

nowned Hotspur, the allusion, sir, though he (Mr. B.) possessed none of the characteristics which marked that distinguished champion, had awakened his recollection to a portion of his history as portrayed by that masterly delineator of the human passions and human nature, in the scene between him, Glendower, and Mortimer, when, expecting a successful issue to the rebellion in which they were engaged, they were dividing the realm of England between them; and it seemed quite appropos to the last proposition of the British Government to divide Oregon by the Columbia river, and he would commend it to the attention of the Senator:

"Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land—  
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out."

And, sir, (said Mr. B.) on this question of Oregon, I will say with the gallant Hotspur, with a slight interpolation to suit the case:

"I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain—  
(And with England too,) mark ye me!  
I'll caril on the ninth part of a hair."

Mr. Jounson, of Maryland, said he was very much pleased with the passage from the poet which the Senator had recited, for he now saw the authority on which the Senator intended to assert our title to the whole of Oregon—that it was *poetic*.

But in relation to the question, as to whether he meant to say that the spirit of the age was against a war for the defence of clear and substantial rights. The Senator could not seriously suppose that he would abandon any such rights; he would leave the war, however, to be brought on by the adversary, and not by ourselves. But he had yet to learn that the adjustment of the controversy upon terms offered by the President of his own choice would be an abandonment of national honor.