E. R. Hooper

DORCHESTER COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
TUESDAY MORNING,
By George W. Sherwood.

TERMS:—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum payable within the year. No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

☞ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion, larger ones in the same proportion.

☞All communications to insure attention, should be post paid if sent by mail.

☞Postmasters will please give us prompt notice of any refusal to take the paper from their office.

Easton Star.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, ADVERTISING, ETC.

Volume 5—No. 21. EASTON, MD.—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1845. Whole No. 231.

POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

From the London Punch.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY.

A Poem, in two Cantos.

CANTO THE FIRST—*Courtship.*

Fairest of earth! if thou wilt hear my vow!
Lo! at thy feet, I swear to love thee ever,
And, by this kiss upon thy radiant brow,
Promise affection which no time shall sever; [now,
And love which e'er shall burn as bright as
To be extinguished—never, dearest—never! [sign?
Wilt thou that naughty, fluttering heart re-
Catherine! my own sweet Kate! wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt have pearls to deck thy raven hair— [bring;
Thou shalt have all this world of ours can
And we will live in solitude, nor care,
For aught save for each other. We will fling,
Away all sorrow—Eden shall be there!
And thou shalt be my queen, and I thy king! [say,
Still copy, and still reluctant? Sweetheart,
When shall we monarchs be? and which the day?

CANTO THE SECOND—*Matrimony.*

Now, Mrs Pringle, once for all, I say,
I will not such extravagance allow!
Bills upon bills, and larger every day,
Enough to drive a man to drink, I vow!
Bonnets, gloves, frippery and trash—nay, nay,
Tears, Mrs. Pringle, will not gull me now.
I say I won't allow ten pounds a-week:
I can't afford it, Madam, do not speak!

In wedding you, I thought I had a treasure;
I find myself most miserably mistaken!
You rise at ten, then spend the day in pleasure;—
In fact, my confidence is slightly shaken.
Ha! what's that uproar? This, ma'am is, my leisure;
Sufficient noise the slumbering dead to waken!
I seek retirement, and I find—a riot;
Confound those children, but I'll make them quiet?

I NEVER SHALL FORGET, ANNIE.

I never shall forget, Annie,
Though memory waxeth old,
The joyous hour when first we met,
And first our loves were told;
For when I asked thy heart, Annie,
Ye said not aye or nay,
But on thy cheek the blush did speak,
Oh, more than words could say.

I never shall forget, Annie,
When we stood side by side,
And those blue eyes of thine were wet
When first I called thee bride.
But they were tears of joy, Annie,
Which from their fount gave way;
For o'er thy cheek the blush did speak,
Oh, more than words could say.

I never shall forget, Annie,
How pale thy lip would grow,
When from thy presence I would let
My steps unwilling go.
Nor when, at each return, Annie,
Ye met me on the way,
Still o'er thy cheek the blush does speak,
Oh, more than words could say.

I never shall forget, Annie,
Amid life's fading years,
With all the changes they beget,
Our earliest hopes and fears;
For though thy form is bent, Annie,
Thy golden locks though grey,
Still o'er thy cheek the blush does speak
Oh, more than words can say.

I never shall forget, Annie,
That conscious glow of truth,
For, oh, it fondly lingers yet
As in thy ripening youth;
E'en like the rosy light, Annie,
That hallows parting day,
So o'er thy cheek the blush does speak,
Oh, more than words can say.

I never shall forget, Annie,
The heart still all my own,
Though thou, my guiding star, should set,
And I be left alone;
But if it be for you, Annie,
To place this form away,
I know thy cheek its tale will speak,
Oh, more than words can say.

OLD STYLE HYMNS.

The following verses are correct specimens of the hymns sung in Congregational churches before the days of Dr. Watts, and which were gradually made to give place to the hyms now in use, as the taste for harmony and beauty increased in our churches. The following verses should be deaconed off and sung one line at a time:—

"'Tis like the precious ointment
Down Aaron's head did go;
Down Aaron's head it downward went,
His garment skirts unto."

Another—a sort of address to whales, and other fish, as follows:—

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout;
Up from the sands ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about.,"

There is much truth if not poety in the following:—

"The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs;
Nor the battle by those people,
That shoot with the longest guns."

The following address to the Sun, chimes very well with the preceding, although of more modern origin:—

"All hail thou glorious Sun!
Bright as a new tin pan!
Thou roundest, fairest, purest source—
Of bread and cheese to man!"

Miscellaneous.

THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY OF OLD SALEM.

The annals of the year 1658 will ever present a blot on the historic pages of N. England, and the lifted veil discloses a fury of religious intolerance, and a violence of persecution, which darkly stains the character of those who, in other respects, merit our highest encomiums.

It was during the popular fury in New England against the Quakers, that the occurrences which I am about to relate took place. Before a small, unpainted house in Salem, on a beautiful summer evening, sat an old man and a fair girl, his daughter.—Their faces but illy concealed the anxiety of their hearts, and a listener might easily have seen that their fearful forebodings were not unfounded.

"Verily," said the old man after a pause in the conversation, during which he had appeared to be engaged in inward prayer—"Verily the hand of persecution is heavy upon us. Surely it was the fear of the tender mercies of the wicked in this place, that caused my own wife, Rebecca, to go down to the grave, ere yet the grasshopper had become a burden as it has to me. And now, poor William, what will become of him? Twice has he suffered the cruel sentence of an unrighteous law for visiting you, my daughter. I pray God that he may not have the temerity to return."

"Amen," with blanched cheeks and tearful eyes ejaculated the maiden. Her anxious attitude—her clasped hands, all told a tale of deep affection. To William Horsely had her youthful faith been plighted, while yet she was in her native England, and the extent of his affection may be imagined, when it is remembered that twice, as the reader has already been informed, had he been, publicly whipped for venturing within the precincts of that town from which he had been banished. The penalty for the third offence was death, and yet in spite of the danger, had he dared week after week to visit her whom he loved; and her affectionate remonstrances, only served to heighten his passion for one who, in her love for another, thought not of herself.

Long and anxious did the father and daughter converse about their future prospects. They could not suppose that known as they were to be Quakers, they could long live unmolested, but there was in the breast of each a carefully nourished hope that their perfectly harmless and quiet life might at least, avert for a time the storm which they felt to be gathering.

But these hopes were vain. As the two arose to retreat to their dwellings from the night air and dew, their attention was arrested by loud voices, and the tread of heavy feet. Shortly a party of rough, ill-favored men stopped at the door of their humble house, and freely entered and seated themselves within, began to pass the usual rough jests which the presence of unprotected beauty will always excite in the minds of the brutal and unfeeling.

The visit filled the beautiful Quakeress with undisguised alarm; she, wholly unprotected, for her father appeared stupefied by the before unheard of liberties with his property, and said not a word; but by the occasional flash of his eye at some new outrage, it was easy to see that in his younger days, a much smaller injury would have called forth something besides angry looks.

The object of their coming was soon made manifest. "The town can't allow you, old feller," said the leader of the gang, "to cumber this ground any longer. So stir your stumps and be off. If you're here at six o'clock to-morrow, morning by the whiskers of the virgin, you shan't have a roof to cover you."

"I obey," said the old man meekly.

"But as for this little sparrow," continued the ruffian, "if she can fancy me, she shall go home and live with me. What say you, my dear?"

The girl replied with an indignant gesture.

"Ah! I know how the wind lies. I've seen that Horsely around here before now but hark ye, you know his fate as well as I do, if he ventures into these parts again. So warn him, for I am on the look out."

The distress and alarm depicted on the girl's countenance was so evident that the fellow stopped, and after reiterating his injunctions to the old man, the band took a welcome leave.

"The Lord's will be done," said the Quaker after a short pause, "let us obey those who have the power."

A short time was consumed in making preparations for their departure, but ere their arrangement could be completed, the old man was stricken down with a burning fever. The unusual excitement had been too much for him, and hastened a disease, the symptoms of which he had felt for two or three days.

For some minutes after the truth broke upon the mind of the daughter, she remained stupefied, not knowing whither to turn. All their Quaker friends (and they had no others) had deserted the place.—Her lover, she knew would fly to her assistance, if he could but be made acquainted with her situation, but his presence would but increase her anxiety; and in any case, she knew not where to find him.

But her strong mind soon discovered the only course in her almost hopeless situation. The house she was aware, would be sacked in the morning, and if she was discovered, nothing could save her from public disgrace. Food and medicine, too, must be obtained for her father, and the only way to get it was to leave him, returning at night.

To a little ruined outhouse at some distance from their dwelling, she carried a bed, and having rendered the place as comfortable as possible, she carried the old man thither, and having nursed him until morning, she early left him, not without fearful forebodings. Nor were her fears entirely groundless. In the morning the house was ransacked and stripped of every valuable. But the hovel from its mean appearance, was not visited, and the ensuing night, having during the day wandered twenty miles for food and medicine as she dared not to enquire for it nearer, she returned to her father, who although dangerously ill, appeared to be sleeping quietly.

For more than a week the devoted maiden thus watched by night, the sick bed of her father, and she had already begun to look forward to the time when he could rise from it, and seek with her, and one other, whose name she was too modest to breathe, a far off spot in the wilderness where they might dwell in peace, when one dark night, as she was hastening along the road to the Quaker's bedside, she felt herself clasped around the waist by no very gentle hands, and at the same time a voice, not altogether unknown to her ears, cried out, "Hillo, my darling sparrow, that now? I thought as much from seeing the track of a pretty foot round the old place this morning. Going to get what we've left, eh? You slighted me, the other day," continued he, in a louder tone, as she commenced a faint struggle, "and by the bones of my mother, you shall now smart for it."

Completely exhausted with fatigue and terror, the little Quakeress was dragged along by the men until she was brought to the prison, into which, after some short delay in examining the prisoner, she was thrust, receiving as she went, the gratuitous intelligence that every thing was prepared for giving her a public whipping in the morning.

It was not until the key was turned upon the poor girl in the lonely cell, that the full horror of her situation struck her.—Shame and disgrace, she felt she could bear when in the way of her duty, but to be publicly whipped—it was too much.—Her sensitive nature shrank from the pain and exposure. The old quaker too; what would become of him? The forsaken girl fell on her knees, and long and earnestly did she pray for deliverance for herself, and health for her father.

And deliverance was not far off. As she rose from her knees a light tap in the window arrested her attention. A voice that she well knew, pronounced her name.—She flew to the spot, and a joyous kiss through the iron bars showed that she well knew who was there.

But her happiness vanished when she thought of their mutual danger. She gently reproached her lover for exposing himself so go great risk and earnestly entreated him to leave her to her fate and save himself. But Wm. Horsely would listen to no such counsel.—Having heard of their situation, he had hastened to their assistance and arriving near the house was a witness to the capture of his betrothed. He delayed only long enough to provide himself with some necessary implements, and appeared, as we have seen, at the window of the prison, determined to rescue his beloved or perish in the attempt.

Animated by love, he worked with a zeal to which the presence of the Quakeress added not a little. And in two hours their united efforts had removed enough of the bars to enable William to draw her thro' the opening. It is needless to say that the hopes of the blood thirsty were disappointed; and that the lovers escaped free.

They found the old Quaker so far recovered that with great exertions, they were enabled to remove him to a place of comparative safety, about 3 miles distant, whence a short time after, they removed to one of the extreme frontier towns in N. H. where the usual consummation to such romances took place; and one of their descendants, from whom, last summer, I obtained the heads of this true story, is now living on the banks of the Winnipiseogee.

NEW ROUTE PROPOSED FOR STEAMERS.

The 'Union' states that under the authority granted by an act of the last Congress to the Post Office Department, to employ steamers to carry the mails to European ports, a proposition has been submitted to the Postmaster General to take another route than the usual one by the way of Newfoundland, &c.

The proposition is to have two steamers employed, for the present, between the ports of New York, Norfolk *and Lisbon.* The alleged advantages of selecting the port of Lisbon are various and important, with respect both to the rapidity and security of the passage. They are—

1st. That it is the nearest and most direct frequented, western European port.

2d. In case of disaster, secure harbors are offered, without deviation of course, at the Azores, situated in the very tract and about mid-voyage, where deposites of coal can be made at Fayal, to be taken in, if needed; and

3d. There is less, if any, danger of ice.

The friends of the proposition, therefore, infer—first that the mails will cross the Atlantic with greater speed and security at all seasons; then, secondly, that these mails can be distributed at the Lisbon General Post Office for their different destinations, to be immediately sent forward by steamers to Gibraltar, Cadiz, the Mediterranean, ports, to Smyrna, Egypt, to India, and other interior places of Spain, France, and beyond, and thirdly, that this correspondence will reach the above mentioned places many days earlier, and at a cheaper rate of postage, than if carried from America to England or France; for, letters which are mailed in England go to the enumerated countries via Lisbon, where mails are regularly made up and taken by steamers to those ports.

It is urged, besides, that the situation of Lisbon, from whence a railroad is to be made with all convenient despatch to the frontier of Spain, and probably at an early future day to Madrid itself, and perhaps beyond, ought to be selected as the most convenient point of general rendezvous by travellers to all parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; for their are periodical departures and arrival of steamers to and from England, France and Spain, and to and from the ports of the Mediterranean, &c.

It is said, too, that this increased intercourse with Portugal would necessarily give abundance of freight, both for the outward and inward passage, and hence revive the drooping commerce between the two countries; which encouragement is not necessary to the long established and direct trade, which will continue without interruption, between England, France and the United States.

POLITICAL.

[From the Union.]

FEDERAL ABUSES UNDER THE NEW POST OFFICE LAW.

The new post office law requires, that postmasters should advertise in papers of "the greatest circulation." I think these are the words; tho' I am not certain, as I have not the law by me. This is all well enough in the abstract; yet I must confess that the experience of a few weeks has convinced me that it is more liable to abuse than the old law, which authorized the postmaster to advertise where he pleased, on the ground that he was too respectful to public opinion, and too fearful of losing his commission, to advertise in a paper of too limited a circulation, when there were others.

The present construction of the law is, that it means the paper of the greatest circulation, without the least regard to the *place or kind* of circulation. A paper may be printed in New York city, for instance, and yet circulate not one hundred copies there; but, being the organ of the Mormons, or some other sect, it may have in that sect a very large circulation abroad.—If its circulation exceed that of any other paper, the postmaster must give it the letters, as some construe the law. See what the "N. Y. Express" says of the "N. Y. Tribune"—whig *versus* whig! It openly charges that its circulation is made up of names procured under the excitement of the late presidential election, at a great distance from New York; and the time of the subscription had not run out when the New York postmaster made out his decision. It is generally believed that the "Tribune" stands in the same relation to the present tariff, that the "Courier and Enquirer" did towards the old U. States Bank. Webb was never more zealous for the one than Greely is for the other. Whether Greely got his $52,000 or not, I cannot say; but he deserves it as much as ever Webb did, and the manufacturer can well afford to pay him this sum. It is well known, however, that the manufacturers exerted themselves with great success to extend his circulation; and, in this way, he got his full remuneration. Go to the distant confines of Arkansas or Maine, and there, last fall, you would find the attorney of the manufacturers preaching, thro' the Tribune, "the higher the duty, the cheaper the article;" "support the manufacturers, and they will support the farmers," and such like humbuggery. Hundreds would be sent into some counties of doubtful States, and no person would know where they came from. Should such a circulation have the advertising of the New York city letters! Will a democratic administration—will a democratic Congress favor such a proscription of the democratic press of N. York city as this?

A similar state of things exist at Buffalo N. York, where the democratic paper has the largest circulation at home. But the whig paper, being the organ of the great steamboat combination upon the upper lakes, has the greatest circulation in consequence of the patronage of commercial men in distant cities.

Another instance has been mentioned to me, where the whig editor, by bribing an apprentice, found out the circulation of the democratic paper to be exactly one hundred more than his. Accordingly, he got a few wealthy whigs, by putting his papers low, to subscribe for one hundred and ten copies of his paper, and then went and claimed the letters of the postmaster, who was apprized of the game. The postmaster in the premises acted nobly, and replied, "You are still behind hand, sir; for, hearing of your manœuvres, I have subscribed for twenty democratic papers, and will pay for them out of my own pocket. And furthermore sir, I will expend all my salary in sending papers to poor democrats before a paper that calumniates my principles and my party, and resorts to such tricks as yours does, shall have one cents worth of patronage from me."

I know it to be a fact, that, in one little town, the whig editor made his friends believe that, by taking the patronage of the post office from the democratic paper it could not be sustained. Whereupon a defeated whig candidate for Congress, who was very wealthy, subscribed for enough to make up the difference.—The postmaster, however, had made no change at last dates. The democratic congressman in this district is expected to do his duty at the coming Congress, and use his influence to have this clause in the law repealed.

In one of our cities, the "native American" paper advertises the letters. Abhorrent as I view their doctrines, they must be still more so to our adopted citizens, to whom the democratic party owes much. Will members of Congress elected by their votes allow this clause to remain?

In the Northwest there is an abolition paper that openly justifies the kidnapping of southern slaves, and the smuggling of them into the Canadian provinces for British soldiers. It often alludes in its columns to the business done "upon the underground railroad" from the Slave States to Canada, in open defiance to the laws of this country and to public opinion.—This paper, that once published 'Roorback' and vouched for the correctness, had a hankering for the letters. So, after finding out the circulation of the whig and democratic papers, it issued private letters to all the abolitionists and negroes, telling them that if so many names were added to its subscription list, the advertising of the letters could be secured.—Accordingly, Mister Sam Johnsing, of the anti-slavery brass band, got together "the brethren of color;" Mrs. Tabitha Sympaty, street-yarn-spinner, summoned the female anti-slavery society at the house of Miss Esther Know-it-all, milliner and mantua-maker for the society, who reads the minister's papers; and Parson Weak's sister convokes a general meeting of his congregation. Through such drumming as this, the requisite number was obtained. Is this paper to have the letters?

In some places, papers strictly religiously sectarian, whose circulation is restricted to their own denomination, are contending for the letters. And according to the New York Express, the Fourier organ there has got them. I have forwarded to the department a whig paper, advertising the letters, which in order to keep up the tariff, urges merchants to use finer paper, and so send ten or twelve letters under one envelope, and thus defraud the department. I have another whig paper before me, advertising the letters, that contains a gross libel upon the Postmaster General.

It will be another difficulty in the way of this clause, that no one can tell where the letters are to be advertised; as beaten one month, the whig paper and the abolition paper will not stay beaten. The one with money on its side, and the other with money on its side, and the other with fanaticism, will pass the month in drumming and thus claim the letters for the next month. So the postmaster has an eternal quarrel on his hands.

I have mentioned a few of the evils and abuses under this clause. I have begun the campaign, and I want my democratic brethren to follow it up, so as to leave it to postmasters to advertise as now, except to strike out "having the largest circulation," and insert, (if any thing is to be inserted,) "regarding the extent, the durability and place of circulation." You know enough of politics, sir, to be aware that, in moneyed matters, the democrats cannot compete with the whigs. And the whigs know that money will get circulation to their papers; and, by this, they can keep patronage from the democratic papers in this country. On this matter I want all our presses to speak out, and Congress to act.

JUSTICE TO THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

"YOU MAY KNOW THE WOUNDED PIGEON BY HIS FLUTTERING."

We had designed noticing the singularly weak and suicidal article of the "National Intelligencer" of this morning; but the article of "Jackson" has stepped in, to give it the finishing stroke. We would have cautioned the "Intelligencer" about losing its temper, and reminded it of the anecdote of the countryman, who, hearing a controversy in a strange language between two scholars, was able to ascertain which of them was defeated, by his losing his temper. We should, however, have recollected the advice of a friend, given this morning, on this very effusion of the National Intelligencer: "Do, for mercy sake, let a foiled and defeated editor make his retreat, without pursuing him with a galling fire. As I understand the article in this morning's Intelligencer, it contains an admission that the President had done only what Mr. Madison and his predecessors have done.—Is not this all that you could require to establish in refutation of his original charge, that the *conduct of President Polk was without any precedent?* All that you have to do is, to exhibit the bare charge that the President had acted without precedent; and then follow it up with his own admission in this day's Intelligencer, that Mr. Polk has done precisely as Mr. Madison had done, without any further comment." Such, at least, is the substance of the remarks that were made to us this morning. We would have been very well content to follow this suggestion; but "Jackson," whose piece has been republished and noted by the National Intelligencer, has sent us the following reply, and we deem it our duty to publish it. *He* has said enough to expose the weakness of the Intelligencer. He exhausts the argument, and leaves us very little more to say; and that little is, partly to assure the editors of the National Intelligencer that they have entirely mistaken their man; that "Jackson" is not one of the "distinguished members of the democratic party who have accepted office;" that we found him here, and of that corps of able and distinguished talents, of whom Washington may boast on her own account; and that no man has "accepted office on the condition of contributing his labors to the executive organ." With what grace the "National Intelligencer" can sneer at "the blundering geniuses" who support the administration, we are somewhat puzzled to discover, after the gross blunders which it has perpetrated itself; after charging the President with violating the constitution, and acting against the precedents of Mr. Madison, when it now turns out that Mr. Polk has done nothing but what Mr. Madison has done—that is, "calling upon the governors of Louisiana, &c. to hold their militia in readiness, and to furnish certain quotas as soon as they received notice that the forces were wanted in the field"—which notice is to be given to them, &c., *officially,* "through the officer in command," (General Taylor.) We understand that this is the very course which the President has just pursued; and that whilst the Intelligencer has charged him with acting without precedent, he has substantially pursued the precedent set him by other Presidents. We say nothing of the other blunders into which "the blundering genius" of the Intelligencer has fallen. We say nothing of his "calumnies of hirelings who have accepted office on the condition of contributing" their "labors to the executive organ;" and still less upon the character which its editor claims for himself, and which he would deny to others, when he says "much greater need than *we,* have they to make themselves characters, to deserve a *fair and broad public confidence.*"

From the Union.

"THE ANGLO-MEXICAN INTELLIGENCER.

I am glad to perceive the sensitiveness of the National Intelligencer at being called by the name which its conduct has justified. It proves that there is a sound state of feeling on questions between our own and foreign governments in the whig party generally, which makes the editors begin to feel the consequences of their anti-American course. The feeling evinces itself in long articles, to prove their consistency; in comparing their own course with that of certain democratic editors, in harsh language; in quoting one or two fellow-laborers to prove that its Anglo-Mexicanism is nothing but independence; and in backing out, under a flourish, from the ground they had assumed relative to calling out the militia.

The general consistency of the Intelligencer for some years back, needs no illustration. I recollect but one deviation, and that was when it approved the course of the administration in sending troops to Texas. A little patriotism then burst out in their dark columns, like a sunbeam through a cloud; but they have since atoned for that slip of the pen, by heaping up column upon column of Anglo-Mexican carpings, and arguments, to put the administration in the wrong in that very act. No, no; they have no occasion to vindicate their consistency;—it is notorious; it is not questioned.

Nor was it necessary to prove the difference between themselves and certain democratic editors, who were not originally in favor of the annexation of Texas. Those editors disapproved of annexation on the terms proposed, and thus far agreed with the Intelligencer. The question was then a *domestic* one, and the parties to it were our own people only. But the majority decided in favor of annexation, and pledged to it the faith of the country. It then became a question between the United States and Mexico; and then the democratic editors alluded to took sides with their own country, and the editors of the Intelligencer with Mexico. In this, both were consistent—the democratic editors on all foreign questions being consistently with their country, and the editors of the National Intelligencer against it.

The article in this morning's Intelligencer requires little comment. It begins with a show of argument to maintain its former position, and concludes by abandoning it altogether. The following are its last words, viz:

"Accordingly, what have the 'distinguished members of the democratic party who have taken office,' to confute us, hunted up?—Why, documents to prove that President Madison had called upon the governors of Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana, to hold their militia in readiness, and to furnish certain quotas, as soon as they received notice that the forces were wanted in the field—which notice was accordingly given them afterwards, through the officer in command!

"And, now, what was to hinder President Polk from taking the same legal and prudent course?"

Sure enough! "What was to hinder President Polk from taking the same legal and prudent course?" And pray, Messrs. Editors, what other course has he taken? What has he done, but to request certain governors to hold their militia in readiness and "to furnish quotas as soon as they received notice that the forces were wanted in the field," authorizing "the officer in command" to give such notice? As I understand the facts, President Polk has done precisely what President Madison did, and nothing more.

But, in both cases, the power of *calling out* the militia has been delegated to the commanding officer; and the power to make such delegation is precisely what the editors denied. They said, "there cannot be any serious question, that the presidential power, created by the law which we have cited, *is incapable of being delegated to any body else.* Again: "The power over

[Conclusion on fourth page.]

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6044_1_119-0001.jpg