



A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1859.

VOL. 32, NO. 10.

ORIGINAL POETRY.



For the Inquirer. SONG—To My Wife.

MR. "Ben Bolt and Sweet Alice."

Come sit thee down by me, my love,
And I'll sing a song for thee,
Oh, may it fall on thy listening ear
In a gush of melody:
The silver moon is shining down,
And the stars so bright and clear;
They look, suspended in the "upper deep,"
Like a gorgeous chandelier.

'Twas just on such an eve, my love,
As we wandered o'er the lea,
You listened to my heart's fond tale
Of love, so blushing;
We ever chose the night-queen's light
To talk of things divine,
'Twas at her feet all spangle-decked,
You promised to be mine.

And faithfully you kept your vow,
For now you are my bride,
To share my cups of grief and care,
Or what may else betide,
Oh! dearest, how my heart swells up,
To think of those hours past;
Those cherished moments that "found my life
A blissful halo cast.

And I love to think of the pearly brook,
By the foot of that green hill,
Where many a time we lingered long
To list the wild bird's trill;
The cowslip, fair, in its laughing grace,
With the daisy, decked its side,
And the tiny fish in the soft sunlight,
Were sporting in its tide.

And the moss-covered stone on which we sat,
So oft in the twilight gray,
When "wreathless hands" were a-closing up
The curtains of smiling day,
With arms encircling thy pure form,
And with gaze turned in thine eyes,
Enraptured I talked to my heart's content—
Oh! I deemed it a paradise!

Oh, yea! on these enrapturing themes,
Dear wife, fond memory dwells,
For each, as they rise in the mirror's pane,
A nectar'd language tells
Of the hopes and fears of that sunny time,
When our hearts were gay and free,
As the lark that soars to its native sky
So light and joyously.

And now the "withering dream is past,
Yet love we none the less,
Than when on sculls transported were
In young love's soft caress;
And, dearest, though deep woes on earth,
May in our pathway lie,
We'll love still faithful, even on—
Aye, love until we die.

And our little home shall be, dear wife,
A bright and cheerful spot,
Where memories sweet, will cling forever,
And cares shall be forgot.
And joyfully we'll plod life's way,
Together hand in hand,
Till o'er our unwearied souls
That far-off "better land."

W. J. M.

For the Inquirer. WATERSTREET, Feb. 17, 1859.

MR. OVER:—As many things transpire "in the course of human events," a brief sketch of some of these events, compiled, is not without a measure of interest to the general reader, especially when he is acquainted with those with whom they occur, and familiar with the localities to which they are confined.

In the long winter evenings, whilst the storm is howling around our dwellings, the large flakes of snow falling thick and fast, the brooks and rivers covered with thick ice, and the leafless trees sighing a mournful requiem to departed loveliness, as they bend their heavy boughs in obedience to the command of the raging winds, and harmony reigns around the happy fireside, 'tis then, and there, the newspaper is a welcome guest, and affords a pleasant enjoyment, which fills the monotonous vacancy, which its absence occasions. In perusing it we find gems of intellectual interest for young men and maidens, for lad and lass, and, in short, for all ages, sexes and classes. Piety and virtue are gathered therefrom, to frame the youthful minds to set well their parts, in the affairs of the world, with its troubles and cares, shall come upon them, and their ancestors shall have passed away from earth. But, in addition to these things, a knowledge of local transactions, are as eagerly sought, as the most profound research of science, or the cultivated tastes of art. I will endeavor to furnish you a few of these, for the gratification of those whose delight it is to administer the healing balm of consolation to the distressed, and to rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep.

The catalogue of chronicled events would not be full, did we omit to record a distressing accident, which recently befel our much esteemed friend and worthy citizen, Dr. Wm. Burch, of Patonsville. About four weeks

since, he was called upon to set a broken arm for a little child of D. K. Burger, at Judge Noble's mill. When he was about to return home, he procured a book at the house of J. B. Fluck, Esq. Mr. Fluck wrapped a paper around it, at which the Doctor's horse became frightened, ran away, and became entirely unmanageable. The Doctor, losing his equilibrium in the saddle, was violently thrown upon some logs and brush by the roadside, by which his ankle bone was badly broken, and a sharp knot on one of the logs pierced the skin and flesh in such a manner, that pieces of the broken bone were found in the stocking. The horse ran on to the barn, unnoticed by any one. The night was cold and dreary—the doctor lying alone, unable to move, and in intense agony. He called for help, but as few were astir at that hour of the night, his calls were unheard, and he remained in this horrible situation for (to him) a long time, before any one came to his relief. At last he was heard by Mr. George W. Grove, who was passing along the main road; he procured assistance, and conveyed the Doctor to his own house and horridly-stricken family. Dr. S. Smith, of Woodbury, was immediately sent for, who came in haste, set the bone, and dressed the wounds. The family and kind friends assiduously administered to all his wants, and used every effort in their power to make him as comfortable as possible, but the wounds could not heal. Dr. Smith, true to his philanthropic nature, was unflinching in his exertions to restore the Doctor to soundness, called other physicians to his assistance, but so vexed was the case, that amputation was finally decided upon (by several medical gentlemen in consultation) as the only remedy. The operation was performed a few days ago, by Dr. H. T. Coffey, of Hollidaysburg, assisted by Drs. Smith and Oelg, of Woodbury, Dr. J. Campbell, of Bedford, Dr. Ascom, of Hopewell, and Dr. Bloom, of Martinsburg. We are now happy to say that the Doctor is recovering. I cannot close this part without stating that the thanks and respect of the entire circle of friends and relatives of Dr. Burch, are due his attending physicians, (especially Dr. Smith), for the manner in which they have discharged their laborious duties.

The religious community will no doubt be gratified to learn that an extensive revival has been going on for some time in the Lutheran Church on Potter's Creek, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Seifert. Since the commencement of the meeting, many have professed to have obtained the pardoning influences of divine grace, have been baptized, confirmed, and added to the church. The altar is still crowded night after night, with earnest seekers of the way of salvation, and a desire to feel the wrath to come. The prayer of every christian heart seems to be for a continuation of the glorious work, until every house shall become a house of prayer, and God be glorified, and Christ be all in all.

Our business pursuits have in common with all other sections of our country, been subjected to the blighting influences of the late financial crisis. Although this part of Bedford County is proverbial for the richness of its soil, and inexhaustible mineral resources, yet the veil of depression has been intervening so greatly, as to obscure the vision to a serious extent, of the most frugal dealers and business men. Yet, notwithstanding the intervention of these difficulties, some of our business men have boldly confronted the fiery trials of the times, have triumphed over every danger, have stricken the death blow to adversity, and have successfully stemmed the current of opposition; and now, through perseverance, proudly ride upon the placid bosom of the sea of prosperity.

Among this number, we take the liberty of mentioning our worthy friend, Mr. James Piper, Jr., of Bedford Forge, whose indomitable energy, and persevering zeal, justly entitle him to a full share of the confidence and respect of the entire community to which his business operations are confined. The sound of his heavy forge hammers is heard day after day, reverberating from the surrounding hills, which seems to swell the symphonious note of abundance, and betokens general peace and prosperity. Robert Ralston, of the Waterstreet Woolen Factory, is one of that number who smiles at a misfortune. His establishment was cutered some time ago, and a large amount of goods taken, by some nefarious villain, yet he calmly quenches the rising ether of despondency, redoubles his energies, and keeps his head high above the restless waves of misfortune. The concordant sounds of the operations of his extensive machinery dispels all gloom, and that same old factory goes bravely on, as though the hand of villainy had never snatched the fruits of his industry.

Will the reader now go with me to the ware room, in the pottery of Wm. G. Eicholtz? He will there see the finest specimens of stoneware, (manufactured by Mr. Eicholtz and Mr. John L. Bash), that is anywhere to be found. If the admirers of taste and beauty are not fully gratified, they alone will be to blame, as no efforts have been spared on the part of the manufacturers to get up a superior article of stoneware, that must and will please every beholder.

Besides the schools and teachers' institute, a lyceum was organized in this place early last winter, which meets once every week. The regular members of this association are John B. Fluck, Esq., D. M. Bere, Esq., Robert Ralston, John L. Bash, Wm. G. Eicholtz and Jacob Ketting. The regular meetings are generally well attended, and are of considerable benefit to all participants.

AGRICULTURAL.



BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

In the American Institute Farmers Club, recently, Solon Robinson, speaking of the cultivation of small fruits, remarked that he had growing in his yard, as a mere ornament, the Spirea, which blossoms only once a year, and which was useless; while the currant was a head-lamer lush, and in addition to ornament, it afforded a wholesome fruit. Another year if he lived, would root out the Spirea, and put in its place currant bushes. In proof of their superior beauty, he directed attention to several branches of currant bushes laden with delicious fruit, which several members of the Club had brought in as specimens. A section from a cherry currant bush, in particular, was singularly beautiful; the berries being large, of uniform size, and equally distributed over all the branches. They were more inviting than strings of rubies.

Solon Robinson scarce forgave himself when he thought of his unproductive Spirea, which has cumbered the ground that would as freely have bestowed its gifts on plants yielding fruit for man—even the berries his palate so relished in hot weather. But he promised amendment for next year. Those currants were delicious, so were the gooseberries, which looked like big green plums that grow on trees.

Yes, when it is as easy to cultivate what gives beauty and food too as that which gives only beauty, why not have the useful and the ornamental? We rejoiced to hear wisdom speak in that strain.

It is well for those who have plenty of land for both ornamental shrubs and berry bushes, to beautify their homes with a variety of attractions. But if only one can be cultivated, by every consideration let that one be such as yields food for man, especially as such food has no substitute.

Some kinds of the small fruits should grow in every yard where there is a spot large enough to plant a bush.—Life Illustrated.

We are decidedly in favor of growing currants—they are admirably adapted to our climate, easily grown, very productive, and so useful for a variety of purposes as to be quite indispensable in every household. Their extended cultivation cannot be too often recommended, and especially the proper cultivation of good varieties.

The way to do this, however, is not to urge farmers to dig up their spireas and other ornamental shrubs. We are too utilitarian. We do not sufficiently appreciate the beneficial effect of the beautiful, either on ourselves or our children. Those who take pleasure in ornamenting their houses and keeping neat gardens, will usually be found the most intelligent, the most thorough and the most systematic cultivators. The man who plants potatoes in his front garden, seldom has good stock in his yards or good crops in his fields. He who digs up his spireas to plant currants, will set them out in the corners of his worm fences, and leave them to struggle with the Canada thistles for the mastery. A stranger, seeing our friend Solon's recommendation to dig up the spireas and plant currants, would think the United States the most densely populated country in the world, and that there was not land enough under the best system of cultivation, to supply the inhabitants with the common necessities of life.—Genesee Farmer.

CATTLE KILLED BY EATING SORGHUM.—The Independence (Iowa) Guardian gives an account of the destruction of seven head of cattle from eating the refuse Chinese sugar-cane after it had been compressed in the mill. The outer coating of the stalks is of a very virtuous character; when thus broken up and taken into the stomach, it operates like broken glass, cutting, and in some cases penetrating entirely through the coats of that organ, producing a violent inflammation. A post mortem examination in this case revealed this as the cause of death. This important fact should be made known to every farmer, as it may be the means of preventing a serious destruction of their stock.

The Senate of Missouri has passed a resolution appropriating two thousand dollars to the Ladies Mount Vernon Association.

There are 23 military companies in Berks county.

"Anything in my line," as the hangman said to the Judge.

THE CUBAN DEBATE.

SENATOR THOMPSON'S SPEECH—A JOLLY TIME IN THE SENATE.

The speech of Senator Thompson, of Ky., on Sidel's thirty million bill for the acquisition of Cuba, has been one of the incidents of the present session of Congress that will be longest remembered. The sharp, practical wisdom, the dry, caustic wit of the speaker, joined with his apparently shattered constitution, his feeble frame, his entire concentration on his subject, his imperturbable gravity, his evident sincerity, his nervous susceptibility, his eccentric ways, his intense anxiety of expression, his restrained but effective gesticulation, and finally his sitting posture, in which, from weakness, he delivered all but the first fifteen minutes of his speech, all made the speech one remarkable in its way. Of its effect a correspondent says:

"The Senate was full and the galleries crowded. The entire audience were often convulsed with laughter, and the Vice President at last grew so weak to rap any but the most general admonitions. Indeed, it was about the only occasion I ever witnessed in the Senate in which the attempt to preserve order was abandoned. The fun got to be so universal and uproarious that it was idle to attempt to stop it."

The speech is too long to reprint in full in our columns, but we select a few extracts which will show its spirit:

AMERICANIZING CUBA.

Two or three very vague notions have been introduced into this debate. Gentlemen have talked about Americanizing Cuba. What sort of Americanizing will go on there? I understood the Senator from Louisiana to express sympathy with Cubans, who, he said, were "panting for liberty." Annex Cuba; and men from Georgia, from Alabama, from Kentucky, will go in there; they will say: "The Government has bought it;" and, as against a Cuban, they will consider that it is preempted and paid for by them. The truth is, it is hereditary; or it has been taught to them; at any rate, it is the Anglo-Saxon blood. Our people believe it is to harm to take away from a Spaniard or a Mexican or an Indian anything he has got, and they want; and they do not believe it is homicide or murder to kill him either. [Laughter.] What will be done by our adventures when they land there? Not to be individuals, I will take my own State as an illustration. I will suppose that three Kentuckians go down to Cuba; one of them an old fellow, with a parcel of negroes. As Mr. Buchanan is going to buy Cuba by a sort of forced sale, without authority of law, warning off all other bidders, this old fellow would settle upon some Cuban, hunt him out, and take possession. He would then begin to survey and demark for annexation some other man's plantation. He would elbow him, browbeat him, and frown at him; show him bowie-knives and revolvers; knock him down with his fist, perhaps, and stamp on him a little in a place where he could not be seen, so as to escape the law. A man would be included, naturally, under such a process, to give up. There is a sentiment among our people that they have a right to do that thing. They would murder; they would marry; or they would do anything in the world to get all that was going.

The other two young gentlemen, whom I suppose to go down from Kentucky, are a couple of your filibusters—elegant men, having nothing to live upon and doing nothing, and nothing to do anything upon. [Laughter.] They talk about fast horses, about pistol shooting, and about gunning, and they can shoot pistols.—One of them will get to be an overseer for a widow, and marry her, and the next year you would find the rest of the family disinherited. [Laughter.] The other, being a remarkably spry and good-looking fellow, will run away with some old Cuban's daughter; he would get into the family, and he would be there but a little time before the old man would be in a corner of the plantation, and he in full possession and with a good title. That is the way it is to be Americanized, and the way they will go on when they get there.

Why, sir, there is not a Spaniard now to be found in New Orleans; and I have been there and perambulated over the whole city. There is not one that I ever saw in St. Louis, and I have been there two or three times. At St. Augustine and Pensacola there are none. The truth is, the Spanish race get out of the way of our race. They will not remain in Cuba; they have too much instinct for that. You just put out here in one of our forests, or on the plains at a spring or lick, a lion from the torrid zone, and let a herd of buffalo see him lash his sides with his tail, and roar, and strike down with a blow a horse, and break the back of an elk, and they will have sense enough not to go back there. Put down a tiger, and let him, with his fierce sweep, and his yellow, glaring eyes, pounce upon a gang of deer, and I venture to say they will not be in that neighborhood, nor within twenty miles of the place, in forty days.—Your Cubans know, if they have any sense, how this population have been rooted out. I will give a familiar illustration that you can all understand, and that I want the people in the country to understand. We formerly had about our barns in Kentucky what we called the old-fashioned blue rat, and there are in the country swarms of another description of rats called the Norway rats, who eat up the blue rats. When the traveling gangs of the Norway rats invade a barn, the blue rats scamper for their lives, knowing that they will be eaten up if they do not leave. They are literally Cubans "panting for liberty," and would also be Cubans "panting for life" under those circumstances.—[Laughter.] That will be the effect of it, evi-

dently and plainly. That is the process by which the Americanization would go on.

FILIBUSTERING AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Mr. President, in reflecting on the proposition of the Senator from New York to let off the spirit of filibustering, I must say a word or two more to him. He is a man of eminent ability, and genial in feeling. I do not think his election would be *causa faleris*; no breach of the league between the States. He is a constitutional man, and if he should be elected there must be some over act of oppression, or rebellion, or dereliction from duty, before you could complain. My opinion is, that he is such a generous-hearted man that he would rather lean towards the South, by way of showing that he was impartial. But, sir, I do not want him to talk any more about that gang of Austrians and Netherlanders and Irishmen in the Rocky Mountains, making his Pacific Railroad, with the idea that that is going to work off the filibuster spirit. It reminds me of an anecdote which I heard, about a countryman of my friend from South Carolina. For the first time in his life he saw some monkeys, and from the agility with which they jumped from prong to prong with nice little fingers, he thought it would be the grandest speculation in creation to train them to cotton picking, and he got some for that purpose. A friend met him afterward and asked him how he had made out. "First rate," said he, "except that it took two overseers to watch each monkey." [Laughter.] That will be precisely the way you will work the filibusters out, according to the plan of the Senator from New York.

Mr. President this is a mysterious thing for another reason. It brings up agitation on the negro question inevitably and certainly, I was in hopes that after we had got rid of Kansas, the country would have some quiet. I have been now, off and on, nearly twenty years in Congress; and I trusted that for one session, at least, I should live here in peace, and hear no more about negroes. Now, we have the same old story again. I do not say that the President proposes any such thing, or that he has any designs or views in it; but I know this the other morning in the Senate from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Bigler), who, it was said, represented the President—and he did not deny it when he was called upon by the Senator from N. Hampshire—gave up his views on the tariff. As the Senator from N. Hampshire said the President had not been invited to the Democratic caucus, or from some other cause, he did not agree with them, and the gentleman from Pennsylvania, representing the President's views on the tariff, went in for a pretty large incidental vote on iron for Pennsylvania. If his Cuba horse, his Cuba hobby, can tickle the South, and upon the iron question he can hang the old Keystone State to him by bars of iron and hooks of steel, he will be very apt to stand in a pretty good position for demanding a nomination—a position where he can say: "Gentlemen, just step upon the platform; here is your candidate; you must take him; you cannot do without him." It looks to me mighty that way.

I know, Mr. President, that it has been mentioned often, laughingly, that there has been a belief that if nothing else, your luck would would kill him; that you got everything, you over went for, all you wanted, and that if there was nothing else in his way, he would never survive your luck. [Laughter.] Well, sir, I have taken a good look at him. He looks firm, pretty substantial, and strong, and I tell you the white of your eye is too white, and all the conjunction and witchcraft, and incantations of which you may be master, cannot avail. I give it as my opinion—I am somewhat of a doctor, acquainted with hygiene—I give it as my decided opinion that he is good for ten years, and I profoundly ask your pardon for saying so. [Laughter.] I know he has said that he only wanted to run for one term, but Jackson talked that way, and I suppose Jackson was nearly as firm a man, and probably as pure a man as Mr. Buchanan. Of Mr. Buchanan personally, I desire to say nothing.—Although General Jackson only wanted one term, he was willing to serve another. Caesar thrice put away the crown, and yet he took it. Bet beyond all history or example, I never knew a Scotchman when he had got a grip upon anything and had it in his grasp, who would ever let go, if it was a good thing, until death. He will hold on, unless you wrench it from him; and then if it were in his power he would send it to some loyal, favorite son of his—in politics, I mean, for none he has otherwise.—[Laughter.]

CLAY, RANDOLPH AND DOUGLAS.

When I was in politics, and I may say, when I was alive, [laughter] and old man Clay battled against the Democratic party, lion-hearted as he was, like Richard Coeur de Lion himself, when he went into the Holy Land to rescue it from the custody of the Infidels, Mr. Clay, with a lion's heart, and his battle-axe uplifted, fought to rescue what he believed to be the Constitution and the rights of the country from the Democratic party, that he thought was disloyal and untrue to them; then, sir, I fought and felt like a field marshal.

Well, sir, as to the Democratic party, I do not know that I could very well join them unless I see a little further into them. I could not be a loose fellow anyway, and I understand that the discipline is extremely rigid. [Laughter.] They muster their men with great severity, according to regular drill, and if a man does not chalk up to the mark, overboard he goes; and the rule is that it is better to have an enemy out of the camp than a friend in the camp cutting capers and cutting shins. John Randolph, of Virginia, said of the Democratic party—but I will not say of them—that all they wanted was men of sense enough to lead, and fools enough to follow, [laughter] and if any man could not subscribe to these principles, and went into the party as a leader who had

not sense enough to lead, he ought to be turned out. I believe you did cashier one or two. I do not know what the severity of the discipline is. If I can get a private conversation with my friend from Illinois (Mr. Douglas) before I leave here, I should like to know if he has not learned something on that subject. [Laughter.] I wish, just privately and confidentially, to know from him if the discipline is not excessively tight. If I was to go in I do not know upon what sort of probation or trial I should be put. I suppose it would be long enough to make them certain that they had got all the old feelings, gentlemanly Whig principles and feelings out of me, and that I really had the true religion and was converted. Then they might put me in the kitchen of the household of the Liberator until they believed I was really a Christian, and showed it evidently. I do not know how I should be treated. I think I shall look little further before I go in.

THE "BLOODY OLD BRUISER" AND HIS DOGS.

Mr. President, my strength is failing me, but I must say something more. I utterly condemn this rampant spirit and cry for war. It is a wrong cry; it is a wrong teaching for the country; and I predict that if we get into a calamitous war with France and with England on this account, we shall repent it to the latest day of our lives. Do not pass this unnecessary bill, and insult a neighbor by this proposition, which is every way unadvised and uncalculated for. When you get into a war, you will find that fighting John Bull is not talking.—When England sent men here in the last war, and burned this Capitol, it was a mere by-play for her. She was upholding all continental Europe then, against the colossal power of Napoleon; and yet she came here just as a by-play, and troubled us as she did. Our people think we whipped England, and you hear them say throughout the country that we whipped Wellington's invincibles; and they believe that we absolutely whipped the veterans who fought the battle of Waterloo, although that battle was not fought until the 18th of June after the 8th of January, when our battle of New Orleans was fought. They are stuffed up in that way, and inflamed with a war spirit.

Old John Bull, as I said, is a bloody old bruiser. If the Senator from Georgia was here I would ask him if he did not see how Spain and Sardinia sent off their quota to the Crimean war, at the request of England, although they had just about as much interest in it as I had. England just sent to them, "sit you out not on my side, I will whip you." That is the whole of it. They follow England in that kind of way. John Bull, if I may use a familiar illustration that will be understood in the country, is like a great uncut mastiff, or a bull dog. Old Bull goes prowling about hunting up fights. Along in his train follow Cesar and Pompey, Juniper and Jupiter; and though the first two are Romans of high degree, and the last a god, they follow in his train with fear and trembling. When he sniffs a dog, they leg him, and nip him, and down they get him, until he is his third eye to death, and there is a nation blessed from the map of the earth; or if after worrying him and crippling him, and wounding him, they send him home, it is in pain to work the balance of his days to pay the expenses of the fight.

Well, sir, I do not know the Senator from Georgia's idea about it; but I take it that in making up a fight, there ought to be some sense about it, as there is about anything else. There ought to be some reason for it. Now, sir, the United States comparatively is a bull-terrier that is as game as ten thousand lions, and superadded to his natural pluck, he has the spirit of the seven devils that were driven out of Mary Magdalen. Do you suppose I would hit him on that old bull, if I thought anything of the dog? and I know I love my country better than I could any dog. I do not want to make up a fight of that kind.

Sir, these men who are so ready to talk about fighting, very often are the last men to do it. Whenever I see a man out in a master field or in a court yard, blustering and talking about his willingness to shed his last drop of blood, I would rather see somebody who would be willing to shed the first drop. [Laughter.] If we get into this war we must go through with it at all hazards, at every expense, and at every loss. Our commerce, our progress, everything would be lost and run to us. We, with our insufficient navy, should be utterly unable to cope with the two Powers. They do not seem inclined to fight us; they do not want to fight us; they were willing to share fairly with us. I suppose the talk about fighting means just this, and no more; men know that there is in this country a deep rooted popular sentiment of dislike, an inveterate feeling of hatred towards England—I mean with the lower orders. It comes down traditionally from our revolutionary war. It was revived by the last war we had with her. It is a safe thing in any ignorant crowd to curse England, and you will not find anybody of any party who does not back you. I suppose it is a popular theme for declamation; but I think it is time we had quit it. I believe that is the prevailing dominant feeling with the ignorant portion of our population. Whether it is just or unjust, I will not pretend to say, but it is an element in the American character; an element like their ignoring the rights of a Mexican or a Spaniard. It is a feeling they have. They hate a red coat or a Britisher. Mr. Dallas or Lord Napier may have as many suppers and feasts as you please; they may talk about the same language, and reading the same Milton and the same Shakespeare and about a common blood and fraternity and all that. Very well, that is just as nice as two ladies who hate each other like the Devil, gossiping very pleasantly over a tea table. [Laughter.]

THE PRESIDENCY AND PLATFORMS.

Mr. President, I believe I have spoken nearly to the extent of my strength and power to-