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SPEECH OF COL. JOHN W. FORNEY AT YONKERS, N. YORK, ON THE 23D ULT.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I am glad to appear for the second time in this Congressional District. My first appearance was under circumstances somewhat memorable, or at least the remarks I then made at Tarrytown have contributed, if not to my reputation, certainly to my notoriety. They have been printed more widely, and abused more extensively, I think, than the remarks of any one man occupying so limited a space in the public mind. They were made deliberately, listened to patiently, and I am here to-night to say that I have nothing to retract. [Loud cheering.] I intended necessarily to be personal, from the fact that I in some sort was the representative of an antagonism to a great betrayal of principle, I sought, on the occasion referred to, to set forth my own case in defending the principle, and in so doing it became my duty to expose what I conceived to be an act of the most monstrous duplicity of which annals contained a record. In this appeal a citizen of the United States undertook to arraign the President of the United States for a betrayal of trust, to set forth the causes which led to that betrayal, to depict the consequences of such an act, and to invoke the punishment of the ballot-box upon that betrayal. [Loud cheering.] If when such a principle is involved, if when such a principle is deserted, the people do not respond in tones of indignant denunciation, there is no use in having a free government. Hence it was that I told the people who were then present that old Pennsylvania, on the 12th of October, would pronounce by a memorable majority against the cause of her once favorite son, James Buchanan. [Cheers.] And I went home to make this promise and prediction good, and as you have seen, nearly 40,000 majority has been given against the Leocompton swindle, and against the conduct of the Federal Administration. [Loud cheering.] I am here to-night to say that the promise then made, unlike some other promises, has been made good. [Cheers.] I am here to render an account of my stewardship, and to say that Pennsylvania has pronounced a verdict against the President of the United States. [Cheers.] Contemplate, for a moment, the magnitude of this result; look upon it in all its proportions, and you will see it, like some mute orator, encouraging the independent and rebuking the subservient and treacherous public servant; we shall have no more treacheries in the North after this verdict. [Great applause.] There will be no more awards going to Washington to betray a generous constituency hereafter. [Cheers.] There has, as yet, been no issue so clear as this, none so direct; no rebuke so emphatic, no principle so well understood, as that which was tried on the 12th of October in dear old Pennsylvania. [Loud cheering.] We did your work here; your election now is a mere matter of form; the ordinary duties of voting and recording votes will be performed—but old Pennsylvania has made the path clear for you. [Great applause.] That is the native State of the President—in that State he grew to manhood—in that State he has been repeatedly nominated for the high office which he at last attained—that State gave him the majority which rescued him from defeat in other quarters; and it was proper, there was poetic significance in the fact—that the State which gave him all his celebrity should at the same time bring down the proud usurper; that the State which was his political birth should become his political grave. [Cheering loud and long.] In 1856, Pennsylvania gave a large majority for Mr. Buchanan, and a year after she gave Gov. Packer a majority of 40,000; and in the present contest the issue was distinctly made and well understood, no man was more conscious of this than the President, and he strained every nerve to secure Pennsylvania as an indorser of his policy. In all my life I have never seen such prostitution of official patronage. In by gone days when the Whig party came into power they turned out the Democrats; and when the Democratic party came into power they turned out the Whigs; but never before has such prostitution of patronage and official station been known as in the late election in Pennsylvania. Not only was the money of the people expended by hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the Administration resorted to the most extraordinary processes, using this patronage and this money against its own political friends, or rather against those who stood by the principle of the Democratic party, which gave power to that Administration. In the district represented by Col. Florence, the regular vote was overwhelmed by an imported army of office holders. Some 2,800 men were in the Navy-Yard alone, where not more than 500 are required. Every branch of the public service was drawn upon for the purpose of contributing to this immense horde of mercenaries; but notwithstanding this you have the result before you, of 15 Democrats who were elected in 1856, but five have been reelected, while instead of the balance ten open and decided opponents of the policy of the Federal Administration have been returned. [Loud cheers.] And of these five, three of them agree with me. Some of these names are familiar to you, but the gallant old German of Berks County may not be so familiar to you. Berks County has always borne a peculiar relation to the Democratic party. In Berks County the regular nomination has always passed current, and hence it was that Mr. J. Haney Jones was elected. He took into his head he could do anything, and by a singular coincidence that he was not a representative from a free county, but that Berks County was somewhere in South Carolina or Alabama.

now, when you have but little more than two years of power and your dogs have nearly all been gorged. [Great cheering.] The whole career of Anti-Leocomptonism has been a career of triumph; we have driven these usurpers from one point to another; we compelled them to abandon their Leocompton policy; we compelled them to abandon the English bill; and now there is not a white man running for Congress in the North who dares avow himself in favor of the policy of the Administration—not one. [Cheers.] Even Mr. English has been compelled to abandon his own measure to save himself from defeat. They have been compelled to admit the justice of our position, and that those who act with Mr. Haskin, and with the independent Americans, Democrats and Republicans throughout the Free States are right. [Cheers.] Yet, what do we see? They have set a price on the head of Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois. They follow him as if he had committed some dreadful crime. A murderer, or a man tainted with treason, could not be more bitterly persecuted; and only because he has been true to principles that the Administration have failed to deny or controvert. The issues, however, between us and them remains. We are fighting the great battle of Popular Sovereignty. [Cheers.] That is the issue. They cannot escape the reckoning. No Charleston Convention will save them unless they come forward and accept the doctrine which they now repudiate. No power—no patronage can save them. I believe to-day, if the official vote had been stricken out, and the people voted without interruption, there would not be 10,000 Democrats in Pennsylvania in favor of the policy of the present Administration. [Cheers.] Hence they are bound to submit to crushing defeat hereafter, or else come forward and on bended knees accept the policy which we stand by to-day. That is exactly the issue. I am well aware that those in high stations in Washington and elsewhere are felicitating themselves that those who act with me will be divided, and I know they are looking forward to the day when by means of packed conventions they shall get such nominations as they wish. But, gentlemen, the day of independent men has arrived. [Great cheering.] The time has come when no nomination is binding that discards a great and imperishable principle. [Cheers.] I say further more, and say it deliberately, as one man speaking the sentiments of many thousands, that if the Democratic party desires success in 1860, they must get rid of this Administration at once and forever. [Cheers.] It is in the way. It stands in the pathway of progress; it belongs to the past; it is identified with the past, and if they undertake to carry it along, it will be like a healthy man carrying a putrid corpse upon his shoulders. [Cheers.] There is no rescue but in this policy—no deliverance but in this course. Those who have been hoping that Mr. Buchanan might come down without a popular decree, might in vain. What can he do? Can he recall his hounds now assailing Stephen A. Douglas without losing dignity? Can he follow the example of Breckenridge, who has had the manliness to come forth and raise his hand in horror at this indecent proposition? No; for he is the author of it! He is worse than this; he is the author of the most scandalous doctrine that has been promulgated in this country he dares tell us that the President is the Government. His motto is not like that of Old Hickory, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved," but "The President and his policy must and shall be sustained." It is in vain to hope that a man committed to a dogma, to a despotism, like this, can be sustained by any party. He is in the way; his men are in the way, and they must move off and let the great train of Popular Sovereignty pass on without them. [Cheers.] I know such language may be regarded as treasonable, but it is time we understood each other. I say no man in Mr. Buchanan's position can be sustained, and the party attaching itself to his fortunes will go down deeper than did ever plummet sound. [Cheers.] This Leocomptonism has been the greatest disaster that has ever befallen any party. It has done good to nobody, has assisted nobody, except a few miserable miscreants who wanted office. As I said at Tarrytown, the blackest of Republicans could go to Washington and tell Mr. Buchanan he admired his Leocompton policy, and he was washed white and clean, and rewarded with any office he desired. Nothing has flown from this thing of Leocompton but black and bitter waters. When in Pennsylvania thousands of laborers were starving for work and nearly for bread, when credit was gone and business paralyzed, and when the people turned to the man whom they had regarded for twenty long years with admiration to protect American industry—when they did this, the only reply heard was "Leocomptonism." I say here that so far as this question of protecting American industry is concerned [I speak as a member of the Democratic party] I am for it in all its length and breadth. [Tremendous cheering.] I have never been what is called a Free-trade man; I have always believed in specific duties; but when I see how the South adhere, how all their platforms and pledges and creeds tend to their own benefit, I am for this doctrine of protection, or any other doctrine that will help us here. [Cheers.] The South comes to Washington with united delegations, demanding her rights; the South can be in favor of the inhuman traffic in slaves notwithstanding our treaties with foreign powers prohibit such a traffic, yet they are never read out of the Democratic party. The south west can come to Washington with demands for internal improvements, and they are never read out. But let New York talk a little about protecting American industry, and we are told it is out of the record, out of the party, or out of the Cincinnati platform. Hence it is I am willing to go to the extreme upon this issue. Within the last week, gentlemen, I have had the opportunity of sounding public

opinion as to the position of parties, and I assure you that I have not met any one, Leocomptonite or Anti-Leocomptonite, Republican, American or Democrat, that does not rejoice in the great victory which we achieved on the 12th of October. [Cheers.] Nobody feels sorry about it; they seemed to think that a disease such as this required a desperate remedy and a skillful surgeon, and they seem rather to like the operation. I never saw so many people in my life. [Cheers.] Those who did not like it were glad because it was so well done. [Cheers.] And those who dislike it were glad because it commenced a glorious career, and they felt as if they could do it over again. In passing through New Jersey I found men of all parties united against this abuse of power, this violation of honor, this betrayal of trust; and I think I may congratulate you on the fact that the entire delegation from New Jersey will be against the policy of the Administration. [Cheers.] Here in New York I can see that you are going to win the battle; that you are going to elect John B. Haskin. [Cries of "we will," and cheers.] As to the other Leocompton ticket which disgraces the name of the Democratic party, I trust it will receive the fate which befel the Leocompton ticket in Pennsylvania. And finally, gentlemen, let me say a word in behalf of Mr. Haskin. [Cheers.] Let me say to you, there have been wavering men; I have been in Washington and seen that little column of Democrats who, during those times, stood around the flag of popular sovereignty; there may have been some who wavered, there may have been some who trembled, but your glorious Representative, never. [Tremendous cheering.] No never! Prolonged cheering. He never had a doubt; he inspired confidence and courage in others; he made those bold and brave who were themselves timid. What he may do hereafter, is not the question; he has done well in the past, trust him for the future. Believe in him for days that are to come, elect him and he will go to Washington, the proudest man in all the Free States, except John Hickman. [Cheers.] I thank you for the attention and kindness toward me; and I promise you, if ever my services are needed, I shall come among you with pleasure. I trust, however, I may never be needed, for I think this principle is so well established that nobody hereafter will fight it. I hope you will do for us what we have done for you. I told you what we would do, and that prediction has been fulfilled, now send us a line by lightning, telling us of your victory, and then we shall be quits, at least for a time. Cheer after cheer resounded through the hall as Mr. Forney took his seat, closing by three rousing cheers "for John W. Forney."

THE LATEST ROMANCE.
The Cincinnati Gazette gives an account of a case which occurred in that city recently, which, as it says, sets an example for loving husbands that has no parallel on record, and but for the criminal reality connected with it, would throw the latest romance into obscurity. It appears that the elder brother of a family residing at Naples, Italy, married a wife considerably his junior, and she became the "old man's darling." Like Malinotte, he'd "have no friends that were not lovers," and with pride he pointed to his pretty wife, and made her his idol, his temple of devotion, morning and evening. In an evil hour a younger brother, Michael Angelo Gitto, looked with loving eyes upon his sister-in-law, and she was won from her allegiance to her lord. The guilty pair made their escape to this country, bringing with them a little daughter and leaving the husband and two little boys in their deserted Italian home. The brother lover and his fair companion reached Cincinnati some months ago, and opened a confectionery store on Main street. In time the husband learned their whereabouts, and taking his two motherless boys with him, he sailed for that city. He at once sought out the guilty pair, and reproached the wife to return to her allegiance, but to no purpose. He was rudely spurned by both wife and brother, and, as a last resort, he had them arrested for adultery. The case was to come up before a Justice, but mutual friends interfered. Unlike the "Misanthrope," who feared the jeers of boys and girls, should they see him with his runaway wife upon his arm, the elder Gitto, with tears coursing down his cheeks, sought her on his knees to return with him to the sunny clime of Italy, and make his home once more a haven of domestic peace. The scene was affecting; the picture being rendered complete by the pleading looks and tears of the little boys, who had accompanied the father in his long and tedious journey. There was a choice between the penalty for adultery and a husband's arms. The wife hesitated, the husband pleaded, friends counselled obedience, and all combined, at length prevailed. She consented to return to Italy with her husband. The guilty brother agreed to pay the costs and lawyer's fees, the husband took his runaway wife upon his arm, and his children by the hand, and left the court so overjoyed with his recovered treasure that he actually kissed the hands of a friend who had been mainly instrumental in bringing about a consummation of his happiness under such peculiar circumstances.

Borneo is, next to Australia, the largest island in the world. Its length is 800 miles, its breadth 700. It contains a population of three millions of people. It has in parts, though crossed by the equator, a European climate, and is more fertile than Australia. Mirabeau said that silence is the most eloquent lesson that can be given by subjects to their rulers. We are not disposed to question the general truth of this apothegm, but we think the loud talk of Pennsylvania last week had its eloquence as well as force.—Louisville Journal.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.
The Comic Grammar says: But remember, though box In the plural makes boxes, The plural of ox Should be oxen, not oxes.
To which an exchange paper adds: And remember, though fleece In the plural is fleeces, That the plural of goose Aron't geeses nor geases.
We may also be permitted to add: And remember, though house In the plural is houses, The plural of mouse Should be mice, and not mousses, Philadelphia Gazette.
All of which goes to prove That grammar a farce is, For where is the plural Of ruman and molasses? New York Gazette.
The plural, Gazette, Of runs don't us trouble; Take one glass too much And you're sure to see double. Brooklyn Daily Advertiser.
A pair of blue eyes— Just to vary the strain— Says the plural of kias, Is—"to do it again!" Howard County Sentinel.

The Berks Revolution.
A friend hands us the following letter, received from the old stronghold of Democracy, as it is called, the day after the election. It is decidedly good:
HEADQUARTERS "ARMY OF PROTECTION"
October 13, 1858.
My Dear Misguided Friend:—I drop you a line, this morning, to let you know that the two scoops passed Reading last night, for the head waters of the Salt, heavily laden with Scotch Pipes, having on board a large number of widows and orphans, who, it is rumored, intend founding an Asylum for the Heroes of Leocompton in that desirable locality. Not seeing you on board, I hastened to give you the interesting information that they passed here in safety. Although having a Brown on board, their decks were dirty and filthy. It is feared that they will have a short allowance of fish, as their Reeds were all broken.
At this place they took on board the Rev. John Glancy Jones, who will officiate as Chaplain for the party.
The Citadel of Democracy, "Old Berks," was yesterday stormed and taken.
Major John Schwartz, the People's candidate, is elected over J. Glancy Jones.
Scotch Water Pipes, yesterday, sunk Owen Jones' craft. Hereafter, he will, it is hoped, only take "Wood" on board.
OLD BERKS.

THOUGHT A BEAUTIFUL.—A writer in the Home Journal thinks that mental activity tends to keep the body young:
We were speaking of handsome men the other evening, and I was wondering why K. had so lost the beauty for which, five years ago, he was famous. "O, it is because he never did anything," said B.; "he never worked, thought, suffered. You must have the mind chiseling away at the features, if you want handsome middle aged men." Since hearing that remark, I have been on the watch at the theatre, opera and other places, to see whether it is generally true, and it is. A handsome man who does nothing but eat and drink, grows flabby, and the fine lines of his features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor at work, keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly giving over his face to improve the original design.

YOUNG AMERICA IN CALIFORNIA.—We clip from the Sierra (California) Democrat the following account of some boys living in Downieville, Sierra county, who had gone upon a swimming frolic:
"Two of them had a quarrel, and the larger one said something about whipping the other. This was retorted to by a notice from the smaller one not to touch him. The larger boy, however, pitched in, when the other drew a knife and cut him in the left shoulder, inflicting a large and dangerous wound. He cut again and struck the left fore-arm in the fleshy part, cleaving it to the bone, and severing the artery. He however, managed to totter to town, and, just as he had reached the doctor's office, fainted and fell from loss of blood, which had streamed from him for over half a mile. The wounds, however, were not fatal."

SOUL GRAPES.—Judge Porter, in his naive letter of resignation, says, with an air redolent of the sourest sort of sour grapes:
"Certainly, I ought to regard it no hardship to exchange for the comforts of home, that wandering life which the law of Pennsylvania compels her Judges to lead."
But the marvel is, Judge, that you never found out the hardships of this wandering life until the people of Pennsylvania voted to have nothing more to do with you!

DANGEROUS GROUND.—We see that a renowned fire-carter, in Florida, recently preached a sermon to prove that "Africans have no souls." He had better be careful. How can he expect his disciples to consent to go to heaven if they can hope to have no niggers there?—Louisville Journal.

"THE QUAKER VOTE."—The Boston Herald says the long missing vote in Pennsylvania has been heard from. It is slow, but sure when it comes.
"We welcome the long expected Quaker vote. We missed it in October, 1856, and vainly looked for it in the coming November. Our Quaker friends are never fast, but they are famous for holding on when they come. We should judge, by the returns, that the monthly meetings must be in a very flourishing condition in Berks county."

THE TARIFF AND THE DEMOCRACY.—The Richmond South has an article on the subject of "duties on iron," in which it takes bold ground against the cherished policy of its allies in Pennsylvania, and informs them that they shall receive no aid from the universal Democracy. It adds:
"If we know anything of Democracy, the party will not, for a moment, entertain a proposition to impose additional duties on iron."

THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON.—Buchanan funk, refused to allow the Opposition to fire one hundred guns, within the city limits, over the defeat of the Administration in Pennsylvania. If Buchanan's friends had carried the State, they might have fired guns at every street corner, and the Mayor would have applauded them for so doing. The hundred guns were fired just outside the city limits. Old Baeck heard them jar the marble walls of the White House.

THE LAST CARD.—The Berks county Return Judges showed a disposition to throw out the returns from one of the wards in Reading, and thus to return Glancy Jones again to Congress; but the popular indignation was so great that they were compelled to adhere to the law, and to announce the election of Schwartz by nineteen majority. This great victory over this Janus-faced politician and professional Presidential dinner-gourmand, was received by the people of Berks, without distinction of party, with almost phrensed shouts of delight.

THOSE SCOTCH PIPES.—According to a correspondent of the Washington Union, the Pennsylvania election had no reference whatever to the President's Leocompton policy, or to the general principles of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet. It was the Scotch water pipes which did all the mischief! The "iron interest," he says, was exasperated beyond bearing by that unlikable contract, causing the overthrow of the Democracy. There is no philosophy like that which searches out the cause of things.—N. Y. Times.

AN IRON HEART.—A Pennsylvania correspondent of the New York Herald talks patriotically about the President's tender sensibilities. He says that, "when Mr. Buchanan beholds the ingratitude of old friends, the iron enters his heart." We presume that such a quantity of iron has by this time entered the old gentleman's heart, that the whole organ is nothing but iron.

LARGE CASTINGS.—Twelve cast iron columns said to be the largest in the United States are now in process of construction at Cincinnati. They are each 50 feet in height, four feet two inches in diameter, weigh between 200 and 300 tons, and will cost about \$80,000. They are designed for the State House, Madison Wis.

Death has at last divided the eldest pair in the U. States. Mrs. Ludwick Snyder died a few days since in Burnside township, Clearfield county, Pa., at the age of one hundred and eight. Her husband, who is one hundred and twelve years old survives her.

The Southern Democratic papers are as witty over the elections as brevity can make them.—They dispatch them in two or three lines, thinking "the least said is soonest mended."—Low Jour.

James Boon, aged about 85 years, an inmate of the Poor House at Kingston, Lenoir co., N. C., with his family, consisting of a wife and three children, it is said, has inherited a handsome estate, amounting to \$150,000.

"My dear Madam," said a doctor to his patient, "I am truly gratified to see you yet in life. At my last visit, you know, I said you had but six hours to live." "Yes, doctor, you did, but I did not take the dose you left me."

EPITAPH FOR A VERY HONEST MAN.
An honest fellow here is laid,
His debts in full he always paid;
And what's more rare his neighbors tell us,
He sent back borrowed umbrellas.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; and we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to-morrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said contemptuously:—"Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why if my grandmother was alive, she would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

The Olympian games, after being discontinued for fifteen hundred years, are re-established at Athens, in the ancient Stadium, by a decree of the Queen Regent of Greece.

An exchange says that the Indian Chief Billy Bowlegs, is called by fashionable ladies William Crutkens.