

The Oxford Democrat

NEW SERIES, VOL. 5, NO. 17.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1854.

OLD SERIES VOL. 21, NO. 27.

POETRY.

Watch Well by Daylight.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, watch you well by daylight,
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near;
For heaven's some bestoweth
Our waking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight,
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near.
Oh, watch you well in pleasure—
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch of sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays,
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear;
To heaven's comfort the morrow,
For the angels then are near.
Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

MISCELLANY.

From the Little Pilgrim.

MITIE, THE BLIND CHILD.

BY MARY IRVING.

Did you ever thank God for your eyes, dear children? Those two bright, clear, happy eyes, that He has given to drink in the pleasant sunshine, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the rainbow, and the sweetness of your dear mother's smile? Listen now to the story of a child to whom He never gave eyes to look upon any of these beautiful things.

It was on a sunny morning—somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean—that a gentleman, whose sea-sickness had imprisoned in his state room since the first roll of the ship, took courage, from a cup of coffee and the calmness of the sea, to crawl upon deck. As he stood at the head of the narrow stairway, clutching a rope to support his tottering steps, he heard a child's laugh. Looking up, he saw a little girl, about five years old, quite at her ease on the turning and rolling floor, trying to "jump rope" with a knotted end of ship rigging, which had been given her by an old sailor. The brisk breeze had brightened her cheeks, and curled her flowing hair in no very orderly manner. Mr. L. thought of his own little daughter over the ocean, and his eyes filled—

"Come to me, my dear," he kindly called, reaching his hand toward the child.

She stopped her play, looked up as though half-frightened, half-astounded; and then began carefully to creep toward the outstretched hand. He lifted her to his lap and kissed her coral lips.

"Whose little girl are you?" he inquired. "I'm nobody's little girl," she replied, in a touching tone. "Only God takes care of me, and sometimes Capt. L."—

"How, where is your mamma?"

"Mamma is in Burrampooter, I'm not her little girl any more," here a tear rolled down her cheek. "I'm going to New York," she said, "to be uncle's little girl. But New York is a great way off, isn't it, sir?"

"Not a very long way, my child—you will soon see your uncle!"

"I can't see, sir," she said, softly.

Mr. L. started, and looked down at these bright, dark, intelligent eyes. Alas! it was too true! They were darkened windows, through which the soul could never look!

"Mitie! hey, Mitie!" called a bluff voice as the captain's varnished hat appeared from behind the mast. "Eh, blind, what new nest have you found?"

With a start and a bound, Mitie jumped into his rough arms, and laid her cheek upon the shoulder of his shaggy coat sleeve.

"So-so, ship-mate," continued the captain addressing Mr. L., "you are aloft at last. Nothing like a stiff nor'wester for taking the starch out of your landlarks!" and he laughed.

"But this little girl, Captain L.—how happens she to be alone on the wide world of waters?"

"Can't say," returned the captain with a dubious shake of his shining hat. "She's a stray waif that I picked up on the Liverpool docks. Don't know her belonging, she was labelled for New York, it seems. Her name—what's the balance of it, sea-bird?" he asked.

"Mitie Wythe Hamilton," lisped the child who had already found her way back to her bit of rope, and sat against the ship's railing, tossing up her hands at every new dash of spray. "I was named for uncle Wythe, and he told mamma to send me." Her face clouded for an instant, then brightened again in the sunshine.

"Poor blind pet!" so far as I can make out her story from one thing and another, she is the child of missionaries in India. Poor creatures, they could not bring her over themselves, and I dare say she was getting no good in that heathenish land, so it seems they put her into charge of an English lady, named I've forgotten, who set out to join her husband, somewhere in Canada. But she sickened and died before the barque Sally reached England, and the poor thing was left helpless and friendless. What the captain and mate of the Sally were thinking of, I do not know, but they put the child on dry land, with the balance of the passengers, and set sail, without so much looking up a New York packet. Alone in Liverpool, and it's no place for a blind child, sir, to say nothing of one that's got eyes—I found her, amusing herself pretty much as you see her now, among bits of chips, at the corner of a ship yard!—How the creature had lived, I can't say. I'll believe at this, shipmate, there's a God in the sky, who, as she says, keeps watch over children, if he don't ever see grown-up sinners! It seems she had never wanted for

a berth nor a mess. 'I want to go to New York,' she would say to every stranger who spoke to her. I couldn't have left the little thing—but I don't know where I'm taking her. If I can't anchor her safely, I'll keep her for first mate of the Down; hey, sea-bird!"

"What could you do with her in that terrible storm off Cape Clear? I shudder to recollect that night!"

"Well, sir, while you were lying flat on your back, and the rest of us were hurrying, hauling and pulling hither and thither, working for dear life against the winds and waves, the pretty creature was rolling about the cabin floor, clapping her hands as though she were in an apple-tree swing, and found it capital fun! When I tumbled down to my locker for five minutes' rest, I found her on her knees, in her little night-wraps, saying, 'Oh, father, and I felt sure no storm would sink the ship with me on it!'"

Poor mother of Mitie! how her heart was wrung at sending her blind, trusting child from her arms! But her brother in America had written, telling her that he would provide for Mitie—poor sightless Mitie, who could learn little in that uninvited land. So, with many tears and prayers, that missionary mother had packed her little's small trunk, and placed her in the care of a friend—the English lady before mentioned—to be transported to our country. What but a mother's prayer guarded the helpless darling in her lonely wanderings!

On arriving at New York, Captain L.—and Mr. Wythe—made inquiry everywhere for Mr. Wythe. Directories were searched, streets ransacked and questions repeated hundreds of times, to no purpose. No relative of the poor blind Mitie could be found.

"Leave her with me, captain," said Mr. L.—

"I am soon to return to London, but before sailing, I will place her in an Asylum for the blind, and see that she is comfortably cared for."

Instead, however, of placing Mitie in the State Asylum of New York, her friend took her to a southern city, where he had business connections, and left her in one of those beautiful retreats which nature and art have combined to adorn for those whose eyes tell not night from day, nor beauty from deformity.

Kind voices welcomed the little stranger, but they were voices she had never heard, nor hoped to hear. For the first time since she sobbed good-bye on her mother's lap, her hope and faith failed. She felt that she was alone in the world, and she sought out a corner to cry. Had the superintendent particularly interested himself in the child, he would have found out her history, and probably have sought some communication with her parents. But setting down her name as a charity scholar, he forgot that she was not an orphan.

And Mr. L.—! His sympathies had been strongly enlisted, and he really intended to find out the mystery. But he was a man of the world, and immersed in his busy career. Having placed a sum of money for her use, in the hands of the director, with permission to apply to him in any emergency, he returned to his English home—and only remembered the blind child of the voyage at moments when his own laughing Carrie climbed into his lap.

One among a hundred children, Mitie was well educated in all that the blind can learn. She was taught how to read the bible, from which her mother had read to her, by passing her small fingers over the curiously raised letters. She learned to sew, to braid and to write, strange thoughts that young head used to frame, for that unsteady hand to jet down in its crooked wanderings over the paper. She learned to sing the sweet hymns of her schoolmates, and to touch for herself the keys of the piano, whose melodies had almost made her busy herself in Heaven, only that she had been told in Heaven she should see like other children! Sometimes in her dreams, she would find herself on a soft couch with strange perfumes and sounds about her, and would feel warm tears dropping one by one on her forehead, while a dear arm pressed her closely.

"Mother! dear mother!" Mitie would cry and awake—to find no mother.

Years had passed—when again a ship was nearing the forest of masts in New York harbor. On the deck sat a pale lady in deep mourning, with traces of tears upon her cheeks. Her children clung about her, with wonder in their faces.

"Oh, beautiful America! the America you have so often told us about," cried a sweet voiced girl of twelve. "Mamma, does it look as it did when you went away?"

"Mamma, did you live in any of those great houses?"

"Ma, ma! plenty *Pogoda* here!" chimed in the youngest boy, whose eye had taken in the numerous church spires. All spoke at once, but the mother answered neither. Her heart was too full. She had gone from that shore, a happy bride and hopeful, she was returning, a widow, broken in health and spirits, to place her children with her relatives, and then, as she believed, to lay her bones in the tomb of her kindred. One hope only, made her heart bound, and her pale cheeks grow paler, as she looked on that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

"Oh, God! could I see all my children before I die!" she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing, and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India-born children found in American city customs and sights, for I must hasten to the end of my story.

"It is impossible, sister," said her brother to the pale lady one morning, in answer to some expression. "The child could never have reached this country. We never, you know, have traced her farther than England, and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me, or I her."

The widow sighed. "God's will be done," she murmured. "But it is hard to feel that my little helpless innocent—my eldest born—was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be—as if she were yet alive, and I should find her at some day."

Privately, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a circular from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, so often had she been disappointed. Her heart sprang to her lips as she saw the name "Mitie W. Hamilton."

"Brother," she gasped, extending the paper to him.

He looked and shook his head. "I am afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister. Mitie was your darling's name, and then how should she stray to that corner of the United States?"

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak though she was, until she reached the southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

"Hamilton! yes, we have one pupil by that name," replied the blind superintendent in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness. "But she is an orphan, madam."

"Are you sure, sir. Oh, I must see her at once!"

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat, busied with their needlework. The buzz of conversation died as they heard the sound of strange footsteps—and a hundred sightless eyes were turned toward the door.

Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw filaments, sat Mitie Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

"Was there any distinguishing feature, by which you would recognize your daughter, my dear madam?" asked the gentleman.

The mother's eyes wandered over the group, as though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to lose her last hope.

"Show me the child of whom you spoke," she faltered.

"Mitie Hamilton!"—but he stopped, for, at the lady's first word, Mitie had sprang from her position, and throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

"Who is that?" she cried, with outstretched arms. "That voice—again speak!"

"Mitie, my child!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking overpowered, upon her knees.

"Mother, oh mother!"—and Mitie fell in to the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

That was a moment never to be forgotten!

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded so many years of the life-time of mother and child, was that of Mitie in substituting—child that she was—the first name of her uncle for the last) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family. What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wanderer Mitie. How she comforted her mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement—making her even forget to sorrow that she had another living darling!

The sunshine of Mitie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent or peevishness when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mitie, never more—happy spirit that she was—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. "He has given me back my mother," she once said, "and these precious brothers and sister, and He will let me see them all in Heaven!"

SCOTCHING A LITTLE. Miss FITZGERY, an elderly maiden, accused Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man who was accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her, in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, although proud of his personal appearance, was short, very short, considering his whiskers, his height, even in French boots, reached only to four feet eleven inches. Miss Fitzgery, on the contrary, being fond of extremes, ran up a foot higher and staid there, being of remarkable rigid deportment. She swore the abbreviated yet amorous butcher kissed her by assault, and hauled him up for it.

Butcher, with some expression of disgust, more emphatic than necessary, denied the charge. Butcher was fat, lady wasn't—Cleaver had an antipathy to what the termed "seraggy" women, and vowed he hadn't kissed her, and wouldn't. Money couldn't hire him to.

Being cross-examined, lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances, when, where, how, &c. Lady replies with particularity. On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, in the entry, resisted all she could, but he persevered, and triumphed.

Lawyer asks, "Did he not stand on anything but the floor?"

"No; he stood on the floor; no chair, stool, or anything else, being brought into requisition."

"But, my dear madam, this is impossible! You are twelve inches taller than he. How could he reach your lips?"

Lady hadn't thought of that, but she was not to be tripped by the gibbous lawyer of them all, so she replies, "Oh! ah! well! I know, yes, to be sure! But then, you know, I scotched a little."

"Exactly! Thank you, madam. That will do."

"Nothing further, your honor."

Verdict for the short defendant.

The native place is not where the man is born, but where he takes root and flourishes.

SPEECH OF HON. S. MAYALL, On the Nebraska Bill.

Delivered in the House of Representatives, May 16, 1854.

The House being in the committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and having under consideration the Nebraska bill—

Mr. Mayall said:

Mr. Chairman: The discussion of the Nebraska bill is again up. The fiery ordeal to which we have been subjected, to reach this point, has been perilous, distressing, and severe. My object has been free speech, full discussion, and certain defeat of this important measure.

During the discussion of this bill, I have listened to the remarks and arguments made by various gentlemen with no ordinary degree of interest. There is an subject that will come before this Congress, in which my constituents are so deeply interested, as the one now under consideration. Sir, it is a subject of immense magnitude: one that directly involves the harmony and welfare of the whole American people; proposing, as it does, an entire revolution in the long established and well regulated compromise existing between the North and the South, as to the limitation of the institution of human slavery. No wonder it takes the American people by surprise. Why, sir, the compromise of 1850 is far more objectionable to my constituents and the people of the North, than the compromise of 1820 is to the people of the South.

If it be the policy of the Government to repeal one compromise that is objectionable to the sentiment and interest of the people in one section of the Union, why not repeal another compromise, that is far more repugnant to the honest sentiments and feelings of another section of the country.

Sir, I am contending for the dignity and elevated character of the free laborer of the North. I never will prove recreant to the huge pawed and hard fisted yeomanry—Never, by any act or vote of mine, shall free labor be reduced to the level of slave labor. I want this territory for free labor and free men. Our fathers preserved it free for us; let us, their sons, transmit it to our children unimpaired.

Now, sir, if it be the object of the friends of this bill, as they positively declare it is, to get at the true principles of the Constitution, stripped of all legislative restriction, why not repeal the compromise acts of 1850, as well as that of 1820, and all other compromises which have proved as a safeguard and bulwark of defense to the Constitution under which we have the happiness to live! Sir, inasmuch as the Constitution itself was a compromise in relation to slavery, I can but regard the provisions of this bill as a perversion and violation of the spirit of that sacred instrument; at any rate, to carry out the idea of the friends of this bill to its full extent, it naturally devolves on the supporters of the bill in the South, as well as its friends in the North, (who are, I am pleased to say, "like angels' visits, few and far between,") to repeal even the Constitution itself, in order to get rid of all compromises in relation to the institution of slavery.

Sir, the repeal of the Missouri line is not a question of ordinary legislation, or one of mere expediency, nor is it a question of constitutional right or power. The question to be solved is, quibbles as you may, whether the faith and the honor of the nation shall be maintained! Whether the sacred acts and pledges of our fathers, which have been preserved and transmitted to us, their posterity, shall be maintained in good faith, or whether they shall be disregarded, spit upon, and trodden under foot! Such is the question we have to meet, and there is no dividing under, or dodging around, or leaving over!

When I took my seat in this Hall in December last, I did not expect to address this House upon the subject of slavery, for I did not suppose that there could be found, in either branch of Congress, an individual so unwise as to thrust the slavery agitation upon the country, then reposing in the lap of peace. The discussion of the slavery question by Mr. result in no practical good, but is fraught with infinite mischief to the North as well as the South, disturbing the peace and quiet of the nation, and crippling the energy and prosperity of our common country.

Sir, justice demands that the South should be exonerated as not guilty of thrusting the Nebraska bill upon us, nor can the Abolitionists be charged with having originated agitation on this occasion. It comes from another and a different quarter.

I do not propose at this time to discuss the abstract question of slavery, either in its moral, social, or political aspects, and should have contented myself by giving a silent vote against this bill, had not my honorable colleague [Mr. Macdonald] given his reasons for violating the request of our Legislature to vote against the repeal of the Missouri compromise—not because these instructions do not truly reflect the sentiment of the people of the State, but because, as he alleges, the Legislature misrepresented the people of Maine in refusing to elect Mr. Pillsbury Governor.

I intend to obey the instructions of the Legislature; and I deem it proper to give my reasons for so doing, and shall be under the necessity of examining some of the arguments of my colleague. I shall do it in no offensive, but in a respectful and proper manner.

Sir, it is always unpleasant to speak of one's family quarrels, and especially is it unpleasant to allude to those political feuds and divisions which have so unfortunately rent and divided the Democratic party in Maine—a party to which I belong, and with which I have always been my pride and pleasure to act. But I should be false to myself, and recalcit to the constituency which I represent, did I not sustain the Legislature in their resolutions of instructions, and thus vindicate and

carry out the sentiment of the people of my State.

Sir, passing over that part of my colleague's speech in which he very happily alludes to the revolutionary war, to General Green's position in the army, to Washington's birthplace, to the Hartford convention, his quotations of Abolition prose and poetry, Uncle Tom's cabin, future rewards and punishments &c., I come to his attack upon the Legislature for passing resolutions requesting their members on this floor, and instructing their Senators to vote against the repeal of the Missouri restriction. I will read the resolutions:

"Resolved, That the Senators in Congress from Maine be instructed, and the Representatives requested, to oppose in every practicable way, the passage of the Nebraska bill, so called, so long as it shall contain any provision repealing, abrogating, rescinding, or in any way invalidating the provisions of the act of Congress, approved March 9, 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise."

"Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward a copy of the above resolution to each of our Senators and Representatives at Washington."

These resolutions passed the Legislature with only six votes in the House and one in the Senate against them, and I fully believe they embody the sentiment of almost the entire people of Maine upon the subject to which they relate; but grant that what my colleague says is true, and it is what I labor assiduously to avoid, for I would have been pleased to have seen our Democratic organization preserved, and Mr. Pillsbury elected Governor; but the result was otherwise, and no earthly power could prevent it.

Sir, I listened to the remarks of my colleague with attention, and have read his printed speech with care, and he has nowhere denied, or attempted to deny, that the Legislature did not truly represent the sentiment of the people of Maine, and the Democratic party there, in the passage of those resolutions; but because, as he alleges, the Legislature misrepresented the sentiment of the State in refusing to elect Mr. Pillsbury, he comes to the wise and profound conclusion to do the same thing, viz: to misrepresent the will of the people of Maine on the floor of the American Congress.

Sir, the defeat of Mr. Pillsbury was not a thwarting of the popular will of the electors of Maine; the gubernatorial will will show. Mr. Pillsbury received 36,000 votes; all others forty-seven thousand two hundred and seventy-five being a majority of about eleven thousand against him. The true cause of Mr. Pillsbury's defeat was this; it was firmly believed by many that Mr. P. was opposed to the "Maine law," its execution and enforcement; and there being a balance of power in both branches of the Legislature of men whose moral and religious feelings were stronger than party ties, they voted for Mr. Merrill, the Maine law Democrat, while the Pillsbury men voted for William G. Crosby, Whig, and made him Governor, just as the same class of men, in 1832, made Crosby Governor over the head of that incorruptible Democrat, John Hubbard, because he refused to veto the "Maine law" the year before. I impugn no man's motives, nor will I proscrib him for his honest opinion in relation to the "Maine law," or any other moral question. I state these facts that the country may understand the political condition of Maine.

In relation to the election of Mr. Fessenden to the United States Senate, I would simply say, that there was a balance of power in each branch of the Legislature, men who were nominated and elected, not as party men, but as "Maine law" men. These men considered themselves at liberty to vote upon all other questions as the best interests of the country, sound policy, and an enlightened patriotism should dictate, consulting their own judgment alone. They could not be held by party trammels, but voted, contrary to my advice, for Mr. Fessenden, and against Mr. Merrill the Democratic nominee, a most worthy and talented man, of whom in truth, I may adopt the language of my colleague, [Mr. Macdonald], as applied to Mr. Fessenden, "I esteem him as a man, he is a man of talent, and a man of worth;" and I may add, had he been elected, would have been a fast foe to the repeal of the Missouri line.

Sir, the two last gubernatorial elections in Maine have fully convinced me that no man can be placed in the executive chair of that State who is not an out-spoken, dyed in the wool "Maine law" man, as well in practice as theory. Other States than Maine know well the troublesome character of the "Maine law," so called, in its effects upon party organizations. The people of Maine, like all honest people of other States, will not blindly follow the dictates of party organization, when used to break down a great moral reform.

Sir, it does not necessarily follow, that because a man friendly to law and good order, that he cannot be a Democrat, opposed to vice and in favor of virtue; opposed to drunkenness and debauchery, and in favor of temperance; in favor of ferreting out moral corruption in high places, and substituting in its stead law and order, for the good of Society and the advancement of our race.

Be it, as these are the sentiments of an individual, it does not follow that he is not a Democrat, and sound upon the great principles as taught by Jefferson and Jackson. But, sir, it proves conclusively, to my mind, that he is a Democrat of the old school. Now, sir, if all such men are to be ostracized and cut off from the Democratic party for opinion's sake on a moral question; men who would adorn the Senate or judiciary; men who tread the tranquilizing paths of philosophy, and wander in the flowery fields of literature and science; men who minister at the altar of their Divine Master, against whom such a howl has been raised in Congress; men who have hearts and minds to accomplish every-

thing that is great and good and noble; men, in short, who possess, in an enlarged degree, all the elements of human greatness: if men of this character and description are to be read out of the Democratic party, let me say, in all candor to you, Mr. Chairman, to this committee, and to the country, that the Democratic party in Maine will fall so low that the hand of political resurrection can never again reach it.

Sir, I will tell you what I propose to the Democratic party to do in the State of Maine: no longer make the Maine law an issue, swallow it "hook and line, bob and snail;" acquiesce in it; let it stand forever, and cease to make war upon it.

Mr. Letcher. Does the gentleman from Maine intend to incorporate the "Maine law" into the Democratic platform?

Mr. Mayall. By no means. It is not suited to this latitude. I am satisfied it would not go down in this Hall. The grapples would catch in the throat. Something of a more oily nature is required here. Sir, I do believe it is unwise for the Democratic party to contend against it in their organized capacity; for instead of breaking down the "Maine law," we shall break down ourselves, as we have done in Maine; and the longer this game is kept up, the faster will the Democratic party "grow smaller by degrees, and beautifully less," until it dwindles to an insignificant and powerless minority. Why, sir, you might as well attempt to silence the thundering of Niagara, or stop the progress of the Christian faith, with all its sanctions, as to impede the temperance reform by party organization.

Sir, there is one thing I have almost learned since I took my seat in this Hall, that a man to be a Democrat, and as a test of his Democracy, must go into all manner of popular vice and political delusion; he must go far propagating the institution of slavery over our Republic, whether it be in harmony with one's honest convictions of duty or not; go for polygamy and bigamy; for "non-interference and squatter sovereignty;" because we are sold on this floor that it is in keeping with Democratic principles and the Constitution. Sir, as a New England man and a Democrat, I rebel at the idea, and repel such sentiments, let them come from what quarter they may, as anti-Democratic, contrary to the policy of the Administration, as I understand it, a plain perversion and violation of the letter and spirit of our Constitution. Who does not recollect that on this floor the other day, Democratic principles, and even the Constitution itself, were invoked as a shield and protection for Mormonism in Utah Territory? one of the most disgraceful crimes ever tolerated by an enlightened Government.

Sir, the only argument that I have heard in favor of this bill, is that it is an Administration measure. We have no official evidence of that, and I am pleased that it is so; I wish to support the Administration in all its legitimate measures, and preserve the unity and organization of the Democratic party; but when the principles of my constituents, and the dictates of my own judgment, come in conflict with the policy of the Administration, policy must give way to principle.

Sir, I obey the instructions contained in the resolutions, because they command the approbation of my judgment, and because they are the honest sentiments of the people of my State expressed through their legal Representatives. Sir, before I would fail to carry out these resolutions in their full meaning and extent, or prove false to the high trust in me, by speech or vote, I would surrender my seat to the generous constituency who gave it.

In speaking of the clergy, or "political priests," my colleague uses the following harsh language, which may be found on the sixth page of his printed speech:

"The last named class are most unfortunately, for they always are found opposed to the interests and honor of the country."

Sir, the clergy of Maine need no defense from me, for they are fully able to defend themselves. They are a learned and intelligent profession; and when politicians seek to do a moral wrong, it is their duty to rebuke them in terms which they deserve. They would be false to their mission did they neglect to do so; nor should they excuse themselves where moral and political questions are blended.

Had the northern clergy given their sanction to this Nebraska bill, they would have been lauded to the skies by the very men who now preach them.

Sir, I have made some examination to find what legislation has been attempted, and what recommended, by the Departments of the Government heretofore, on this Nebraska Territory. I find that Mr. Wilkins, Secretary of War, in his annual report of November 20, 1844, says:

"The Platt or Nebraska, being the central stream leading into or from the great South Pass, would very properly furnish a name for the Territory which I propose suggesting to be erected into a territorial government."

In accordance with the recommendation of the Secretary of War, Mr. Douglas, gave notice on the 11th of December, 1844, of a bill, and on the 17th of the same month, introduced the same, (H. 444.) "to establish the Territory of Nebraska;" and it was referred to the Committee on Territories. Mr. Aron V. Brown, on the 7th of January, 1845, reported back an amendatory bill, and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and no further action was had thereon.

The next movement in favor of Nebraska was made by Mr. Douglas, in the Senate, by the introduction of a bill, (No. 170,) which, on the 20th of April, 1848, was made the order of the day for Monday the 24th of the same month. But no further action was had

thereon. In the Senate December 4, 1848, Mr. Douglas gave notice of another Nebraska bill, and also a bill for Minnesota and New Mexico. And on the 20th of the same month the Minnesota and Nebraska bills were referred to the Committee on Territories of that body, where another opiate was administered to Nebraska. Four years of dead silence on the part of Congress in relation to Nebraska now ensued.

The barren plains and mountains of New Mexico, received a government. Over Minnesota a government was erected. Utah was discovered, settled, and organized into a government. California, disdaining the probationary state, stepped forth, in the pride and confidence of mature strength, and demanded and received admittance into the family of States. Why, then, has Nebraska been left without a government for nine years and more after the recommendation of the Secretary of War above alluded to.

In October, 1852, the people of Nebraska elected a Delegate, [Mr. Guthrie,] who came to this Capital, and, as all know who were members of the last Congress, urged with great zeal the organization of a government for that Territory. A bill was reported, and on the 10th of February, 1853, it passed the House of Representatives by a vote of ninety-eight to forty-three. It went to the Senate, received the sanction of the Committee on Territories, but the Nebraska bill was never brought to a vote; but, on the morning of the 4th of March, was consigned to its grave. In all the previous legislation for Nebraska, no attempt has been made to repeal the Missouri compromise.

Sir, I am not opposed to the organization of a territorial government, but I am opposed to the Nebraska bill in its present form. My objections relate almost exclusively to that clause of it which repeals, or renders inoperative, the Missouri compromise, and thereby violates the compromise of 1850, and plunges the country into another slave agitation. I can see no necessity for disturbing that compromise at this time. It has been held sacred by the country for a period of thirty-four years. It was enacted to quiet an agitation which threatened the peace of the country. By that compromise a specific agreement was made in reference to the future condition of the different portions of the Louisiana purchase in respect to slavery. The terms of that arrangement are too well understood to need repetition. They have been regarded as a finality up to this moment. Why should they be disregarded now? The bill proposes to give the reason, namely: that the Missouri compromise is inconsistent with the compromise of 1850. How inconsistent, when the former related solely to the Louisiana purchase and the latter solely to territories acquired from Mexico? The one was adopted to allay agitation in 1820, and the other to allay agitation existing in 1850. How inconsistent, then? Because they differ in terms! Because the conditions of settlement are not identical? Is a want of agreement in terms between two distinct bargains or transactions, entered into at widely distant periods, and under totally different circumstances, to be made the pretext for setting either the one or the other aside? By what rule of law or logic is this doctrine to be upheld or enforced?

By none whatever.

The position is maintained only by bold, unsupported assertion. The compromise of 1820 is not inconsistent with that of 1850. The latter expressly recognizes the former as still existing. If any argument is to be deduced from the fact of the omission of the restrictive clause in the New Mexico and Utah bills, it is one favorable to the affinity of the two compromises, for the compromise of '20 as well as that of 1850, enacts slavery toleration south of 36 deg. 30 min., as does also the Texas annexation compromise. All three of these compromises are perfectly consistent with each other, and all taken together fix the condition of our whole territorial domain in respect to slavery.

This was the understanding of Congress and the country at the time of the passage of the Compromise of 1850. It was this construction that imparted to it the character of a finality. It was because it disposed of and fixed the character of the remaining territories of the United States, in respect to slavery, leaving as room or ground for future agitation, until we should make a fresh acquisition of territory, that both political parties in national conventions assembled, pledged themselves to abide by the compromises as a final settlement of the slavery controversy, and to resist the renewal of the agitation, in Congress or out of it, under whatever pretext it might be made.

To show it was the general understanding of the country that the Missouri compromise was untouched and unimpaired by that of '50 it is only necessary to refer to the fact that a bill was introduced into the last Congress for the organization of a territorial government in Nebraska, without containing any clause suggesting either the repeal or superseding of the Missouri compromise, or that it was in conflict or inconsistent with that of 1850.

On the contrary, the binding force of the former was distinctly admitted in high quarters on that occasion. Nor did the original bill, reported at the present session, contain any such clause, but that such provision was a pure after-thought, suggested, no doubt, by Mr. Dixon's amendment, directly repealing the Missouri compromise, which was resisted at the time of the passage of the compromise of 1850, nor since that event up to the assembling of the present Congress, had the idea been broached in any quarter that the compromise

