THE GROANS OF UNCLE SAM,

TOGETHER WITH THE
Opinions of Old Jonathan Faneuil
ON
MODERN POLITICS,
IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY A DELEGATE TO THE NATIONAL WHIG CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA:
1848.
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OF
OLD JONATHAN FANEUIL
ON
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WITH A COMMENTARY
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"Shall we weep or laugh? Methinks either might be done in tune."

OLD PLAY.

BY
A DELEGATE TO THE NATIONAL WHIG CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

There lived in the State of Maryland an old gentleman Jonathan Faneuil by name, who had numbered upwards of three-score years and ten, and who, during his whole life, had been much respected by all those who knew him. He had never been what is commonly called a politician; that is to say, he had never acted a public part in the political disputes which agitated the country during his time, and had never sought and never accepted an office of any kind from any party. He was a quiet, unobtrusive sort of man, attending diligently to his own business, but keeping himself well informed of the progress of events in his own country and over the world, and never failing to give his vote whenever an election took place. There were few persons who knew more than he did about the history of this country, and he was one day asked why it was that he read so much, and yet never ran for an office. "I hold an office," said the old man; "an office which I inherited in common with my fellow-citizens. According to the happy constitution under which we live, the people are the Government, and the President and the Congress are their agents, appointed by them to transact their business. It is as necessary for the employer to be a wise and prudent man, as it is for the agent, and as I am constantly called on to exercise acts of sovereignty and wish to remain a sovereign, I deem it proper to keep myself accurately informed of the wants and interests of the country which I help to govern. Will not the affairs of an ignorant, wicked, and stupid ruler
soon go to ruin? We, the people, rule in this country, and if we do not make a wise and virtuous exercise of our authority, the country must suffer and our power pass into other hands."

Such was the character of the old man, who, when he felt the weight of years growing heavy upon him, called together his household and his descendants to give them his blessing. He had many children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, all of whom loved and revered him, and regulated their conduct by his advice. They were gathered round him in the hall of his house, and he sat in his great armchair and discoursed to them for some time about their various employments, and about morals and religion. Finally he got upon the subject of politics, in regard to which he spoke what is related in the following chapters.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN AND DEFINITION OF THE WORD WHIG.

"One of my little grandsons," said the old man, "asked me the other day what was meant by the word Whig, and now I will tell you as far as I know.

"Most of you are aware that there once sat on the throne of England, a race of kings called the Stuarts, the most famous of which, in political history, were the two Charlesses and James II. These kings were all ultra in their notions and despotic in their dispositions, and not recollecting the liberal sentiments of the age in which they lived, attempted the exercise of powers and prerogatives which had belonged to monarchs of a darker and more barbarous era, and were inconsistent with the rights which the people by slow degrees had acquired. Thus, these sovereigns and their subjects were exactly opposite to each other in principle; the former worked hard to restore the follies and the slavish institutions of barbarous times, while the latter were struggling to maintain the then more happy condition of things, and to add improvements suggested by increasing knowledge. All those who wield power and have patronage to bestow, will have friends, flatterers, and defenders; and thus it was with the Stuarts, around whom rallied almost all the office-holders, office-seekers, and government-pensioners, a great number, and among whom were many of character and abilities. The liberals, trusting only to the strength
of their principles, and having no splendid offers of worldly promotion to make to their followers, were for a while but a forlorn hope, much ridiculed and laughed at by the well-fed and richly clad minions of power. They were mocked, derided and despised, abused and insulted, charged with every species of crime and folly, and called by ugly and ridiculous names. One of these nicknames came into very general use, and has descended down to our own times. This was the word *Whig*, which, as most of the old writers agree, was applied in derision to denote the poverty of the liberals, who, as it was said, fed mostly on *whey* or sour milk. It was an appellation just and happy in many respects, for in itself it contains a history and teaches an important lesson. It implies that the man who owns it is a defender of principle for the sake of principle, and, therefore, one who has a sober appetite and frugal diet; and it implies that he who applies it in derision to his neighbour, is one who lingers greedily over the flesh-pots, and who expects his devotion to be well-rewarded by the good things of the world. It was the scoffing invention of the gay, glittering, and luxurious pets of royalty, who had grown fat on the bounties of the government, and who, by its use, proclaimed their contempt for the pure patriot and rigid moralist, whose ends were the glory of God and the good of his country. It imported that the inventor fought under the banner of Mammon and of power, and that his *whey-fed* antagonist, the brave and self-deny ing *Whig*, stood for principle, and looked to his conscience and the applause of virtuous men for his reward.

"This epithet was extremely appropriate in another respect; for the letters which compose it are the initials of the sentence, 'We hope in God;' a motto which was printed on the hearts, if not on the banners, of those stern-visaged men whom no temptations could seduce, and no dangers and trials bend from their just and honourable purpose.

"And here, my children, I wish to impress on your minds a remark, the truth of which no honest man of my years, observation, and reading, can deny or doubt. God rules in the affairs of this world, and the course of the wicked, sooner or later, will lead to destruction. For a while you may see the good beaten down and trampled on, and the evil-minded shooting deep and wide the roots of his power, and overshadowing the world with his greatness and grandeur, till even the wise and learned begin to doubt, and the scoffing infidel lifts high and bold his head. A good time will surely
come, when the strongholds of the oppressor will topple over his head, and the nets which he has spread abroad be swept away like the light webs of the spider in the blast of a whirlwind, and then, for a while, all men will see the hand and hear the voice of Deity. The hand and voice will be forgotten soon; but never do you forget, my children, that he who aims at a just end, and, free from fanatic fury and intolerant bigotry, wisely and soberly hopes in God, has laid his foundations upon a rock; and though he progresses slowly, and his descendants, from generation to generation, may make little progress, yet the house will at last be built, and will stand when the fragile tenements about it are washed away. I repeat it, he who hopes in God when his aims are good, will, in one way or another, surely triumph, and thus the Whigs of England succeeded at last, and for nearly two centuries millions of men have been enjoying the blessed fruits of their labours. This is not all; the revolution which they achieved became the parent of other revolutions; and the principles which they established will, from their very nature, go on fructifying with new improvements until it will be hardly possible to recount all the blessings that have flowed from the labours and trials of a poor set of men who were despised in their day and generation, and whose toils were not sweetened by the hope of power, glory, or riches.

This same term of whig was afterwards applied to that party in this country who resisted the oppressions and exactions of the British government; a party which, like its predecessor, fought against power and its corruptions, which honestly, and with great self-denial, contended for principle, and which had, for its chief dependence, an enlightened hope in God.

Such, as far as I know, is a brief outline of the origin and history of the word Whig, and I will now demonstrate to you that it still belongs to the proper party.

**UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.**

"My Nephews: My old friend Jonathan is right in regard to the origin and definition of the word whig; and I invoke your serious attention to this part of his discourses. When your Uncle Sam was in his youth, he was often surrounded by such Whigs as are spoken of in the text; and truly he recollects that refreshing period with lively emotions of pleasure. How
An Old Whig.
these men now look it is hard for me to say, for they have been, for many years, banished from my presence, and in the mean time my associations have been with a race who have played me some of the vilest tricks. I have been their prisoner, and under their power; and, just heavens! how have I groaned in spirit at the impositions practised on me. But not to wander farther from my subject, I say I recollect, with deep reverence, the honest old republican Whigs of times gone by; and though every effort has been made to cause me to forget what manner of men they were, I have worn their portraits in my 'heart of hearts,' and you shall now see how they looked.

"There is an old Whig for you. (See p. 8.)" "You see there are no rags here to deceive the multitude; no ruffles either, and concealed silk stockings, such as l am told certain renowned locofoco leaders are in the habit of wearing. There he is, neatly trimmed off by the industry of his wife, and looking the mortal enemy of hypocrisy, treachery, and tyranny. Honest and true, brave and generous, he looks as if he were not made to tell honeyed lies from the stump, or to be fattened in an official stall. Those big hands of his handle the axe and the spade, and the big heart that beats in his manly breast will never learn the tricks by which men are limed and caught in nets like birds and fishes. "That man will never be priest-ridden nor spoils-bought; he will never wear the yoke of a humbug or a King Charley.

CHAPTER III.

SOME CURIOUS STATISTICS.

"Most of you know," continued the aged Faneuil, "that after President Jackson began to conduct himself in an arbitrary manner, many of the honest and enlightened men who had voted for him turned against him. Now the old hero was a stubborn and self-willed man, and opposition to his measures hurt him amazingly, and roused the soldier within him. 'I must be obeyed,' said he; but the opposition grew stronger and fiercer, until the evil counsellors who were about the general advised him to stifle resistance, and enforce sub-
mission to his will by the means at his disposal. It was therefore soon made known that the whole of the immense patronage of the President was to be bestowed on the President’s friends; and you may form some estimate of the extent and force of this bribe by the following calculation: The public expenses during General Jackson’s administration averaged a little over eighteen millions of dollars per year, and at least one half of this sum must have gone to the appointees of the President.

“The late United States bank had a capital stock of thirty-five millions of dollars; and allowing its clear profits to have amounted to the enormous sum of eighteen per cent., the whole income of the institution would have been only six millions three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

“It could not possibly have afforded to spend more than two-thirds of its profits for corrupt purposes; and thus its energies, for good or for evil, were to those of the President as four is to nine. That is, its pecuniary abilities bore this ratio to those of the President, but in other respects it could not compete with him at all. In addition to the immense sum of money which the executive could apply to enhance his power and consequence, he was also the fountain of honour, and had the bestowal of many offices so splendid for the distinction alone which they confer, as to excite the emulation of the most aspiring spirits.

“If, then, the Bank was a monster of almost resistless power while it existed, what was an arbitrary President clothed with energies at least twice as great as those of the bank? If the bank, by a corrupt use of its means, could have overthrown the liberties of the country, what could be done by a corrupt President, who was able easily to vanquish this mighty moneyed-monster? If the bank, by its arms, numerous as those of the fabled giant of old called Briareus, could strike down its enemies in every part of the country, who could stand opposed to that chief before whom the bank itself fell to rise no more? Well, as I have said, President Jackson used all his tremendous energies to enforce obedience to his will, and to crush his opponents. The millions on millions of public money, and all the great offices, were bestowed exclusively on his adherents; to them only was the road to honour open, while his opponents were the objects of official hatred and denunciation, marks for the foul defamation of an unprincipled and licentious corps of hired scribblers, pursued, even, by persecutions into the walks of private life, and in-
jured in their private occupations. A government that dis-
burses from eighteen to thirty millions of dollars annually,
and has the appointment of upwards of forty thousand office-
holders, can reach nearly every individual in the land, if it
desires to do so; and in the days of General Jackson such a
disposition was not wanting, I assure you. He governed, or
rather reigned, eight years, and under his administration over
one hundred and forty millions of dollars of public money
were expended. Mr. Van Buren, the successor to General
Jackson, adhered rigidly to the maxims and principles of his
predecessor, and during the four years of his power, at least
one hundred and twelve millions of money were spent, most
of it going to his partisans and friends.

"The next President was that famous traitor, John Tyler,
derunder whose administration one hundred millions went chiefly
for the benefit of those who had so long been fed out of the
public treasury. Next comes our present chief magistrate,
the most thorough-paced partisan hack that ever occupied so
high a station; a man who has uniformly shown that he con-
sidered himself as having been placed in his present distin-
guished position to enable him to benefit the party which
elected him, and to ruin that portion of his fellow-citizens who
exercised their privilege of voting against him. He was and
is most essentially a mere party tool, and his gratitude and his
patriotism reach not beyond the faction to which he owes his
unmerited and accidental distinction.

"This worthy, so eager to reward and promote the politi-
cians who made him their instrument for the dispensation of
the immense patronage of the government among themselves,
made it his constant study to find out new ways of reaching
the treasury; and succeeded so well, that in four years he
found use for upwards of one hundred and eighty millions
of dollars! Even this sum would not satisfy the craving
wants of the politicians: it was a time of jubilee with them;
they had a President ready to squander the continent on his
friends, and stars and ribbons, principalities and regal honours,
were scattered with a profuse and wasteful hand. The army
was to be vastly increased to gratify clamorous partisans with
captaincies and colonels; brigadier and major-generals, as
thick as blackbirds, were parading over the country in all the
glitter and consequence of military pomp, and unknown
and foreign countries parcelled out by degrees of latitude.
Yet this harvest of gold and of honours was reaped by the
members of one party only, and there were those who,
though eminent for talents, illustrious for past services, and venerable with age, were not even permitted to glean the fields. And who were these? They were the members of that party who for twenty years have been treated as aliens and step-sons by the powers that have been, excluded from every honourable post, and never sharing in the public money collected from the pockets of all.

"For twenty years have they been excluded from all the offices under the general government, and during that time they have helped to pay upwards of five hundred millions of dollars, and never shared in its distribution! What has been their conduct during this time? Is it not natural to suppose that like bondmen for life they would become callous and spiritless, taking no thought for the morrow, and caring little what might be the result of those affairs which were administered without any reference to their interests?

"They have, from the beginning, stood upon a high platform of principle, and without hope of honour or emolument for themselves, have fought long and manfully for what they deemed the right. So far from having been seduced by the alluring bribes held out by doctrines and practices long in vogue, or awed by the proscriptive maxims of those in power, or discouraged by defeat, the little band has grown to a mighty party, and its veterans of a hundred battles are still as erect, and bold, and sanguine as when the fight began. Disappointments, and trials, and sacrifices have not cooled their ardour or their courage; threats and promises have been exhausted in vain; in vain have politicians raved, courtiers reviled, and a mercenary press pursued them with its thousand slanderous tongues. Many of them have grown gray, and poor, and odious in the cause, all the myrmidons of a rich and mighty government have been arrayed against them, and that terrible weapon of tyrants, the cry of treason, been rung in their ears; still true to their principles and to what they conceive to be the cause of truth, of liberty, and of law, they have struggled on, and are willing to struggle on, fighting, not for power and place, but content in being able to impede the giant strides of those in power towards despotic sway. Was not this the position of the Whigs in England and in our own glorious revolution? It was, and the party that now occupies it is the true Whig party of this country, and of this I will satisfy you by some grave additional reasons. I am, my children, as you all know, a Whig; I have been one for years; I glory in being one now; I shall die one, and I wish the word
engraved upon my tomb. I wish you also, one and all, to live and die in the faith, and that you may be able to do so, something more than my wish and my example is necessary. You must be convinced that the Whig cause is the cause of the country, of humanity, of true and well-regulated liberty; in a word, the cause of God. I speak after much thought, experience, and reading, and I flatter myself that I will give you reasons which it is impossible to answer. And remember, I talk now not as a partisan; it is a father who speaks, an aged father, whose dying wish it is that his descendants, to the remotest posterity, may be the free and virtuous citizens of a just and liberal government.”

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UNCLE SAM’S GROANS.

Well do I remember the days of Old Hickory. The General came in to reform abuses; and on the principle, I suppose, that you have to fight the devil with fire, he became himself an intolerable abuse, or rather, nuisance. He took up a notion that the United States Bank was corrupt, and to be a match for it, he, or his kitchen cabinet, pitched into it with corruptions still greater. It was thought to be a controversy between your Uncle Sam and the Bank, but your Uncle at first had about as little interest in the matter as he had in the unexplored lands of the planet Jupiter; but he had some interest in the matter before it was all over, and then it was that he felt as if he could groan out O’s as big as the Rocky Mountains, or the rings round Saturn. It would have been a relief to him to have given birth to an earthquake or two; but Amos and others kept the strictest sort of a watch upon him. Just think of it! The Bank spending a million or two for corrupt purposes, and Jackson spending as many tens of millions; the Bank buying a dozen or two of editors and a few members of Congress, and Jackson buying as many hundreds! Both sides were corrupt; but the energies of one side were infinitely greater than those of the other. Two Great Beasts were contending, and executive Power and Patronage, the Monster with two heads, triumphed, and the people rejoiced. What did they gain? How much do the Presidents now spend in affecting public opinion? How many now, in and out of Congress, belong, body and soul, to this patronage-dispensing power? How many outward strides has it taken in the course marked out by General Jackson? Does it not now
overshadow its two quondam rivals, Congress and the Judiciary? Ay, has it not even swallowed up the State sovereignties, and taken away individual free-will, by declaring that opposition to the President's wishes is "moral treason?"

Do not you, my nephews, now begin to groan? I should think a public debt of several hundred millions would make you sigh at last; and if, when General Cass with his "whole or none," gets astride of you, you do not bellow, it will not be for the want of woes or of wind.

CHAPTER IV.

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THE WORD DEMOCRAT.

"Having given you the history and definition of the word Whig," continued the old man to his children and grandchildren, "I propose to say something in regard to the name of the opposite party. There are few of you so young and simple as not to know that there are certain tests by which a man's sincerity, in regard to any opinion which he professes, may be easily ascertained, and that these tests, or rules, are generally infallible, and of universal application. If a man were to make a boast of his religion, and be always proclaiming himself the most pious person living, would not the world be apt to rank him with those Pharisees whom our Saviour denounced as hypocrites? Is not the braggadocio generally set down as a coward? Does the truly wise man make it his business to be always in the market-place, crying up his own learning and acuteness? Would any of you confide much in the man who was in the daily habit of declaring to you that he was your best and only friend?

"The man who is truly eminent for any virtue leaves it for others to give him a name expressive of his peculiar rank or worth, and all mankind would laugh at the braggart who assumed to himself the title of The Hero, the Philanthropist, or the Scholar.

"The man of genuine excellence makes it known by his deeds, and not by his words, and to this rule the exceptions will be found to be exceedingly few. It applies most particularly to politicians and statesmen, who, according to the experience of all men and the testimony of all history, are to be dreaded only when they assume popular names and titles."
"We are informed that the liberties and prosperity of ancient Greece suffered most from those who professed most love for the public, and this was so generally, so universally true, that it made odious, through all time, a word whose primary meaning has nothing in it to excite disgust. The term demagogue is a compound Greek word, and literally signifies a leader or a friend of the people; but these demagogues, or leaders, or friends proved themselves so insincere and mischievous, that the appellation by which they were distinguished has become for ever infamous, and marks the person to whom it is now applied as a hypocritical, heartless, aspiring wretch, who aims at the most unworthy ends by the most despicable means. The fate of this word, and the entire and memorable change of its meaning, is an everlasting warning to all mankind of what may be expected from those who court the favour of the masses by open and immodest professions of love and regard; indeed, it will generally be the case, that the men who style themselves the people's men, will, in history, receive the title of demagogues.

"The next historical example to which I will call your attention is that of Rome. The government of this country was once a republic, and I advise you all to keep its history constantly fresh in your memories, for it teaches many, very many useful lessons. Under its free institutions, the people became not only great in wealth, in arts, science, and general prosperity, but in wisdom and patriotism, and the elevation to which human nature attained is attested by examples of self-immolation and of public virtue, so sublime, that in these degenerate days we can hardly realize their truth. But the nation was a warlike nation; it went on conquering and annexing foreign dominions, until the Roman people became a motley race, and until the Roman territories became so extensive that it was impossible to govern them with that beneficent wisdom and moderation which had characterized the purer days of the republic. Revolts, plots, seditions and treasons were constantly occurring; the new people infused their licentious spirit into the Roman masses, and propagated their manners and customs, and public morals rapidly decayed. The ancient spirit of the people and their peculiar national characteristics were lost; the simple, brave and stern republicans were amalgamated with luxurious, idle, slavish and dissolute races from all quarters of the earth; dissipation, vice and extravagance increased; there was a jargon of tongues, a medley of manners and opinions, a mixture of all religions;
an unnatural and inharmonious union of dissimilar castes, septs and races. Besides all this, the distant provinces, held in subjection only by the constant presence of large armies, became the nurseries of military chieftains; and these chiefs, growing rich on their plundered principalities, and strong in the affections of their soldiers, often put the laws at defiance, and were too strong for the feeble and distracted government at home. Thus things went on from worse to worse; all the elections were carried by bribery, anarchy supervened, and then one military Dictator after another held the reins of power, each new usurper dying the streets purple with the blood of his enemies. Now, mark you, each one of these tyrants courted the influence of the people, professed the most liberal opinions and belonged to the democratic party. During all this time of terror and bloodshed, there was a small party who were for holding on to the ancient state of things, who were conservative and anti-monarchical in their principles, who were hated by the soldiers and persecuted by each usurping despot. This was the senate's party; this was the party who clung fondly to the wreck of their once glorious and still beloved republic, and who for their stern adhesion to law and order, were hated and reviled as aristocrats, mocked and insulted, mobbed and murdered.

"To this party belonged Cicero, who was slain by one of those people in defence of whose rights his tongue and his pen had been so eloquent as to gain for him an immortal name; to this party belonged the stern and virtuous Cato, and the noble and glorious Brutus, each one of whom fell upon his own sword that he might not survive the liberties of his country. Illustrious names are these; mighty souls were they who owned them, and their very mention stirs the heart like a burst of eloquence. Yet they were odious in their day and generation; they were persecuted by those whose rights they held dearer than their lives, and their mortal enemy was Caesar, the head of the democratic party. Some of you smile as if you doubted what I said; turn if you please to any history of the times of which I speak, and you will find that Marius, Antony, Caesar, or Julius Caesar, and Augustus, all belonged to the democratic party, were all promoted on account of their liberal professions of love for the people, and their denunciations of the Senate or Conservative party.

"I will pass over the great revolution in France in 1798, as I wish to speak of that in another connection, and now remind you of the example of Cromwell. When those liberals in
England, of whom I have spoken, had modified the tyranny
of Charles the First, and brought that monarch to the block,
they themselves became objects of popular hatred. Some
aspiring men put themselves at the head of a party exclusively
democratic in its pretensions, and this faction soon gained the
ascendancy. Its leaders preached up with great unction the
most unbounded liberty; they were eagerly listened to and
warmly seconded in their zeal, and the result was the com-
plete overthrow of the moderate republicans. What did they
then do? Their most beloved advocate and mighty captain,
that pretended arch-democrat, the ranting Cromwell, after
supplanting all other leaders became a military Dictator, a
tyran, an absolute Autocrat. All these things are plainly
put down in the books and known to every reader; and now
I will read to you a short lesson from the Book of books, that
Sacred Register which I touch with the most reverent feel-
ings. I always detested the habit of quoting scripture in
political disputes, and such a habit is a desecration of the
divine charter of our faith. It is a father, however, who now
speaks; he is by his own fire-side, in the midst of his family,
and his object now is to teach useful lessons. Besides, what
I am now going to refer to I shall quote as an historical narra-
tive, the more impressive from the place where it is related
and the style in which it is told. I will read from the XV
chapter of the second Book of Samuel:

"And it came to pass after this, that Absalom prepared him
chariots and horses, and fifty men to run before him.

"And Absalom rose up early and stood beside the way of
the gate: and it was so that when any man that had a con-
troversy came to the king for judgment, then Absalom called
to him and said, of what city art thou? And he said thy
servant is one of the tribes of Israel.

"And Absalom said unto him, see, thy matters are good
and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear
thee.

"Absalom said, moreover, oh that I were made judge in the
land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might
come unto me, and I would do him justice!

"And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to
do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and
kissed him.

"And it came to pass after forty years, that Absalom said
unto the king, I pray thee let me go and pay my vow which
I have vowed unto the Lord in Hebron. And the king said
unto him, go in peace. So he arise and went to Hebron. Now what was the result of all this? Hear what the sacred historian says:

"But Absalom sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel saying, as soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say Absalom reigneth in Hebron.

"And with Absalom went two hundred men out of Jerusalem that were called: and they went in their simplicity, and they knew not any thing."

The sequel of this story, told with such graphic simplicity, is known to you all. It would seem that the inspired penman was relating the history of a modern democratic leader, for the manner in which Absalom won the hearts of the people, is still in vogue and practised every day before our own eyes.

Some of the people, "in their simplicity," did not suspect the designs of Absalom, and through their honesty were deceived; and thus it is in our own day, though, when the historian shall undertake to chronicle the events of our times, whenever he says, "such a one professed great love for the people," the reader will at once be prepared for the account of a demagogue. Why is it that the contemporaries do not see the designs of these demagogues, as clearly as we can see them in history as soon as their names are mentioned?

"Several reasons may be assigned. We are all susceptible of flattery, and we dislike too to suspect of evil intentions a fellow-citizen, whom we know and with whom we have exchanged friendly courtesies.

"Still you may rest assured of this fact: yeur neighbor who professes ultra-democratic principles, is no more to be credited than the historical character whom you distrust the moment he is alluded to as one who courted the people.

"It is perhaps needless for me to say to you that when I warn you, by these solemn lessons from history, to beware of those who affect popular names, that I myself am not a friend to the cause of the people. God forbid that I should ever be caught than a republican, or that I, even for the last week of my life, should have to live under any other form of government. If I know myself, the most ardent wish of my soul is, that all my fellow-men may enjoy the blessings of freedom, and that they may all, if possible, become equal, and virtuous and happy. If I had my way, there should not be a slave or beggar on this fair earth of ours; but mark you, slavery and beggary are but too apt to follow the success of those selfish
and aspiring men who make an immodest boast of their love for the people.

"I wish also to remind you that I do not mean to say that the democratic leaders in this country are all Cæsars and Cromwells. Of course I would be accused of this by the heated partisan, for it is a rule with such not to try to discover the meaning of an opponent, but to put upon his words the worst possible construction which they will bear. I am not now on the hot arena of political strife; I am calmly and dispassionately talking at my fire-side, and you are listening to learn, not to entrap. I trust in Heaven that the chiefs of the democratic party may be honest and sincere. I devoutly hope they are, but the name which they have assumed awakens suspicions. Of course, the democratic people are honest and sincere, for they have no interest in being otherwise. They are seeking their own good, the good of the masses, but are they not deceived in regard to what is true democracy? If they were looking for the most pious man, would they select the greatest boaster?

"Alas! when we are flattered we are blinded, and like the poor confiding female, we believe the love we bear our flatterer to be mutual, and do not wake from our delusion until our ruin is irreparable. Thank God," said the old man rising, "I never yet was deceived by honeyed phrases, and I conjure you, my children, never to put your faith in one who styles himself a great Christian or a great democrat. There is always an evil design cloaked under such professions."

UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.

Could I keep from groaning when I read this chapter? How many Absaloms have we now-a-days, who "put forth the hand," and take the people and "kiss" them? And then how do these Absaloms lament that they are not made "judges in Israel," that every man "that hath any suit or cause" might come to them? And what are they after? what would they do? By and by you will hear the sound of the trumpet and a voice saying, "Absalom reigneth!" When begging you for office, my nephews, they clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes; when they get office they feel as much for your welfare as they feel for the dead animals whose flesh furnishes forth their meals. When mingling with you, they show how they estimate your sense of decency
by wearing torn breeches; when they get in power they have their breeches mended and charge you with the cost. Oh that you could come into their secret places and know these Absalom's as I know them!

CHAPTER V.

THE ISSUES.

As the venerable speaker finished saying what is recorded in the last chapter, he fell into a revery and remained for some time silent. His mind seemed to have got upon an unpleasant train of thought, and he continued musing until he was roused from his contemplations by a sprightly boy who asked him the following question:

"Grandfather, what are Whigs now for, and what are the Democrats for?"

"Truly, child," answered the old man, "I wish every one of my fellow citizens would ask himself that question, and then soberly and conscientiously endeavour to answer it by all the lights before him. There is, indeed, between the two parties the broadest difference, not only as to measures of administrative policy, but in the vital principles by which they are animated and held together. The measures on which they first differed, were chiefly these:

1. The Sub-treasury.
2. The Tariff.
3. The disposition of the fund arising from the sales of the public lands.

It is a matter of history that the first of these measures was first passed during the presidency of Mr. Van Buren, and that it was the chief measure of his administration, and the one on which he put himself before the country at the next election. It is also an historical fact that at that election, he and his darling scheme were condemned by an overwhelming verdict; by the largest popular majority ever given in this country. This, it was supposed, would have given the project its eternal quietus, for it had been fairly put to the jury of the country; but it found in Mr. Polk a resurrectionist, and is now, with some modifications, the law of the land. The objections to it are:
"1. It puts under the control of the President and his agents all the public funds.

"2. It places the public funds in the keeping of unsafe hands.

"3. The object was to destroy credit, curtail the circulating medium, increase discounts on exchanges, and make, in a word, the rich richer and the poor poorer.

"4. It is a bungling system, designed only as a substitute for better Whig measures, and is not carried out even by its makers and fathers. Indeed the whole course of the democratic party in regard to the currency has been a series of contradictions and absurdities, the like of which was never exhibited before, and never will be again by any civilized government. They have made it the subject of one experiment after another, and tinkered on it until I doubt whether the Secretary of the Treasury himself understands what is the financial policy of the day. Now the currency is the very life-blood of the nation, and the very last thing on earth on which quacks should be allowed to try their nostrums. It is a matter of momentous importance, and the slightest irregularity in it, or injury to it, at once and vitally affects the health of the whole body politic. Hence the unwise tinkering of the powers that have been, have produced crash after crash—convulsion after convulsion, and nothing but the inherent energy and vast resources of the nation have preserved it from utter ruin. It is yet full of the vigour and hope of youth; but notwithstanding this, it shows plainly the marks of the successive pecuniary scourges with which it has been afflicted. Twenty years ago, I had a young neighbour who was just setting up for himself in the world. He was without money or estate, but he had a good character for industry, intelligence and honesty, and this character was worth as much to him as five thousand dollars of ready money. He, like all of his contemporaries, easily got credit for what he wanted to start him in business, and in a very short time he was getting rich. Those were the golden days of the republic, and then it was truly the case that character was wealth. How is it now? I know the history of the ups and downs of many young men of fine acquirments and excellent habits, and it makes my heart bleed as I think how they have been tossed about by fortune's blanket. The labours of Hercules were light compared with those which it now requires to make the first dollar clear, and the time is fast coming, if it has not already
arrived, when the door to wealth will be closed to those who are born poor.

"Why is it that beggary and vice have increased so rapidly in the last few years? We have still been living under a democratic reign.

"Why is it that notwithstanding the growing power and greatness of our country, the wages of labour are daily becoming smaller, the condition of the poor getting worse, and the importance and privileges of the rich increasing? All this has happened under democratic rule.

"Why is it that poor young men of talents and character find their situation getting worse every year, and their hopes of success and influence in the world growing darker and darker? Twelve or fifteen years ago the relative number of young men who emerged, by means of their own industry, from poverty and obscurity, was to that of a similar class in the present day as five is to three, and still the resources of the country have been in the course of development and the general prosperity ought to have been increasing.

"Twelve or fifteen years ago the proportion of the community who lived by theft, or who were tenants of the almshouse and the poor-house, was much smaller than it now is; and yet the means of honest livelihood ought to have been vastly increased. Ten or fifteen years ago the proportion of poor young females who were driven to prostitution to gain a living, was infinitely smaller than it now is; and all this while the benign principles of Democracy have been in operation.

"The pecuniary crises and convulsions which have occurred under Democratic sway, would, successively, soon pass off and be forgotten, but each one, though it did not destroy the general system, has crippled some limb of the body-politic; has left an ineffaceable mark, an incurable sore.

"Public and private morals have depreciated twenty per cent. at least in so many years; public and private honesty has depreciated in the same or a greater ratio: beggary, and crime and wretchedness, have advanced apace, and wealth has been flowing from the many and accumulating in the hands of the few.

"But, it is said, such things will happen as a country grows older. Why should they? Human nature, we know, depreciates under arbitrary and corrupt systems of government, but should not men, under the pure sway of Democracy, grow wiser, or better and more happy? Is it not the tendency
of freedom to ennoble and exalt the masses and daily to render their condition better? Certainly it is, and yet, under a government based on the purest principles of liberty, in a great, fruitful, and thinly peopled continent, poverty, crime, and social degradation, have fearfully increased among a young people who have not yet reached their prime. Who is to blame for all this? For twenty years the Whigs have been excluded from power; for twenty years the politicians of the self-styled Democratic school have governed the country. Could you see, painted in pictures, the condition of our country and the character of its people twenty years ago, and its present situation and the present character of its people, how you would stare! And what, if things go on so, will be the picture twenty years hence?

“If the drugging of the life-blood is kept up; if one crisis after another is to continue to happen, the whole body will at last present a loathsome and rotten mass of corruption. Think, ponder on these things.”

**UNCLE SAM’S GROANS.**

I am here reminded of a story which I used to hear, and which it may be profitable here to relate. There was, in a certain country, a city famous, as well for the sobriety and wealth of its citizens, as for the salubrity of its climate and the healing quality of its waters. These latter were all conducted by pipes and conduits, from a grand reservoir or fountain on a hill, in the suburbs of the city; and so delightful, refreshing, and healthful were they, that no epidemic or fatal disease could ever prevail for any time in the city, and in fact, sickness of any sort was of very rare occurrence. It was, in those days, exceedingly pleasant to visit that town, for its male inhabitants were all hale, stout, and likely, and its females the fairest and most beautiful in the world. In process of time there arose a physician, who, for lack of skill in his profession, or for want of patients in a region so healthy, came near to starve, and therefore began to revolve in his mind a scheme for the bettering of his fortune. He began to declaim against the use of the waters of the healthy fountain, contending that they were unhealthy and poisonous, producing various kinds of maladies and bringing many to premature graves. The people stared at these assertions, some of them looking on the doctor as stark mad, for it was well known that the citizens of the town lived longer and
were more healthy than any other people; and as for the maladies alluded to, they had never seen nor heard of one of them.

The doctor, nothing daunted, contended that the fact that his fellow citizens were more healthy than other people, was no argument in favour of the fountain, but rather against it; for that the health and vigor and long lives of the people demonstrated the greatness of their constitutions and the glory of their climate, and led him to infer, that, but for the water which they drank, they would live for ever. And as to the cases which were so loudly called for, he, by some means, and from some obscure or unknown place, produced various patients afflicted with loathsome and terrible complaints, and who, one and all, declared that they had been perfectly healthy until they began to drink of the waters of the Healthy Fountain. At this the people of the town opened their eyes still wider, and not a few of them began to believe in the doctor, when they saw him heal his patients with certain medicated patent waters which he kept in bottles. At last the party of the physician triumphed; it was solemnly agreed in the councils of the city, that the old fountain should be destroyed; and accordingly on a day appointed, the city authorities and a great concourse of people attended upon the hill which was called Fountain Hill, and with axes, hoes, hammers, mattocks and other weapons, destroyed the reservoir or great basin, from which they had been so long supplied with water.

At this the doctor harangued the multitude on their deliverance from a thousand pestilences which he eloquently described, and many of the populace embraced him, shouted, and manifested the most extravagant signs of joy. It was agreed that the doctor should supply the town with a certain healing beverage which he had prepared, and for which the whole city was to pay him an annual revenue, to be raised by taxes. All were satisfied with this arrangement, but in a very few days a dreadful and fatal epidemic broke out in the city, committing the most horrid ravages, and carrying off daily an incredible number of persons. Some few there were who blamed the doctor for all this, and clamoured loudly for the restoration of the Healthy Fountain; but the doctor’s power and popularity were now supported by his great wealth, and he persuaded a majority of the people that the scourge with which they were visited was the consequence of the unwholesome waters of the fountain. “You see how much stuff it had accumulated in your systems,” said he, “and in how many
it has planted the seeds of death; and it is my solemn conviction, that had you continued its use another year longer, every soul of you would have perished.” At this the people shouted, “Long live the good doctor, our great deliverer!” and as the sickness and death increased, felt more and more glad of their escape from the dreadful fountain. Even many of the dying believed that they would have lived had the doctor’s advice been taken earlier; and those who languished with disease uttered the most horrid imprecations on the fountain and its friends. A great addition was made to the salary of the doctor; his popularity became unbounded and irresistible, and as diseases of every sort increased, so increased the copious use of his medicated waters. About one-half of the population soon died, and all the other half were afflicted with vomitings, bloody fluxes, sores, biles, swellings, fevers, itches, coughs, chills, leprosies, and jaundices; and in the course of time the population dwindled to a few thousands of pale, cadaverous, shriveled mummies and dwarfs, who still continued to invoke blessings on the name of the doctor whose medicines had saved their lives. In the mean time that doctor held every man’s conscience and freedom in his immense iron-chest, while his drugs held the mastery over every one’s mind and body.

It is your Uncle Sam’s deliberate opinion the world is drugged too much. Lo the pet Banks and the Sub-Treasury!

CHAPTER VI.

THE PUBLIC-LAND FUND.

“I scarcely deem it worth my while to say much on the subject of the public lands,” continued the aged citizen of Maryland. “The Whig policy, in regard to them, is fathered on General Jackson, who afterwards strangled his own bantling, because it met with favour from Henry Clay. The revenue arising from the sales of the public domain, and from the tariff, was larger than the national expenditures, and Jackson had in his message, dated 8th December, 1829, thus alluded to a surplus revenue, which he expected soon to accumulate in the treasury:—

“As then the period approaches when the application of the revenue to the payment of debt will cease, the disposition
of the surplus will present a subject for the serious deliberation of Congress, and it may be fortunate for the country that it is yet to be decided. It appears to me that the most safe, just, and federal disposition which could be made of this surplus revenue, would be its apportionment among the several States, according to their ratio of representation; and should this measure not be found warranted by the constitution, that it would be expedient to propose to the States an amendment authorizing it.

"Now many of the public lands had been given, by the old States, to the general government for the general good, and as the object of their donation, the payment of the public debt, had been accomplished, some thought the donors ought to have them back again. Others thought the new States ought to have them, and some unwisely believed the income arising from them ought to remain in the public treasury. It was dangerous there, as General Jackson fully demonstrated, for the government ought to have no source of revenue independent of the people. Every dollar that the administration spends ought to be collected out of the people, and this, and this only will ensure rigid economy and a strict accountability.

"Well, there were so many interests besides the public good at stake in this matter, that the whole subject became extremely embarrassing, and instead of being referred to the proper committee was referred to that on manufactures, and of which Mr. Clay was chairman. Now, here was a nice trap laid for the bold and fearless statesman from Kentucky, and his enemies chuckled at the prospect of having him completely cornered. If, thought they, he is in favour of giving up these lands to the new States in which they lie, then we will denounce the rank injustice of the thing, and in the old States raise a terrible storm about his head. If he recommends that they go back to the donors, the new States, of course, would be indignant, and thus, as it was thought, Mr. Clay was in a dilemma. So he would have been, had popularity been his object; but he had nobler ends in view, and brought in a bill providing that the proceeds of the public lands be divided among all the States, according to their federal population.

"Can any of you see any objection to such a measure? Of course, however, it was opposed; but it finally passed through Congress, and the President, whose language on this subject I have quoted to you, permitted it to perish. He could not, I presume, have the effrontery to veto the measure which was
so nearly in accordance with views he had expressed a few years before, but he never returned it, the session of Congress being within less than ten days of its close.

"From that day to this the Democratic party have opposed Mr. Clay's policy, simply, perhaps, because it was his policy. The public never were before divided on so plain a question, and posterity will wonder that men could have been so blinded and carried away by party bigotry. This fund, in the hands of the States, would have brought a market to every man's door, and have educated every child in the nation. It would have made the whole country to blossom like the rose; it would have yielded the most glorious and lasting fruits by its judicious investment in canals, railroads, schools, colleges, hospitals, and asylums.

"The mind is astounded at the contemplation of the vast benefits of a permanent character that would have flowed from the proper management of this great land fund; and the ill success of a scheme so obviously wise, so purely good in all its tendencies, and so entirely free from every species of serious objection, teaches a most impressive lesson. It demonstrates the feebleness of the human understanding when compared with the power of passion and prejudice, and will remain a lasting and melancholy example of the sway of political quacks, and of the stupendous follies committed under their evil guidance by even enlightened and honest men. And where now is that fund? Whom has it benefited? Where is there one monument of its useful application? That immense surplus revenue has been squandered on the pets of unthrifty administrations; and that fair and boundless domain has, like the broad acres of a prodigal son, melted away, its former owner showing in his wild and reckless habits, his feverish pulse and his bloated aspect, his corrupted appetites and his rapidly decaying constitution, the only memorials of his once mighty possessions.

"May I not conclude that we here see the chief difference between the politicians of the two parties? Their positions in regard to this land-fund marks their character with sufficient distinctness; but you shall have still further evidence to satisfy you that the leaders on one side would win their way by pandering to a corrupt appetite, while those on the other are falsely charged with being tyrants, because, if they had the guardianship of the government, they would keep a strict watch over the wild inclinations of their ward. The minor, full of life, and strength, and passion, may now despise
the counsel of its austere friends; but a time will come when its palsied limbs, its prematurely wasted energies, and its broken constitution, will attest the folly of its choice.”

UNCLE SAM’S GROANS.

It always seemed to me that the democratic politicians looked on the public lands as a largesse belonging to them, and out of which, as Cæsar did in his will, they could grant farms to the people, and thus bid against each other for the Presidency. The world thinks me rich with all these broad acres in possession, while, in fact, they are of about as much service to me as would be a plantation at the bottom of the ocean; and if many additions are made to them from the lands in Mexico, I shall certainly burst up, and no mistake. The whole democratic policy with regard to them has been based, not on principles of justice, but on the majority principle:—that is to say, they are always looking to the buying of votes; and that plan which seems likely to secure most votes is the plan they favour. Some of these days some Solon or Lycurgus will, in order to outstrip all competition, for the favour of the great West, propose to cede to the new States the public lands and the old States which once owned these lands. This is not such a silly project after all; and the time is not distant when some plodding, Polk-rate, ambitious Ass, or Cass, will propound it. Wisconsin, for instance, contains ninety thousand square miles; and when thickly settled, will have an electoral vote as large as some dozen of our other States. Now let some aspiring member of the House introduce a bill to tax New England for the benefit of New York and Pennsylvania; to tax the Southern States for the benefit of Mississippi, Missouri, and Texas; and to tax the West for Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Michigan; and let him stick to his plan for twenty-five years, and there is no telling what may happen. It is a wonder this view of the subject has never occurred to “the whole of Oregon” men. If they were not so old they might make something out of the hints here thrown out. If the whole of my public domain was gathered into one mountain-mass of earth, and were to explode, and be riven to ten millions of fragments with some volcanic agency, it would be something like the groan I wish to utter when I think of locofoco folly in its management of my lands!
CHAPTER VII.

THE TARIFF.

"The Tariff question," said the venerable speaker in continuation of his discourse, "has, for some years past, excited much discussion. In regard to this matter, one party stood on the ground occupied by the fathers of the Republic, and by all the great men of the nation until a recent date. It is the wise policy of our government to raise its revenue by imposts laid on imported goods; and from the days of General Washington to those of General Jackson, these imposts were so regulated as to afford incidental protection to American manufactures. The thing could be done without injuring any one, and the policy was so wise, had proved so salutary, and had been so long in operation, that I was for a long time at a loss to know how parties came to divide upon it."

"And how did they?" asked one of the old gentleman's sons. "This very matter has puzzled me more than a little."

"Listen," answered the old man, "and I will tell you. Listen, and you shall hear a new chapter from that mysterious book, human nature.

"Free Trade, you must know, is a sound that falls pleasantly on the ears, and awakens many agreeable sensations. It conjures up in the mind a train of delightful ideas; it seems to be something antagonistic to monopolies, restrictions, oppressions, and impositions; and imports fair play and equal rights to all. It is to the lover of justice a most fascinating term; it fills the oppressed with happy dreams of an unfettered trade, as well as an unfettered will; and, in the imaginations of all, is associated with sublime notions of equity, liberty, and general prosperity. Now Free Trade, in its broadest and most abstract sense, is indeed a glorious thing; but Free Trade, as used by parties in this country, is a purely technical term, and has a purely technical meaning. It means simply a particular kind of Tariff; and would not, if fully carried out, lighten the burdens of a human soul, or add one per cent. to the general prosperity. But, as I said, the term is a captivating one; and though, in its meaning, it be vague enough, the sound is an agreeable sound, and the sound was what the politicians wanted. The less meaning
the word might have the better. If it had no meaning it would commit its authors to no particular policy, while it furnished them with a popular and exciting battle-cry.

"Again: of all classes of men, the manufacturers are most likely to excite envy and dislike—and I will tell you why. Their business has to be done on a very extensive scale; their employment generally requires the investment of a large capital; and the sight of a factory, imposing from its size and fixtures, awakens notions of riches and power. The buildings are generally large and massive; the hands are numerous. There are piles of goods, and there are a roar and clatter, and din of machinery from early morn till late at night; filling the mind with immense ideas of wealth, and energy, and progress. Fields and stores are silent and still; but the factory, from sun to sun, is stunning your ears with the noise of its might, and there is in it such a whirling of machinery, such a rattling, banging, thundering crash and hubbub, and every thing moves so swiftly and furiously, that you cannot but associate it with ideas of rapid improvement and tremendous power. Hence it is the easiest thing in the world to make odious the owner of such an establishment; and hence it is, too, that for every owner of a factory there are dozens of factory labourers, all of whom are apt to envy their employer. Each of these establishments employs a great many hands—some more, some less; and these hands, generally entertaining mistaken notions in regard to the wealth and happiness of their employers, would, naturally enough, feel a secret pleasure at the prospect of smaller profits and consequence. It follows, then, that factory owners must necessarily be unpopular even at home, and that they are, all over the country, objects of envy and dislike.

"Well: Free Trade, it was said, would curtail the enormous profits of the manufacturers, improve the condition of the farmers and mechanics, and lift from the shoulders of the people generally the great burdens under which they were toiling and sweating. What these burdens were, although so ponderous, it required some ingenuity to discover, or even to prove that there were any burdens at all. The good proposed to be achieved was equally vague and uncertain; but mystery, it is said, is an element of grandeur; and on this principle, perhaps, the objects of the free-traders were made to assume an immense importance. They had a soul-stirring, heart-warming motto—"Free Trade and Equal Rights;" they had an unpopular sect for their target, and for argu-
ments, they had a whole vocabulary of charming words. These words and phrases—such as “Death to monopolies,” “Protection to all alike,” “No bounties,” and “Fair competition,” were about as appropriate to the cause in which they were used as “Liberty of conscience” would have been as the motto of the Spanish Inquisitors; but it was thought that the people would not stop to consider, or, if they did, they would take the word for the thing. They did consider, however—to their eternal praise be it spoken—they did consider, and the great masses of them, even in the agricultural States, came to understand one of the most abstruse subjects that could be brought before them.

“On this issue, then, their favourite one, the Democracy were fairly beaten, and they knew it.

“During the memorable campaign of 1844, there were, in every part of the country, unmistakable signs of an approaching triumph to the cause of the Whigs—the people with one loud acclain endorsed the sentiments of the statesman of Kentucky, the great champion of the American system, and the blackness of darkness was gathering in thick Cimmerian gloom upon the hopes of democracy. Its leaders even began to despair, and not a man in the nation doubted but that an overwhelming majority of the free voters of the country would give their suffrages for Mr. Clay and his tariff policy. Even the policy was more popular than its glorious advocate and the true democrat—the man who believed that the majority should govern—believed that this policy was and ought to be the policy of the country.” How did Mr. Polk and his advisers acquiesce in the will of the people? Did they, fairly representing the character whose name they bore, manifest a desire to have a fair expression of popular opinion, and to have that opinion embodied in the legislation of the country?

“He, James K. Polk, the nominee of the Democracy for the highest office in the country, wrote a letter to one Mr. John K. Kane of Philadelphia, and in that letter he took a position so doubtful as to induce the belief that he was in favor of a tariff discriminating for protection to American manufactures.

“This letter was intended and was used for purposes of deception, and it was the text from which two opposite doctrines were preached. Here is the evidence: in the Senate of the United States, on July 22, 1846, Simon Cameron, a senator from Pennsylvania, a staunch democrat and a man of high character, spoke what I will read to you:

“You and I, Mr. President,” said Mr. C., ‘remember the
scenes of '44 in our State; the anxiety that pervaded the Democratic Party until the Kane letter made its appearance. That letter was seized upon by political leaders, was used upon the stump, was translated into German, and published in all our party papers, English and German. It is not too much to say that that letter turned the scale and decided the presidential election. But for it you would not now be sitting where you are, nor would Mr. Polk be occupying the presidential chair.' Mr. C. also stated that he attended upwards of 100 mass meetings, democratic, and that at all of them the banners were emblazoned with the words, 'Polk and Dallas, Texas and the Tariff of 1842.'

"These were his words when Mr. Polk, now President, was urging through Congress a tariff law, exactly such as his northern friends had believed that he would oppose.

"Is it not evident that here was foul-play, rank deception?

"Was not the Whig tariff of 1842 unfairly 'done to death,' and the Democratic tariff of 1846 ingeniously forced upon the country without the nation's consent?

"The remarks which I have made on this subject, and the proof I have adduced, will justify the following broad conclusion: the will of the people in regard to the tariff was stifled.

"Was it truly Democratic to endeavour to elude the popular will, and to thrust upon the nation a measure which it was known the nation, if left to itself, would have condemned.

"Were those leading men, in Pennsylvania, true Democrats, genuine friends of the people, who when they saw that the people of the State were utterly deceived in regard to a matter of momentous interest to them, did not and would not undeceive them, and even encouraged them in their delusion?

"Was he a Democrat at heart, and worthy of the high station of President, who saw that the people were opposed to his policy, and who, instead of letting them have their way, permitted them to be duped, and was himself instrumental in the leading of them astray?

"If there is one descended from me, I care not how tender be his years, whose untutored heart does not prompt him to give a strong negative response to each of these three questions, I hereby disown him for ever: He is a cunning sophister—a sly calculator, in whose breast a dark ambitious spirit has smothered the ingenuous and truthful impulses of his better
JUDICIOUS TARIFF.
nature, and who, when his interest prompts, will never be at a loss for a reason to justify error and palliate crime.

"No: the boundaries of right and wrong are generally plainly, visibly, broadly marked, and whosoever confounds them is without understanding, or devoid of principle. Some subtle cases there are in which it is hard to define the right; but whoso knows not that truth is just, and falsehood wicked and mischievous, can never be made to understand the plainest commandment in the decalogue.

"But how, you ask, did Mr. Polk come to be elected? I will answer that question as fully as I can, and I wish you now to give me your most serious attention, for we are verging upon matters of the gravest importance."

UNCLE SAM’S GROANS.

General Jackson was in favour of a judicious tariff, which being interpreted means any sort of a tariff that could get him most votes. He was a wise man, the old General, and in this particular Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Polk followed in his footsteps. The next nominee will doubtless entertain similar sentiments on this subject, and the ultras at both ends of the Union will be assured of his hearty sympathy. The Democratic presidential aspirants are capital hands at dodging, and on questions of finance and revenue give their opinions most judiciously. Under the old system of things my affairs prospered finely; I had my "pockets full of money," and my nephews got on swimmingly with those series of tariffs, begun under Washington, and continued till the days of General Jackson. But new lights have arisen, the wisdom of the ancients, it is now proved, was all folly, and the country was grossly humbugged, until locofocoism arose to bless the world and rifle my Treasury. By their new doctrines they manage to keep a firm hold on my iron chest; but all the wisdom of the universe could not determine what sort of a tariff or financial policy now prevails. It can be best explained by the opposite cuts: [See Plate opposite.]

Can you blame your Uncle for groaning at the daily contemplation of such a sight? I sometimes almost wish I was blind, that I might not see the naked ugliness of locofocoism.
CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

"What is Democracy?" asked the aged farmer. "If you were to answer this question from the dictionary you would say that it is that form of government in which the sovereign power is lodged in the people. This is democracy as contradistinguished from monarchy, or the government of one man, and Oligarchy or the government of a few. In this country, however, we are all republicans; there are no monarchists, and he who boasts of being a Democrat either glorifies himself for being what we all are, or else, to enhance his influence and importance, has adopted a name which has no certain meaning. We will suppose, however, that the term, as here used, means the largest liberty; that it refers to a government in which there is a universal equality of political rights, one in which the popular will is not to be fettered; and in which, on all public matters, the popular voice must be fully, fairly, and freely expressed and be of binding effect. This would be a truly happy condition of things, but it does not exist in this country, and I will now proceed to tell you why.

Since the days of General Jackson, it has been a universal rule with those in power to bestow the patronage of the government only on those who agree with them in political sentiment. What is this but coercion, a direct attempt to stifle public opinion or force it into a particular channel? It is known to you all that I have, by years of industry and frugality, accumulated a considerable estate, and you, my children and descendants, expect to share it among you when I am no more. Suppose I were to set myself up as an apostle of religious freedom; to profess uncompromising hostility towards every species of intolerance, and to declare it to you as my sincere and solemn wish that you should, in regard to religious matters, exercise your own free will and not permit my opinions or my example to have any undue weight in biasing your judgments. What would you think of me, if after all this, I should make a will directing that not one cent of my property go to those of you who did not belong to the Methodist church? Indeed, what would you think if, at the very time I was declaiming in favour of liberty of conscience, I
should be refusing to support, educate, or even countenance in any way those of you who had seen fit to embrace a faith different from my own? Would I not entitle myself to the contempt and detestation of all honest and honorable men? and would not my words and my professions be considered by you as a bitter mockery? Would I not be, in fact, a tyrant, a bigot, a despicable hypocrite?

"Now the government is, in a certain sense, the guardian, the protector, the father of us all, and we are all entitled to its care, and to its bounty. It should know no castes, sects, creeds, or parties, and its chastising rod should fall only on those traitorous and rebellious sons who should refuse to render obedience in those things in which it has an undoubted right to command.

"Yet this unnatural parent has drawn a broad line of demarcation between the children of the same household; it has clothed one set in purple and fine linen, and lodged them sumptuously, and it has degraded the others to a rank among its menials, banished them from its countenance and its regard, and even set a mark upon them to make them objects of contempt and derision among men. And who are these who have been thus disowned by their kindred, disfranchised, and cut off from their rightful inheritance? What has been their crime? Have they been mutinous, rebellious, vicious or dishonest? Have they been lost to all sense of family pride and manifested a hopelessly depraved disposition? History will record of them, that they yielded a ready obedience to the laws of the land; that in all that can adorn and elevate our nature, they were never inferior to their brethren, and that their attachment to that country where they had been so illly treated was manifested by acts of self-devotion that would have won an honourable distinction in the sternest days of the Roman republic. They see their country engaged in what they believe to be an unnecessary war; they know that the most determined valour, the most untiring energy, and the most consummate skill will not win for them a single smile or encouraging word from their ungrateful parent, but frowns instead, reproaches and persecutions. They see their more favoured but not more deserving brethren advanced to all the high posts of honour and command, and under them, in a more humble capacity, they gather from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, to the standard of their country, and they bear it in triumph from field to field of carnage and glory. Treated at home as aliens, strangers,
and menials, they readily espouse the quarrels of their per-
verse, partial, and unjust guardian; they cheerfully don the
rude harness of the common soldier, and now on the hills and
plains of Mexico, their bones lie bleaching from Palo Alto to
Buena Vista, and from Vera Cruz to the famed Halls of the
Montezumas! Well, what did they get? Since the war
began, the President has had the appointment of six or eight
brigadier, and three or four major-generals; and in every in-
stance he has appointed a politician of the Democratic school.
He has had the officering of eleven regiments entire, and of
the four or five hundred officers, which these regiments re-
quired, there were not half a dozen Whigs occupying posts
higher than that of captain. The two great Generals of the re-
gular army, Scott and Taylor, were Whigs: over the latter,
during the whole of his career, a red was held; he was more
than once censured, and an attempt was even made to supplant
him by a Democratic civilian and politician. Scott, upon the
field of his glory, was suspended from his command; but I
will again take occasion to speak of these things. Have I not
shown you how force has been used to change the political
sentiments of the people? Is this Democracy, or is it
tyranny?"

UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.

"Honest old Faneuil asks what is Democracy: that ques-
tion has puzzled the world for many years, but here is the
answer: [See Plate opposite.]

CHAPTER IX.

MODERN DEMOCRACY EXEMPLIFIED.

The gray-haired Faneuil thus continued his discourse upon
the character of American Democracy: "I have spoken,"
said he, "of the attempt to force popular sentiment, and of
the immense sums of money that had been expended for such
a purpose. I will next show how the popular will has
been thwarted, stifled, and disregarded; nor shall I state any
thing but what is based on undoubted authority. My facts
shall all be true as any of the facts of history; my inferences are of course my own, but I flatter myself they are just and natural.

"I have already shown you that at the election in 1844, the great State of Pennsylvania, intending to sustain the tariff of 1842, was cheated out of its vote, and made to give its suffrages for men who immediately began a war on its most cherished policy. At that election, Mr. Clay received 105 electoral votes, and Mr. Polk 170; and from the returns of the polls for electors, it appeared that Mr. Polk did receive a majority of the popular vote. If he did, his majority was extremely small, and as the tariff of 1842 was the great measure on which the election turned, and as that tariff was certainly approved of by Pennsylvania, if not by other States that voted for Polk, it was clear for him to see that a majority of the people were for the measure. The sub-treasury, as I have already told you, was first passed under the administration of Mr. Van Buren, and this gentleman, in the year 1840, was again a candidate for the presidency, and staked his success chiefly upon the popularity of his financial scheme. This treasury project was in fact the main issue between the rival candidates, and it was therefore fairly put before the country. Nineteen States went for General Harrison, giving him 234 electoral votes: seven States, with 60 electoral votes, gave meagre majorities for the sage of Kinderhook and his financial pet. General Harrison lacked only six votes to give him four times as many as were received by his opponent; and many of the States which went for him gave immense majorities in his favour. As far as I have been able to learn, the sub-treasury was not an issue at the last election; it never had been before the disastrous rout of 1840, and it is therefore fair to conclude that it has been condemned in the most unqualified manner, by a tremendous, an overwhelming majority of the free people of the United States. In the face of this, the sovereign will, so emphatically and plainly expressed, this same odious and popularly-doomed measure is revived by our present Democratic administration, and is now actually the law of the land! Was the almost unanimous and loudly expressed will of a nation ever so entirely disregarded, so utterly despised by those who held the reins of power?

"When our federal Constitution was formed, the leading statesmen of the country were divided into two parties, and these parties remained distinct and antagonistic until about
the time of the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency. One of these parties wished the powers of the federal government to be greater than they are, and this party became known as the Federalists. They originally desired to see the President invested with some of the prerogatives of a constitutional king; but the liberal sentiment prevailed to such an extent that the chief magistrate was stripped of every badge of royalty except the veto power. Our republic was an experiment; there were then no other republics, and we had been used to a monarchical form of government; and hence it was that very many men doubted the practicability of a complete republic. They could not all at once cut themselves loose from old forms and old prejudices; but it cannot be doubted that if a convention were now to sit to remodel the Constitution, and if party spirit could be banished from its deliberations, that it would for a moment tolerate a proposition to continue this veto power in our Presidents. It is anti-republican in the extreme—it is an odious relic of the fast-explooding, slavish institutions of the past, and is at war with the spirit of the age, all over the world. It in fact makes the President a despot; for by his individual will he can nullify the will of the nation; and therefore it is that no wise and patriotic executive would dare to apply it, unless in one of those possible, but not often-occurring cases, when the people and their representatives are clearly mad. But even, in such a case, is it not a dangerous, a most hazardous, experiment to allow only one man to be the interpreter of the Constitution, the judge of the country's wants, and the arbiter of its destinies?

"Which is more likely to happen, the periodical insanity of a nation or of any one individual, be he ever so wise and learned, temperate, and prudent?

"Which is more likely to understand the people's wants and interest, they themselves or those who govern them, and wish to retain their power of governing?

"These considerations, I am inclined to think, as well as a proper respect for the real spirit of our institutions, would, at the present day, deter any good and wise man from the use of the veto power.

"I have heard of a lunatic who declared that he was confined on account of a difference of opinion. 'The world says I am mad,' said he, 'but I believe the world to be deranged.'

"So, doubtless, think all monarchs, despots, and autocrats:
they believe, or make it convenient to believe, that they only know what is good for their respective nations, whom, like great families of lunatics, they keep confined, or, what is the same thing, in a state of bondage. Here it is customary, and perhaps it would be everywhere safest, to let the nation rule the individual, and to confine him, too, when he sets up pretensions inconsistent with what that nation believes to be its rights, its wants, and its interests.

"Now, our present democratic President has, in his imagined wisdom, three times, in the course of four years, made use of the veto power; has three times solemnly determined that the majority of this great, free, and enlightened people had mistaken their true interests, and three times, therefore, assumed the kingly responsibility of suspending the national will. He may have been honest, but was he wise, thus arrogantly to declare that he knew more than the nation, and that he had more regard for the national interest than the nation itself had? I say he may have been honest, but some of his acts would seem to make his words an insulting mockery.

"There was a bill passed by the last Congress making appropriations for the improvement of the navigation of our great rivers, for the building of harbours on the lakes, &c.; all works in which the prosperity of the nation was immediately and deeply concerned. Mr. Polk refused to sanction this bill, and he returned it with a long and laboured message, exhibiting the most delicate constitutional scruples, a most squeamish desire not to permit the slightest possible infraction of the sacred charter of our liberties. At the very time that he was splitting the hairs which compose the texture of this elaborate document, he was, on his own responsibility, and without the knowledge or implied consent of Congress, fitting out an expensive naval expedition to explore the Dead Sea! The idea of allowing Congress, the people's representatives, to expend money for the purpose of facilitating the commercial intercourse between our States, of developing our resources, and protecting our interests, filled his conscientious soul with holy horror, while it can see not the slightest impropriety in the expenditure of thousands on thousands to fish up relics of Sodom and Gomorrah, wherewith to adorn the mantelpiece of the presidential mansion. There hangs the map before you; and if you will examine it, you will find in the interior of Asia, just above the desert of Arabia, and in the midst of the bleak haunts of wild and wandering tribes, the receptacle of
the unnavigable river Jordan. It is a dark and dismal lake of bituminous and viscid water, on whose bosom no vessel has ever floated or will ever float, and on whose naked, drear, and volcanic shores, a sad and silent desolation reigns. This is the Dead Sea, whose gloomy waters now cover the site of those wicked cities on which God, in his wrath, rained from heaven fire and brimstone; and this is the spot around which the thoughts of our antiquarian President linger with a fond and sacred interest. Perhaps he wishes to shed a new light on the book of Genesis, giving it the sanction of his own high authority; or perhaps he wishes to veto the history of Moses, and illumine the world with a more constitutional and democratic account of those early transactions of our race, over which Time has thrown his hallowing veil of misty tradition. Whatever be his object—whether it be to fish for curiosities for a cabinet, to confirm or refute Scripture, or to annex territories, I wish to know the authority for it. Under what clause of the Constitution is it that the President is justified in sending our navy to dive for relics of engulfed cities, or drag the Red Sea for the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh and his host? One is as proper, and useful, and constitutional as the other, and he may do either just as well as dig a canal or build a railroad across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. This last, we all know, is a measure which our rulers have much at heart, impelled by a philanthropy as broad as it is disinterested, for the isthmus with the hard name is as yet undisputed foreign territory. What a government is ours! How does it fling off the narrow prejudices which bind men to home and kindred, and, disdaining to shed its benefactions on its own people, it embraces the earth in the wide scope of its benevolence, and like a true knight-errant, scours the whole world in search of useful employment! Prepared to redress all wrongs, to repair all injuries, it has thrown down its gauntlet to the oppressors, the tyrants, the enchanters, goblins, and devils, in every corner of the globe; and to enable it the more effectually to vanquish and exterminate all these foreign evils, it must not waste its time and means on the paltry things at home. It is a peregrinating Hercules, who knows no home, and it is ready, without fee and without reward, to take a hand at the cleansing of Augean stables, the strangling of lions, the destruction of hydras, and the taming of wild bulls in any part of the globe.
"Yes, it is a peripatetic government; and on the shores of the Dead Sea, in the wilds of Syria, on the borders of the Pacific, in Mexico, in Rome, and in Yucatan, its boundless beneficence is felt; but it has not a smile or a dollar for our own bright, broad, and commerce-covered lakes, and our own majestic and city-margined rivers!

"Oh, shame, where is thy blush!"

UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.

Modern democracy exemplified! I should like exceed-
ingly to see it worked out in figures, and set in a book: what a tremendous amount of ciphering it would take! Mr. Walker, great as he is at arithmetic, would find it no child’s play to solve the following problems:

If the sub-treasury is not a government bank, what is it?

If Democracy is the power of one man, what is Despot-

ism?

If to forbid the will of the nation is republican, what is anti-republican?

If it takes a large standing army, and constant fighting to keep peace, what is war?

A thousand other and tougher questions might be asked, but I have not time. In the mean time, I must express my regret that Mr. Faneuil, while illustrating Democracy, did not recur to those glorious times when the famous leg-treasurers of Mr. Van Buren flourished so extensively. Honest Levi Woodbury, the Secretary of the Treasury, treated those huge rogues with commendable tenderness; he coaxed and per-
suaded, but, the rascals! they would steal.

Perhaps it was to prevent the recurrence of similar scenes that Mr. Polk hit on the Mexican war as a means whereby the contents of the treasury might lawfully be dis-

tributed among his friends. If this be the case, it throws a new light on the origin of the war, and reflects great credit both on the ingenuity and the patriotism of the Duck river Colonel.

Alas! however, whether we have leg-treasurers or wars, your Uncle Sam has to groan!
CHAPTER X.

A NEW ISSUE.

"I think," said Jonathan Faneuil, "that I have now given you good and substantial reasons for the faith that is in me. I think I have fairly, though briefly, compared Whig and Democratic measures, and Whig and Democratic principles; but as to men, I have had little to say. This is a theme on which I could dwell at length; but I dislike to bring charges against my fellow mortals, and I leave them to be judged by God, who sees the hearts of all. There is one man, however, to whom I have made allusion more than once, and whose position demands that I should give him a more extended notice. He was the nominee of the Democratic party for President; he was elected President by that party, and they have endorsed and sustained his official acts. He may therefore be regarded as the present embodiment of the principles of that faction, and, as such, I shall make him and his acts the subject of the remainder of my discourse. He is the last and present embodiment of the spirit of Democracy; but it is proper I should say to you that this spirit has shifted and varied its forms as often as did the famed and fabled Proteus, and

'The moment you had pronounced him one—
Presto! his face changed, and he was another.'

"It is in one sense a progressive spirit; that is, it is in a state of perpetual transition, like the winds of a blustering April morning; and the wisest men can only tell where it now is and what it now is, but cannot foretell its position an hour hence, and whether it will be gentle or stormy, cold or warm. What is it now? It has overspread the political heavens with blackness; and so gloomy and threatening seem the elements, that the countenances of the good and prudent part of the nation are "sickled over with the pale cast of thought," and men hold their breath and look "earfully about them, as they do when a storm is gathering over them. The fitful, shifting, and uncertain wind does indeed aptly represent this spirit; and it now sweeps from the South, whence it comes a fierce sirocco, with a steaming breath, and shaking deadly poisons from its cloudy wings. It is the furious South, the *furens auster*, so dreaded by the ancient
mariners, and before which fleets and navies are scattered and wrecked. It comes, driving before it dense volumes of black and billowy vapours, and uttering the deep growl of an angry tempest. It means dismally through the rigging of our ship of state; the element on which it rides begins to foam and toss with a restive spirit, and the coming storm has cast its dark shadow on the heart of the aged and cautious sailor. May God have mercy on us when the tempest bursts in its fury!

"All other points of difference between the parties are now forgotten; all other issues are swallowed up by that portentous one which now lifts high its hideous head, and, like the horn in the vision of Daniel, would even cast down the stars and host of Heaven and stamp upon them. But to begin at the beginning:

"The old issues of Bank, Tariff, Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands, &c., had been so long before the country, that, as I truly believe, the people, from increasing light, were beginning to agree upon them. It was, as I sincerely think, manifest during the early part of the year 1844 that the nation would, at the coming elections, sustain the principles for which the Whigs had contended for many years. Some time before this, some restless and scheming politicians had endeavoured to build themselves up with a new party by a new political project; and these politicians, as you will all recollect, were headed by Tyler, and their project was the immediate annexation of the republic of Texas to that of the United States. The question was thought to be a momentous one, and the real and nominal head of the Democratic party, impelled by a high sense of the duties imposed by his position, came out in a letter declaring his opposition to the measure. It was one of those wild and apparently grand schemes likely to excite and captivate the unthinking portion of the community, and the old and patriotic men of both parties united in efforts to prevent the rousing of a spirit, which in all ages and countries has proved dangerous and ungovernable. The moment, however, that Mr. Van Buren broke ground against the annexation of Texas, a host of minor politicians took an opposite position, and among these were James K. Polk, a party tactician of considerable note.

"The Democratic National Convention, which was held in Baltimore in 1844, actuated, not by an unpatriotic spirit, but chiefly solicitous about the temporary success of their party, and perhaps, at the time, having nothing else much at heart,
solemnly resolved to make this annexation project one of their issues. Their hopes of success on other questions were gloomy enough; and with a fatal rashness they determined to invoke the aid of a wild demon, which is dangerous alike to friend and foe, and which ever has proved, and ever will prove, itself too mighty for those, who conjure it up. The appeal to it is like the appeal to that element which is said to be a good servant, but a hard master. If the city council of New York desired to move old buildings and rubbish from the heart of the city, they might, on a windy day, speedily effect their purpose by applying the torch to the ruins; but the fiery element would not stop when its task was finished, but would then bid defiance to those who had resorted to its aid, and leaping from house to house, and becoming still more and more voracious from the food on which it fed, sweep with desolating fury over the city. This homely illustration will give you a good idea of the course pursued by those Democrats who met in council in Baltimore four years ago. They resolved to have recourse to a spirit which becomes more greedy from that which it devours, and whose keen appetites worlds would not satiate. In a word, they resolved to appeal to that love of progress, of expansion, with which all men are easily deluded, to waken in the hearts of their countrymen the natural lust of conquest and universal dominion.

"The force of this strong passion roused for the occasion, would, it was thought, carry the party into power; and accordingly Mr. Tyler was robbed of his thunder, as it was called, and it was placed at the service of Mr. Polk, one of the inferior politicians, who cannot hope to rise to exalted station except by becoming the advocates of measures and systems so wild and desperate as to be repudiated by greater and better men.

"This unhappy scheme, intended for a temporary purpose, was fraught with the most stupendous, the most direful and pernicious consequences to this nation, and, perhaps, to the world; and of these, in their order, it is my purpose now to speak. The first, the most palpable objection to the measure, and the one obvious to every unprejudiced mind, was its immediate tendency to precipitate this country into a war with the neighbouring and sister republic of Mexico. Texas, and the parent State from which it had revolted, were not on amicable terms with each other; the latter still claimed the former, and in the strongest manner protested against our annexation of what she called her rebellious province. Whether
Texas ought to have been an independent State or not is a different matter; it was sufficient for us to know that its immediate absorption by this country would produce a hostile collision between ourselves and Mexico. This would have been the natural, the inevitable consequence of annexation at that time; and as we could, by a little prudential policy, at a more convenient season, peaceably have acquired possession of the desired country, those who consummated the measure with such rash and reckless haste are fully responsible for the unhappy consequences. At all events, then, Mr. Polk and the Democratic leaders are to blame for the war through which we have lately passed, even had their course, after annexation, been marked by wisdom and forbearance. It is true, this wisdom and forbearance would have palliated the offence; but still the party, or rather its leaders, would have been guilty.

"Unhappily, however, no such qualities were displayed, but on the contrary, Mr. Polk exhibited a warlike disposition from the beginning, and so managed as to make himself again and doubly responsible for the war; and of this you shall have abundant proof. It is pretended, I know, by ingenious sophists and political casuists, that if annexation was a cause leading to war, then Mr. Polk is free from the blame which has been imputed to him; but this is a sublimated quibble which may satisfy the easy conscience of the President and his confessors, but will not, and cannot, affect the verdict of any ingenuous soul.

"Annexation would, in all probability, have produced a war; but before the natural consequences of this project had had time to occur, our Chief Magistrate wilfully, or by his unfortunate blunders, precipitated a result of which he is therefore guilty. This is all very plain to those who wish to know the truth, and I trust I am not wasting my breath on any other sort."
CHAPTER XI.

THE GAINS BY THE MEXICAN WAR.

"A wise man declared that 'war is a game which if the people understood kings would not play at.'

"Here, as you will observe, war is called a game, and a game of kings; and if you will believe an old man, the sentence is true and most happily worded. Since the days of Nimrod down to the present time, there have been few wars where the gains on either side amounted to one-tenth of the loss; and still fewer in which the nations sustaining them had anything to fight for but peace. This idea of 'conquering a peace' is as old as the world itself, and has in all time been the stimulus by which monarchs and rulers have induced their subjects to fight with energy and perseverance. There is nothing so dear to wise men as peace. This is the syren song by which nations have been lured on from battle-field to battle-field, from slaughter to slaughter; they were vainly pursuing peace, with floating banners and braying trumpets, with pikes, and swords, and javelins, and all the instruments of death. Thus it is, too, that by delusive pretences, and by the pomp and glitter with which they surround their pastime, kings and presidents are enabled to play at their favourite game; and after they have indulged to satiety, the people, on whom have fallen all the burdens and all the losses, are glad enough to get peace for their share of the gains.

"Well, Mr. Polk has for nearly two years amused himself with this expensive, but, to him, diverting sport, and has moved the nation about as if it were a set of chess-men, to be picked up or cut to pieces at his pleasure; and as the game is for the present over, let us now strike a rough balance-sheet of profits and losses, and see how they stand.

"Mr. Polk's stake and gain is empire for himself and friends, and this is something considerable so far as he is concerned. He was wise enough to know that in times of war it is absolutely important that the government act with energy and promptness; he knew that energy and promptness belong only to those systems where there are no free people to instruct, oppose and censure, and no free legislatures to deliberate and doubt; and hence, he knew, that while the war lasts, the President, from the necessity of the case, becomes an absolute and irresponsible sovereign. The emergency is
great and pressing; there is no time for hesitation, for speeches, for inquiries, investigations and resolutions; vast armies are in the field and must be supported; hordes of enemies are swarming about those armies, and must be promptly and vigorously pursued and beaten off or taken. In such cases, our republican President becomes an absolute autocrat, a dictator with unlimited powers; the rights and will of Congress are suspended, and the people themselves not allowed to question or complain.

"Thus Mr. Polk has had the pleasure of acting the Imperator, the uncontrolled and uncontrollable monarch; he has increased his patronage and added to the number of his friends. He has been enabled to spend some hundreds of thousands on these latter; to shower honors, and ribbons, and principalities on them, and thus to surround his throne with a host of popular, devoted, and determined military chieftains, who owe their greatness to his benefactions. It is not in human nature to be ungrateful for such things, and doubtless Mr. Polk thinks he has commenced a dynasty whose prosperity is laid on sure foundations. So much for Mr. Polk's gains—Mr. Polk's friend and former partner in the practice of the law, Gideon J. Pillow, has, without much service or exposure in the 'tented field,' gained the high and illustrious post of Major-General in the army of the United States; and Messrs. Quitman, Patterson, &c., likewise Mr. Polk's friends, have stepped from the walks of private life, and from their peaceful avocations, to similar stations of eminence. Mr. Polk's friends Persifer F. Smith, Caleb Cushing, Cadwallader, Pierce, Hopping, Lane, &c. &c., have each gained the office of Brigadier-General; various captains and colonels have gained an honorable notoriety and slight promotions, and Scott and Taylor, the hatred of the President, the love of the nation, the respect of the world, and the admiration of posterity.

"The army has gained the thanks of Congress, and the United States have gained New Mexico and California. Let us add up the items and see what they amount to:

"Of the extent and importance of Mr. Polk's acquisitions he is himself the best judge—and as no one but himself and his particular friends is interested in the matter, it is not necessary to say more about it. It is true it is the lion's share, but as it is a thing altogether personal to himself, any further allusion to it might be considered as in bad taste. Equally indelicate and improper would it be to sum up the gains of Generals Pillow, Quitman, Patterson, Butler, Shields, Pierce, Smith, Hopping,
Lane, Cadwallader, Cushing, Marshall, &c. &c.; for what they have acquired, though it may have been at the general expense, is now their property and that of their children, who may, perhaps, form part of our future nobility. It would also be a needless and perhaps a not very easy task to ascertain the sum total of all the glory won by our colonels, captains, and lieutenants; or to show the amount of it which will fall to the share of each individual in the nation. It may do them, the officers, no little good; it may procure for them dinners, fêtes, presents, puffs and parties, the smiles of the fair, the respect of the brave and virtuous, and the adulation of the vagabond-rabble. It may, even without their desiring such a thing, give them exclusive privileges and make of them a titled and high aristocracy; and doubtless it will be a great satisfaction to the civilians to be allowed to subscribe to the dinners, to run in the processions, and to shout the praises of these glittering heroes, though, for myself, I do not consider that I have made a vast acquisition in having gained the privilege of being regarded as the social inferior of every thing that wears a metal button. It may be a pleasure to some men to reflect that they are now allowed to assist at the deification of a whole race of fellow mortals; but for me I can never experience the slightest satisfaction in being compelled to recognise a master, even though he wear a uniform and be blazing all over with gold and brass.

"But it is said, this glory is the property of the nation. Indeed! can it be coined into a circulating medium? Will it answer the drafts of the Secretary of the Treasury? Will it increase the wages of labour, purify the morals of the nation, diminish the number of paupers, or lighten the public taxes? Will it comfort and console the widow and the orphan; furnish bread and raiment to the poor and starving, or heal the wounds of a broken heart? If this glory is the property of the nation, how can any individual make it available?" Can any but Colonel May himself draw upon his famous charge at the battle of Resaca? Can a beggar procure a penny for his share of Quitman's honours, or buy a loaf of bread by his interest in the glory of the battles of Mexico? Common property indeed! this glory but degrades the general mass by the two great elevation which it gives to a few.

"As to the gains of Scott and Taylor, I leave them to the pen of the future historian, and we will come now to the people's share of the booty.

"The state of New Mexico it is said contains two hundred
and fourteen thousand and eight hundred (214,800) square miles of territory, and as there are six hundred and forty acres to the square mile, this state contains about one hundred and thirty-seven millions, four hundred and seventy-two thousand (137,472,600) acres. All of this that does not belong to individuals is a gain to this country; and if it were all public domain its value would be very moderate. It is a country of bleak and rugged mountains and of dry and sterile plains, with here and there a narrow stripe of green along the margin of some stream. Much the greater part of the country has been and will for ever be a desert; a naked desolation, scorched by the fierce rays of a nearly vertical sun, and producing nothing but thorns, vipers, and poisonous insects. Nothing grows, nothing can grow, and nothing ever will grow in these waste and arid regions, and they will, like similar regions in Asia and Africa, remain a ‘howling wilderness’ till the end of time.

“After this description of the country, it will perhaps be gratifying to you to learn that there is not one foot of public land in this state, and that our government will not, therefore, have to be at the expense of keeping up land-offices in the desert.

“Upper California, we are informed, contains three hundred and seventy-six thousand three hundred and forty-four (376,344) square miles; and as we get parts of Coahuila and Chihuahua, we will estimate these at sixty thousand (60,000) square miles. Here is a territory of four hundred and thirty-six thousand, three hundred and forty-four square miles, or two hundred and seventy-nine millions two hundred and sixty thousand, one hundred and sixty acres. There are some public lands in this state, and we will make a liberal calculation and allow them to be one-seventh of the whole state, and this will leave us not quite thirty-nine millions eight hundred and ninety-five thousand (39,895,000) acres. Be it remembered here, that these lands have to be surveyed, and that they will have to support the expenses of survey; and that they will also have to support a great number of officers in the shape of registers, receivers, agents, &c. What all these things will probably amount to, and what the lands will be worth per acre, and how long it will be before they can be sold, I will endeavour to explain hereafter. It is supposed that there are about twenty-two millions of inhabitants in the United States; we will take this as true, and estimating the tax-payers at six million, the following sum will show you
how much land each tax-payer will get. Here is the calculation:—

\[
\begin{array}{c}
60000,00 \\
398950,00 \\
-360000 \\
-38950 \\
60000
\end{array}
\]

"Each head of a family and tax-payer will get six acres and not quite a half; six acres of land, the best of which is not as good as some of the public lands nearer home and in a better community and better climate, and which cannot be sold for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Oh! I forgot to say that we got some seventy or eighty thousand fellow-citizens, most of whom are lousy beggars, and all of whom are thieves, and who are thus described by an impartial, intelligent, and veracious traveller:—

"It is remarkable that, although existing from the earliest times of the colonization of New Mexico, a period of two centuries, in a state of continual hostility with the numerous savage tribes of Indians who surround their territory, and in constant insecurity of life and property from their attacks; being also far removed from the enervating influences of large cities, and, in their isolated situation, entirely dependent upon their own resources, the inhabitants are totally destitute of those qualities which, for the above reasons, we might naturally have expected to distinguish them, and are as deficient in energy of character and physical courage as they are in all the moral and intellectual qualities. In their social state but one degree removed from the veriest savages, they might take a lesson even from these in morality and the conventional decencies of life. Imposing no restraint on their passions, a shameless and universal concubinage exists, and a total disregard of moral laws, to which it would be impossible to find a parallel in any country calling itself civilized. A want of honourable principle, and consummate duplicity and treachery characterize all their dealings. Liars by nature, they are treacherous and faithless to their friends, cowardly and cringing to their enemies; cruel, as all cowards are, they unite savage ferocity with their want of animal courage; as an example of which, their recent massacre of Governor Bent, and other Americans, may be given—one of a hundred instances.'—Ruxton."
UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.

The old man Faneuil has not fairly computed the gains of the Mexican war. He has left out of his calculation my share of the profits—the share of your Uncle Sam. The Baltimore Convention of 1844 billeted on me for a four years' support one James K. Polk; and this Mr. Polk had the most numerous retinue or suite that ever was heard of, all to be maintained, fed, clothed, lodged, and furnished with pocket-money at my expense. Excessively grateful for the unexpected honour which the Convention conferred on him, he demanded of me an office for every member who had voted for him. After my liberality and my means had been tried to the utmost—after my mansions were all full and running over, there were still many hungry adherents to be provided for, and every sort of cunning shift was resorted to to find accommodations for the poor creatures that still kept "knocking at the door." What was to be done? I was on the point of bankruptcy; the people, my nephews, were stingy, and your old uncle was in a dreadful bother—when lo! a Daniel come to judgment. The war was hit on; the patriotism, the combatism, and the plunderism of the country, were roused up, and the Congress gave me millions on millions for the asking. Those who, with faces an ell long, had sat at the portals of my house, for days, and weeks, and months, begging for a situation, or for old clothes, now found employment. They were dressed out in brass and gold, and made heroes and generals in a twinkling. They asked for clerkships, and were made marshals. They begged for a few hundreds, and thousands were showered on them. Nor was this all. Mr. Polk, in his benevolence, intended to provide for all his friends. It was his desire to make arrangements which might successively ensure the presidency to each prominent man who had supported him. And first and foremost was to come in his old friend and partner, the immortal Pillow. And have not I, and has not the world, gained by the exploits of this illustrious chief? Has he not enlightened mankind with new modes of warfare, offensive and defensive? Has he not made himself and the American arms a terror to all nations, people and kindred? How brightly will for ever shine, in the firmament of my glory, the incomparable and everlasting Gideon! He is a tower of strength to the cause of liberty—he is worth more to me than an army with banners!
Two or three hundred millions, and thirty thousand lives, are a cheap price for the accession of fame, secured to his native country by this matchless hero. I must groan here!

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOSSES.

"Having made a fair calculation of the gains, let us now endeavour to estimate the cost of this Mexican war. I say the cost simply—for who can tell the value of the losses we have incurred? Who will fix the price of the blood that has been spilled, of the lives that have been lost, of the hearts that have been broken? Will any mathematician attempt to set down in figures the approximate value of the destitution, the heart-sickness, and the bereavements, that this war has caused; of the hopes that it has blasted, of the wounds which it has inflicted on public and private morals, and of the long train of vices which will follow it? How many infamous transactions have grown out of it; how many scoundrels have been enriched, and how many honest men cheated and ruined? How many sober men have been transformed to drunken vagabonds; how many hopeful youths debauched, and how many acts of lawless violence, how many riots and murders, will, on the books of the recording angel, be charged to those who plunged us into this bloody controversy of arms? These are questions which none of us can answer, and the true answers to which cannot be comprehended by finite beings, for they involve infinite calculations, and require a more than mortal power of comprehension. We can, however, see that the sum total is immense; that the account of losses will fill the ledgers of time for at least a century; and that, even after the lapse of a hundred years, there will still be found new items to be added into the general amount. Leaving these to the clerks of time, the historians, to complete the register of incidental and miscellaneous charges for the inspection of our remote posterity, we will at once pay our respects to the Bill of Costs, immediate payment of which is demanded of the prosecutor in the suit. That you may not doubt the accuracy of my statements, my calculations will generally be based on the official statements of our
rulers; though I must be allowed to premise that it is natural to suppose that these men would conceal as much as possible of those burdens which they have brought upon the people. There have been very few public functionaries who have, all at once and voluntarily, made a full and fair exposition of the public expenditures which they had caused; and certainly, in these times of high party excitement, and when every thing is done for party effect, it is not to be expected that Mr. Polk and his officers would frankly tell the nation how much their administration has cost us. It has been the custom of late years for the secretaries and clerks to exhibit their ingenuity in efforts to disguise the real state of the public finances; and this habit is now considered, at least by those in power, as a justifiable piece of partisan trickery. I am yet to learn that Mr. Polk and his cabinet are better than their predecessors. I am yet to be convinced that they have not, from the beginning, been more completely the mere cunning heads of a party, scheming all the while for party prosperity, than any public servants of whom I have ever heard or read in any country.

According to Mr. Secretary Walker, the expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 31, 1847, were $59,451,177 65
Estimated expenditures to 30th June, 1848 58,615,660 07
Estimated expenditures for the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1849 55,640,941 72

$173,711,779 44

"Thus, according to Mr. Walker, the expenditures of the government for three years can or will be one hundred and seventy-three millions seven hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine dollars and forty-four cents. Taking the expenses of Mr. Tyler's administration as a fair test of what Mr. Polk's ought to have been, and probably would have been, in time of peace, we can arrive at something approaching the cost of the war.

"Allowing twenty-two millions a year (a very large allowance) for the cost of a peace establishment, the three years ending 30th of June, 1847, 1848, and 1849, would have been sixty-six millions.

"On these data let us now cipher awhile: $173,711,779 44
66,000,000 00

$107,711,779 44
One hundred and seven millions seven hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine dollars and forty-four cents, is Mr. Walker's estimated cost of the war.

"Now add to this the amount stipulated by the treaty to be paid to Mexico, which is fifteen millions, and the amount which, by the same treaty, our government assumes to pay our own citizens, and which is something over five millions, but which I will put at five, and we have the following sum:

\[
\begin{align*}
107,711,779 &\quad 44 \\
15,000,000 &\quad 00 \\
5,000,000 &\quad 00 \\
\hline
127,711,779 &\quad 44 \\
\end{align*}
\]

"One hundred and twenty-seven millions seven hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine dollars and forty-four cents, would be, according to Secretary Walker, the cost of the war, provided the claims which our citizens have against Mexico amounted to an even five millions.

"I cannot just now lay my hand on any document containing a statement of the amount of those claims; but you all know that it is considerably upwards of five millions, and more than enough to swell the sum, which I have stated as the cost of the war, to one hundred and twenty-eight millions of dollars. Well, we supposed that the number of tax payers in the United States was six millions, and, still taking it for granted that this estimate is correct, we will now try a sum in division. Six millions will go how often into one hundred and twenty-eight millions? Here is the sum worked out correctly:

\[
\begin{align*}
6,000,000 &\quad 00 \\
\hline
128,000,000 &\quad 00 \\
\hline
21 &\quad \frac{1}{3}
\end{align*}
\]

The quotient is twenty-one and a third; that is, the Mexican war, according to Mr. Walker, would, if its expenses were now paid off, cost every tax payer in the United States at least twenty-one dollars and thirty-three and a third cents. I say, if its expenses were now paid; but let us proceed with our calculations. Thirty-three millions of treasury notes have been issued, and this makes a national debt to that amount; and, according to this charming Mr. Secretary Walker, the excess of expenditures over receipts for the year ending June 30, 1848, was $15,729,114 27, (fifteen millions seven hundred and twenty-nine thousand one hundred and
fourteen dollars and twenty-seven cents.) This might safely
be set down at sixteen millions; but I will make it fifteen,
which, added to thirty-three, makes forty-eight millions of a
known existing national debt. I will take it as certain that
not one cent of this will be paid off in twenty-five years, and
I will give my reasons.

"1st. There is every probability that the army will go on
increasing. This year it is eighteen thousand five hundred
stronger than it was last year, and ten additional regiments
have earnestly been called for by the President.

"2d. There are now a large number of vacancies in the
army, regular and volunteer, to be filled, and the President
is endeavouring to fill them.

"3d. Every year the President endeavours to increase his
patronage by an increase of public offices, military and civil,
and which are of little real utility. Witness the mission to
Rome, the lieutenant-generalcy, &c. &c.

"4th. Our revenue must diminish, unless the tariff policy
is altered.

"5th. The incidental and miscellaneous expenses of this
war, in the shape of pay for horses, provisions, wagons, losses,
injuries, &c. &c., will continue for years to be a heavy drain
on the Treasury. I am told that the committee on claims in
the present Congress has its hands full; and I am well as-
sured that their successors will find their places no sinecures.
Thousands on thousands of claims for every species of loss
and damage, and from every quarter, will be annually sent in
and proven; nor will Congress ever cease making appropri-
ations for such things until the lapse of a long series of years
will have the effect of a statute of limitations. For all these
reasons, and many others which I could assign, I conclude
that the regular revenue of the government will not be
greater than, if it is even equal to, the regular expenditures.
I will, therefore, conclude that we will have to pay interest
on our debt of forty-eight millions for twenty-five or thirty
years; and who will gainsay this conclusion? The interest
on forty-eight millions for one year is two millions eight hun-
dred and eighty thousand dollars; and this, multiplied by
thirty, amounts to seventy-six millions four hundred thou-
sand.

"There is another item still to be added on. The pension
list will be trebled, if it is not quadrupled, for an usual num-
ber of those in service have been disabled. You all know,
perhaps, that those disabled, while in the service of the United
States, are entitled to a certain provision; and you must know that immense accessions have been added to this list during the twenty months of Mexican war. We will therefore assume that the appropriations for pensions will, for the next thirty years, be increased from one to three millions, being an increase of two millions, and then we will get the following sum:

Interest on public debt of $48,000,000 for 30 years

$76,400,000

Two millions a year for increased number of pensioners for 30 years

$60,000,000

$136,400,000

There is still another item, to wit, the bounties, in public lands, granted to our volunteers. These were one hundred and sixty acres of land to each volunteer—and the whole number of volunteers cannot fall short of seventy odd thousand. I will put them however at 60,000; and this multiplied by 160 gives 9,600,000 (nine million six hundred thousand) acres. The government price is $1.25 per acre, and therefore these nine millions six hundred thousand acres are worth exactly twelve millions of dollars. These twelve millions added to 136 millions make 148 millions; and granting that the number of tax-payers will increase before this debt is paid off, we will suppose the burden to fall on eight millions of souls—

\[
\begin{align*}
8,000,000 & \times 148,000,000 \\
\text{8} & \times 18 \frac{1}{2} \\
\text{6} & \text{8} \\
\text{6} & \text{4} \\
\frac{1}{2} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

Here we have eighteen and a half dollars to be added to the amount which I have before shown that each tax-payer has to pay, which amount is 21 and one-third dollars. Leaving out the fractions, we get this sum 21

\[\frac{18}{39} ;\] that is thirty-nine dollars as the very least cost of the war on each tax-payer in the Union. For this the tax-payer would get six and a half acres of land, if the public lands in our new acquisition were to be divided; but they belong to our government. Does the government need them to supply our increasing population? By the last report of the Secretary of the Treasury now before me, I see that we yet own within the limits of the Union hundreds on hundreds of millions of public
lands, an almost incalculable amount; and these lands are many of them of excellent quality and lying in settled States, where the society, the laws, and the climate are good, and where there are excellent water communications with market towns. But, it may be said, the income from these new public lands will relieve us from debt. Let us see: By Mr. Walker's Report it appears that the whole revenue arising from the sales of the public lands for the last year was only a little over two millions of dollars; and these lands are in every respect more desirable and sell faster than will the arid and waste domain of chaparral and thistles, which we have lately acquired. Nor is this all: these new lands have to be surveyed; land-offices will have to be established among them, and land receivers and registers appointed, and all this will cost money, and the money will come out of the pockets of the tax-payers. Here is the report of the acting Secretary of the Treasury for 1847, and by it I see that in Michigan, (I open the book at random and am now at page 80,) I see here that in Michigan the cost of survey per mile is estimated at six dollars. In Mexico, all things counted, it will cost ten dollars at least. Well, as there are no public lands in New Mexico, we will only count the cost of survey of California, and here it is: the territory embraces about 376,344 square miles, and we have got about 60,000 square miles from Chihuahua and Coahuila—making in all 436,344 square miles to be surveyed. This multiplied by ten makes four millions three hundred and sixty-three thousand four hundred and forty dollars (84,363,440.) When will the public lands in this region pay this cost? Never, never. Here is some authentic information in regard to their value collected by that able and industrious man, Truman Smith of Connecticut. A distinguished military friend of his writes:

"Nothing strikes an American eye sooner, or more strongly, than the denuded landscape everywhere presented to his view in Northern Mexico. From the banks of the Rio Grande, which are thinly wooded, until you reach the Sierra, scarcely a forest tree is found of any size. The "musquit," a dwarfish tree, good fuel, but too short and crooked to be easily used in building, is found near the streams, and occasionally on the tables which separate them: but the face of the country is generally covered with a low growth of thorny bushes and prickly pear, known under the generic term of chaparral, and totally unfit for any civilized use. The table-land about Saltillo generally bears the same character. Timber, some-
times of good size and length, is found in the recesses of the mountains. It is true that fuel is not so much needed in Mexico as with us, nor is it so much used; but it is also true that, for the want of these elements, the population actually experiences no little suffering and discomfort. Indeed, comfort, in our acceptance, is unknown in that country.

"On the whole, I would say that, with all the advantages of climate and good soil, the States in question offer no inducements to the American farmer. Except near the streams there can be no extensive cultivation, and on the banks irrigation must be employed—an insuperable obstacle, it seems to me, to the settlement of the country, by our people, so long as any part of the Mississippi valley remains unoccupied.

"The mode of cultivation is as rude as possible among the great mass of the people. The hoe is unknown, and the ploughs are no better than those the Egyptians used in patriarchal times. There has been no progress in husbandry for two hundred years, and the whole aspect of the country denotes decay and retrogression.

"There may be some mineral wealth in this region, and mines of silver were once wrought near Cerralvo, and at other points, but, from the fact that they have been long closed, I infer that they could not have been very rich. Indian depredations are alleged as the cause of their abandonment.

"Colonel Hardin, who fell in the battle of Buena Vista, wrote:

"The whole country is miserably watered. Large districts have no water at all. The streams are small and at great distances apart. One day we marched, on the road from Monclova to Parras, thirty-five miles without water—a pretty severe day's march for infantry.

"Grass is very scarce, and indeed there is none at all in many regions for miles square. Its place is supplied with prickly pear and thorny bushes. There is not one acre in two hundred, mere probably not one in five hundred, of all the land we have seen in Mexico, which can ever be cultivated; the greater portion of it is the most desolate region I ever could have imagined. The pure granite hills of New England are a paradise to it, for they are without the thorny briers and venomous reptiles which infest the barbed barrenness of Mexico. The good land and cultivated spots in Mexico are but dots on the map. Were it not that it takes so very little to support a Mexican, and that the land which
is cultivated yields its produce with little labour, it would be surprising how its sparse population is sustained. All the towns we have visited, with perhaps the exception of Parras, are depopulating, as is also the whole country.

"'The people are on par with their land. One in 200 or 500 is rich, and lives like a nabob; the rest are peons, or servants sold for debt, who work for their masters, and are as subservient as the slaves of the South, and look like Indians, and, indeed, are not more capable of self-government. One man, Jacobus Sanchez, owns three-fourths of all the land our column has passed over in Mexico. We are told we have seen the best part of Northern Mexico; if so, the whole of it is not worth much.

"'I came to Mexico in favour of getting or taking enough of it to pay the expenses of the war. I now doubt whether all Northern Mexico is worth the expense of our column of 3000 men. The expenses of the war must be enormous; we have paid enormous prices for every thing—much beyond the usual prices of the country. Our march has been no injury, but indeed a benefit to that portion of the country our column passed through. The Mexicans have had no motive to wish for peace; they have made money while our government has paid the piper.'

"Lieut. Blake, in an official report to Col. Abert, chief of the topographical engineers, said of the country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande:

"'The route from Corpus Christi to the Arroyo Colorado may be divided into three parts:

"'1st. From Corpus Christi to the Santa Rosa ponds, 60 miles.

"'2d. From Santa Rosa ponds to Los Animos, 37 miles.

"'3d. From Los Animos to the Colorado, 26 miles.

"'The first division consists generally of flat prairie land, relieved by slightly undulating prairie dotted with numerous small motles or clumps of dwarf timber (principally musquit and hackberry) on the immediate banks of the streams, generally small, and in many places merely a succession of ponds; there is sufficient wood for camp purposes, the Escondido and Bobido excepted. The road throughout the entire distance is excellent, with the exception of about two miles of hog wallow prairie between the Nueces and Agua Dulce; this bad portion increasing in extent as you approach the coast. The water in the streams is generally slightly brackish, the best water being found in ponds on the route.
Large herds of deer and mustangs are seen in this portion of the country.

"The 2d division is more barren and sterile than the first. At the Santa Rosa ponds the road begins to be very sandy and heavy; numerous salt ponds are found on the route, and fresh water only at long intervals. At the Encinal the live-oak groves make their appearance, and the ground is much cut up by salamanders and gophers. From the 84th to the 98th mile, the route is a perfect desert; no wood, water, or grass; salt ponds are frequent, and the road exceedingly heavy. On reaching the Chilterpins, fresh water in ponds is found, the road begins to improve, and at Los Animos (an old ranche) the difficult part of the route for wheeled vehicles terminates.

"The 3d division resembles somewhat the first, there being however a greater quantity of wood, principally musquit, and the ground, as in the 1st division, covered with sweet-scented flowers. Fresh water in ponds is found at short intervals, with large droves of wild cattle on the praries. The road skirts the musquit on the right, the prairie extending thence to Laguna Madre on the left.

"From the Colorado to the Rio Grande opposite Matamorras, distant thirty miles, the country is similar to the third division, the road passing through musquit and chaparral, while to the left in the direction of Frontone, the country is more open, with wood and water sufficient for all the purposes of camp."

"Lieut. Peck thus writes of New Mexico:

"With respect to the connection of New Mexico with other parts of the continent: First, The nearest settlements to the west are those on the Pacific, distant six or seven hundred miles, and separated by a desert, with reference to which Kit Carson remarked, "that any party crossing it was bound to eat mule." 2d, The town of Chihuahua is distant from the most southern settlement of New Mexico 420 miles, and most of the intervening country is desert. The traders are usually from thirty to forty days transporting loads from Santa Fé to Chihuahua. 3d, To the east, the nearest settlements at present are on our own western border, the distance from Fort Leavenworth being 873 miles via Bent's fort. In course of time, our western settlements may be extended some two or three hundred miles westward to the eastern borders of the great desert; still there will be over five hundred miles portage. Thus we may consider New Mexico as completely
isolated from the rest of the continent. I would make a few remarks on the route from our nearest settlement to Santa Fé, but that route has been so often reported on that I could add little new. From the "Caches" on the Arkansas westward, the road by the Cimmaron lies through a desolate country. In fact, from this point till you reach the lower spring on the Cimmaron, or a distance of 125 miles, there is not a stick of wood with which the traveller can make a fire, even to make a cup of coffee; and from this point for the next 150 miles, there is not more than four or five places where wood can be obtained; the dried dung of animals has to be substituted when it can be obtained. Water is nearly as scarce as wood. By Bent's fort the route is better, but still any thing but good.

"I have omitted speaking of the mineral resources of New Mexico for the present. Many minerals, as iron, copper, and lead, occur in the mountains; but situated at the distance they are from the markets of the world, they will hardly be wrought. In truth, the cost of transportation to the United States would be much greater than their value when brought here."

"And of Upper California I will read a few pages from the speech of Mr. Smith.

"1. The country on the Colorado is nearly in the form of an equilateral triangle, the base of which (this side of the Colorado) rests on the river Gila, and its apex may be found in the Rocky Mountains, at or near the sources of the first named river. The base runs over near nine degrees of longitude, and a line drawn from the centre thereof to the apex would extend through about the same number of degrees of latitude. High mountains on the east separate it from New Mexico, on the north from Oregon, and on the west from the great Californian basin.

"The territory comprehended within the limits indicated, Mr. Farnham, in his "Life and Adventures in California," characterizes as being "a howling desolation." He then quotes extensively from Observations on the Country, which had been furnished him by Doctor Lyman, of Buffalo, who, in 1841, passed down the Colorado from its source, and through its whole extent. The doctor says, that "the water, in nearly every instance, after leaving the crossing of the Colorado in latitude 38° north, down to the Californian mountains," (which are opposite the mouth of the Colorado), "a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, is either very
brackish or slimy, or so excessively saline as to have, in many instances, a fatal effect on animals and men; in some few instances, indeed, good waters are found, but, like visits from the world above, they are "few and far between." Sometimes, too, the traveller crosses vast barren plains utterly destitute of water, and upon which vegetation is so scarce that there will hardly be a blade of grass to a square mile of surface! Occasionally wild sage is met with, but almost destitute of foliage; this, and the barren stems of other equally naked bushes, constitute the only food of wayfaring animals on these wastes. There are a few spots in this forsaken region where nature has attempted to checker its desolation with greenness." "Ponds of salt water occasionally occur, around which there is a scanty supply of coarse vegetation. Over these dreadful wastes—scathed of God—is, however, everywhere found a scanty supply of the wild squash, which serves only to tantalize the perishing traveller with the remembrance of fruitful fields and pleasant hours."

"Doctor Lyman," says Farnham, "suffered so many hardships while travelling down the Colorado, that he, as well as his animals, barely lived to reach the green field and pure waters of the Californian mountains. He found the country around the mouth of the river as dry as salt, and as uninviting, in every respect, as any he had traversed."

"But I wish to call the attention of the committee to another authority, which I am sure must command their entire confidence; it is the report of Colonel Emory, already referred to, when speaking of Sonora, who accompanied General Kearney in the fall of 1846 from the United States to California; the general, with his forces, crossed the Arkansas at about the 104th parallel of west longitude from London, at a point where that river constitutes a part of the boundary between the United States and Mexico, and proceeded from thence, in a south-westerly direction, to the Rio Grande, and (crossing that river) down on its right bank to about the parallel of 33° north latitude, when he turned suddenly to the right, crossed the mountains, and threw himself on the waters of the Gila, and then traversed the whole base of the triangle already alluded to, by marching down the latter river on its north bank to the Colorado, and thence in a course nearly west to San Diego on the Pacific. This gave Colonel Emory a good opportunity to observe the country which constitutes that base; and let the following extracts
from his report tell the story of its probable benefits to the American people:

"Nov. 13, 1846.—At 12 o'clock, after giving our horses a last watering, we started off in a south-west direction to turn the southern foot of the range of hills pointing to the Salt river. Five miles brought us into a grove of the pitchaya, which had yielded a plentiful supply of fruit to the Indians.

"Our way was over a plain of granitic sand, ascending gradually and almost imperceptibly. After leaving the pitchaya, there was no growth except the Larrea Mexicana, and occasionally, at long intervals, an acacia or inga. We travelled till long after dark, and dropped down in a dust-hole near two large green-barked acacias. There was not a sprig of grass or a drop of water, and during the whole night the mules kept up a piteous cry for both.

"There was nothing but the offensive larrea, which even mules will not touch when so hungry as to eat with avidity the dry twigs of all other shrubs and trees.

"Nov. 14.—We went on briskly to the Gila, whose course, marked by the green cotton-wood, could be easily traced. It looked much nearer than it really was. We reached it after making forty miles from our camp of yesterday. Our poor brutes were so hungry they would drink no water, but fell to work on the young willows and cane. After letting them bite a few minutes, we moved down the river five miles farther, to a large and luxuriant patch of paspalum grass, shaded by the acacia and prosonis.

"Nov. 15.—In the morning the general found the mules so much worsted by the forty-five miles' journey without food or water, that he determined to remain for the day. Most of the mules belonging to our party have travelled eighteen hundred miles, almost continuously. Two or three times they all have appeared on the eve of death, but a mule's vitality seems to recuperate when life seems to be almost extinct; so I am in hopes the day's rest will revive them sufficiently to undertake what will be the most distressing part of the journey. From information collected from Indians and others, it appears that we shall meet with no more grass from this spot to the settlements, situated three hundred miles distant.

"Nov. 16.—The valley on the south side continues wide, and shows continuously the marks of former cultivation. On the north side the hills run close to the river.

"After making ten miles, we came to a dry creek, coming
from a plain reaching far to the south, and then we mounted the table-land to avoid a bend in the river, made by a low chain of black hills coming in from the south-east. The table land was strewed with fragments of black basalt, interspersed with agate, chalcedony, vitrified quartz, and carbonate of lime.

"We descended into the broad valley of the Gila, skirted on the south side by the table-land, black with basalt pebbles, resting on a stratum of carbonate of lime, upon which the river impinged at every flood, and widened its valley. The hills on the north side were of red and gray rocks, probably granite, irregular in form, varying from six hundred to one thousand feet. Finding no grass, we loosened our mules among the willows and cane.

"Nov. 17.—The route to-day was over a country much the same as that described yesterday. Wherever we mounted to the table-lands to cut off a bend in the river, found them dreary beyond description, covered with blocks of basalt, with a few intervals of dwarf growth of larrea. Now and then a single acacia raised its solitary form, and displayed its verdure on the black expanse.

"Nov. 18.—The hills and mountains appeared entirely destitute of vegetation, and on the plains could be seen, only at long intervals, a few stunted tufts of Larrea Mexicana, and wild wormwood, Artemisia cana.

"Nov. 20.—Our camp was pitched in a little patch of grass two miles from the river. Night came on before the animals reached it, and they were without water for twenty-four hours. There was a pond near the camp, but so salt that the horses could not drink it.

"Nov. 21.—The plains are now almost entirely of sand, and composed of sandy and calcareous loam, with iron pyrites and common salt, covered sparsely with chamira, Larrea Mexicana, and a shrubby species of sage.

"Nov. 22.—The position of our camp was decided, as usual, with reference to the grass. The lives of our animals were nearly as important as our own. It was pitched to-day in a little hollow encircled by a chain of sand-hills overgrown with musquit.

"Nov. 23.—We did not move camp to-day, in order to give our mules an opportunity to pick what little grass they could before taking the desert of ninety miles which lies on the other side of the Colorado.

"On the 24th, General Kearney and his party remained
in camp, and the 25th crossed the Colorado, and then Colonel Emory proceeds with his narrative as follows:

""We ascended the river three-quarters of a mile, where we encountered an immense sand-drift, and from that hour until we halted; the route between Sonora and California lies along the foot of this drift, which is continually but slowly encroaching down the valley.

""We halted at a dry arroya a few feet at the left of the road leading into the Colorado, where there was a hole five or six feet deep, which, by deepening, furnished sufficient water for the men.

""Nov. 26.—The dawn of day found every man on horseback, and a bunch of grass from the Colorado tied behind him on the cantle of his saddle.

""Descending this bluff, we found in what had been the channel of a stream, now overgrown with a few ill-conditioned musquits, a large hole, where persons had evidently dug for water. It was necessary to halt to rest our animals, and the time was occupied in deepening this hole, which after a long struggle showed signs of water. An old champagne-basket, used by one of the officers as a pannier, was lowered in the hole to prevent the crumbling of the sand. After many efforts to keep out the caving sand, a basket-work of willow twigs effected the object, and, much to the joy of all, the basket, which was now fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, filled with water. The order was now given for each mess to draw a camp-kettle of water, and Captain Turner was placed in charge of the spring to see a fair distribution.

""When the messes were supplied, the firmness of the banks gave hopes that the animals might be watered, and each party was notified to have their animals in waiting. The important business of watering them then commenced, upon the success of which depended the possibility of their advancing with us a foot farther. Two buckets for each animal were allowed. At 10 A. M., when my turn came, Captain Moore had succeeded by great exertions in opening another well, and the one already opened began to flow more freely, in consequence of which we could afford to give each animal as much water as he could drink. The poor brutes, none of which had tasted water in forty-eight hours, and some not for the last sixty, clustered round the well and scrambled for precedence. At 12 o'clock I had watered all my animals,
The poor things had still an aching void to fill, and all night was heard the munching of sticks, and their piteous cries for more congenial food.

"Nov. 27 and 28.—To-day we started a few minutes after sunrise. Our course was a winding one to avoid the sand-drifts. About 3, p. m., we disengaged ourselves from the sand, and went due (magnetic) west over an immense level of clay detritus, hard and smooth as a bowling-green.

"The desert was almost destitute of vegetation. The heavy sand had proved too much for many horses and some mules, and all the efforts of their drivers could bring them no farther than the middle of this dreary desert. About 8 o'clock, as we approached a lake, the stench of dead animals confirmed the reports of the Mexicans, and put to flight all hopes of our being able to use the water. The basis of the lake, as well as I could judge at night, is about three quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide. The water had receded to a pool, diminished to one-half its size, and the approach to it was through a thick, soapy quagmire. It was wholly unfit for man or brute, and we studiously kept the latter from it, thinking that the use of it would but aggravate their thirst.

"One or two of the men who came in late, rushing to the lake, threw themselves down and took many swallows before discovering their mistake; but the effect was not injurious, except that it increased their thirst.

"Nov. 29.—The grass at the spring was any thing but desirable for our horses, and there was scarcely a ration left for the men. This last consideration would not prevent our giving the horses a day's rest wherever grass could be found. We followed the dry sandy bed of the Cariso nearly all day at a snail's pace, and at length reached the Bayou Citon "little pools," where the grass was luxuriant, but very salt. The water strongly resembled that at the head of the Cariso creek, and the earth, which was very tremulous for many acres about the pools, was covered with salt.

"This valley is at no point more than half a mile wide, and on each side are mountains of gray granite and pure quartz rising from 1000 to 3000 feet above it.

"We rode for miles through thickets of the continual Agave Americana, and found one in full bloom. The sharp thorns terminating every leaf of this plant were a great annoy-
ance to our dismounted and wearied men, whose legs were now almost bare. A number of these plants were cut by the soldiers, and the body of them used as food. The day was intensely hot and the sand deep. The animals, inflated with water and rushes, gave way by scores, and although we advanced only sixteen miles, many did not arrive at camp until ten o'clock at night. It was a feast day for the wolves, which followed in packs close on our track, seizing our deserted brutes, and making the air resound with their howls as they battled for their carcasses.

"The water comes to the surface in pools at this place; it is a valley surrounded by high bleak mountains destitute of vegetation; the mountains are of a micaceous granite, seamed with volcanic matter. The grass, which is coarse, extends for a mile or two along the valley.

"Nov. 30.—Notwithstanding the water was saltish, and in pools, and the grass unfavourable to the horses, yet we were compelled to avail ourselves of it for a day to recruit. The day and night were very unpleasant from the high wind which came over the snow-clad mountains to the West. The ground, too, was tremulous, and my observations for time, by which I hoped to obtain the rate of my chronometers, were not entirely such as I would desire.

"Dec. 1.—We ascended the valley, now destitute of both grass and water, to its termination, and then descended to the deserted Indian village of San Felippe. The mountains on either side are lofty; I suppose from 3000 to 5000 feet high, and those to the west encrusted on the top with snow and icicles. Our camp was in a long field of grass three or four miles in extent, through which a warm stream flowed, and drained through a canon to the north, abreast of the village. We went to the barren hills and collected the dry sage and scrub musquit with which we made a feeble fire. The Larrea Mexicana grew here also, but it is unfit for fuel. About nine miles from the camp we passed the summit which is said to divide the waters flowing into the Colorado from those flowing into the Pacific, but I think this is a mistake. The pass is much below the peaks on either side, and the height gives no indication of the elevation of the range, and indeed the barometric reading was but an indifferent index of the height of the pass, as the day was stormy. We are still to look for the glowing pictures drawn of California. As yet, barrenness and desolation held their reign. We longed to stumble upon the rancheros, with their flocks of fat sheep and cattle.
Meat of horses may be very palatable when fat, but ours are poor and tough, and it is hard to satisfy the cravings of hunger with such indifferent food.

"Dec. 2.—We commenced to ascend another "divide," and as we approached the summit, the narrow valley leading to it was covered with timber and long grass. On both sides the evergreen oak grew luxuriantly; and, for the first time since leaving the States, we saw what would even there be called large trees. Emerging from these, we saw in the distance the beautiful valley of the Agua Caliente, waving with yellow grass, where we expected to find the rancho owned by an American named Warner—and where they arrived, says Col. Emory, and then he adds)—to appease hunger, however, was the first consideration. Seven of my men ate, at one single meal, a fat, full-grown sheep.

"Dec. 3.—This day we remained in camp to rest.

"Dec. 4.—The morning was murky, and we did not start till 9 o'clock, about which time it commenced to rain heavily, which lasted nearly all day. Our route was chiefly through narrow valleys overtopped by high hills of some fertility, covered with oaks. We were now in the region of rains; and the vegetation, though not luxuriant, was very much changed; but it was too late in the fall to get the flowers or fruits necessary to determine the plants. Our camp was pitched, after marching thirteen and a half miles, in the valley of the Rio Isabel, near the rancho of Mr. Stokes, formerly the mission of Saint Isabel.

"The appearance of desolation which the rancho presents is little calculated to impress us with favourable notions of the agricultural resources of this part of California. The land in the narrow valleys is good, but high, surrounded everywhere by barren mountains; and where the land is good, the seasons are too dry for men to attempt cultivation without facilities for irrigation.

"2. Of the Great Californian Basin.—I cannot devote much time to this branch of the subject. It will be sufficient to say, that it is a tract of country of an oval form, surrounded by high mountains, and extends from about the 35th parallel of north latitude some distance above the 42d parallel; and of course, a part of it lies in Oregon. It has the triangle of the Colorado on the east, and California, upon the Pacific, on the west. Lieutenant Colonel Fremont says that it cannot be less than four or five hundred miles each way, and must be principally in Alta California—the demarcation of 42 degrees
probably—cutting a segment from the north part of the basin. In 1843, and 1844, Colonel Fremont (then captain by brevet of the corps of Topographical Engineers) performed, with his party, a tour entirely around the basin, on what he calls its "rim," or through the mountains which surround it. The description which he gives of his progress, and of the difficulties which he experienced in finding grass and water for his beasts, corresponds almost exactly with that already given from the report of Colonel Emory of his journey down the Gila and across the Colorado.

"Of this interior basin Colonel Fremont says:

"But little is known. It is called a desert, and, from what I saw of it, sterility may be its common characteristic; but, where there is so much water, there must be some oasis. The great river and the great lake, reported, may not be equal to the report; but, where there is so much snow, there must be streams; and, where there is no outlet, there must be lakes to hold the accumulated waters, or sands to swallow them up. In this eastern part of the basin, containing Severe, Utah, and the Great Salt Lakes, and the rivers and creeks falling into them, we know there is good soil and good grass adapted to civilized settlements. In the western part, on Salmon Trout river, and some other streams, the same remark may be made. The contents of this Great Basin are yet to be examined. That it is peopled, we know; but miserably and sparsely. From all that I heard and saw, I should say that humanity here appeared in its lowest form, and in its most elementary state: dispersed in single families, without fire-arms, eating seeds and insects, digging roots, (hence their name.) Such is the condition of the greater part. Others are a degree higher, and live in communities, upon the same lake or river that supplies fish, and from which they repulse the miserable Digger. The rabbit is the largest animal known in this desert; its flesh affords a little meat; and their bag-like covering is made of its skins. The wild sage is their only wood, and here it is of extraordinary size, sometimes a foot in diameter, and six or eight feet high. It serves for fuel, for building material, for shelter to the rabbits, and for some sort of covering for the feet and legs in cold weather. Such are the accounts of the inhabitants and productions of the Great Basin, and which, though imperfect, must have some foundation, and excite our desire to know the whole.

"The whole idea of such a desert, and such a people, is a
novelty in our country, and excites Asiatic, not American ideas. Interior basins, with their own systems of lakes and rivers, and often sterile, are common enough in Asia; people, still in the elementary state of families, living in deserts, with no other occupation than the mere animal search for food, may still be seen in that ancient quarter of the globe. But in America such things are new and strange, unknown and unsuspected, and discredited when related.

"But I flatter myself that what is discovered, though not enough to satisfy curiosity, is sufficient to excite it, and that subsequent explorations will complete what has been commenced."

"But I must now recur once more to the report of Colonel Emory, and quote from it a statement which I conceive to be pre-eminently worthy of the attention of the committee. After he had arrived at, or before he crossed, the Colorado, he writes as follows:

"The country, from the Arkansas to this point, more than 1200 miles, in its adaptation to agriculture, has peculiarities which must for ever stamp themselves upon the population which inhabits it. All of North Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora and the Californias, as far north as the Sacramento, and as far as the best information goes, is the same in the physical character of its surface, and differs but little in climate and products.

"In no part of this vast tract can the rains from heaven be relied upon to any extent for the cultivation of the soil. The earth is destitute of trees, and in great part also of any vegetation whatever. A few streams flow in different directions from the great mountains which in many places traverse this region. These streams are separated sometimes by plains, and sometimes by mountains, without water and without vegetation, and may be called deserts, so far as they perform any useful part in the sustenance of animal life.

"To the 1200 miles mentioned by Colonel Emory should be added 100 or 150 miles of desert on the other side of the Colorado, as described by quotations already made from his journal, so that there is an expanse of about 1400 miles of territory, including New Mexico, which fall within the purview of his remarks. It will be observed, also, that these remarks are highly confirmatory of the views I have already expressed of Chihuahua, Sonora, and Lower California.

"3. Of Alta California on the Pacific.—I have had some difficulty in forming an opinion of the value of this country
on account of the contradictory accounts which we find in
the various authors who treat of the subject. I am well
satisfied, however, that it is the only part of the vast acquisi-
tions which are contemplated by this administration that can
add any thing to the resources and wealth of the American
people; and I long ago made up my mind not to object to
the acquisition of the Bay of San Francisco, and of so much
of Upper California as is situated above the parallel of 36
degrees, 30 minutes, provided we could obtain the territory
on just and reasonable terms.'

"Again, this war has cost us a large standing army. Our
regular army formerly numbered only some seven thousand,
and this was thought to be a large force for a republic whose
mission is peace, whose civil and military establishments
should be simple and cheap, and whose territories are pro-
tected from invasion by the barriers of nature. Now our regu-
lar army numbers upwards of twenty thousand, and ten thou-
sand more are called for; that is, while seven thousand were
sufficient to protect us against all the world, it now takes thirty
odd thousand troops to defend us from our weak and distracted
neighbour whom we encouraged to establish a republic, and
with whom Mr. Polk has commenced a war of extermination.
Nor is this all yet. At least forty thousand souls have
perished by this war; hundreds of useful lives have been lost,
and thousands on thousands of homes made desolate. This
is a rough but fair estimate of the cost of the war; of a war
in regard to which the stern old Roman of South Carolina de-
clared that he would have his right hand cut off before he would
say that it was begun by Mexico. And this is good testimony,
for Mr. Calhoun is not a Whig, and was forced to oppose the
war from a clear knowledge of its disastrous results, immediate
and remote."

UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.

I have lately been looking over the list of pensioners who
will be thrown on my bounty, and you may be sure that I
groaned aloud. The poor, crippled soldiers, however, are not
the only persons cast on my charity, nor do I begrudge a ge-
nerous support to these gallant and unfortunate men. There
are two other classes who are to feed on my treasury, for an
indefinite time to come; two sets of voracious cormorants,
whose greedy maws will hold all of my substance that Mr.
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Polk has left. I can hear now most distinctly the croak of a swarm of speculators that come warping on the western wind, numerous as the locusts of the east, and ravenous as famished wolves. Gracious heavens, how they darken the firmament! From every region and every clime they come, and from their long projecting beaks hang bills still more terrible; paper bills with figures instead of teeth, and with your Uncle Sam marked on each with a ferocious "Dr.," always more dismal-looking to me than a death's head. Every one of them swears most stoutly that Mr. Polk promised him "indemnity," and by my honest soul! if I give them what they demand, the indemnity which we were to get from Mexico will be but as a small duck puddle to the Atlantic Ocean. And how am I to get round these payments? The faith of the government, they say, is pledged, and they will, too, make plain proof of their losses of horses, cattle, boats, vehicles, provisions, servants, and God knows what all. For fifty years—yes, until I can plead the statute of limitations, I shall expect to meet one of these accursed creditors at every corner. But, again, here is another paper which Mr. Polk secretly slipped into my pocket: "Remember, Uncle, that this Mexican war was our war, and we are entitled to all the glory. This would have been more clear if they had let me appoint that Lieutenant-general; but even as it is, my friends Pillow, Butler, Quitman, Worth, &c., &c., &c., must all, each in his turn, be President, and Democrats generally, and for ever hereafter, be preferred to Whigs, because they fought for their country in the war of 1846."

If ever I countenance such a falsehood may I die the death of the sinner! But such is the paper which I now have in my possession, and in it there is not a word said about the old man who fought the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista; not a word about that chief who from Vera Cruz to Mexico performed, with incredible despatch and ease, a series of exploits that fairly throw the old romances into the shade. No allusion is made to the fact that an immense proportion of the rank and file of all the volunteer regiments were Whigs; that Colonels Clay, McKee, and Hardin, who fell in the glorious battle of Buena Vista, were Whig volunteers with no hope of promotion; Col. McClung who fought so gallantly at Monterey, and was wounded, was a Whig volunteer, and that Cols. Campbell, Mitchell, Haskell, Baker, &c., &c., were, and are, all Whigs, and that besides these there were a host of cap-
tains, lieutenants, and majors among the volunteers, who were Whigs and fought like tigers, for me, not for Mr. Polk. I cannot agree to the proposition Mr. Polk has made; it is repugnant to my nature. Pillow has got glory enough; he has killed, "in substance," a Mexican officer; he wrote, in substance, the Leonidas letter; and, figuratively, he was, at Cerro Gordo, 'shot all to pieces;' and at Churubusco, according to the Washington Union, marched, with incredible valour, through fields of corn, and plunged into ditches sometimes waist deep! This is enough; history must be his reward, and history will reward him. Even the poet's soul shall kindle with a celestial spark at the mention of his name, and in breathing strains celebrate his unparalleled exploits.

No, no; I cannot permit such a warlike genius to occupy my highest civil offices. Why, he would dig ditches round the whole city of Washington, and he and Major ———, like Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, would be for ever fighting their battles over again, and for mere sport might batter down the Capitol, the White-house, and all the departments. And as for Quitman, Butler, and Worth, what are they? brave men, it is true, and that is about all that I know of them. Besides, does Mr. Polk think I am for ever to keep company with none but locofocos? Does he not know that I am sick of the follies, the cheats, the corruptions, and the intrigues of the spoils-loving race, who have had me in keeping for years past? Look at me, my boys, look at me, in the pictures drawn of me when I used to keep company with General Washington and James Madison. Would you think that that

TO MAJOR-GENERAL GIDEON J. PILLOW.

Camargo, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco!
With each name thy fame increases;
You’re at the first a trenchant hero,
And at the second shot to pieces!

The last, however, with a blaze
Of tassels shall thy brow adorn;
For there you felled the Indian maize,
And played the devil with the corn!

And if the painter should enrich
Thy head with ears, for future story,
It will remind us of the ditch
And cornfield where you won your glory!

Would you think that that
man, that your Uncle Sam, could ever have been induced to associate, under any circumstances, with spoils-loving, midnight-cau- cuassing, wire-pulling, tricky politicians, with less honesty than Talleyrand, and less soul than a Jew usurer. I flatter myself that I had an honest, manly, straight-forward, single-hearted, and benevolent look, and such, though I say it, was my character. I love all my nephews alike. I wish to see justice done to all—to see all happy, peaceful, and prosperous. And yet, I am made to be instrumental in the working out of purposes exactly opposite. I am forced, every day of my life, to hear myself charged with partiality, hypocrisy, tyranny, and oppression, and to see hundreds and thousands victimized in my name—to see every sort of iniquity perpetrated under the sanction of my authority. Behold the present condition of your Uncle Sam! [See Plate opposite.]

Will not the nation come to my rescue? Would that I had a million of mouths to groan withal! As many mouths as Democracy has hands in the Treasury! If an honest man in trouble could make half the noise that a locofoco does when scenting the spoils, I would make myself heard!

CHAPTER XIII.

EXTENDING THE AREA OF FREEDOM.

"Much has been said and written," said the old patriot, Emeril, "about the extension of the area of freedom; and truly, to the philanthropist it is a thing devoutly to be wished. All liberal-minded men will agree in desiring to see the blessings of liberty diffused over the whole world; but how is the cause of freedom to be advanced? Does the conqueror carry it to the conquered? Does it travel with a subjugating army? Is it to be forced on a people at the point of the bayonet, and is its proper home to be found in territories desolated by the ravages of victorious armies sent to conquer and annex? Liberty is philanthropy; both aim at the same end, the well-being of men. Now let us see how the area of liberty has been extended; how the cause of philanthropy has been advanced.

"The cost of the war I have calculated in two sums, and will add them together:
"Three hundred and seventy-five millions is the least probable amount which the war will cost us; and, admitting that those Mexicans whom we have annexed will be benefited, we find that it has taken three hundred and seventy-five millions of money on our part, and some forty or fifty thousand lives; and many millions and forty or fifty thousand lives on the part of Mexico, to liberate some one hundred thousand souls. This is, it must be confessed, a most expensive mode of liberating mankind, and, not counting the money lost, and the beggary produced, would be objectionable, from the fact that there is a man certainly lost for every one probably saved. These three hundred and seventy-five millions would have carried food to every starving family in Europe; they would, if judiciously spent, have given the whole world a year of happiness. Again: hundreds of thousands of generous souls in Europe have been perishing under the unjust and arbitrary governments there. In the mines of England, in the factories of that country and of Scotland, and in the Green Isle of Ireland, there are thousands on thousands who are languishing for freedom and for bread; thousands on thousands of good hearts and manly spirits doomed to hopeless penury and to slavery. At a cost of twenty-five dollars per head, twenty-five millions of dollars would have brought one million of these to America; twenty-five millions more would have relieved them from immediate want; twenty-five millions more would have educated their children for one year; and a hundred millions more (paid in public lands) would have given each individual a freehold of one hundred acres of land. Thus, one hundred and seventy-five millions would have brought to our western wilderness one million of wretched and starving people, would have set them up in the world, have taught all their children to read and write, and understand our laws and government, and have peopled our western wilds with a thriving population; and all this would have cost two hundred millions less than the Mexican war! Talk about extending the area of freedom! How long are men to be duped!"
OPINIONS OF

UNCLE SAM’S GROANS.

My friend Jonathan has well remarked that much has been said about the extension of the area of freedom; and, he might have added, a great deal more is yet to be said. The whole amount of it is just simply this, and no more: the area is to be extended until every democratic politician gets an office. That’s what they’re after; that’s what they want; and they will keep stretching until they get it. They forget, though, in the mean time, that your Uncle Sam has to straddle every inch of this territory, and that his legs, though they be “long and light,” cannot reach quite as far as a degree of longitude. Here I am, already nearly split in two, with one foot on the St. John’s, and the other on the Colorado del Norte. [See Plate opposite.]

Can I be stretched farther? Suppose they undertake to extend me from Baffin’s Bay to Terra del Fuego, what will be the result? Why I will show you. And judge ye, whether I, or liberty, the life of my soul, can survive such a fix as this. [See Plate opposite.]

There’s a study for you. Your Uncle Sam, torn into fragments—a foot here, a head there, and an arm somewhere else—with freedom, the breath of his nostrils, gone for ever. Such will be the inevitable fate of the extension of our government over all the different nations and races on this continent. It will fall to pieces, and the fragments will have but the faint semblance of the original parent State, and none of its energy, equality, or liberty. So has it been heretofore, and so mote it be! Will men never learn from the past?

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LOSSES CONTINUED.

"It seems to me," said the old man, after making the remarks and calculations recorded in the preceding chapter, "it seems to me that I am just awaking from a long and troubled dream. Ten years ago, if you had told a democratic leader that in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, he would be justifying a two years' war with our sister republic of Mexico, begun ostensibly on account of a boundary dispute, prosecuted for conquest, and costing some
two hundred millions and more, he would have replied to you in the language of the offended Syrian captain, Naaman, to the prophet Elisha, 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' Then, such charges would have been considered as a slander; then the proposition for the annexation of half Mexico, and for the increase of our regular army to some thirty odd thousand, would have astounded the nation, and have overwhelmed the author with national ridicule. He would have been beneath abuse or fear; he would have excited a universal pity for the aberrations of his intellect, or disgust and contempt for his absurd ambition.

"And yet—and yet—is it possible! Oh, tell me that I have been labouring under the delusions and illusions of a waking night-mare, produced by age and infirmity. Convince me, my children, that the phantoms of a palsied brain have been stalking before my dim vision; that my imagination has been disturbed only by the innocuous shadows that startle the infirm traveller in the vale of years.

"Surely that was but a drum that I heard to-day and yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that; surely I have not, in fact, been hearing for long months past the clangour of arms, the roar of artillery? Is it true that I have seen from day to day recruiting sergeants: that my ears have been perpetually offended with the noisy revelry of newly enlisted soldiers, and of drunken mobs insanely bellowing of war, and death and glory? Has the war-scourge in fact swept over the land? Has the whole nation, in fact, been delirious with the war fever, tearing itself and others, stamping on its laws and constitutions, and crying for arms, for glory, for slaughter, and for conquest? Has blood been shed? Have I seen in every street masses of mutilated citizens, and heard that many others of my neighbours and friends, and of the neighbours and friends of you all, now sleep beneath the burning sands of a foreign country? Was I deceived, or did I see a long funeral train, all clad in black, and hear a loud wail of widows and orphans swelling on the breeze?

"Ah, daughter, those swimming eyes and that sable dress answer me, with a mute eloquence: you all look sad and bend your eyes upon the floor, and I remember now that one of us did not answer to his name to-day. He was a brave and generous boy, the darling of his father, the pride of you all; his great spirit burned with a desire to show that Whigs are patriots in war as well as in peace, and he left us to push among the foremost for the halls of the Montezumas. He
reached his final goal this side of the Aztec capital—going forth to conquer he has himself fallen before the Conqueror, but he has won glory for us all. Here it is in this bundle of papers—here are some letters, notices, and resolutions which have been published in the newspapers, and for a week at least made his name famous. Here is the glory—take it, wife of his bosom, and see if it will warm thy widowed and desolate heart—look at it, children of his love, and see if it will look at you, and smile on you, and talk to you, and caress you as a father did—handle it, brothers and sisters, and see if it will, in return, give you a brother’s embrace. Yes, there, in that heap of senseless trash, there lies the glory, the price of my dear son’s life; there is the recompense of his blood. What a mockery to call this fame! Soon, very soon, these speeches, resolutions and letters will be forgotten; soon those who wrote them will forget even the name of him in whose honor they were composed, and then his memory will be cherished and held dear only by those whose affectionate regard is of an older date than the war itself, and whose regretful remembrance needed not to be awakened by a gory bed on the wild way-side in a foreign land.

“Glory indeed! poor and valueless as it is, it is not ours, nor theirs who fought and fell; it is his who played the game, and who expects that history will speak of his brilliant achievements, making little mention of the men, the instruments with which, like wooden pins, he played the game. A few will gain a name—the few who suffered least and whose pay was the highest—these will be immortalized by history and receive the sympathies and admiration of posterity. But the mass who toiled, and watched, and fought, and suffered with hunger and thirst and fatigue, what will be said of them? Their names will be blotted out—they will moulder unremembered beneath a foreign soil—and their friends will mourn, their wives, parents and children will be desolate, and poor, and may-be come to want, while the names of the President and his politicians are blazing with the glory won by those forgotten soldiers.

“It is no exaggeration to say that thousands on thousands of hearts have been broken by this war; that thousands on thousands will, by it, be involved in distress and misery.

“But something worse than all this has happened; the distemper of the times has sadly affected the morals of the nation. Did you ever see people returning from a hanging
or public execution of any sort? And have you not observed something wild and fearful in their looks and manners?

"God has so ordained it that the sight of human agonies inflicted by human hands petrifies and makes ferocious the hearts of the beholders, preparing them for quarrels, fights, and desperate enterprises. We have all been spectators of the execution of a nation; we have seen rivers of human blood and whole hecatombs of human victims slaughtered at a time; we have seen men by tens, by hundreds, and by thousands mangled and cut to pieces; we have seen whole fields blackened with carcasses rotting in the sun, and we have heard yells, and groans, and cries, and wailings enough to add a new horror to the dismal scenes of the world below.

"Have these things tended to promote the progress of temperance, philanthropy, and kindly sympathy?—to subdue the passions, to purify the heart, and to fill the soul with noble, generous, and gentle impulses? Do they accelerate our advancement in civilization and its great Christian and peaceful virtues? Or do they not rather, as I said, petrify the heart, accustoming it to the sounds of distress, to the sights of wrong and outrage, and preparing it for more atrocious and more wretched scenes?

"There are some who would call this a sickly sentimentalitiy; there are some, too, among the Camanches and Black-feet Indians, who would speak in terms equally contemptuous of all our notions of refinement and morals; and there are those among the serfs of Russia who would regard our ideas of liberty as the sublune abstractions of a poetic or distempered fancy. By these, however, who understand and appreciate the doctrines on which our government is based, what I say will be properly felt; and these, too, will agree with me that the disgrace attached to the doctrines which I now preach is a lamentable proof of their truth and force. All wars inflict deep wounds on the morals of the nations waging them, and every blow at the national virtue is a blow at the liberties of the country. Even our glorious war of the Revolution entailed its many and its long-enduring evils; our short, just, and necessary war with England at the beginning of this century had a like effect, and what then are we to expect from a protracted war waged for conquest, for dominion, and for glory? From one waged for the annexation of the enemy and his lands; one waged with a people, whom to rob, murder, and ravish, have been considered as very venial sins!
"There can be no doubt that the tone of national moral feeling in this country has been seriously affected by this Mexican war; and there can be as little doubt that liberty and virtue are for ever and inseparably connected.

"Our institutions are founded on a code of austere morals, on the purest system of Christian philanthropy, and our mission here is one of peace—peace from tyrant men—peace from tyrant passions—peace from their wars, their exactions, and their crimes. This is the first element of our social organization—the corner-stone of our political fabric. Will the building stand without it? Politicians will answer this question with a sneer; the historian will handle it in a different manner."

UNCLE SAM'S GROANS.

The Locofoco leaders have one great sin to account for. There are, at this time, in the United States, thousands of my hardy nephews who are utterly deluded in regard to the value and fertility of lands far, far beyond the verge of western civilization. When they have a point to carry, these leaders are heartless, and will fabricate the most absurd stories about glorious countries they have annexed; nor do they care how many are ruined by the deception. Oregon, for a while, was the El Dorado—the "land of promise"—the paradise of the earth; and there are yet, on the road to that distant, bleak, and dismal region, many a heart-broken, wan, and weary victim of Democracy; indeed, the route to the Stony Mountains, and through those awful barriers, is strewed along with bones! California and New Mexico will now be the blissful regions—the ever-blooming Edens—more delightful than the gardens in the vale of Cashmere, and hundreds will be deluded. All over this broad and glorious Union, I see signs of discontent; I see thrifty, but not rich, farmers, selling out, breaking up old associations, leaving their homes and their kindred—leaving wholesome laws, good society, and pleasant climate, and, full of hope, energy, and Democratic faith, starting on the long road to the valley of the Sacramento. Three months after they start, I see them again; their horses are as gaunt as the figures of death, their wagons are worn out, their hopes are all faded, their energies gone, their constitutions broken, and their little ones beneath the unmarked clod of the wilderness! Again, I see them in California; they are seated
in huts, shivering with the cold and damp; their substance is all gone; the rainy season has been continuing for weeks; desolation, wide and boundless, is their prospect without, and sickness, complaints, unavailing regrets within. They would return; but their next journey will be to the grave, and the prairie wolves will howl for them! A few speculators will make; the others—alas, but it must be so! I wonder if the ghosts of their victims do not sometimes groan and shriek in the ears of the politicians!

CHAPTER XV.

MORE LOSSES.

"Among the immediate evils of this Mexican war," spoke the venerable Faneuil, "there are several which are not generally alluded to now, but which will occupy a prominent place among the causes which led to the decline and fall of this great republic. Human nature is the same in all ages and all climates; that is, there are certain passions which will be found indigenous in every human heart. Chief among these is the love of power, of eminence, of superior rank, position, or consequence; and this is the passion which has made all the despots, monarchs, and noblemen that have ever existed. This is the passion which prompts to aggressions on the rights of others; to injustice, outrages, and wars. Men, by the might of arms, or mind, will endeavour to build up themselves by taking from others; and when they have appropriated to themselves the rights of a whole community, they then make laws legalizing those possessions which were originally obtained by fraud or violence. The founders of our system, a wonderfully virtuous race of men, and chastened in their desires by a long and soul-trying struggle, conceived the sublime desire of establishing a government, in which the people should all be equal in political rights, and the tendency of which would be to elevate the social condition of the masses, and gradually to produce that general and harmonious level which ought to exist among men, children as they all are of a common parent, and heirs of a common destiny. Of course, the fathers of our republic could not produce a social equality, but this, it was hoped, would be the result of time and the working of those political principles on which they formed.
the wisest, the freest, and the fairest government the world has ever seen. None but virtuous, conscientious, and unasp-
piring men can live contented under such a system; nor will it flourish longer than the bad passions of the heart are kept in check. Unfortunately, as wealth and luxury increased, ranks and aristocracies began to be formed; the rich and the great become more and more proud and exclusive, and the poor and obscure more and more humble and timid. We were gradually forgetting the virtues of equality and self-
denial, which are the animating soul of our system; and this Mexican war, from its very nature, must hasten our progress to a near state of things in which, if the forms of our institu-
tions be not destroyed, the spirit will be gone.

"1st. It has begat a spirit of discontent and idleness, and a consequent desire to live and to accumulate wealth without labor. Numbers have got rich suddenly by government con-
tracts, and by speculations in the army and among the enemy; and for every one thus enriched there are hundreds more who have been rendered dissatisfied with their condition, and are anxious to try their fortunes by like experiments.

"2d. The friends of the administration, to prevent dissatis-
faction with its acquisitions, have been and will be active in spreading the most exaggerated reports in regard to the fer-
tility, wealth, and salubrious climate of New Mexico and California. It will be represented as a sort of paradise—as rich in mines of gold, silver, and precious gems—as covered with immense droves of cattle, sheep, and horses, exuberant in fruits of every hue and taste, and producing spontaneously the most luxuriant crops of grain. These things will form the burden of every demagogue's discourse—every politician will give the reins to his imagination, and draw such a picture of the annexed States as will most please his own fancy. These delusive pictures will fill the mind with vague hopes of sudden fortunes, of Elysian fields and princely splendors—they will cause a weariness and disgust with the ordinary means by which honest perseverance has plodded its way to wealth—they will beget a feverish, speculating, restless spirit, whose dangerous excitability will only be enhanced by the utter blasting of its extravagant hopes.

"3d. To stimulate the ardor of the country in the prose-
cution of the war, and to make it popular, the gorgeous and untold wealth of Mexican churches and cathedrals has been unveiled and kept before the eyes of the nation; Mexican mines, filled with unimagined stores of gold and silver and
precious gems, have been added to the alluring prospect; and to crown all, these splendid objects of cupidity have been placed in a land enameled with a carpet of perpetual blossoms, fanned by breezes more fragrant than those that come from the spicy groves of Arabia, and abounding in fair matrons and tender maidens, soft and luxurious as their sunny clime. This is the picture that has been set before our eyes; and on it have we been called to gaze, while its attractions, one by one, were eloquently pointed out, that the whole nation, hot with lust and furious with passion, might become the blind instruments of those who had thus subdued the mastery of reason and virtue, and led it captive through the instrumentality of its vehement desires. Such a mode of uniting the people might well do for an Oriental despot, who rules a nation of voluptuous, dissolute, and lascivious slaves; such a prospect would be a proper stimulus to be used by the generals and viziers of the Grand Turk, when leading their myrmidonis to the ravaging of some fair land, with whose beauty and treasures they might fill their harems and purses: but are these the proper means with which the successors of Washington should carry their plans among the descendants of the Franklins, the Adamses, and the Madisons? Has this prospect strengthened our love of liberty? Have these inflammatory appeals had a tendency to chasten our desires, subdue our passions, and stimulate our virtues? Has this regimen improved our taste for democracy, given additional relish to the simplicity of republicanism? If French ragouts and spiced wines give men an appetite for the milk diet of nature, then have the allurements of this Mexican war and the gratification for the luxurious passions which it has aroused, prepared us for the austerities of liberty.

"4th. Great numbers of our citizens have served in Mexico, and have served either as superiors or inferiors. The army is not the place practically to learn republican notions: it is more or less a despotism, and both officer and soldier are apt to lose their democratic feelings, the former by the exercise of power, the latter by being subject to it. Of course there are some whose principles and natures are not tainted by the longest experience in the service, but these shining examples are only exceptions to the rule, and only show themselves to be men of the very highest order of merit. Some seventy thousand of our people have been, for some time, in camp, one portion of them commanding with despotic sway; the other portion obeying with implicit submission: one portion
exercising the authority of masters over their fellow-citizens, and clothed with powers and consequence extremely grateful and seductive, the other part often performing servile duties and submitting to servile treatment. I wish to know if such discipline is calculated to make those who have undergone it better democrats, truer republicans in heart and feeling, practice and principle?

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LOSSES MULTIPLY.

"According to the most reliable information which we can get," said Jonathan Faneuil, "the Mexican territory which we have acquired by the treaty of peace is covered by a population of upwards of seventy thousand Mexican people. Do you know who these people are? The great mass of them are badly civilized Indians and half-breeds, and the whole of them differ from us in manners, in morals, in religion, in feeling, prejudices and inclinations, as much as it is possible for one people to differ from another.

"The official organ of our government, the 'Union,' and other Democratic papers, as well as Democratic statesmen in and out of Congress, have, to stimulate our ferocity against these people, charged them with being one of the vilest races on earth, and I believe they are not far wrong. The Democrats have said they were treacherous; and this I believe. They are charged with being priest-ridden; and this I believe. They are said to be brutal in their passions, ignorant, stupid, and hopelessly depraved; and this I believe. They are called liars, thieves, vagabonds, wretches, cowardly, bestial, and cruel; and this I do not deny. We were told that they are by nature base, and by habit mean, perfidious, idle, and murderous; that they have no apprehension of the laws of right and wrong, of justice or of humanity; that they never knew, and cannot appreciate the benefits of good government; and that liberty, law, and order, are terms to which they can affix no definite meaning. They are said to be fond of tumults and revolutions; preferring, generally, a wild, robber life; the men to be utterly without probity and honour, and the women without chastity or decorum. They
are withal of a dark mulatto colour; they are generally poor, ragged and lousy, and they are disgustingly filthy in their habits.

"Behold your new fellow-citizens! Behold your adopted brethren, who are now your equals, who must assist at the election of your Congressmen and Presidents, and each one of whom is now clothed with as much political power as any man in the nation. Ignorant of the first rudiments of law and civilization, speaking an unknown language, unable to tell even the names of one-tenth of our public officers, and destitute of sufficient understanding dimly to comprehend the nature of our government. These vagabond wretches are now American citizens; they are part of the sovereigns of the country, and, by their votes, may control its destiny. But it is said some of them are Spaniards, or of pure Spanish blood. So much the worse for us. The Spaniard is proverbially tenacious of his old opinions, habits, and manners; and his nature is as hard to change as that of the Indian. Can any thing but unmixed evil flow from such an infusion into our population? Will the habits of these people, their very natures, immediately changed for the better, assimilate with ours?

"Is not corruption infectious, while purity is never propagated by contagion? Was health ever an epidemic, and would it spread like the plague or the small-pox? Did Lot's morals and example infect Sodom and Gomorrah? Are you yet to learn that bad principles and vicious habits are epidemic, while honour, and honesty, and morality have to be taught, diligently inculcated?

"These poor creatures, we are told, are, by a sublime stretch of philanthropy, introduced into our nation for their own good; to be purified, cleansed, healed, and made happy. What sort of reasoning is this? Would you, or any one, introduce a leper into the bosom of his family, to be nursed and cured, or would you send him to an hospital there to remain until he was made whole of his leprosy?

"Would you, or any one, give a virtuous, refined, and intelligent daughter in marriage to a vile, drunken, and infamous vagabond, however much you might have at heart his welfare and improvement? or would you marry a son to a prostitute, however much you might desire her reformation?

"I do not believe that any politician in this country, or any other, is more desirous than I am of relieving and reclaiming his distressed and erring fellow-mortals; and when I speak as
I do of the wretched inhabitants of Mexico, my heart is filled with compassion for them. But do we all really wish to make of them a free, virtuous, enlightened, and happy people? Is that the single and ardent desire of those who have annexed them to us? If so, why did they not pursue the only course which is feasible and wise?

"In physics, and in morals, it is a universal rule to separate the pure from the impure, the one to be healed, the other to preserve it from infection. In every civilized country there are quarantine regulations by which those coming from a polluted region are, for a certain number of days, prevented from going abroad; and if in this time they are stricken down with the pestilence, they are carried to the hospital where nurses and physicians attend them till their recovery. Such a policy is dictated by the soundest maxims of humanity and prudence, for while it looks to the welfare of the victim of disease, it also regards the welfare of the many whose safety is more important than that of a few individuals.

"This doctrine of a separation holds good in other matters, and was the first one ever taught to man by his Maker. When Adam transgressed, and his nature became depraved, he was banished from the society of God and his angels, and driven from Eden, which his descendants cannot enter until a life of probation and the pangs of death have cleansed their nature of every stain of sin.

"One of the first public buildings erected in every civilized country is a jail, where criminals are confined for punishment and for the bettering of their morals; and so we have Bridewells, Magdalen Institutes, asylums, and houses of correction.

"So in our private relations we will not permit our children to associate with, or to intermarry with, the ignorant, vicious, and infamous, though every good man will do all he can, consistently with the safety of himself and family, to teach such creatures a better course of life. What, then, supposing us to be a nation of pure philanthropists, and put here to reform and bless mankind, what ought to have been our policy towards the Mexicans? They were in a state of probation—they had our example before their eyes—they were our neighbours, and beyond the reach of European influence—and they had a republic. They were then in a situation to be cured of their vices—they had the fairest opportunity of proving themselves worthy of a connection with us, and what was the result? Have their natures been purified and exalted? Have they shown themselves capable of self-government?
Have they manifested those healthy qualities of heart and mind which will render them fit to fraternize with the free and virtuous citizens of this great republic? How long will it be before one-fifth of them will be able to read and write?

"How long will it be before one-tenth of them will have heard of Magna Charta, of the Stamp Act, and of the Declaration of Independence?

"How long will it be before one-hundredth part of them will know the difference between a federalist and a democrat? At what era in the remote future will one-thousandth part of them be able to comprehend the resolutions of '98 and '99?

"How many generations will pass away before the nature of one man is changed, renewed, and regenerated?—before one man will have cast his Indian or his Spanish heart—forgotten the traditions and the existence of his race—forgotten the religion and the superstitions, the loves, and the hatreds of his people, their history, their glory, and their wrongs—will have forgotten the names of warrior and hidalgo, of Spain and Mexico, and find all his sympathies clustering about 'The United States of the North'—his memory richly stored with their historical recollections—his prejudices all in favour of the common law—his learning all imbued with the doctrines of Milton and Locke, of Hampden, and Adams, and Franklin, and Jefferson—and his heart beating in unison with those of the citizens of the old Thirteen?

"This will happen when the Ethiopian has changed his skin, and the leopard his spots, and in the mean time, where will be the institutions themselves, whose object is so beneficent? How will the rancheros and peons of California and New Mexico have voted on the many public questions affecting the complicated interests of this vast republic?

"Their countries will soon be admitted to the dignity of States in this confederacy, and they, the seventy or eighty thousand mongrels, half-breeds, robbers, and rancheros will have four representatives in the Senate of the United States, and be entitled to as much weight in that illustrious body as the great States of Ohio and New York. Think of that: some few thousand of liberated Mexican slaves in the deserts beyond the Rio Grande, entitled, in all matters, to as much consideration in the highest branch of our highest deliberative assembly as the two hundred thousand voters of Virginia, or the two hundred thousand voters of Massachusetts! Think of these last two names for a moment, and see what memories and associations they conjure up; think of the tea riots
—of Bunker’s Hill—of Hancock and Adams; think of Patrick Henry—of the Lees, the Madisons, the Jeffersons, the Washingtons, and then think of lepers and peons, of Canales and Padre Jarauta, of Ampudia and Santa Anna, of banditti and pronunciamentos; think of a Boston merchant prince and a California sheep-stealer—of an old Virginia gentleman and a lousy ranchero; and think of the homes and haunts of each, and of the images and pictures which each term awakens in the imagination.

"Suppose that it is election-day—transport yourselves in imagination to the polls in any American village, and see the throngs of quiet, sober, and well-dressed citizens gathering about the ballot-box, and clustering in groups, the dullest and dullest man among them talking intelligently about the history of the country, of the tariff, sub-treasury and bank, and of the public men of the day. Pass, then, upon the wings of thought to the far regions of the burning South, and alight in a wretched rancho of straw-thatched huts swarming with fleas, lean dogs, wild and swarthy men, and half-naked women. You must imagine the jargon of broken dialects, the stupid stare of the tawny constituents, the eloquent harangues of the orators in unknown tongues, the brisk circulation of rum and brandy, the constant chink of coin, and the long files of ragged voters with mysterious strips of paper in their hands, and led on by some dapper Yankee marching solemnly to the polls, depositing their burdens, and then, in martial array, marching back to the pay-master’s department and drawing for their rations with the checks of their recruiting sergeants. Can any country flourish under the auspices of such sovereigns? Can any nation prosper with such a mass of corruption festering in its bosom?

"And recollect these citizens, whose suffrages will, of course, be regularly bought and sold, are not scattered about among larger classes of better men. States are composed exclusively of them, and these States will have Senators and Representatives in Congress, and weight in the college of electors by whom Presidents are chosen.

"Have I not given you food for a night’s reflection?"