EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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POETRY.

THE FAREWELL—By L. E. L.

You will forget me as the wild wind passes,
With but a moment's breathing on its wings,
Of the soft life in the long summer grasses—
Of the deep music from the forest springs.
They perish as they welcome the new comer;
Their odors leave the grass—the song, the brook,
The wind that brought will bear away the summer,
Unheeding the sweet world its presence shook.

Even so carelessly didst thou awaken
The new existence of a conscious heart;
Even so carelessly am I forsaken:
Not only with thyself have I to part,
But thou dost take with thee the hues Elysian,
Which brightened in thy presence life has lost,
In losing thee, the presence of the vision
Which, like an angel's, lit the path it crost.

It matters not. Fate is beside us ever,
With gradual but inevitable doom,
And mocks the struggling spirit's fond endeavor,
For soon or late the heart is its own tomb.
You will forget me: nay I am not praying
For but a moment's single thought from thee,
Ah! what availeth memory's delaying
Fondly, were hope again can never be!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

[This sketch is founded on the implacable and vindictive ferocity with which the natives of Corsica follow up their family feuds, which are handed down from generation to generation and gathere strength and intensity by each transmission. This mode of satisfaction; and feelings of those in quest of it are popularly known by the word VENDETTA or revenge.]

THE CORSAIR'S REVENGE.

Towards the close of September, in the last year of the last century, a foreigner, accompanied by his wife and infant daughter, stopped in front of the palace of the Tuileries. He stood for a considerable time near the ruins of a house recently pulled down, with folded arms, and head almost reclining upon his breast; or, if he raised it, it was to gaze successively upon the consular palace, and his wife, who was seated upon a stone by his side. Although the female seemed to devote her whole attention to her child, who was about nine or ten years of age, and whose black hair she drew through her fingers, not one of the glances which her husband threw around, escaped her notice. One same feeling, but not of love, appeared to unite them together, and to inspire their movements, gestures and thoughts by the same anxiety. Misery is, perhaps, the most powerful bond of Union.

The stranger had one of those strongly marked heads, abounding with a forest of hair, large and stern, which the Carrachis delighted to put upon canvass; but his raven coloured locks were plentifully varied with gray hairs, and his noble and haughty features were distorted by an unrelenting and cruel expression. He was tall and athletic notwithstanding his age was about sixty. His tattered clothes showed that he had just arrived from a long and painful journey.

His wife was ten years younger. Her once lovely face seemed to be faded by sorrow and privation. Her attitude indicated that she was a prey to deep and hidden sorrow; but when her husband looked upon her, she made an effort to smile, and tried to assume a calm and undisturbed aspect. The child was standing near her, although her young countenance, embrowned by the sun and weather, betrayed symptoms of weakness and fatigue. The tone of her features was decidedly Italian; large black eyes beneath perfectly arched eyebrows, native nobility, and indefinable grace.

More than one passer by felt moved and interested at the sight of this group, the parties of which did not attempt to conceal the marks of despair which was as deep as its expression was simple and evident. But the spring of that transient and fugitive feeling which Parisians give way to, was quickly dried up; for as soon as the stranger observed that he had become the object of the marked attention of any lounger, he returned his gaze with so fierce a glance, that the most intrepid and inquisitive hurried on their way as if they were walking among serpents.

Suddenly the tall foreigner passed his hand across his forehead, as if to chase away the gloomy thoughts which had furrowed it with wrinkles. He seemed to nerve himself to some decided and desperate resolution. He turned a piercing look upon his wife and daughter, drew from under his coat a long poinard, which he handed to the woman. He then said to her in Italian.

'I am going to see whether the Bonapartes will remember us!'

So saying he moved with a slow and firm tread towards the entrance of the palace. He was, of course stopped by a soldier of the consular guard with whom the discussion did not continue long, for perceiving the obstinacy with which the stranger persisted in his design, the sentinel presented his bayonet to his breast as a last and conclusive argument. It so happened that the relief was then going the rounds, and the corporal very obligingly pointed out to the adventurer where the officer who commanded the post was stationed.

'Let Bonaparte know that Bartolomeo di Piombo has something to say to him,' was the stranger's address to the captain of the guard.'

It was in vain that the officer took much trouble to make the stranger understand that it was not the custom for the First Consul to receive any body, unless an audience had been previously requested in writing, he continued to insist that the captain should go personally and inform Bonaparte of his visit —The officer, after again explaining the rule of the service, positively declined attending to the wish of the pertinacious intruder. Upon this, Bartolomeo knit his eyebrows together in such a manner as to make them meet and cast an awful frown upon the captain, as if to make him responsible for any untoward event which might happen, in consequence of his refusal. He did not utter another word, but crossed his arms fiercely upon his breast, and posted himself beneath the portico, which serves as a communication between the court yard and the gardens of the Tuilleries.

Persons who have energetically made up their minds to a thing, are frequently admirably seconded by accident in its accomplishment At the moment when Bartolomeo seated himself upon one of the stone pots which are at the entrance of the palace, a carriage drove up from which Lucien Bonaparte, then Minister of the Interior, alighted.

'Ah, Lucien!' cried the stranger; 'Bortolomeo is very lucky to meet you!'

These words, pronounced in the Corsican patois caused Lucein to stop, as he was hurrying under the dome.—He looked at Bartolomeo, and instantly recognized him; the latter whispered into his ear; Lucien nodded to the sentinel, and they then ascended to the First Consul's apartment.

'They went as far as the closet without stopping; Murat, Lannes, and Rapp were there. When they saw Lucien come in, accompanied by so odd-looking a person, their conversation ceased. Lucien took Napoleon's hand, and led him to a window; after a few moment's conversation, the First Consul waved his hand and Murant and Lannes immediately withdrew. Rapp pretended not to notice it, and stayed behind. Bonaparte called to him sharply, and the aid-de-camp went into the adjoining room, grumbling. The First Consul, hearing Rapp's foosteps, passed hastily into the next room and noticed Rapp walking up and down, by the wall which separated the closet from the apartment.

'You will not take a hint, then?' observed the First Consul. 'Did you not perceive that I wanted to be alone with my fellow-countryman?

'He's a Corsican!' So——' responded the aid de-camp. 'That's additional reason why I should stay. I distrust all the tribe——"

The First Consul could not repress a smile, and gently pushed his devoted follower from the wall. Rapp then left the room.

'Well! what are you doing here, my poor Bartolomeo?' inquired the First Consul of Piombo.

'To beg an asylum and assistance from you, if you are a true Corsican,' replied Bartolomeo, in a hoarse and impatient tone.

'What misfortune can possibly have driven you from the country? You, who, six months ago were the richest, the most——"

"I have killed all the Portas!' said Piombo, with deeply modulated accents, and drawing his brows together convulsively.

The First Consul started back as if he had received a blow.

'Would you betray me?' said Bartolomeo, casting a sombre glance at Bonaparte. 'Remember, there are four more Piombos left in Corsica!'

Lucien took his countryman's arm, and, shaking it lightly, whispered to him, 'Surely you do not come here to threaten my brother?'

Bonaparte gave a nod to Lucien, who was instantly silent; then looking at Piombo, he said—

'Why did you kill the Portas?

'The Corsican's eyes glared like a flash of lightning.

'We had made up our quarrels, and agreed to be friends through the mediation of the Barbantini. On the day but one after we had dined together to drown all animosities, I was forced to leave them at my house, as business called me to Bastia. In my absence, they set fire to my vineyards at Longone—murdered my son Gregorio—and my daughter Genevra and my wife only escaped their hands, doubtlessly, because they had that very morning taken the communion, and were under the protection of the Virgin. When I returned I could no longer find my home; I searched for it, while I trod upon its smouldering ashes.'

Bartolomeo paused and appeared to be oppressed by the recollection of his sorrows.

'Suddenly I trod upon Gregorio's body, and by the light of the moon, I recognized him. Oh! said I to myself, this is the Portas' handiwork. I instantly made off to the mountains—collected together some persons to whom I had done service—do you understand, Bonaparte?—and we marched to the vineyards of the Portas. We reached the spot at nine o'clock in the morning, and at ten they were all in the presence of the God who made them. Giacomo pretends to say that Eliza Vanni had saved a child, the young Luigi; but I am sure I tied him securely to his bed, before we set fire to the house. To be brief; I left the island with my wife and child, before I could verify the report that Luigi was still living.

'Bonaparte stood motionless, looking at Bartolomeo with curiosity but without any indication of surprise.

'How many of them were they?' asked Lucien.

'Seven,' replied Piombo. 'They once persecuted you,' resumed he; but the observation did not draw any expression of animosity from the brothers.

'Ah! you are no longer Corsicans' said he, with a bitter and despairing tone' 'Adieu! I once sheltered and protected you,' he added reproachfully. If it had not been for me, your mother would never have reached Marseilles alive,' said he turning to Bonaparte, who stood deep in thought, resting his elbow on the mantlepiece of the chimney.

'In very conscience, Piombo,' answered Napoleon, I do not see how I can hide you under my wing; for I am the head of the republic, and it is my duty to see that its laws are executed.'

'Ah! ah! said Bartolomeo.

'But I can shut my eyes,' resumed the consul. The prejudice of the Vendetta will long prevent the supremacy of the laws in Corsica,' added he, speaking to himself. 'It must be eradicated, however, at whatever cost.

Bonaparte kept silence for a minute, and Lucien made a sign to Piombo not to interrupt him.

The Corsican shook his head disapprovingly.

'Stay here,' said the consul to Bartolomeo, and we will not meddle with the affair. I will cause your estates to be purchased for you; and at a fitting opportunity we will see what can be done for you. But no more of the VENDETTA. Remember there are no mountains to fly to in Paris; and if you handle your poniard here, you cannot expect a mercy which I should not dare to grant. Here every citizen is protected by the laws, and no one takes justice into his own hands.'

'Very well!' said Bartolomeo, taking Lucien's hand and grasping it. 'We are yours for life and death, and you can dispose of every one who bears the name of Piombo.'

So saying, the brow of the Corsican relaxed its sternness, and he looked around him with pleasure and complacency.

'You are not badly off here,' remarked he, smilingly, as if he should like to live there. 'It is a palace.

'It depends upon yourself to be the most welcome here, and to have a palace of your own in Paris,' said Bonaparte, measuring with his eyes the figure and proportions of his countryman. 'I shall often have occasion to look around me to find a devoted friend on whose fidelity I can rely.'

A sob of transport burst from the ample chest of Piombo. He held out his hand to the first consul and said,

'There is still something of the Corsican left in you!'

Bonaparte smiled, as he silently examined this man who brought back to him, as it were the breath of his native ground; of that island, where he had been received with so much enthusiasm on his return from Egypt, and which he was never again to behold. He made a sign to his brother, who took with him Bartolomeo di Piombo. Lucien inquired with much kindness about the state of the finances of the old friends of his family Piombo took the minister of the interior to a window, and pointed out his wife and Ginevra seated upon a heap of stones He then said—

We came here on foot from Fontainbleau, and are absolutely penniless.'

Lucien gave his purse to his countryman, and told him to come to his hotel the next morning, to consult about the means to be adopted to secure his property. Bartolomeo, filled with hope and happiness, rejoined his wife and Ginevra.

That evening the exiles obtained a refuge, bread, and the protection of the first consul.

From the N. O. Picayune.

DEFINITIONS FOUND IN NO DICTIONARY.

Anatomical—The gross mistake of giving to Anna the name tom.

Aristocrats—A palpable error in pneumatic chemistry, generally made use of when we are speaking of anti-republicans. A-ristocrats is inaccurate. The atmosphere is composed of oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid.

Crisis—Weep sister if you like. A lamentable expression.

Cincinnatti—Nathaniel twice requested to transgress "Sin! Sin Natty."

Decorus—Having the deck above us. When eight persons are in a lower cabin steamer we always say decorate.

Explain—The letter X legibly written.

Analyze—An attack on Anna's veracity.

Analyst—Pay attention Anna!

Allegory—A Bloody Alley.

Enlarge—A capital letter.

Mollify—O fie upon you, Molly!

Salutary—Stay you here, Sally! You tarry, Sally! Sal-u-tarry, means Sally you are no Whig.

Willful—William a little typesy.

Damnation—The mother nation. Our mother country England.

Innocence—In no sense of the Word.

Inquire—Put up in 24 sheets.

Patrolling—Patrick turning on his axis.

MOBILE is a mighty queer place, half sand—half trees—and the third half made up of houses and animals; here is a street called "Joakem?" or "Jokeem?" and at the corner of it lives a man who felicitates himself upon possessing the puzzling appellation of 'I Primo. What Mr Primo is 'prime oh! m,' we are puzzled to comprehend unless it is set forth in his singular sign which reads thus: "I Primo! Licenses two Re-Tail?" What this prime personage is peculiarly appointed or regularly licensed to "Re-Tail," exceeds even the limits of our lofty imagination, or whether he is licensed to retail any thing, must remain to us a mystery, in short, we think it must be a joke, especially as Primo's prime sign is set up at the corner of Joke-em street.

TAKING IT COOLY.—A correspondent of the Skaneateles (N. Y.) Columbian, giving an account of the successful abstraction of a cent from a boy's throat, winds off the following good one.

"Painful and afflicting as were the sufferings of the boy, we were amused to hear the interrogatories of his little brother, who asked repeatedly, during the operation, "Haint he got that cent out yet? maint I have that cent?" But he was disappointed, for as soon as the boy felt the copper in his mouth, he grasped it, exclaiming, "That's my cent, by jingo!"

THE MAINE ELECTION.—The following is an extract from a letter from a source of great weight. If we mistake not, the great whig victory in Maine will turn out like most of the great whig victories that have proceeded it, and will end like the grand salute of five hundred guns—in smoke.—Globe.

"You will see by the Age I send you today, how the case stands; there is not the faintest shadow of a doubt that Parks's vote is larger than Kent's. The whigs themselves with us have no confidence that Kent is elected."

Custom House bonds to the number of 2500 to 2700, became due at Philadelphia on the 1st instant, most of which would be renewed,

PLA[illegible] REASONS, WHY BANKS AND [illegible] OFFICERS OPPOSE US.

1. B[illegible] we are opposed to legalizing their suspe[illegible] of specie payments when they profess to [illegible] specie enough to redeem all their paper.

2. B[illegible] we wish to limit their issues to a just [illegible]tion with their specie basis.

3. B[illegible] we wish to make them responsible [illegible] individual capacity for all notes they [illegible]

4. B[illegible] we wish to make them pay interest on [illegible] notes after suspension of specie payme[illegible]

5. B[illegible] we wish to make them responsible [illegible] laws of the land as other individuals are.

6. B[illegible] we wish to protect the community fr[illegible] and imposition by depriving them [illegible] power of making the Farmers and W[illegible]men subservient to their own aggr[illegible]ment.

7. B[illegible] we are opposed to a system of partial legislation, which confers exclusive privi[illegible] upon a set of men totally regardless of the rights of the many, and ever willing to sacrifice their country's good, upon the altar [illegible] mammon

On the contrary the reason why they support our W[illegible] opponents—is precisely the reverse of what [illegible] have given above.—*Cumberland Advo[illegible]*

Twe[illegible] fine blood horses and mares have been imported from England into Charleston by Co[illegible] Hampton and Singleton.

GOOD NEWS!—The Tradesman's Bank, of our city, has resumed specie payments. Its notes, therefore, will be taken at the custom house, post office, and other Government departments. Beware of taking every description of shin plasters; their day of destruction is at hand.

[*N. Y. Daily News.*

In [illegible] the arrival at Washington of the delegation of Sac and Fox Indians, with K[illegible], the principal chief, at their head, the [illegible] says—

It may be as well to say, in explanation of Black Hawk's present position, that since the termination of the war in 1832, he has held neither rank nor authority in his tribe, neither is he attached to the delegation. It was the wish of Black Hawk and his sons, Roaring Thunder, to visit the great towns and villages of their white bretheren as freemen, have before been taken through the country as prisoners.

[illegible] DIE FOR LOVE—A Dutch sailor [illegible] we could not ascertain, attempted [illegible] his existence, rendered miserable by his lady love proving inexorable. He procured a pistol well loaded, and retired to his boarding house in Market street, Fell's Point, where he resolved to jump the life to come. But his hand was too unsteady, or his head too thick, for the ball, instead of letting out his brains, (if he had any,) it merely carried off his right ear. He was carried to the infirmary and is in a fair way of recovery.—*Sun.*

An Irish counseller being asked by a Judge 'for whom he was concerned,' replied as follows: 'I am CONCERNED, my Lord, for the plaintiff, but I am EMPLOYED by the defendant.'

Caution to Correspondents.—The postmaster general has decided, in a recent instance, that any writing upon the envelope of a newspaper, beyond the mere address, subjects it to letter-postage. In the case which led to this decision, a newspaper was sent by mail addressed to "Joseph Tomson, with the respects of Ira Wilkins"—and the recipient had to pay letter postage for it, while the sender was subjected to a fine of five dollars.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

THE FALSE ONE.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S HEART.

"Had I never loved so kindly,
Had I never loved so blindly;
Had we never met or parted,
I had ne'er been broken-hearted."
BURNS.

Never shone the sun upon a fairer creature than was Edith Husselden, and never until now, upon a happier one. Her life has been a summer's morning—all brightness and joy. Even Love, that urchin of storm and calm, of smiles and tears, had been productive of nothing but happiness to her. The scene was changing now; she had to endure her first trial, her lover was to bid her adieu that evening for some months, as he was about to pay a long-promised visit to an old friend of his father's in Paris. Edith was pacing the garden, anxiously waiting his arrival. She felt unhappy, beyond what the occasion warranted; she did not fear he would forget her, she was too true herself to suspect treachery in him; her love was so pure, so undivided, a thing so almost holy, that it seemed impossible she could have bestowed it on one unworthy. No, it was not a doubt of his affection, or his constancy, that caused her present uneasiness, but an undefined presentiment of future evil.

She did not know Horace Seaton; there were few that did. Even those far more conversant with the world than her, could not deem that beneath that warm glowing manner, there was hidden a cold, calculating, selfish heart. It was true, he loved Edith Husselden, as much as such a heart ever loves; she was young and beautiful, and that gratified his pride; she loved him, and that pleased his vanity.

He had kept his appointment with her, and the moment of parting had arrived. They were sitting on a garden bench, both appeared sorrowful, his arm was round her, and he whispered words of love, and hopes of future happiness.

'Edith, my own Edith,' he said, 'you have promised to remember me, and to greet my return with pleasure; one more request this ring, and promise me, as you value my peace, that no other shall remove it. On my return, dearest, it shall be replaced by another at the altar. Will you not promise me?'

The blushing girl hesitated; again that chilling, vague uneasiness, crept over her heart; but she banished it, and placed her hand in his. The large, dark eye of Edith, would have been startling at that moment, with its intensity of lustre, but that it was softened into mild beauty, by the tears which trembled it. She looked at him with an expression, in which love and entire confidence were blended.

'Horace,' she said, 'I will—I do promise, that this ring shall never be removed, but at the altar. I will not ask you to remember me, while away, it would be implying a doubt that you would not: but for me, I will think of you day and night; I will hold this spot sacred; I will hold communion with none here, but Him who now sees us, and who knows the truth or falsehood of our hearts. To Him will I pray for your happiness, whatever my fate may be.

They parted, and oh! how the fond girl cherished the memory of that parting-scene, and the words he had uttered; for days afterwards she fancied that she could still hear his voice floating round her—could still feel the pressure of his hand as he passed the ring upon her finger. She little thought that they had parted for ever!—that the voice and hand, would henceforth be dead to her;—that she had wasted her young warm heart's best and freshest feelings, on one who would outrage them; those feelings, which the heart entertains but once; which we would give empires—worlds, to entertain again!

He had promised to write to her, and had broken that promise! Edith counted the hours each day, until the post was delivered, with a wild and throbbing heart, but each day, proved him more forgetful. At length, strange rumors reached her of an approaching marriage, between Horace Seaton and a young lady in Paris, of great fortune. They crushed and chilled her spirit—and the gay—the happy Edith, was no more.

We will not—we cannot describe her feelings, when first she heard these tidings; she treated them as base calumny! she wrote to him—her letter was unanswered! She accidentally met an acquaintance, who had just retured from France, and from him she learnt that it was too true. He had been for some weeks married! She heard it with a calm and composed countenance; but a withered, blighted, breaking heart.

* * * * * * * * *

The three years had elapsed, and Edith Husselden stood gazing from her casement upon the lake below, while the soft moon shone in unclouded loveliness. The next day was her marriage-day. A gentleman, named Fortescue, had seen and admired her; love is too strong a word. He admired her beauty, was not repulsed by her coldness, and, after a few months' anquaintance, obtained a cool, careless consent from her, to become his wife. She was strangely altered; not the buoyant, enthusiastic girl, with looks and thoughts equally fresh and glowing; she had become the calm, unimpassioned, dignified woman. Tears had washed every trace of the rose from her [illegible] with her patience, and the [illegible] countenance, she had acquired the appearance of one of Canova's statues; cold, yet wonderfully beautiful.

She stood sometime at her casement in deep thought: at length she murmured, 'It must be!' and turning from the window seated herself at a desk, from whence she removed a small packet of letters. She trembled violently as she rose and walked towards a fire at the end of the room. She held them over the flame for an instant, and in the next they were burning.

'So perish all remembrance of him,' she said.

Again she walked towards the window, and took from her bosom a miniature; she appeared collecting courage to destroy that also. A pang shot over her heart and brow as she gazed upon the picture. She pressed it convulsively to her lips; and bitter tears, in spite of her desperate effort to repress them, burst forth in torrents, as if from a source long pent up; she passed her hand over her brow as if to ease its burning pain. 'I cannot, oh, no!—I cannot destroy his picture,' she said again, and she looked on it long and fixedly: dreams of other days flitted before her, and she sobbed as if her heart would burst.

But this emotion passed away, she was a gain still, and calm, and beautiful as Parian marble. She unclasped the lock of the chain which supported the miniature of Horace Seaton—again she gazed upon it. The thought that at that time to morrow it would be guilt for her so to gaze, came across her mind, and she resolved though she could not destroy, never again to behold it She placed it in paper which she carefully sealed, and locked it in her desk.

'Now, then, thank heaven, it is over, and I shall become another's without one thought of him lingering in my breast,' she murmured; but the tone of misery and utter desolation was in contradiction to her words.

It was morning, and Edith was arryed in her bridal dress. Not the quivering of a lip, not the trembling of an eye-lid betrayed what was passing in her heart. She walked steady up the aisle of the church; she utterred the responses in a low yet audible voice; but this calm was unnatural, and was soon to be destroyed.

The ceremony was nearly over, and Fortescue took her hand upon which he was to place the wedding-ring He started at its death-like coldness, and was surprised to see a jewelled one which he had noticed her constantly wearing, was not removed. She had forgotten that. And now the recollection of the vow she had made never to let another remove it than he who, however false he had proved, was still Horace Seaton, the playmate of her childhood, the idol of her first affections, flashed upon her. The long, long interval of weary days and sleepless nights, and wasted years, faded away, and she remembered only their parting hour, and his parting words, 'I will replace it with another at the altar!' At this moment the bridegroom attempted to withdraw the ring; it was too much, the bow was overbent and snapped; it was the last feather that broke the camel's back, and this last stroke overcame poor fragile Edith Husselden.

'Never, never!' she murmured, as she struggled to release her hand. In the struggle the ring was removed, and fell on the marble steps of the altar. She gazed upon it for a moment, in speechless misery, and then a loud wild scream escaped her; so loud, so wild, that the hearers felt the blood run cold in their hearts. She fell. Fortescue thought she had fainted, and he raised, her head from the floor, but it fell heavily on his arm. He shuddered; the color had forsaken her lips, those bright, beautiful eyes were closed for ever. Edith Husselden WAS DEAD!

REMARKS OF MR. CALHOUN
ON THE BILL
AUTHORISING AN ISSUE OF TREASURY NOTES.

IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
September 19, 1837.

Mr. PRESIDENT:—An extraordinary course of events with which all are too familar to need recital, has separated in fact the Government and the Banks. What relation shall they bear hereafter? Shall the Banks again be used as fiscal agents of the Government?—be the depositories of the public money?—and, above all, shall their notes be considered and treated as money, in the receipts and expenditures of the Government?—This is the great and leading question; one of the first magnitude and full of consequences. I have given it my most anxious and deliberate attention; and have come to the conclusion that we have reached the period when the interest both of the Goverament and the Banks forbids a reunion. I now purpose to offer my reasons for this conclusion I shall do it with that perfect frankness due to the subject, to the country, and the position I occupy. All I ask is, that I may be heard with a candor and fairness corresponding to the sincerity with which I shall deliver my sentiments.

Those who support a reunion of the Banks and the Government have to overcome a preliminary difficulty. They are now separated, by operation of law, and cannot be reunited where the present state of things continue, without repealing the law which has dissolved them: I ask, who is willing to propose its repeal? Is there any one, who, during the suspension of specie payments, would advocate their employment as the fiscal agents of the Government who would make them the depositories of the public revenue, or who would receive and pay away their notes in the public dues? If there be none, then it results that the separation must continue for the present, and that the reunion must be the work of time, depending on the contingency of the resumption of specie payments.

But suppose this difficulty to be removed, and that the Banks were regularly redeeming their notes, from what party in this body can the proposition come, or by which can it be supported, for a-reunion between them and the Government? Who, after what has happened, can advocate the reunion of the Government with the league of State Banks? Can the Opposition, who for years have been denouncing it as the most dangerous instrument of power and efficient means of corrupting and controlling the Government and country? Can they, after the exact fulfilment of all their predictions of disastrous consequences from the connection, now turn round and support that which they have so long and so loudly condemned. We have heard much from the op- [illegible] 1837 [illegible] remedy. I conceive [illegible] Nothing can be more delicate than the currency. Nothing can require to be more delicately handed. It ought never to be tampered with, nor touched, until it becomes absolutely necessary But if untried experiments justly deserve censure, what condemnation would a repetition of an experiment that has failed deserve? An experiment that has signally failed, both in the opinion of supporters and opponents, as to call down the bitter denunciations of those who tried it. If to make the experiment was folly, the repetition would be madness.

But if the Opposition cannot support the measure how can it be expected to receive support from the friends of the Administration, in whose hands the experiment has so signally failed, as to call down from them execrations deep and loud?

If Mr. President, there be any one point fully established by experience and reason, I hold it to be the utter incompetency of the State Banks to furnish, of themselves, a sound and stable currency. They may succeed in prosperous times, but the first adverse current necessarily throws them into utter confusion. Nor has any device yet been found to give them the requisite strength and stability, but a great central and controlling Bank-instituted under the authority of this Government. I go farther. If we must continue our connection with the Banks, if we must receive and pay away their notes as money, we not only have the right to regulate and give uniformity and stability to their value, but we are bound to do so, and to use the most effective means for that purpose. The Constitution makes it our duty to lay and collect the taxes and duties uniformly throughout the Union, to fulfil which we are bound to give the highest possible equality of value, throughout every part of the country, to whatever medium it may be collected in, and if that be bank notes to adopt the most effective means of accomplishing it, which experience has shown to be a Bank of the United States. This has been long my opinion. I entertained it in 1816, and repeated it in my place here on the deposite question in 1834. The only alternative then is, disguise it as you may, between a disconnection and a Bank of the United States. This the real issue to which all must come, and ought now to be openly and fairly met.

But there are difficulties, in the way of a National Bank, no less formidable than a reconnection with the State Banks. It is utterly impracticable, at present, to establish one. There is reason to believe that a majority of the people of the United States are deliberately and unalterably opposed to it. At all events, there is a numerous, respectable, and powerful party—I refer to the old States Rights party—who are, and ever have been, from the beginning of the Government opposed to the Bank; and whose opinions, thus long and firmly entertained, ought at least to be so much respected as to forbid the creation of one, without an amendment of the Constitution. To this must be added the insuperable difficulty, that the Executive branch of the Government is openly opposed to it, and pledged to interpose his veto, on constitutional grounds, should a bill pass to incorporate one. For four years, at least then, it will be impracticable to charter a Bank. What must be done in the mean time? Shall the Treasury be reorganized to perform the functions which have been recently discharged by the banks, or shall the State institutions be again employed until a Bank can be created? In the one case, we shall have the so much vilified and denounced Sub-Treasury, as it is called; and in the other, difficulties insurmountable would grow up against the establishment of a Bank. Let the state institutions be once reinstated, and reunited to the Government as their fiscal agents,

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