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THE CLERK'S MARRIAGE.

"You are a brave young man, or a foolish one."
"Why do you say that?"
"To think of marriage."
"What had bravery or folly to do in the case?"
"The young lady is poor."
"I do not wed her for money."
"There would be some hope for you if she were the possessor of some twenty or thirty thousand dollars. But being as poor as yourself, the folly of this purpose stands out in bold relief. Look before you leap, my friend, there's trouble for you on the other side."
"I am not so bold, Mr. Blair." The young man's fine face glowed, and his eyes flashed with a repressed indignation.
"Not so bold, Adrian, for the marriage, as society is now constituted. There are two sides to the question of marriage; the sentimental side and the matter-of-fact side. Now have you looked only on the sentimental side; suppose we consider the matter-of-fact aspects. You are a clerk receiving a salary of \$1,000. How much have you saved?"
"Nothing to speak of."
"Nothing! So much the worse. If it cost you \$1,000 a year to live, from whence is to come the means of supporting a wife & family?"
"Oh, I've been careless and wasteful in expenditures, as most young men are. I had only myself to provide for, and was self-indulgent. But that must cease of course."
"Granted, for argument's sake. The young lady you propose to marry is named Rosa Newell."
"Yes."
"A charming young girl; well educated, finely accomplished; used to good society, as we say; and just suited for my friend Adrian, if she had money, or he an income of three or four thousand a year. But the idea of making her a happy wife, in the city of New York on a thousand dollars, is simply preposterous. It can't be done, sir, and the attempt will prove ruinous to the happiness of both parties to so foolish an agreement. It is a matter of the easiest demonstration, Adrian; and I wonder that so good an accountant as you are should ere this have tried this question by mathematical rules. Let me do it for you. And first we look at Rosa's present sphere of life. She has a home with a Mr. Hart, an uncle, and is living in rather a luxurious way. Mr. Hart is a man who thinks a deal of appearances, and maintains a domestic establishment that does not cost less than four thousand dollars a year. His house rent is equal to your salary. Now, in taking Rosa from this home, into what kind of a one can you place her?"
"A sober: hue of thought came over the young man's face."
"You can't afford to rent a house at even one half the cost of Mr. Hart's, even if you were able to buy the furniture," continued Mr. Blair.
"We will board of course," said Adrian.
"House-keeping is not to be thought of in the beginning."
"I'll not in the beginning, how afterwards?"
"The young man looked quite bewildered but did not answer."
"What are you now paying for board?"
"Five dollars a week."
"You would require a parlor and bed-room after marriage?"
"Yes."
"At a cost of not less than \$15 a week."
"We could hardly afford the parlor."
"Hardly," said his friend. "Well, give up the parlor, and take a pleasant front chamber on the second floor at twelve dollars a week. But the house is not first-class nor the location very desirable. These are not to be had in New York at twelve dollars a week. You cannot afford for Rosa the elegance of her present home. Three dollars more a week for washing and other expenses, and your income is drawn up at the rate of \$780 a year. Two hundred and twenty left for clothing and other expenses. And, so far, it has taken nearly three times that sum to meet your own demands. It has a bad look, Adrian."
"I was wasteful and self-indulgent," said the young man, in a voice from which the confident tones had departed. "It will scarcely cost Rosa and me for clothing one-half of what I expend."
"Say one-half, and your income will not reach the demand. What was your tailor's bill last year?"
"One hundred and sixty dollars."
"Say two hundred, including boots, hats, etc."
"Yes."
"You could hardly get this below a hundred and fifty."
"Perhaps not."
The young man's voice was growing husky. "That will leave seventy dollars for your wife's clothing, and nothing for pleasure, recreation, little luxuries, unanticipated but unavoidable expenses. And if it be so with you two in good health, what will be the condition of things in sickness and with children to support and educate. Adrian, my young friend, there is debt, embarrassment, disappointment and miserable life upon you. Pause and retrace your steps before it is too late. If you love Rosa, spare her from this impending fate. Leave her in her pleasant home, or to grace that of a man better able than you are to provide her with the external blessings of life. You cannot marry on a thousand dollars a year, and it is folly to think of it."
"We could get board for ten dollars a week," said Adrian.
"That would scarcely help the business at all. At best, it would only make a difference in the amount of your indebtedness at the close of each year. It is folly for you to think of it, my young friend. You cannot afford to marry."
"It has a dark look, but there is no holding up now," replied Adrian, in a gloomy way. "We have mutually pledged each other, and the day of our marriage has been appointed."
"I am sorry for you," said the friend, a bachelor of forty, who, on an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year, could see no possible chance

for a happy marriage in the city of New York, and preferred celibacy to the embarrassments which he saw hundreds of friends encounter in their attempts to live in style out of all proportion to their resources. "I am sorry for you," he repeated; "but if you will bend your neck to the yoke, you must not complain of the burden you will find yourself compelled to bear."
Strange as it may appear, the young clerk, Henry Adrian, had never before looked this matter of income, expenditure, and style of living, fair in the front. The actual aspect of the case, when clearly seen, threw his mind into a state of troubled bewilderment. He went over and over again the calculations suggested by Mr. Blair, a book-keeper in the establishment where he was employed, cutting off a little from one proposed expenditure and another, but not being able to get the cost of living down to the range of his salary, except when the style was so far below that in which his wife must move, that he turned half sick from its contemplation. The more steadily he looked at the truth, the more heavily came the pressure of its stony weight upon his heart; to go forward was little less than madness, and yet how could he hold back now?
"Rosa sat alone, reading, in one of her uncle's parlors, waiting for her lover. He was later than usual, so late that the book began to lose its interest, and at last lay closed upon her lap; while a shade fell over her expectant face. A single glance at Rosa's countenance revealed the fact that she was a girl of some character. There was no soft voluptuous languor about her, but an erectness of position as she sat; and a firmness of tone in all her features that indicated an active mind and self-reliance. An hour later than usual Adrian came.
"Are you sick, Henry?" asked Rosa as she took his hand, fixing her eyes on his sober face.
"Not sick, but troubled in mind," he replied without evasion.
"Why are you troubled, Henry?" And Rosa drew an arm tenderly around her lover.
"Sit down, and I will tell you. The trouble concerns us both, Rosa."
"The young girl's face grew pale. They sat down close together, holding each other's hand. But in Adrian's countenance there was a resolute expression, such as we see on the countenance of a man who had settled a question of difficult solution.
"The day fixed for our marriage is only two months distant," he said. The tone in which he spoke chilled the heart of Rosa. She did not answer but kept her gaze upon his face.
"Rosa we must reconsider this matter. We have acted without forethought."
Her face became paler, her lips fell apart, her eyes had a frightened expression.
"I love you, Rosa, tenderly, truly. My heart is not turning from you. I would hasten, rather than retard, the day of our marriage. But there are considerations beyond that day, which have presented themselves, and demand sober consideration. In a word, Rosa, I cannot afford to marry. My income will not justify the step."
The frightened look went out of Rosa's eyes.
"It was wrong in me ever to have sought your love."
Her hand tightened on his, and she sank close to his side.
"I am a clerk, with only a thousand dollars of income, and I do not see much beyond to hope for. Rosa, the furniture of these parlors cost twice the amount of my salary. The rent of the house in which you now live, is equal to what I receive in a year. I cannot take you from all this elegance into a third class boarding house, the best my means will provide. No, no, Rosa, it would be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind in me ever to have thought of so degrading the one I love!"
The young man was strongly agitated.
"And is this all that troubles you, Henry?"
"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two alternatives that present themselves, and not grow heart-sick? If we separate, each taking different ways in life—oh, Rosa, I am not strong enough to choose that alternative!" And his form trembled under the pressure of excitement.
"You love me, Henry?"
"The voice of Rosa was calm, yet burdened with feeling.
"As my own life, darling! Have I not said so a hundred times?"
"And even as my life do I love you, Henry!"
For several moments her face lay hidden in his bosom. Then, lifting it, Rosa said:
"I am glad you have spoken on this subject, Henry. I could not approach it myself, but now that we have it before us let it be well considered. Your income is one thousand dollars?"
"Yes."
"A sum large enough to supply all the real wants of two persons who have independence enough not to be enslaved by a mere love of appearance."
"Why, darling, it will require more than half of my salary to pay for respectable boarding."
"Taking it for granted that, after our marriage, I am to sit down in a boarding house with hands folded and idle, dependent on your labor. But I shall not so construe my relation to my husband. I will be a help-mate for him. I will stand by his side; sharing life's burdens."
"All that is in your heart, darling, I know," said Adrian. "But we are hedged around by social forms that act as a hindrance. You cannot help me. Society will demand of us a certain style of living, and we must conform to it or be pushed aside from all circles of refinement, taste and intelligence. I cannot accept this ostracism for you, Rosa. It is not right."
"As if a false, heartless world were more to me than a true, loving husband. Henry, the central point of social happiness is home; as the home is, so will our lives be—rather let me say, as we are, so will our homes be—centres of gloom or brightness, and what others may think of us is really of little account in making up the sum of our enjoyment as we pass through life; but what we are in ourselves is everything.

We must be the centres of our own world of happiness, or our lives will be incomplete. Can a fine establishment like this, in which I live in weak dependence, fill the measure of my desires? Can it bring peace and contentment? No, no, Henry. The humblest apartment shared with you would be a place to my soul, instead of I am not speaking with the romantic enthusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly, truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not make our lives miserable by living apart, because we cannot make a fine appearance in other people's eyes. God has given love for each other and the means of happiness if we will use them. Let us take his good gifts in thankfulness. We have an income of one thousand dollars. You must not expect to live as those of two, or three, or four thousand dollars a year. Be that fully far from us, Henry. I am equal to the denial it will require, if the word 'self-denial' is to be used. Are you not, also? Oh, Henry! is there any joy to be imagined beyond that which flows from the conjunction of two loving hearts? and shall pride and a weak spirit of social conformity come in to rob us of our blessings?"
The young man had come sternly resolved to put off the day of marriage. He parted from his betrothed that night looking forward with golden-hued hopes for its arrival. They had talked over the future, practically and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which had looked to a fair social appearance for his young wife, gave place to a better view of things. He saw his love had fixed itself upon a true woman, and that the sphere in which their lot was cast all attainable happiness was in store for them, if they would but open their hearts in an orderly way for its reception. One thing said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk we repeat, for the sake of young wives or maidens on the eve of marriage:
"Be mine, dear Henry," said she, "the task of ordering and regulating our domestic affairs in conformity to your means. I will give all thought to that. Your income is fixed, and I shall exactly know the range of expenditures we must adopt. Do not fear debt and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall never enter your home while I stand sentinel at the door. If the husband gives his life and care to work, shall not the wife do the same? If he provides to the best of his ability, shall she not dispense with waste frugally his earnings? She that fails to do this, is not worthy of her position."
"And so you are bent on this folly," said the bachelor clerk, on the day preceding that in which Adrian was to be married.
"Yes, if you choose to call it folly," was the answer.
"Where are you going, to Saratoga?"
"We shall go nowhere."
"What! Will you not make a bridal tour?"
"No. A clerk who only receives a salary of one thousand dollars can't afford to spend it in making a bridal tour."
Mr. Blair shrugged his shoulders, and arched his eyebrows, as much as to say, if I couldn't afford to make a bridal tour, I'd not marry."
On the day after Adrian's wedding, he was at his usual place in the counting room. He received from his fellow clerks a few feeble congratulations, and most of them thought him a fool, to burden himself with a wife not worth a dollar.
"When I marry, I'll better my condition— not make it worse," was the unspoken thought of more than one.
"Where are you boarding?" asked Mr. Blair, indifferently, two or three weeks after Adrian's marriage.
"Nowhere," was the reply, "we are at house-keeping."
"At house-keeping?"
"What is your rent?"
"Two hundred dollars, and a half of that my good little wife is to pay in music lessons to our landlord's daughters. We have two pleasant rooms in a third story, I furnished these with the money it would have taken for the bridal tour. Rosa has the use of the kitchen, and insists on doing her own cooking and house work for the present. I demurred, and I demur, but she says that 'work is worth up,' if performed conscientiously and dutifully, as she is performing it. And with this we are very happy, Mr. Blair, as you shall witness. Tomorrow you must go home with me, take tea, and spend the evening."
Mr. Blair accepted the invitation. He had met Rosa occasionally before her marriage, and knew her to be a bright, accomplished young woman, fitted to move in refined and intelligent circles; and he felt some curiosity to see her in the new position of mistress and mad to her own household. The Third Avenue cars bore the two men a long distance from the city's throbbing heart, to the more quiet exterior, where they alighted, and after a short walk, entered a modest looking house with well attended shrubbery in a little front garden. To the third story they ascended, and there the young wife met them. Not blushing and with stammering apologies for their poor home, but with such ease and sweet self-possession, and such loving smiles about her lips that Mr. Blair found himself transferred to an earthly paradise. As soon as time came for observation, he took note of what was around him.
The furniture of the room into which he had been ushered, could scarcely have been plainer. In the centre stood a small breakfast table, covered with a snowy cloth and set for three persons. Four cane-seat chairs, a work stand, a hanging shelf for books, and a mantel ornament or two, of no special value, an ingrain carpet on the floor, and plain white curtains, completed the inventory, for there was a piano against the wall, the dark case and plain style of which showed it to be no recent purchase. The instrument had been Rosa's as the observant visitor correctly inferred.
After a pleasant talk of some minutes Rosa

left the room, and not long after returned, bearing a tray on which were tea, toast, butter, biscuit, cold tongue and sweetmeats. There was a beautiful glow on her face as she entered, but nothing of shame or hurt pride. With her own fair hands she arranged the table, and then took her place at the head to serve her husband and his friend. The heart of Mr. Blair glowed and stirred with a new impulse as he looked into the pure, sweet, happy face of the young wife, as she poured out the tea and served the meal which she had prepared.
After supper Rosa removed the things, and was absent nearly half an hour. She returned through her chamber, which adjoined their little parlor, breakfast and sitting room, all in one, with just the slightest change in her attire, and looking as fresh, happy and beautiful as if entering a drawing room full of company. The evening passed in reading and pleasant conversation.
As Mr. Blair was about retiring, Adrian said: "Do you think now that we were fools to marry?"
Rosa stood with her hands drawn within the arm of her husband and clasped, with a face radiantly happy.
A shade crept over Mr. Blair's countenance.
"Not fools, but wise as others might be if they were courageous enough to do as you have done, Mrs. Adrian," and he took the young wife's hand. "I honor your bravery, your independence, your true love that was not overshadowed by worldliness, that mellow of the heart, that blight on our social life. You are a thousand times happier in your beautiful seclusion than any fashion-loving wife, or slave to external appearance, can ever be."
"I love my husband, and I live for him," Rosa leaned close to the manly form by her side. "I understood, when we were married, that he was a life toiler; that our home was to be established and sustained by the work of his hands, and I understood, as well, that I was not his superior, but only his equal, and that if it was right and honorable for him to work, it would be no less right and honorable for me. Was I to sit idle, and have a servant to wait on me when his was a lot of toil? No, no, no! I had my part to perform as well as he, and I am performing it to the best of my ability."
"You are a true woman, a wise woman, a good woman," said Mr. Blair, with ardor, "and you will be as happy as you deserve to be. I thought Harry a fool to marry on a thousand dollars, and told him so. But I take back my words. If such women as you were plentiful we could all marry, and find our salaries ample. Good night, and may God bless you."
And the bachelor clerk, who could not afford to marry on fifteen hundred a year, went to his lonely home—lonely, though peopled thickly—and, sitting down in his desolate chamber, dreamed of the sweet picture of domestic felicity he had seen, and sighed for a sweet living place from the world, and all its false professions and heartless show.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

A VOICE FROM JUNIATA.

Juniata County has lately had her teachers in educational convention assembled. A synopsis of the labor of "nine sessions" has been published to the world; we have perused it, and as a literary production, and an exposition of the status of the public enlighteners of that part of our Commonwealth, it is decidedly refreshing. In order that our readers in general, and the teachers of this county in particular, may have an opportunity of judging of the merits of the labors of that body, we will give a portion of them in homoeopathic doses, protesting, however, against the reporter's method of spelling some words, which is not in accordance with any standard of orthography that we wot of.
"The proceedings of the Juniata County teachers' association" informs us that "the house was called to order by J. B. Porter, ex officio; and an executive committee" was appointed, which "reported the following items, for the afternoon session, viz:—orthography and syntax." It appears they did not follow that program, for the next item is—"A Wilt lectured on orthography," and the next—"Mr. Owens lectured on syntax, also, parsed and analyzed sentences." We wonder whether the reporter heard Mr. W's lecture, or Mr. O's "analysis." We rather think not, for the next item is thus introduced—"The following evening's subject for discussion, viz:—Are all men of equal mental abilities?" (!) After being discussed "the subject was laid on the table." That was the proper place for it.
Thus ends "session 1st." In "session 3d" we are informed that "the subject laid on the table at a former session was then resumed." How this could be done without a reconsideration of the former motion, we are at a loss to know. Whose "rules of order" do you observe, gentlemen? But we will not quibble about rules, for the important subject of "mental abilities" is again before the concentrated wisdom of Juniata county; and, "on motion of Mr. Zimmerman, the subject was amended as follows:—Would all men be of equal mental abilities, if physical causes were removed?" (!) Most profound question and one that indicates the wisdom of the age. A half-century ago no one would have broached so deep, so philosophical and so metaphysical a question, yet to-day we are told that it "was ably discussed" by the common school teachers of the stores and coun-

ty. No doubt of it. Why didn't they decide it, too? "The more's the pity." Query—Could "mental abilities" exist if "physical causes" were removed? The ladies, it seems, took an active part; for we are told that one read an essay "in clear and graceful manner," and another had a production "on the present age, which was well composed and gracefully read." Judging from the flattering terms in which he alludes to their performances, we are decidedly of the opinion that the reporter is an unmarried man.
Among others the following was discussed:—
"Whether does the primary or advanced school, require the most talent, tact and labor?" We like that wording very much.
Nothing of importance seems to have transpired for several sessions, save that some one "was appointed a committee," to escort some one else "from the rail-road station to town." Then "on motion, the following resolutions were received and adopted."
"Whereas, a certain practice prevails in some districts of this county of employing teachers from other counties; who manifest no interest in the cause of education, and neglect to attend either District Institutes or County Associations. Therefore
Resolved, that we hold all such men as unworthy of the character and confidence of the teachers, and hope that Boards of Directors will cease to give employment to such impostors."
All of which we respectfully submit to some "foreigners" in this county.
The committee on resolutions prefaced and illuminated their work thus:—"Whereas, the great and important cause of education is powerfully augmented by the proper exertions of those who are engaged as teachers, &c. That is lucid and to the point. We want the "cause" increased, and the "effects" will be naturally greater.
But the most prominent feature in the whole "proceeding," is the self-laudation which stands out in bold relief in every paragraph. No one read an essay but it was very "interesting," and performed in a "clear and graceful manner;" no one delivered a lecture but in an "able and interesting manner;" all the impressions you may have received to the contrary notwithstanding; and if we take the reporter's word only, they must have had a very "interesting" time, indeed.
We do protest against the practice which prevails in some sections, of every teachers' institute "strumpeting" its own fame. If there is any virtue in such associations, and if their performances merit any applause, let the world say so. Though you will have to wait some time for the verdict, yet it will come, and in your favor, too, if you deserve it. So long as the proceedings of such conventions are just subjects for common-place remarks and derivative criticism, just so long there is no manner of use in talking about raising the standard of the profession. The profession will rise and seek its level just in proportion as its members will endeavor to attain that moral and intellectual dignity that should characterize them.
We have yet to see the rule that makes it incumbent on the Secretary of teachers' associations to act as chief applauder and general critic of its exercises. It is not in the program. It is an absurd practice which is deleterious to, and not at all calculated to enhance the interests of the teachers' calling. Of this our Juniata brethren seem to be ignorant. On the whole, we think the importation of some foreign "impostors" would "powerfully augment the cause" in that county,—provided they could be coerced into attending the "Institutes."
S. S.

AN EXCELLENT BLACKBOARD.

We are indebted to Prof. J. W. Dickerson for the following invaluable recipe for preparing blackboard surface; and, at his request, we publish it. School Directors, contemplating the erection of new school houses, or remodeling old ones, will find it the cheapest and most durable surface than can be made.
A good and cheap blackboard surface has long been the great want in schools of every grade. The following recipe will, it is thought, more fully supply that want than any heretofore in use. It is the result of much careful experiment, attended invariably with satisfactory results. All the blackboards in the Millersville State Normal School are made from this recipe.
For twenty square yards of surface.
4 pks of white finish, or white coating,
4 " clean, fine, sharp sand
4 " Ground plaster,
4 lbs. Lamp-black,
4 gals. Alcohol or pure whiskey.
Mix well together; small quantity at a time. Put the black coat on instead of the white coat of plaster. An old surface should be moistened before applying this mixture.
Some care is necessary in making and putting on this mixture but when well made and well put on it is a most excellent, durable and cheap blackboard. Cut out this recipe and preserve it.

REMARKS OF MR. HOPKINS.

OF WASHINGTON,
On the resolutions for the appointment of a Committee to investigate alleged corruption.
Mr. SPEAKER—I confess to some surprise at the opposition that has been made to this resolution, as well as at the range of the discussion upon it has taken. When I had the honor of submitting it to the House on Friday last, I supposed as a matter of course, it would be allowed to pass without objection, but in this I have been disappointed. Now, sir, what is this resolution, and what does it propose to do? The answer to this interrogatory is in the preamble. It affirms that it has been alleged, and is believed by many of the citizens of the Commonwealth that improper influences were used in procuring the passage of an act of the last session, entitled "An Act for the commutation of the Tonnage duties." Sir, is this true? It is true, I say, that these allegations are believed? It is, then I submit, whether it is not, in the language of the preamble, "due alike to the parties implicated, and the public at large, that an investigation should be had, in order that truth may be vindicated, and justice done to all." Well Mr. Speaker, who doubts that this belief prevails to a very considerable extent throughout the State? I do not suppose that there can be a man found any where, who reads the papers, that does not know that these allegations have spread broadcast over the county for months, and that an impression has thereby been made on the public mind that can only be removed by an investigation, and acquittal, by an impartial committee. But the gentleman from Philadelphia (Mr. Dennis) does not think that the House possesses the power to investigate the acts of the Legislature of 1861. That body the gentleman tells us, is dead to all intents and purposes. Sir, has it come to this?—Have we really descended so low in the scale of decay that bribery and corruption may run riot in our Legislative Halls, and subsequent Legislatures possess no power to investigate the allegations of fraud, however gross they may have been. That legislators may be bought and old like cattle in the market.—In a word, that the whole revenues of the Commonwealth may be bartered away for the personal aggrandizement of faithless, corrupt representatives, and the people have no redress, because, forsooth, the House has no power to inquire into the acts of its predecessors.
Sir—this cannot be. If such a monstrous doctrine can be sustained, then I ask the gentleman from Philadelphia—what have we left of our Government worth contending for? Nothing, sir, absolutely nothing. Wicked and unjustifiable as is the present rebellion, which is attempting to overthrow the Government, what will we have gained when it shall have been crushed out, (which I trust in God may be speedily done,) if it be conceded that there is not sufficient vitality in the Government to vindicate itself against the acts of venal men? But, Mr. Speaker, I subscribe to no such a humiliating theory. I maintain that it is a living, vital principle, possessing all the essential elements of self-preservation, including, of course, the inherent power to investigate fraud, wherever found to exist, and although the "body" may be dead to all intents and purposes," yet the individual members who composed the body may "still live," and may be tried and, if found guilty of misdemeanors, may be punished. This, sir, is the only rational theory in well-organized society. But the gentleman from Philadelphia urges another objection to this resolution. "Who are the people demanding this scrutiny?" asks, with apparent sincerity, "Who are the people demanding this scrutiny?" (Mr. Williams) has answered this question most triumphantly. He has pointed to the verdict at the ballot box, where the people spoke with an emphasis that cannot be misunderstood, and which may not be disregarded.
Sir—cast your eyes over this Hall and see how many there are who occupy seats on this floor, who voted for the repeal of the tonnage tax? You will find that, with the exception of Philadelphia, there is but a single man, (the gentleman from Warren,) and yet, sir, in the face of this unmistakable indication of the popular will, we are asked, and that too, in rather a defiant tone, "Who are they that demand this scrutiny?"
Another gentleman from Philadelphia (Mr. Abbott) assails this resolution in another mode. He thinks that "it is open to the suspicion that it was prompted by other motives than a desire to make an investigation." Waving, for the present, comments upon the exceeding good taste of the gentleman in making this allusion, I will remark that I do not suppose that the motives which prompted the resolution, whatever they may have been, will have much influence in making up the judgment of the House. I may simply observe, however, that were I disposed to impugn motives, I might, perhaps, find as strong ground for challenging the integrity of his, in opposing the resolutions as he has for suspecting mine for offering it. But, this is not my mode of argument. I am always willing to concede to others the same integrity of purpose that I claim for myself.
The only other remark I have to make on this point is that I offered the resolution in good faith, with no other motive than to ascertain the truth or falsity of the charges, and if found to be true, then I hope that the investigation will be followed up by such steps as will bring to condign punishment every rascal, both in and out of the Legislature, who has, in any manner, been connected with the nefarious business. If this be done, may we not hope that it will be the means of driving from the Capital a class of men, who have for years been prowling about our Halls like a set of vultures, until legislation has become a reproach in the estimation of all pure-minded men. If however, it turns out on the other hand, that these charges are unfounded, or cannot be sustained, then, sir, I would be the first man to sign a verdict of acquittal, and this, allow me to add, would be a much more