

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

### BUCHANAN.

BY BOW.

Be the man of the age and his glory and station,  
Be not to battle or thunder of cannon;  
Be the man of head-toil in the cause of his nation,  
With fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

For a nation, of freemen the time has gone by,  
When prudence in frenzied excitement forgets,  
That the heroes of battle but rarely supply  
The plans of success which a statesman begets.

Let our warriors be honored with titles when due,  
With plaudits and love in a perfect oration,  
But the statesman, the able, the tried, and the true  
Are fitted the best for executive station.

Alas! the great of Old England he stood unshaken,  
Determined and faithful, positive and blunt,  
And the glory and might of his intellect flashed  
The splendor of fame on his own native land.

In the quiet of Wheatland rests like a sage,  
The ablest companion of Webster and Clay,  
To justice to them, darkness history's page,  
Is true to the great who are living to-day.

In the quiet of Wheatland he rests like a sage,  
Whose breath the shadow of oak and of elm,  
With his vigor of youth and his wisdom of age,  
His country hath need of his hand at the helm.

Worthy faults may be shown by the demagogue's art,  
There better than men, without sin fixed the blame,  
It is e'er, 'twas a fault of the head not the heart,  
For 'tis true to his country, and true to his fame.

Be the man of the age, and his glory and station,  
Be not to battle, or thunder of cannon,  
Be the years of head-toil in the cause of his nation,  
With fame have encircled the name of Buchanan.

### OLIVE OATMAN, THE APACHE CAPTIVE.

So much interest has been manifested in the story of the captivity of Olive Oatman, that we visit her a few days since, when she gave us an admirable account of her adventures, which were embodied. This account we obtained only by asking questions, as her timidity and want of confidence prevented her from giving the details unassisted. Her faculties have been somewhat impaired by her way of life, but her friends assured us that in the short time she has been among them she has made very perceptible improvement.

Olive has found good friends at the Monte, in the families of Mr. Ira Thompson and Mr. David Lewis, and is regarded and treated as a member of their families.

The Oatmans started from Iowa in company with the family of Mr. Thompson, with whom they travelled together as far as Tucson, in Sonora, where Mr. T. resolved to lay by to recruit his cattle and wait for other trains to come up, so as to insure the safety of the road by numbers. But the Oatmans pushed on, impatient together through, and met their fate on the Gila about two hundred miles from the Colorado. While at Tucson the Thompsons had many opportunities of noticing the terror which the Apaches excited in the people. One evening a Spanish woman arrived in the village, saying she had just escaped from the Tonto Apaches, where she had been a prisoner. She related that a day or two before, the band returned to camp from killing and plundering a party of Americans, and also bringing in prisoners. She was left alone with the threat that if she attempted to escape she would be killed. That night while they were dancing the war dance, she escaped and returned to Tucson.

By comparing dates they were satisfied this was the band that attacked the Oatmans. Inquiries were made at the time, but nothing could be learned concerning the captives.

Olive is rather a pretty girl, with a skin as fair as most persons who have crossed the plains. Her face is disfigured by tattooed lines on the chin, running obliquely and perpendicularly from her mouth. Her arms were also marked in a similar manner by one straight line on each. The operation consisted in puncturing the skin and rubbing a dye or pulverized charcoal into the wounds.

It was about sunset when the attack was made, which resulted in the capture of herself and her little sister, Mary Ann. Olive was thirteen, and Mary Ann seven years of age.—The Indians stripped her of her shoes and nearly all of her clothing—her sister had no shoes on at the time—and they started off with the speed of horses in a northerly direction into a mountainous region. They travelled all night without resting. At noon next day they stopped a few minutes to breathe, and then hurried on again until night-fall, when they came into camp. She thinks they travelled a hundred miles. She was barefoot, and the sharp stones lacerated her feet, and her blood sprinkled the wide distance. Whenever she lagged, they would come behind and beat her, to urge her on. Her sister gave out, but being small, the Indians carried her in their arms. The reason of their hurrying on so rapidly, was fear lest they might be pursued.

The clothes left to her were worn out, and fell from her back in two weeks, and then she matted together the bark of trees and tied it around her person like the Indians. It was a slight covering, but it did not leave her entirely exposed.

Among these Apaches Olive supposes they remained one year. At any rate, the same kind of season returned as that when she arrived. Time among the Indians is not noted. If they note it at all, it is only by moons. The coun-

try was mountainous, and barren of grass or timber. The Indians live in the small valleys. The girls were treated cruelly by these Indians. They were overtaken, and when they could not understand what was said to them, they were beaten. There was no timber nor running stream. The only fuel to be had was scattered sage bushes, and when it rained the water would collect in the holes of the rocks, and these two little girls were compelled to pack all the wood and water from a long distance upon their backs. They felt themselves to be slaves. The Indians told them they should never see their friends again and concealed them as much as possible. There was no snow, but they suffered from cold in the winter.

The Mohaves and Apaches were friends and sometimes visited each other. It was during one of these visits that the Mohaves learned of the captives and offered to purchase them. The Apaches consented and received in exchange a few pounds of beads, two horses, and two blankets. They were ten days travelling, "like hares," as she describes it, to the Mohave village, barefoot and over a rough mountainous country, each day stopping a short time at noon to rest. She thinks they travelled 350 miles in a north-west direction. On this journey they eat nothing until the fourth day, when they received a piece of meat about as large as her hand, and this kept them alive. There were no roots nor berries, and they dared not ask the Indians for food. The Indians would kill such game as came in their way, but they did not offer it to their captives. She describes them as being too lazy to exert themselves to procure food, and only killing such game as chance brought to them. Her days thus far had been dark, and she was almost ready to despair. Not an act of kindness, nor a word of sympathy or hope had been addressed to her by her captors, who treated her and her sister as slaves.

Arrived among the Mohaves, the chief, whom she calls Espenesny, took them into his own family, and they were treated in every respect as his own children. Two blankets were given to them for covering; food was divided with them; they were not obliged to labor, but did pretty much as they pleased. Lands were allotted to them, and they were furnished with seeds, and raised their own corn, melons and beans as the Indians did.

There is little or no rain in the Colorado, and the Mohaves depend upon the overflow of the river for the irrigation necessary to germinate and ripen their harvests. Sometimes there is no overflow of the river, and much suffering follows. The Indians are too indolent to plant more than will suffice for their actual necessities. Three years ago there was no overflow, and a famine was the consequence, in which many perished. It was in this famine that Olive suffered her greatest grief. Her little sister, Mary Ann, had endured all her captivity with her. They supposed that they were alone of their family; they had suffered together the cruelties of the savages; but they had not been separated. They could sympathize and cheer each other in their dreariness, and sometimes they would whisper together a faint hope of future redemption. But now came the trial.—The child wasted away by degrees—she knew that she was to die, and talked calmly of death to Olive. She had no disease, but there was no food—and she wasted miserably in the famine that desolated the tribe. Olive herself was near perishing, but the strength of her constitution saved her life. She speaks of the Chief's wife in terms of warmest gratitude. A mother could not have expressed more kind-hearted sympathy than did this good woman, whose gentle treatment saved her life. This woman had laid up seed corn to plant, and which, even the dying groans of her own people could not make her bring out. When she saw Olive's distress, she found this corn between stones, made a gruelling feed to her, not reserving any even to herself.

The Mohaves always told her she could go to the white settlements when she pleased, but they dared not go with her, fearing they might be punished for having kept a white woman so long among them, nor did they dare to let it be known that she was among them. She could not go alone, for she did not know the way, and she despaired of ever again seeing her friends. Hope almost died within her. For three long years she mourned her captivity—though well treated she was restrained, for she knew not how to extricate herself. What were her sensations, during all this time, must be imagined; for she is not, as yet, able to express her thoughts in language.

Before the arrival of the Indian messenger charged to release her, she heard of his departure from the Fort, by an Indian runner. Her joy was very great, but she forced herself to appear indifferent, lest the Indians should still restrain her. She had little confidence in their sincerity, when they gave her permission to leave them, because they refused to go with her, and they knew she could not go alone.

At length, Francisco, the Yuma, arrived with the requisition from Col. Burke for her delivery. The packet was examined by the Indians, but no one understood it. It was put into her hands to explain. It was written in a bold, round hand, the letters being a third of an inch long. It was the first word of English she had seen for five long, weary years, and she could not restrain her emotion. The cold chill of Indian reserve seemed to melt away, and she saw before her mind the old home scenes; and happy voices seemed to welcome her return. She readily deciphered the meaning of that rescript, and communicated it to the assembled Indians. Accompanying it were six pounds of white beads, four blankets, and some other trinkets, to be given in exchange. These were accepted, and the Chief told her she was at liberty to depart for her friends. Many of the Indians, however, objected to her going, fearing they would be punished as her captors. The Chief's wife, the kind woman who saved her life in the famine, cried a day and a night as if she were losing her own child, and then gave up.—

With the guide she started for the Fort with a light heart, on foot, as usual. She was ten days on the road, travelling with greater speed than ever before. This time the days were short to her, and so great was her mental excitement, that she knew neither weariness nor hunger.—The trail was tortuous and rough leading through mountains and gorges, and several times she was compelled to swim the Colorado. This time, too, her feet were protected from the sharp stones by sandals, such as are worn by the Indians.

During all her captivity she does not remember to have seen a wild flower, or shrub. If there were any, her mind was so absorbed with her own misery, that she did not observe them. Among the Mohaves there is no food except what is raised—that is, corn, wheat, melons and beans. A few fish are caught from the river; a small bulb, resembling a brodiaea, is taken from the ground, which is boiled or roasted.—This bulb is almost tasteless, and is found in such small quantities that a whole day is required to gather enough for a meal. There are no berries nor fruit trees of any kind.

The Yumas and Mohaves are friends. Their manners, customs and dress are the same, and their lodges are built upon the same plan.—Their language, also, is similar—they easily understand each other. The two tribes last year made war upon the Cocopas, and took several prisoners. When they arrived at their villages the prisoners were killed, and their dead bodies suspended on a crucifix, while the whole tribe danced round the pole, singing and throwing arrows into the bodies.

She converses with propriety, but as one acting under strong constraint; and she has not forgotten the instructions of her childhood.—She reads well, writes a fair hand, and sews admirably; though in her captivity she saw no implement nor instrument of civilization. She is very ambitious to learn and spends most of her time in study.—Los Angeles Paper.

### Murder in Hollidaysburg.

The Hollidaysburg papers give us an account of another atrocious murder committed in that place on Monday last. We copy the following from the Hollidaysburg "Standard," and hope that ere this the murderer has been arrested:

ATROCIOUS MURDER.—One of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders on record was perpetrated at the Canal Basin, in this place, on Monday evening. At the time we go to press no inquest has been held, and many rumors are in circulation in regard to the affair. As far as we could gather particulars that could be relied upon we give them.

On the evening in question, a dance was held at the house of Jas. B. Johnston, on the south side of the Canal Basin, at which there were some eight or ten young persons—among others the daughter of James Davis. Davis is a boatman in the employ of Patrick Walls, and the boat on which he is employed was lying opposite Johnston's. Davis had been drinking some through the evening, and seeing his daughter there, swore early in the evening that he would shoot some person—which threat he made good before 10 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston came down stairs and whilst Johnston stood under his door Davis discharged a pistol loaded with BB shot at him. Johnston staggered back a few steps, said, "Mother, I am shot," and fell down and expired in a few seconds. None of the shot had entered various parts of his body, two of which went through his heart and killed him as soon as internal hemorrhage could produce death. Mrs. Johnston saw the flash of the pistol, and distinctly saw and recognized Davis as he ran away. A number of persons were standing upon the canal bridge at the time, but as firing pistols about the Basin is a common occurrence, no attention was paid to it. At the very time Johnston was shot, Rebecca, his eldest daughter, had told Davis' daughter of the threats her father had made, and was advising her to leave.

Immediately after committing the murder Davis made his escape. A posse started after him, but up to the time we go to press, he has not been arrested; and, knowing the character of the man as we do, we far he will make good his escape and justice be cheated.

Johnston was about 46 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children. Although somewhat given to the use of intoxicating liquors when he could procure them, he was a mild, inoffensive man, and never, that we heard of, quarreled with any person.

Davis has a family residing about two miles west of this place, at the Dutch Bottom, near the old Dunkard Meeting House.

It may as well here be stated that some persons allege that Davis shot Johnston from the boat with a musket. This is hardly probable. He was seen with a pistol early in the evening, and Mrs. Johnston is positive that he stood upon the tow path when he fired.

After the deed was committed, hundreds of our citizens repaired to the scene of the murder and the excitement ran very high. Well it might. A more deliberate, malicious, and cold-blooded murder of an inoffensive man never took place in our usually peaceable village.—May we never be called upon to chronicle a similar outrage. It is to be hoped that no exertions will be spared to bring the guilty wretch to condign punishment. If he is suffered to escape, through any lack of vigilance on the part of the officers of the law, life will become insecure, for there are others like him, who are ever ready to play the assassin, if there is an opening to evade justice.

ACCEPTANCE OF MR. FILLMORE.—The committee appointed by the last Philadelphia Know-Nothing Convention to appraise Mr. Fillmore of his nomination for the presidency have at last received a formal response from that gentleman. He unhesitatingly accepts the nomination, platform and all. The letter of acceptance was written at Paris, and bears date of May 21.

### Speech of Gov. Wright of Indiana.

According to promise, we give below the eloquent speech delivered by Governor Wright at the democratic mass meeting, held in Indianapolis on the 6th inst., to ratify the nominations of Buchanan and Breckinridge:

They have given us the distinguished son of Pennsylvania, James Buchanan. He comes from the right quarter—the old Keystone State, the most precious stone in our proud edifice—the land of Franklin, Morris, Mohlenburg, and Buchanan—my own, my native State—the first State in our Union that adopted and ratified our glorious constitution, and the only State of the North that in the great contest of 1796 which cast her vote for Thomas Jefferson against the elder Adams, and, in my humble judgment, this day has less fanaticism and sectionalism among her masses than any of the original thirteen colonies—the first State in the Union that nominated General Jackson for the presidency.— Pennsylvania has never had a President; yet she has constantly supported the men of right faith and principles, having voted uniformly for Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson, casting her united vote for the election and re-election of these patriots and founders of the republic.

James Buchanan is the man for the times. The people desired his nomination, not the politicians, and most notably has the National Convention responded to the voice of the people. No man now living has rendered more important service to the country—no man living has filled so many responsible positions in our government with such ability and usefulness to the country. From the year 1814, the commencement of his public life, until this day, he has been the faithful and indefatigable public servant.

James Buchanan was an acknowledged favorite of James Madison at the close of his administration. In 1827 James Monroe tendered him the mission to Mexico. As minister to Russia, under the appointment of General Jackson, he negotiated the first commercial treaty between our government and Russia, which secured to our commerce the ports of the Baltic and Black seas.

James Buchanan was the bosom friend and companion of General Jackson—his ardent admirer. He has had the confidence not only of Jackson, Polk, and Pierce, but of all the statesmen of the land who have formed his acquaintance. The best evidence of his devotion to the welfare of the country is found in the fact—no man ever has had as much confidence in his first trial in 1814 until the present moment. The world of that time, and as sure as he lives until the 4th of March, 1857, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, will be the President of this nation.

With now say to our political enemies, come on with your charges, your slanders, your insinuations! The nation has presented to them the consistent, firm, faithful statesman, the man of iron will, undaunted patriotism, unblemished character, and whose record will bear the strictest scrutiny. We have before you the man whose whole character is a solemn pledge and guarantee that our institutions and national character will be safe in his hands. The farmer, mechanic, merchant, and the entire mass of our people, feel secure that in his hands the nobleship of State will be taken to the port of peace, happiness, and prosperity, and that under his even guidance and enlarged statesmanship every portion of our happy Union will be protected in the full enjoyment of their constitutional rights.

He is a State-rights man in the full meaning of that term. I remember twenty years ago, when the subject of the admission of Michigan was before the nation, how, in eloquent terms, he enforced the doctrine of the rights of the States and Territories. It was then remarked, in substance, "the older I grow the more I become a State-rights man." Consequently, he was the enemy of the United States Bank, opposed to the distribution of the proceeds of the sale of public lands, opposed to the assumption of the State debts, the warm advocate of the independent treasury, the ardent and devoted friend of the principles of the Kansas and Nebraska bills, the absolute and unconditional right of the people to adopt their own form of municipal government, not inconsistent with the constitution of the United States.

In 1852, when speaking upon the subject of religious liberty, he planted himself upon the constitution in the following glowing language: "From my soul I abhor the practice of mingling religion with politics. The doctrine of all our constitutions, both federal and State, is that every man has an indefeasible right to worship his God according to the dictates of his own conscience. He is both a bigot and a tyrant who would interfere with that sacred right. When a candidate is before the people for office, the religious faith he possesses, but only in the language of Mr. Jefferson, 'is he honest, is he capable.'"

In the same address, when speaking upon the fugitive-slave law and the democratic party, he most eloquently and truthfully remarks:

"The fugitive-slave law is all that the South has obtained in this compromise of 1850. It is a law founded both upon the letter and the spirit of the constitution, and a similar law has existed in our statute-books ever since the administration of George Washington. History teaches us that but for the provision in favor of fugitive slaves the constitution would never have existed.

"Think ye that the South will ever tamely surrender the fugitive-slave law to northern fanatics and abolitionists? And now, fellow-citizens, what a glorious party the democratic party is ever been! Man is but the being of a summer day, while principles are eternal. The generation of mortals, one after the other, rise and sink, and are forgotten, but the principles of democracy which we have inherited from our revolutionary fathers will endure to bless mankind throughout all generations. Is there any democrat within the sound of my voice—there any democrat throughout the broad limits of good old democratic Pennsylvania—who will abandon these sacred principles for the sake of following in the train of a military conqueror, and shouting the hero of Lundy's Lane, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec?"

Like the Romans in their times of trouble and excitement, our people are looking to the old and true men. We have in the person of James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, he who was contemporary with Madison, Monroe, Adams, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, McDuffie, Hayne, and others. He is the link on the chain that connects the present with the past—that age, when the love of the Union, the love of order and the supremacy of the laws was the paramount principle. Buchanan is the man that the good and true men can rally around of all parties devoted to the constitution and the Union, with the full assurance that he perfectly understands and fully appreciates not only our domestic policy but our foreign relations.

In the midst of sectional excitement, local strifes, violations of law, secret organizations, and when appeals are making to the worst passions of men, to everything except the majesty of the laws and constitution, it is a source of gratification to the true patriot to have one presented for the first office of the Union, whose whole life is one of devotion to law and order. But few administrations will show brighter on the page of history than that of James K. Polk—the acquisition and settlement of difficulties connected with Texas, the acquisition of California with its untold wealth, the war with Mexico—yet in all these James Buchanan was our Prime Minister, (Secretary of State,) exhibiting, in all these trying times, the same devotion to principles, firmness of purpose, and yet so conducting our foreign relations that while an empire was added to our republic the peace of the nation was not disturbed.

He is now before us for the highest position among the nations of the earth, presented not by a section, not the candidate of the South, the North, the East, or the West, but the candidate of every portion, interest, or section of our wide-spread republic.

His public life, his public acts, exhibit to us the profound statesman, the accomplished scholar, the man of spotless purity of character, who has never taken a position with southern or northern destiny, but one who loves every portion of this country, who plants himself on the basis of the constitution, and takes his stand under the prouder and holier name of American destiny.

The character of the sons of all Pennsylvania is so well known throughout the country, whenever it is ascertained that a man is from the old Keystone State, right straight forward he goes into office, from governor, the smallest, up to town supervisor, the highest. Talk about a son of Pennsylvania being run close in Indiana, or the race doubtful! Why, the man that would thus talk is surely crazy. Your first governor was a Pennsylvanian, and the last one a Pennsylvanian, with two or three others, and Heaven knows how many judges and other officers.

### Grand Ratification Meeting in Lexington, Kentucky—Breckinridge at Home—His eloquent Response to the enthusiastic greetings of his Neighbors.

On Monday evening last a grand ratification meeting was held in Lexington, Kentucky—the home of the democratic candidate for the vice-presidency—at which the nominees and platform of the Democratic National Convention was most emphatically and enthusiastically endorsed. In noticing this great outpouring of the people, the Kentucky Statesman says: "Notwithstanding the short and limited notice of the meeting, and though no notice whatever was given to the county of the fact, an immense concourse of citizens, numbered by thousands, assembled at the appointed time around the platform, and evinced the warmest enthusiasm in the object of the meeting. At the ringing of the court-house bell the yard presented a solid mass of living beings, and great impatience was evinced by the assembled masses to give vent to their feelings of approbation for the principles and nominees of their party."

After several speeches had been made, and a series of excellent resolutions were adopted, "the air was again rent," says the Statesman, "by loud and prolonged shouts for Major Breckinridge; and when, in response to the calls of the people, his tall and graceful form appeared upon the platform to receive the congratulations of his fellow-citizens, the enthusiasm of the multitude knew no bounds. Repeated and loud shouts of applause for some time prevented his addressing the assembly, but when his clear and eloquent voice was heard every tongue was hushed, and the vast multitude drank in the most profound attention, every word which fell from his lips."

We give below the substance of Mr. Breckinridge's remarks, as reported in the Statesman:

### Mr. Breckinridge's Speech.

Fellow-citizens of the county of Fayette, I have been invited by your committee to accept the congratulations of my neighbors and friends upon my nomination by the democratic party for the vice-presidency of the United States. I could not decline this nomination coming from a people who have, on all occasions, received me with uniform kindness; and for the cordiality with which you now welcome me I can only return the warm thanks of a grateful heart.

Gentlemen, the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention are before the country. Of the three statesmen who were made most prominent before that body by their own merits and the attention of the people, the choice for the presidency fell upon Mr. Buchanan, as a becoming tribute to his long public services and his pre-eminent abilities. The announcement of his name begets confidence in every part of the Union. For forty years he has

lived in the public eye. He has the largest experience in political affairs, and from his long services in the executive and legislative departments of the government, he possesses perfect familiarity with every branch of the administration. In the discharge of his public duties, his great talents have been universally recognized, and the purity of his character commands the respect of his countrymen without distinction of party. In other countries he is the most distinguished living representative of the intellect and character of the United States; and none of us, I am sure, have forgotten the signal ability with which, on a recent occasion, he vindicated the just claims of his country against the most eminent diplomatists of Europe.

Mr. Buchanan belongs to a class of statesmen nearly all of whom have passed from the stage of action. He was long associated in the public councils with Jackson, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Wright, Forsyth, and others, whose names are cherished as a portion of the treasures of the country—and he was not the least star in that galaxy. His great compeers are gone, yet he remains, in the vigorous possession of all his faculties, standing in the midst of the descendants of those with whom he commenced his career—respected and honored by all classes of his countrymen. Like all public men he has been the victim of detraction; but he has outlived its influence, nor can the calumnies thrown up in the party contests long past be more successfully revived against him than against the memories of his honored associates.

Of myself, gentlemen, it does not become me to speak, especially here, in the midst of a people among whom I was born and reared. My principles and course of life are known to you all.

Gentlemen, the platform of principles adopted by the convention will attract the attention of the country, and exert the most important influence upon public affairs. Without entering into a discussion of that platform, I may remark that it reasserts the old and well-recognized creed of the democratic party, and then applies the principles of that party to the great question of the times.

Upon the two issues which do now most agitate the Union, the position of the democracy cannot hereafter be misunderstood or misrepresented.

They have defined in explicit terms their construction of the guarantees of civil and religious liberty which are contained in the constitution of the United States.

Upon the distracting question of domestic slavery their position is equally clear. The whole power of the democratic organization is pledged to the following propositions:

That Congress shall not interfere upon this subject in the States, in the Territories, or in the District of Columbia.

That the people of each Territory shall determine the question for themselves, and be admitted into the Union upon a footing of perfect equality with the original States, without discrimination on account of the allowance or prohibition of slavery.

That the law of Congress for the return of fugitives from labor, passed in pursuance of the requirement of the constitution, shall be faithfully executed.

Upon all these vital questions the convention was unanimous, every delegate from every State giving them his cordial approval.

Gentlemen, if these principles can be maintained, every obstacle will be removed to the peace and prosperity of our country. More than this you ought not to ask—less than this you will not consent to take. I know you well enough to be assured that there is not a man within the sound of my voice who does not feel that this settlement is just, and that in no other mode can the rights of the respective members of the confederacy be preserved, and the peace of the Union secured.

To the maintenance of these principles are pledged the united efforts of the strongest political organization in the United States. You are not called upon now to decide subordinate questions of policy. You are brought face to face with issues that rock your country to its centre, and involve the principles upon which your institutions are founded. Hence a high personal responsibility is imposed on every citizen, which cannot be discharged by blindly herding beneath party banners, or uttering fierce rallying-cries, or surrendering the judgment to the dominion of the prejudices and the passions.

He who shall examine carefully and temperately the platform of the national democracy, compare it with the platforms of other parties, investigate the issues before the country, learn the strength and purposes of other organizations, and then prefer the decisions of his judgment to the temptations of his passions, will have performed his duty in a manner answerable to the high claims of his country upon the patriotism of her sons.

My only purpose in appearing before you, upon the invitation of your committee, was to render my sincere acknowledgments for the kindness which prompted you to desire my presence. If I have been betrayed into remarks more extended than the occasion seemed to demand, you must share the blame with me, and place the error, in part at least, to the account of your warm welcome and friendly attention.

In one sentiment I am sure we can all concur: That the great issues involved in this contest may be so decided as to preserve the constitution, advance the general prosperity, and give a new guarantee of the equal and perpetual union of the States.

Terrible Freshet in Tennessee.—The Tennessee papers report destructive freshets in that State. In Giles county, hogs, cattle and sheep were drowned, bridges carried away, and much other damage done. One farmer lost two hundred head of sheep. At Lebanon, the town was overwhelmed, and many families driven from their houses, to seek shelter elsewhere.