The Lancaster Gazette.

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JOHN H. WRIGHT.

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The most beautiful 3-4 & 10-4 Broche, Cashmere, figured and printed Cashmere, Net, Emb'd Cashmere, French plaid & striped worsted and woollen *Shawls*, ever brought to this country

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2nd. Door East of the "Swan Hotel,"

is also well stocked with a great variety of CHINA and *GLASS-WARE*, including a supply of Flowing Blue; also, with a general assortment of

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The Stock of Goods referred to, was laid in with the greatest care, is most full and complete, and will cover every demand—to all which the public attention is requested.

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All kinds of Produce, for which Cash or Goods in exchange will be given.

T. U. WHITE.

Lancaster, October 29, 1847. 25

Wheat! Wheat!! Wheat!!!

A LARGE QUANTITY OF WHEAT wanted at the *NEW CASH STORE*, 1st Door East of the *"SWAN HOTEL,"* for which the Cash will be paid on delivery.

T. U. WHITE.

Lancaster, October 29, 1847. 25

SPRINGER & FINKBONE,
Fashionable Tailors.

SHOP—In Shaffer's Building, one door East of the Tallmadge House.

Lancaster, June 11, 1847. 5

SPRING FASHIONS.

JOHN BURBERRY,

WOULD respectfully inform the public, that he has removed his Shop to Foster's Brick Building, in the room formerly occupied by J. Work & Co., as a Shoe Shop, directly above G. Kauffman's Drug Store, where he will still continue to carry on the

TAILORING BUSINESS

in all its various branches. His work will be done in the neatest and most substantial manner and at prices to suit the times

Country Produce of all kinds, taken in exchange for work

Lancaster, April 23, 1847 tf50

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Tallmadge House, Lancaster, June 18, 1847.

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New York, December 3, 1347. 30

BEST PITTSBURGH
WINDOW GLASS.

ASSORTED, from 8 by 10 to 21 by 25, for sale by GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, August 20, 1847. 15

Flax-Seed.

THE HIGHEST PRICE in CASH will be given for FLAX-SEED by GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, August 20, 1847. 15

JUST RECEIVED
AND FOR SALE,

80 KEGS PURE WHITE LEAD, and 5 Barrels LINSEED OIL, by GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, Aug. 1? 847. 14

Family Groceries.

25 Bags Green and Yellow RIO COFFEE; 3 Bags BLACK PEPPER; YOUNG HYSON and IMPERIAL TEAS, &c. For sale by GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, August 13, 1847 14

10 Barrels Tanner's Oil.

JUST received and for sale by GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, August 13, 1847. 14

CALL AT THE
OLD DRUG STORE,

AND see a fresh supply of DRUGS and MEDICINES—PAINTS and DYE STUFFS. For sale low. GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, August 13, 1847. 14

10 Barrels Water Lime.

BEST QUALITY, for sale by GEORGE KAUFFMAN.

Lancaster, August 13, 1847. 34

FLAX-SEED OIL--300 Gallons of clear Flax-Seed Oil, just received and for sale by BURY & BECK.

Lancaster, July 9, 1847. 9

Spectacles.

A Greater quantity than ever to be had at GATES & COSPER'S.

June 18, 1847.

W. R. RANKIN,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.

OFFICE IN FOSTER'S BRICK BUILDING, in the Room recently occupied by Charles Borland, Esq. Entrance, one door west of Kauffman's Drug Store, Main Street, Lancaster, Ohio.

May 14, 1847. 1tf

JOHN D. MARTIN, R. P. EFFINGER,

MARTIN & EFFINGER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

OFFICE—In Foster's Brick Building. Lancaster, Ohio, June 11, 1847. 5

'I HAVE FOUND IT.'—*Eureka.*

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

BY USING

Dr. Duncans Expectorant Remedy.

CINCINNATI, O., March 3d 1847.

Dear Sir—This is to certify to the public, particularly to those afflicted with a disease of the Lungs, or CONSUMPTION, that in the Spring of 1843 I was attacked with a severe cold, which soon became seated upon my Lungs, showing all the symptoms of an approaching Consumption. My cough was tight and troublesome, attended with copious night sweats; I spit up daily a considerable quantity of blood mixed with thick dark matter. My situation become serious and alarming. During this time I was attended by two of our most skilful Physicians, they did the best they could for me, when at length, they gave up all hopes of my recovery, informing me that nothing more could be done—that my lungs were fatally diseased, and beyond remedy. I was then persuaded by a friend of mine to make a trial of DR. DUNCAN'S EXPECTORANT REMEDY, which my Physicians persisted against, saying that this medicine would do no good, and would still add more to my suffering. I told them it was my last and only hope, and that if I must die of the disease, (which was evident to me,) there would be nothing lost. So I sent to the Cincinnati Office, and obtained 5 bottles of this truly valuable medicine, and commenced using according to the directions, which instead of adding to my suffering, immediately gave me relief, at once arresting the troublesome Cough; easing the pain and tightness in my Chest; giving me a new life and strength, which soon enabled me to be about again. This medicine continued its good work, which it so nobly commenced, until I was made a sound man. I have since been attending to my business, (upwards of 3 years) and feel as healthy as I wish. I have recommended *Dr. Duncan's Expectorant Remedy* in many instances to those similarly afflicted, and it has always proved successful so far as I have witnessed its effects. My sister is using this medicine at present, for a *Diseased Liver* and an AFFECTION OF THE LUNGS, which she had suffered with for some time: she has nearly recovered by the use of this medicine, and I am confident the 6 bottles that I take with me to-day will entirely cure her. I am sorry to know that there are thousands of valuable persons wasting away with the dreadful destroyer—CONSUMPTION.—Were it only possible for those to procure this medicine in time, before it be too late, many lives might be prolonged and their families and relations again rendered happy. This medicine will give instant relief, at the same time arrest the hard and painful Cough, remove the tightness in the Chest, give strength to the enfeebled and emaciated frame, and in most cases, I am certain, will perform a perfect cure.

ANDREW J FELTER.

Montgomery, Hamilton County, Ohio.

N. B.—Those who may not be acquainted with me I refer to the undersigned, citizens of Montgomery, Hamilton county, O., they will at any time substantiate the above statements.

NORMAN BROWSWELL,
CAPT. J. SEIDER.

☞**Dr. Duncan's Western Office, 150** Sycamore st. where this valuable Medicine can always be obtained. *Advice given gratis.*

For sale by Maccracken & Galbraith, Lancaster

Lancaster, November 19, 1847. 6w28.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Tribune.

"The Gospel of To-day."

Such is the title of a fervid and heart-cheering Sermon by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, at the Ordination of Rev. T. W. Higginson in Newburyport, Mass. It ought to be widely read in its completeness, and if we take room to give any account of it as a whole we shall crowd out the extracts which we *must* have place for. We give them, therefore, without explanation or apology.—Mr. Channing says:

"The Church announces herself to be *The* Reform Society, uniting in one all benevolent enterprises. The Sunday School makes the still streets of Sabbath monings beautiful with its bright-eyed troops of youthful pilgrims to the holy land; the Bible distributer establishes the precious volume in every house, and ship, and steamboat; laden colporteurs toil over mountains and through the unbroken solitudes of forest and prairie, scattering seeds from the tree of life; and far away, on sandy deserts and tangled jungles, on snowy widernesses of the pole and coral islands of the tropics, the missionary plants his altar and calls on men of all kindreds and nations to worship with every rising sun, the One and Universal Source of good. Most cheering is the sight of this host without number, marshalled beneath the white banner of the Prince of Peace. But why does the missionary die of despair, after years of fruitless effort to purify the desolating abominations of idolatry? Is it not because the very ship that bore him and his Bibles carried opium, and rum, and muskets in its hold—because the very flag that waves over his mission house drips with the blood of conquest, and the very language in which he declares God's truth is symbols to simple savage fraud? And why is Christendom, which pretends to sanctify the heathen while sowing broadcast its own sins, thus hypocritical? Is it not because each Christian society, in place of being a holy brotherhood, is a congregation of wordly Ishmaelites, neighbors looking on neighbors, as they loll in the carpeted and cushioned pews of costly cathedrals, as rivals in trade, in preferment, in fashion? The minister at large bestows his prodigal sympathy upon the wretched, with an aching consciousness that his humble friend is too cold and hungry and weary and heart-broken to heed his spiritual counsel; he walks home amid blocks of elegant mansions, where are lapped in effeminating luxury the children of the wealthy whose charities he dispenses; and a nightmare of perplexity siezes upon him, at the thought of the hideous inequalities everywhere tolerated, among the fellow-disciples of the Master who had not where to lay his head. Ay! Chistendom needs Christianizing at the core."

We pass abruptly to the concluding paragraph.

We have heard, we have declared,—not as we would, but as we could—the Gospel of to-day.

Its first word is, "All Tabernacles of Christendom Converge to the one End."

Its last word is, "The End is Perfect Society."

And now, what saith the Spirit to the Churches?

From the unburied heaps of Ireland's famishe children,—from the crowds of England's gaunt and sullen operatives,—from the seething faubourgs and frowning battlements of Paris,—from the dumb almost despairing swarms of Germany,—from the flood of emigrants which wave after wave overwhelms our seaboard,—from the blasted and lengthning slave-coffels of the South,—from the ghostly charnal pits of Mexico, does not rise a voice of stern remonstrance, warning us, by thousand-fold forms of gratuitous misery, that now, as aforetime, man stands *free* between Providence and Fate, and that, if through sluggishness, stupidity, or self-will, we choose to close the palace door which heaven widely opens, we shall be left to wailing and gnashing of teeth in the outer darkness?

But how, above all this din of grief and care, sound sweetly out the welcome intimations of duty, from the literature, the poetry, the exultant expectation of the people,—from the prayers and benedictions that wait upon Pope Pius,—from the triumphal hymns of the First of August in the British West Indians,—from the labor-saving process, the Mutual-Insurance Companies, the co-operative societies of all civilized lands,—from the movements of the Socialists, Communists, Associationists, in England, Germany, France America,—assuring us that heaven is waiting to unfold the glories of God's kingdom, if we are but willing!

The Spirit encourages all who will hearken with words of ineffable promise. To the Catholic it says, "You have done well to cherish the symbol of Holy Oneness—prepare to receive the sublime reality; the True Church Universal is Mankind united, the earth round, in good will and good works; the true Head of the Church is the wiest lover of the race!"—To the Protestant it says, 'You have done well to develop every various mode of relation between heaven and humanity; but you must have learned thereby that religion is not a creed, but a life, even a re-union in industry and pleasure, in study and intercourse, as well as in prayer, of the active, joyful, loving children of God.' To all it says, "Come out from the shadowy catacombs of traditionary opinions and rites into the warm, bright day of the Divine presence. Leave your ruined Babels of conflicting interests, sectarianism, and party strifes, for earth's kind ministries to cover with her verdant pall and let the long-dispersed tribes labor shoulder to shoulder in gathering cedars of Lebanon, and gold of Ophir and blocks of white marble, for the City of Peace."

Thus does the Spirit summon all ministers of God, all earnest men and women, everywhere, to consecrate their wakeful energies, cordially and uncompromisingly, without fear or hesitation, over prudence or dread of censure,—with generous utterance of cheering words and brave alacrity in co-operative deeds, with a respect for man which no failures dishearten, and a trust in Providence that cannot falter,—with pure, wise, universal devotedness,—to the service of this Transition-Age. We are not alone.—Triumphant prophets, poets, and heroes, the martyrs, legislators, and loving souls of earlier days,—a cloud of witnesses, for ever swelling,—gaze down with alternating fear and hope, as we conspire with them in working out the salvation of the race. Bright angels, refined and purified on other globes, in bygone eternities, surround us with luminous spheres of influence. And, by immediate agencies of our Heavenly Father, agencies constant and pervasive as attraction, penetrating but noiseless as sunlight, subtle and invigorating as life, are we led onward, ever onward to ONENESS WITH MAN, WITH NATURE, AND WITH GOD.

Love in Mexico.

We take the following paragraph from one of the New Orleans Picayune's Vera Cruz letters of the 25th ult:

A friend of mine, a fine looking dashing officer of the army, stationed here, resides on the same stoop with a superior officer, in the second story of a house up town; directly opposite there lives also in the second story a Mexican merchant with a house full of pretty daughters.—One of these young ladies—who is not more than sixteen and very beautiful—attracted the attention of the superior officer; his heart took fire like tinder, and he was soon able to convey by gestures to the fair creature the deplorable condition of his suffering bosom. She seemed for a while to take pity on him, and sometimes returned tender tokens of recognition to his enthusiastic telegraphic signs. But alas for our friend, the superior officer; the attention of our other friend, the dashing subaltern, was one day directed to the pretty senorita across the street—and from that day the unlucky superior was doomed to pine in bitter disappointment. Every day he saw his rival (who did not fail to crow over him) establishing himself more firmly in the affections of the little belle—kisses were sent and returned by telegraph—if the lieutenant's hand fell heavily upon and pressed tightly the left breast, Mademoiselle's little hand did the same upon her plum bosom. It was bitter for the gallant superior who had fought so many battles under both Mars and Venus, to be thus superseded, but there appeared to be no help and he strove to bear it like a philosopher. One morning our young lieutenant was observed by his ranking friend to be gazing intently across the street, and to show evident signs of impatience; his hand was raised to shade his eyes, and he was looking into an open door which exposed a long dark interior gallery. "Something serious is going on" thought the unlucky rival, "and I'll see what it is," and he took his position behind his young friend. "Yes," exclaimed the latter, in a voice of anger to himself, "it is that infernal puppy, and it isn't anybody else—the scoundrel! I'll impale him! And she a little hypocritical devil—who'd have thought it!" "Ha, ha, ha!" shouted his friend in his ear.—The fact is, the lively senorita was discovered receiving and reciprocating the warm, affectionate caresses of a very nicely dressed individual who made his living by shaving the officers! Susceptible young gentlemen from the States should be extremely careful how they fall in love and contemplate matrimony with the bright eyed senoritas.

THE JUROR AND THE JUDGE.—The N. Y. Tribune relates the following of a Juryman, who resorted to various expedients to get excused from serving upon the Jury of the Circuit Court. Judge Gray called him up in open Court and thus addressed him:

"You have several times yesterday and to-day asked the Court to excuse you from serving on the jury, and have as often rendered a different excuse. I have finally concluded to comply with your request—but not on any of the grounds you have stated. You first said you were sick, which I was satisfied was untrue. You next said you were considerably deaf, but you heard my first whisper which appeared to favor your application, and I knew that that excuse was false. On the next application you said your wife was sick; of that I cannot consent to inquire of here. Now, I shall excuse you from any further attendance here, not on any grounds assigned by you, but from reasons of my own. A man who will so dishonor himself, and violate all the obligations he owes to society, is unfit to be entrusted with the decision of disputed rights between his fellow-citizens; and I dismiss you as utterly unworthy of a seat with your fellowjurors."

An explanation was attempted, but the Judge ordered him to leave the court forthwith.

☞It will be recollected that for some time past, statements have appeared in the public papers that Bishop Hughes was about to be sent to Mexico as an envoy extraordinary, or a commissioner to solicit or arrange a peace. In consequence of the rumors, Bishop Hughes yesterday arrived in this city, and to-day had a conference with the Secretary of State He told Mr. Buchanan that in no event would he act in the capacity designated. The Bishop had reason to believe that the Administration seriously thought of offering to him the mission.—*Washington Correspondence of the Charleston News.*

MAMMON AND MORTALITY.—The Editor of the Christian Index thus prefaces an obituary. "But a week since we recorded the death of an old father in the church, who was a careful reader of the Index, and who paid for *three* papers in *advance*."

The italics are not ours.

Political.

From the National Intelligencer.

The President's Message.

Several days have now elapsed since our readers in this city, and generally elsewhere, were put in possession of the Annual Message of the President of the United States to both Houses of Congress. Until to-day we have foreborne to comment upon it, from an unaffected desire not to interfere with their free digestion of its contents. That opportunity having been fairly afforded, we now proceed to state with plainness, but we hope without offence to any well-disposed reader, our views upon its leading topics: and, first, because it is first in the Message, and uppermost in every man's mind, upon so much of the document as relates to

The War with Mexico.

When, on the 15th day of May of last year, the passage of the Act of Congress, recognising the existance of War with Mexico, was announced to the readers of the National Intelligencer, it was accompanied by the expression of a belief that by the largest portion of its readers the information would be received with alarm—alarm justly excited by the wilfulness and recklessness with which the Nation had been plunged into a foreign war, which, as the People were in no particular prepared for, they were in no way forewarned of. For ourselves, we were not taken wholly by surprise by the news. In the statesmanship of the Executive, whatever confidence we were disposed to place had been shaken by the almost daily demonstrations by its official organ during the first year of its existance. We had watched its successive developments, gradually disclosing a settled purpose to make war upon Mexico, in the event of not succeeding in intimidating her into a prompt submission to the demands which the President intended to make upon her. That organ (the government paper) was hardly a week old before its readers were transported, in imagination, to the "Halls of Montezuma," which were to be occupied by the United States as the crowning act of "a second conquest of Mexico." The tocsin being sounded, volunteers were to flock from the West to the scene of action, and to carry every thing before them. The government paper taught us, also, *how* the war was to be brought on by which this conquest was to be effected.—It foresaw, by many months, the march of our Army from Corpus Christi (where as every one knows, Mexico never intended to disturb it) to the Rio Grande; foresaw that the Mexicans might cross the Rio Grande, and that, if they did, 'blood would be shed," and "war must ensue." When, therefore, the prediction was realized—when the catastrophe arrived, however it shocked, it can hardly be said to have *surprised* us. Of the facility and precipitancy with which the purposes of the Executive came to be sustained by the Legislative authority, we cannot say the same. We were both surprised and alarmed to find how easily, on the impulse of the moment, blindfold and gagged, Congress could be driven to lend its countenance to those purposes. Blindfold and gagged, we repeat. Nor is the expression too strong; for, *before* the news of the dangerous position of our Army was communicated by the Executive to Congress, committees of both Houses had been got together (on the Sabbath) and measures prepared in concert with the Executive, which the next day, on receiving the President's Message of form, without waiting to have the papers accompanying it read over, for the information of Members, were forced through the House of Representatives. Nor, even to a body excited as the House was by the stirring news from the Rio Grande, did the ruling party in the House venture to propose the false and obnoxious Preamble of the Bill until after all deliberations and debate had been precluded on a question as momentous certainly as ever came before Congress—Had there been nothing else alarming in this Declaration of War with Mexico, the despotism thus exercised over the minority of the Representative body, repeated on the following day in the Senatorial body, (theretofore exempt from such sharp practice,) was of itself sufficient to appal the hearts of those accustomed, as we have been, to regard the rights of minorities as not less sacred than those of Majorities, and, among them, the right of proposing amendments to or remonstrating against any proposition coming before them. The minority in each House was thus subjected by a most arbitrary and malignant exercise of party power, without being allowed a moment for deliberation, to the alternative of voting for a bill with a preamble, the falsehood of which they saw and detested, or of refusing to vote for enactments (supplies of men and money) to which, all lavish as they were, there would, perhaps, but for the Preamble, not have been a dissentient voice.

Whatever alarm we and our readers felt at this beginning, has certainly been fully justified by the progress of events. Even that precipitation in the action of Congress—that Preamble, affirming two distinct falsehoods—that tyranny by which a vote was extorted from the two Houses have been continually appealed to by the Executive organs as evidence of the unanimity of the national will in approbation of the war. In the Message before us, that appeal is repeated, accompanied with a statement, in terms, that the declaration that "the War exists by the act of Mexico" was passed "with great unanimity" in Congress; though it must be known to the executive that but a small majority in either House of Congress approved that declaration, many members declaring their repugnance to it, some their utter abhorrence of it. Votes taken in both Houses of Congress at the second session of the same Congress plainly established this fact, had there before been any reason to doubt it. The popular elections which have intervened certainly leave no excuse for a doubt upon any man's mind that a majority of the People of the United States are *against* this war, and its authors.

Instead of relinquishing, in deference to the popular will, thus clearly expressed, any part of his original scheme of conquering and annexing a considerable portion of the territory of Mexico, the President comes to Congress and demands its concurrence in a plan for colonizing and annexing one-half of Mexico, with a recommendation to continue the war until he, the Conqueror, *conquers* all the residue of that unhappy Republic, in the event of her not willingly severing from her body her most valuable provinces.—Instead of advising a Peace, which this Government might have at any day on terms of honor, he informs Congress, in a sanguinary strain, and almost in the dialect of the shambles, that he is persuaded "that the best means of *vindicating the national honor* and interest, and of 'bringing the war to an *honorable* close, 'will be to prosecute it *with increased energy and power* IN THE VITAL PARTS *of the enemy's country!*" He knows that he and his war stand condemned by his own countrymen. He cannot, if he would, mistake the sentiment of the People; and yet he craves more conquest, more butchery; he demands a deeper penetration into the vitals of our adversary, and yet farther waste of the blood and treasure of his own country.

Before he take captive our senses by the seductive incitements, in which his Message abounds, to a yet wider course of rash ambition and suicidal aggrandizement, let us stop for a moment to consider upon what grounds he places and justifies the career of cruelty and conquest in which he has already embarked our country. We are glad that the President has, in his Message prefaced his recommendations as to the future with a suummary statement of the causes of complaint heretofore alleged by him as being of prior date to the war, together with his understanding of how the war began. A single paragraph includes the whole story; and, as we propose to examine it with some particularity, we here republish it:

"It is sufficient on the present occasion to say, that the wanton violation of the rights of person and property of our citizens committed by Mexico, her repeated acts of bad faith through a long series of years, and her disregard of solemn treaties stipulating for indemnity to our injured citizens, not only constituted ample cause of war on our part, but were of such an aggravated character as would have justified us before the whole world in resorting to this extreme remedy.—With an anxious desire to avoid a rupture between the two countries, we forbore for years to assert our clear rights by force, and continued to seek redress for the wrongs we had suffered by amicable negotiation, in the hope that Mexico might yield to pacific counsels and the demands of justice. In this hope we were disappointed. Our ministers of peace sent to Mexico was insultingly rejected. The Mexican Government refused even to hear the adjustment which he was authorized to propose; and finally, under wholly unjustifiable pretexts, involved the two countries in war, by invading the territory of the State of Texas, striking the first blow, and shedding the blood of our citizens on our own soil."

In undertaking *again* to review these averments by the Executive, now that they are again offered in his justification, and in support of that war *ad internecionem* against Mexico which he recommends to Congress, we are well aware that no force can be added to the reasoning, nor any strength to the conclusions of that admirable tract from the pen of the venerable, patriotic, and learned ALBERT GALLATIN, in relation to the Mexican war, which we have lately had the satisfaction of spreading before our readers. To his authority upon any question of public law or national obligation, we, at least, who have known him from the days of public services in the Public Councils, first as a leader of the Republican party in Congress; next as a Member of the Cabinet of President JEFFERSON during all of his Administration, and of that of Mr. MADISON until he was called to represent his country abroad as the associate of ADAMS, CLAY, and BAYARD in the great negotiation which ended in the Peace of Ghent—we, whose first essays in our present vocation may be said to have been guided by his hand and by that of his honored friend and official superior Mr. MADISON, are bound by every sentiment of respect and gratitude to pay a deference so profound, that it would be with the greatest distrust of our own judgment we should entertain any opinion on a public question materially different from his. Happy and proud are we to find, that, on the subject of the causes and the character of this war, his views are in full accord with those which we have found it our duty from time to time to present our readers.—Most fortunate for our country do we consider it, that he has been willing and able to come forward in the present emergency, to instruct and counsel his fellow-citizens. However earnestly and honestly the Press may have done its duty; however ably and fearlessly distinguished Statesmen of the present day may have exposed and denounced the new career upon which our country has entered as the sole disturber of the peace of the world; however bright and high the statesmanship which the great Patriot of the West has so recently brought to bear upon this great question, the Address of Mr. GALLATIN has shown it was yet possible for a wise and able man to add to the force of even our own convictions, however decided on the subject.—Most fortunate, we repeat, do we consider this opportune contribution to the common stock of knowledge of our standing in the foremost rank of intellectual greatness, and yet apart from the passions of the day and above them one who, after a most distinguished career of public service, left popularity and reputation unexhausted, and quitted high trusts whilst they yet courted his acceptance: one of the most foremost men, in a word, of that illustrious era of our statesmanship which now has hardly a survivor; one therefore, almost in the last extremity of age, and yet so fortunate as to have preserved, equally undimmed, its abilities and its honors. To the authority of such a name as that of ALBERT GALLATIN, his recent Address adds a strength of reasoning which nothing in the present day can meet, and that luminous command of all the great principles of Public and of National Law, in which he had scarcely an equal in his own times, and has now no superior. The trusted coadjutor—and it may even, in Finance and in Diplomacy, be said to have been—the instructor of JEFFERSON, of MADISON, and of MONROE, we have here, as one rising from the dead, a voice, passionless as it is wise and solemn, the judgment of an antique and genuine sage of Republicanism—yea, of Democracy—upon the entire question of this Presidential War.

Armed and fortified with such a document, it is with unwonted confidence that we proceed once more to expose those hollow pretences and insincere professions of the authors and apologists for the War with Mexico, which have been controverted heretofore with no other apparent effect than to induce a more pertinacious repetition of them.

Referring to this last annual communication to Congress for particulars of his bill of arraignment, the President again recites alleged wrongs by Mexico, through "a long series of years," &c. as being such as not only to constitute ample cause of war, but as would have justified the United States before the whole world in resorting to this extreme remedy. This every one, at all acquainted with history, knows to be gross exaggeration. The long existance of claims for wrongs now alleged to have been so enormous is of itself proof of the fact that they were not at any time deemed by Congress to constitute a sufficient cause of war. Most of them had besides been actually adjusted by a treaty between the two countries, which was in the course of faithful execution by Mexico when the hostile demonstration of Our Administration suspended the payment of stipulated indemnities. As to what remained of unadjusted claims, there was nothing, until the occurrence of this war, to prevent their peaceable and even satisfactory adjustment. As to the refusal by Mexico to receive our Minister being, as the President intimates, a sufficient cause of war, it is a sufficient answer to the President that the army was ordered to march to the Rio Grande (where, according to the programme of the government paper, *the war was to begin*) two months before our Minister was finally refused to be received by the Government of Mexico.

But let it be admitted, for the sake of argument, and for that sake only, that, according to the customs and laws of nations in less civilized, less moral and less enlightened ages than the present, we really had cause of war with Mexico, so far as war between two Christian Nations is ever just or necessary: yet war with Mexico, distracted, weakened and impoverished as she had long been and then was, with intestine factions and divisions, was neither necessary, magnanimous, nor honorable on our part. Such a war, even for just objects, being unnecessary—the only inevitable effect indeed upon the claims for which it would be waged being to fasten them upon our own Treasury instead of the Mexican—could never redound to the glory of the country, and much less compensate for the rivers of blood and heaps of treasure which have been already wasted in this war.

But, to pass all this by, whether the existing war be just or unjust, necessary or unnecessary, is not the question now at issue between the President and the People. Was this war the act of the Sovereign People of the United States, declared in their name, in the manner known or acknowledged by the Constitution—by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress, to whom alone it belongs to determine whether War, at any time or under any circumstances, be just and necessary? Or was it, whether a crime or a mistake, the unauthorized act of the President, to whom the Constitution has denied all power over the question of War? *This* is the true question; nor can all the wire-drawn sophistry and special pleading of the President's Message of last year, referred to in that which is now before us; deceive a single individual, be he Whig or be he Democrat, of common sense or common information, against the well-known and well-authenticated facts in the case. Need we add, that whoever the President be, who, trampling down the barriers which the Constitution has erected for the protection of the general welfare, and for the security of the life, liberty, and property of the citizen, of his own mere will and pleasure plunges the country into a War, with or without cause—that man is a Despot! The Nation that quietly folds its arms and permits this to be done with impunity, may delude itself with the fancy that it lives under a written Law and Constitution, but it is an idle dream. That Nation is a Nation of slaves, and lives under a Despotism.

To proceed, however, to the main point, upon the re-assertion of which alone the President relies to justify himself before his own fellow-citizens for his agency in this War, viz. that the Mexican Government "finally, under wholly unjustifiable pretexts, involved the two countries in war, by invading the territory of Texas, striking the first blow and shedding the blood of our citizens on American soil." *Not one word of this is true.* We regret the necessity, but the President imposes upon us the obligation, of renewing the demonstration of the utter falsity of the whole of it. Mexico did not involve the two countries in war: Mexico