armed with a long stick, forked and sharpened, sallies out among the hills and rocks. Spying a rattlesnake, he watches his opportunity, and with a quick and sudden dart, catches with the forked end of the stick the head of the reptile, as it lies upon the ground, and pins it to the earth. The rattlesnake no doubt very much surprised, squirms most unmercifully. But it does no good—he is despatched at leisure. So it is with the whigs.—(Great cheering.) We have got their heads to the ground and all that they can do is to make a splutter, and a noise, and kick up a great dust. (Tremendous cheering, cries of "That's the talk!"—"Give it to 'em, old boy!") The whigs are a Protean party. They change their principles and their names with a magical facility.—An animal is their emblem. Their animal affinities are very strong—they can crawl, snuff, fly, grunt, bray and ban. Now let us make them white, yelp and squeal. Cheers and shouts of "We will be blazes!" I said that an animal is their emblem—so it is. And what sort of an animal? Something dull that never learns—is it the ass? Something vicious—is it the mule?—Something stupid and hiding its stupidity under the garb of seeming wisdom—is it the owl?—Something blind and that works in the dark—is it the mole? Something thievish and nibbling in its propensities—is it the rat? No—none of

these; but a nicely adjusted and fitting compound of them all—a coon! A fat, lazy, oily, thieving, cowardly, skulking coon—the hybrid emblem of a hybrid party. (Great laughter, tremendous cheering, and groans for some minutes.) The banner of the whigs is a coonskin. In the long night of the middle ages, when armed European set forth her steel-clad barons, with their stout retainers, on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the tenacious clutch of the infidel—and alas, to redder the sands of Palestine with Christian gore—the banner that waved above the bold Crusader then, as he fought and bled

And died, the sword in his red hand, On the holiest spot of that blessed land, was the banner of the Holy Cross. (Cheers.)—When the Bourbons desired to call to their aid the lances of imperial France, the Oriflamme was displayed, and the Gallic chivalry rallied round it to conquer or die. (Cheers.) In more modern times, the tri-color of the revolution and the golden eagles of the empire have been carried in triumph into every capital on the continent.—There is not a single breeze that blows in which the meteor flag of England does not wave; and Bienenheim, Ramilies, Seringapatam, Albuera, Salamanca and Quebec—Acre, Aboukir, Waterloo and Trafalgar, are eloquent with its glories. We are really under a banner inferior to none of these—a flag loved at home and respected abroad—the star-spangled banner of our country.—(Tremendous cheering.) It is familiar to the British soldier, for he saw it on the plains of Saratoga, in the lines at Yorktown, and upon the breast work at New Orleans. [Great cheering.] It is associated in the mind of the British sailor with the names of Hull, Porter and Decatur. It streamed from the mast-head of the Constitution, when the Guerriere struck. [Cheering.] True, these are the banners of nations; but this contemptible coonskin is the emblem and the banner of a party which aspires to control the destinies of a nation. [Groans and hisses.] And such a nation, too; a nation which doubles its population and quadruples its wealth every two and twenty years; the only free nation on the face of God's earth; a nation, the corner-stone of whose greatness was laid by him, in speaking of whom all language fails and all utterance becomes palsied. Ransack the records of all time. Invoke the aid of the genius of the past. Who is his peer? He is unapproached in the intellectual symmetry and moral grandeur of his character. George Washington knows no peer; he has no parallel. [Loud and enthusiastic applause.] Let me call your attention to the startling fact that an indirect and most insidious attack has been lately made upon the memory of Washington. It was made from this very stand only eleven days ago, by one who stood here before the whole country as an acknowledged mouth piece of the whig party. The language of this Whig orator was this:—"He [Mr. Clay] has made his own character of the age, as Washington did in his time. Washington left the nation sober, orderly, high-principled and patriotic, but the man of the whole rather with negative qualities, but the man of our time, [i. e. Henry Clay] came to give the nation additional traits of a positive and active character; to make it what it yet retained all those Washingtonian virtues, still more enterprising, bold, energetic, ardent, enthusiastic, aspiring, self-improving, and self-protective." An honest political adrover and admirer of Henry Clay should hang his head in shame to hear such language. And yet it was uttered in the presence of, and listened to with approbation by nearly 5000 whigs, and not one voice was raised against it. It has been extensively published in the whig press. Not one whig editor has passed strictures upon it. On the contrary "The Tribune," without reservation, pronounces the whole oration of which the above is a part as "truthful" and "masterly." The Courier and Enquirer praises and regrets that "when published it will be the text book of the campaign; the minnows of the whig press follow in the wake of these, their levitiations. Now this whig "text book" exalts Henry Clay at the expense and makes him the equal of George Washington; him who is degraded by a comparison with any man; whose fame should be dearer to us than our hearts blood; who is our father; for he is the father of our country. Not content with this attempted paricide, this accredited organ of the whig party further says:—"Mr. Clay is not only American, but America itself, the Republic personified." This is nought but man-worship. It has no foundation in truth. It is the reckless and destructive spirit of ultra partisanship. It is a bowing of the knee to Baal. What reasonable and unprejudiced man would trust a party who, exasperated by defeat and mad with excessive lust of power, are now endeavoring to gain their end by making an idol of Clay and falling down before it. To hear their orators and their presses speak of Henry Clay, one would suppose him to be more than man. I am no calculator of Henry Clay; I seek not to detract from him his fair fame; I am willing and desirous to accord him his true position. I do not impugn his patriotism. I freely grant that he is persevering, energetic, eloquent and brave; and endowed with an indescribable magic of manner, and pre-eminently fitted by nature to be what he is; a great partisan leader. In his democratic world, before he was flattered and caressed into the ranks of the advocates of special legislation, he stood up manfully against the recharter of the U. S. Bank; and for Madison and the war. We honor him for it. We gratefully remember his exertion in behalf of the acknowledgement of the independence of Greece and the South American Republics. At the same time we must regret that he whose youth gave such glorious promise should, in the full maturity of his manhood, forsake the house of his fathers and go wandering after strange gods. It is beneath the dignity of the democratic party to war with any man. The democracy war not with Henry Clay, the man; but with Henry Clay, the representative of certain principles. The whig party and Henry Clay are one; they are thoroughly identified with the policy of the land distribution; a high tariff based upon the principle of protection, and a U. States Bank. Mark how these three kindred measures mutually aid and assist each other. They dove tail together most admirably. Each ensures the necessity for, and the permanence of the existence of all. Let them but be established and riveted upon the industry of the country, and an incalculable prosperity of this great Republic, which will be most difficult to shake off, will have cost a bitter and protracted struggle. Elect Henry Clay President of the United States; give him a majority in both branches of Congress—let this