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BY DAVID OVER.

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SPEECH OF HON. JOHN HICKMAN, BEFORE THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION, AT HARRISBURG, PENN'A, APRIL 13, 1859.

Mr. HICKMAN said—
Mr. President:—I am glad to meet you to join upon an occasion so interesting and important as the present one. I heartily endorse the propriety of this convention. The base outrage recently attempted here by the minions of despotic federal authority merits a stern rebuke, but not more than the weakness and heartlessness which conceived and commanded it. I love and admire the honesty and courage with which Gov. Packer has appreciated and discharged all his public duties. To him and his able accomplished Attorney General and Secretary of the Commonwealth, are our thanks eminently due for a manifestation of that devoted patriotism which impelled them to consider their country first, and consequences afterwards. It is not surprising that political prostitution should condemn it. The popular affection however will be to them a shield more protective than fortresses of granite and of iron. But I desire to speak of other matters.

At this day, resolutions complimentary to the present National Administration may be pardoned, when proceeding from official sycophants, but they can do neither good nor harm. The history of Mr. Buchanan's executive life has already been written, and too plainly to be obliterated by bribed eulogy, or to be misunderstood by the people of this State and nation. Neither political conspiracy nor party magic can make them forget the wicked violation of pledges, the arrogance of bloated power, the prostitution of Congress, the prodigality of departments, or the rapid and marked encroachments upon popular constitutional rights. Judgment, final judgment, has been calmly and deliberately passed upon this treason to the Democracy, his assassination of common honesty, and it is as irreversible as the decree of God. It is wise, therefore, in this Convention, to speak the truth plainly, and to avoid the folly of an attempt to cover up an odious criminality we must all condemn.

By the action of the 34th Congress, the complaints made by the residents of Kansas were ascertained to be true. Although the South by the legislation of 1854, was pledged to maintain the domestic sovereignty of the territories, a portion of their people from Missouri entered upon the soil of Kansas, and by force and fraud seized the law making power, stifled the voice of the majority, and enacted statutes disgraceful to the age and nation. This fact, when legally revealed, made a deep impression upon the public mind, and Mr. Buchanan found it necessary, in order to carry the election in his own State, to pledge himself distinctly to the maintenance of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and to defend the rights of those who had been thus ruthlessly despoiled. I will not pretend to indicate the particular weakness in his nature that induced him to turn the hand of a suicide against his own fame, as it matters little whether it arose from timidity, a fear of his enemies outweighing a love of his friends, a careless disregard of fair dealing, or a weak and puerile vanity. It is enough to know that he deceived all our hopes, turned with the blackest ingratitude upon that self-sacrificing friendship by which he reached the goal of his feverish ambition, and sought by all means within the reach of drunken and staggering authority, to disgrace every man whom he could not subvert. Suddenly, and as by the touch of the wand of the magician, he became transformed from the sympathizer with down-trodden freedom, to the open and shameless defender of aggressive and law-defying slavery. The halls of the national legislature were turned into courts for conscience; he published his interpretations of party principles and platforms with the arrogance of a dictator, and commanded his subordinates in office, and his coward slaves, to reiterate and proclaim his bulls of party excommunication against all who were rash enough to follow an independent judgment. These acts of themselves are enough to sever allegiance. It would be an ill-shaped manhood which could tolerate them in silence. But because we denounce them, we are anatomized as rebels. Sir, we will see where the rebellion will end. It will end in the supremacy of the laws; in the integrity of the constitution; in the purification of parties; in the sworn loyalty of executives; and the vigorous growth, material greatness, and eternal dominance of the North. That is where it will end. Popular sovereignty invoked by the South will be defeated by us, and it shall unfold the veil, yet dimly discovered destiny of this great republic. We are battling for the right, for the spirit of the institutions our fathers established; let them feel that we are doing this, and we will accomplish the victory of our century. No more naked triumph at the polls, but the great success afterwards—the untrammelled self-government of man; the delimitation of a continent to a consistent liberty.

Those who stop to talk of conciliation and compromises between us and the self-constituted oracles of the Democratic party, can have but a feeble appreciation of the real condition of things. When you can harmonize light and darkness, integrity and corruption, the patriotic devotion of the private citizen to the principles of our Government, with a tyranny worse than that of the middle ages, it will be time enough to cry "peace." Let this truth be made prominent—that there is an eternal antagonism between freedom and slavery. The constitution of the human mind and the human heart makes it inevitable; and the one or the other must eventually gain the ascendancy. The struggle between them, but just begun, is now going on in our midst, and he is but a superficial observer who does not discover it. We have acted honorably—benevolently. For long, long years, we have defended the char-

tered rights of our Southern brethren; we have given them all the advantages springing from unequal legislation; we have changed policy to suit their notions of interest; until, having grown fat, they demand as a prerogative what we granted as a favor, and having found a President without affections, a sworn officer, not afraid of priory, willing to back their pretensions, they would now treat us as a common enemy, and brand our names with indelible infamy. They have done more—they have gone farther; they have come amongst us, and bribed cupidity with gold, ambition with promotion, and vanity with temporary consequence, to do violence to justice. Longer forbearance not only ceases to be virtuous, but it becomes cowardly and base. The North has rights, long in abeyance truly, yet not lost, we will save them; by walls and fire and blood, if needs be, we will save them.

What I have just said, I would not be misunderstood; I know I cannot escape misrepresentation I would resist aggression on the part of the South, not her constitutional guarantees; and I would force a plain, distinct, unequivocal recognition of the rightful claims of the North; nothing more, nothing less.—Who can safely complain of this?

I wish I could stop here. If this were all of the accusation, we might forget the past in the excess of a profuse charity, but unfortunately we are not allowed to do so. An usurpation has been accomplished which saps the very foundation of our political structure. Mr. Buchanan has demanded an absorption of the powers of Congress in those of the Executive. To carry out his treachery to us, he has assailed the representatives of the people. He has bribed the veal, rewarded the aspiring, alarmed the timid, and deceived the honest. By such means was the Lecompton Constitution carried into a provisional law, in contemptuous disregard of the known will of the people upon whom it was imposed, and in direct contravention of the letter and spirit of the organic act itself. The reason which prompted the commission of the outrage is too manifest to be doubted. It was to purchase flattery of the South; to force slavery upon the soil of the North; to strengthen and aggrandize one section of the Union at the expense and hazard of the other. Then, compliance with executive behests was the test of Democracy, and to disregard them was apostasy. More recently, however, when the recommendations of the President were thought to favor the manufacturing and agricultural States—when the propriety of a new tariff was suggested—and when the so-called democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and even Cabinet officers, raised the voice of denunciatory opposition, it was all right, and rebellion became loyalty. And yet Pennsylvanians see nothing wrong in this; nay, they commend it. Chains never clanked upon the limbs of felons more servile and debased. We might, perhaps, be able to open their eyes to the truth, and loosen their tongues to utter it, by continuing them in office, under a new administration, governed by a more benign policy. If parties with such pliant notions, shall be able to grasp the control of our government, then must the strong empire of the North be dwarfed to barrenness, and eighteen millions of white slaves here, be added to the four millions of black slaves yonder. That is indeed a strange illustration of the advantages of free government which prohibits a necessity for crushing out the inherent power of a people by fashioning their institutions for them, requiring it to be sanctioned and yet allows and encourages a denial of law by which alone a bankrupt treasury can be replenished, and honest debts paid.

But, we charge further upon the administration of Mr. Buchanan, one of the main causes by which we have reached the point of national insolvency; a reckless prodigality in the expenditures of the public money, and a prevailing vice in the departments of the government. It is a gross mistake to suppose that our increased expenses are owing to an expansion of territory and the removal of our frontier. The administration of Mr. Van Buren, with an annual outlay of thirty-seven millions of dollars was pronounced extravagant; now our expenses are close upon one hundred millions a year. But we have got used to talking of millions without stopping to consider the magnitude of the figures. Why, sir, all the horses and mules in the country, numbering over six thousand, would scarcely draw, in silver, the money required to foot our government bills for a single year. Do you enquire why this is so? I will tell you. We have abandoned our former and better practices. When Mr. Jefferson was President, he required honesty and capability in his appointees; now subordinates are selected for their known lack of independence, conscience, and will. There was a time, when our fathers remember, when to be the head of a department, a Secretary of the Treasury, or of War, or of the Navy, required greatness and inspired confidence; now a man of very moderate dimensions will suffice for either place. An ex-governor or ex-vice senator will always answer for the position, provided he has the marks of eyes upon his legs, and don't know too much. I think we will be able to furnish one hereafter, who may claim by a double title. I hazard little in saying there is now more money squandered and stolen yearly than it required during the administration of Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, to support the government.—There is not only no careful supervision of our finances, but funds are drawn, directly from your treasury, to reward favorites, and to give approved shape to public opinion at the polls; in other words, to carry elections. The Secretary of the Navy, among others, may know something of this. If he should not, the Patterson letter, with the President's endorsement, may afford him information. Public property of great value is sold, privately and covertly, at a price of its worth; other is bought at al-

most fabulous prices. Navy Yards, Post Offices, Custom Houses and Mints, have been stocked, crowded, crammed, for weeks and months, with superannuated and idlers, and paid the wages due only to well taught craft and deserving industry, for the mere purpose of overruling the legal voters, returning parasites, tumbler and treacher friends to Congress, and publishing an attested lie to the world. These acts—these flagrant violations of preservative law and decent behaviour—have all been condoned here, in this place, in this Capitol, and uttered and published as true and genuine Democracy. God save the Republic! and knowing them all, and in the face of them all, the President himself, to whom, but three short years ago, we gave the fullness of our confidence, now bleached by age, and blanching before the frowns of an outraged and insulted constituency, casts and whines, in hypocritical numbers, over the degeneracy of the times, and in the expression of a fear lest elections should be carried by gold. Catching the sounds of lamentation, he issues from the open easements and portals of the White House, your Biglers, Joneses, et al omne genus, move with the husied and solemn tread of mourners, and shed great tears of blood.

The indefensible and destructive management of the Post Office Department, requires especially to be noticed. Within a very short period, for the mere purpose of enriching contractors, bestowing largesses upon sterile and uninhabited districts of the South, and acquiring power, the expenditures have been almost doubled—run up to the enormous sum of twenty millions of dollars—and the mail system made a by-word and a reproach. With new, extended and expensive routes, without corresponding returns, sunk in fatuousness, debt, eye, paralyzed by burthens, his chief lustily cries for help, and piteously begs the sinews of prolonged malfeasance. But upon whom does he call? Upon those to whom the appeal is always made when money, votes, soldiers, or other effective help is required—upon the laboring thirty—the "good sills" of the Eastern, Northern, Middle and Western States. It is consoling to know that we are good enough to pay, if not to receive. We are at least able, if not respectable. If we have not chivalry, we have fields, and farms, and factories. Let us, then, without whimpering, "split the difference." The "E. F. V." or "E. F. T." shall take all the posts of patronage, and we will pay their debts. The plan proposed, by which we shall do this, is a very simple one.—We have only to pay five cents, instead of three, on each letter we write, abolish the present "franking privilege," and, consequently, cut off the distribution of all seeds and agricultural and mechanical and political information from our people, and the thing is, in a great measure, accomplished. And who not to do this? To be sure we more than pay now for all our postal service, and these documents are highly prized by us, but we do not know that "the domestic institution" is too poor to pay, and too ignorant to read. We seem to be prone eternally to forget that we were made for lovers of wood and drawers of water. If we would remember this fact, I think we would cordially unite with those who met here on the 16th ult., and join them in passing and prize to the new American Monarchy.

It has become humiliating to pride to speak the truth, for it has become unfashionable, and almost incredible. Largely in debt, pressed on all sides by voracious creditors, with no present ability to pay, and with constantly accumulating liabilities, the President has allowed himself incompetent to carry any measure of relief. Yes, this man and his Cabinet are appalled, terror stricken, and motionless in view of the natural results of their own policy. If it were permissible, I would recommend them to infuse a little of their Lecompton fire into the tariff recommendation.

Instead of standing, starting altogether, Like garden gods—and not so decent either.—
To blind our sight, to his shortcomings, to cover up his disgraceful defeats, and to reconstruct his sinking fortunes, the administration now proposes, by virtue of a transfer of the war making power to itself, to visit chastisement upon feeble States for imaginary wrongs, and by the acquisition of Cuba to extend the area of freedom glutonized on slavery. A man, self-made man and then self destroyed—a bear in rags, and not in robes—having lost the sceptre by the weakness of folly, clutches the flying air, and seeks to mount again to power and influence. Vanity of vanities! there is no resitiation for fallen greatness.

A few material inquiries may possibly present themselves, when we come to consider the propriety of the purchase of the vain and much praised "Queen of the Antilles," and of bringing her into our loving and lecherous embrace. In what way, by what mysterious means, with what magic key will you draw the thirty golden millions, demanded by the President as earnest money, and the hundreds of millions afterwards, from a strong box, empty as the heart of his keeper, and which is more secure in locking treasure out than in locking it in?—How far will a well regulated prudence determine us to go in entrusting such vast amounts in the hands of one who has already deceived us—in whom we have no confidence? By what legal secret shall we be able to consummate a purchase of Spain, who has determined not to sell? And how can we better secure ourselves against those who, in league with the President, have sought to humiliate us, by adding to their power and extension, and by giving them the control of the Gulf of Mexico as they may have it over the Mississippi? I think I can school myself to love my enemies; but not better than myself. I can willingly admit my brother to an equal enjoyment of a common inheritance; but I cannot, when he does me violence and injustice, strengthen his arm so as to enable him forcibly to take it all. So, I can and will love my

Southern neighbor. I will freely allow him an equal participation of all the fruits of our generous system. I will divide with him the temple of Liberty. I will shield him from the evil doer. But when he denies to me what I am willing to grant to him, and that which my title covers, I will not stultify myself and place weapons in his hand for my destruction; and I will never pay tribute for either his kindness or forbearance. Cuba may be important to the Union I will admit that it will be so when we have just and equal laws, and honest officers, but before we acquire it, I desire to be informed whether any legislation can possibly be had as beneficial to Pennsylvania as the purchase would be to Tennessee or Georgia; and above all shall I seek to know how, henceforward, we are to be treated. For if I am a traitor, an unconscious and unworried one, to either thirty-three or fifteen states, I will not add to the enormity of my offence by extending the number of States against which my guilt must operate.

I have stated as concisely as I could, my judgment of the management of the government for the last two years. I trust I have made it plain and distinct. I have not descended to minute particulars; the proof of my declarations having become matter of enduring record has rendered it unnecessary to do so. I leave it before you and the country, as a full justification for our present course, and as the reason for our settled determination to refuse to be identified with movements we both deplore and despise. Desiring to be fair we cannot tolerate deception. Sustaining right, we must denounce usurpation. Asking justice, we cannot inflict a wrong. Economy is not presented to us as a choice, it is forced upon us as a necessity; and having been traided in a system of politics that we love, and taught to regard parity as essential to power, it is too late in our lives to turn demagogues to maintain majorities, or to barter for smiles from rotten rule. It is true that renewed and continued denunciation and proscription are likely to be our reward for the choice that we make, but I cannot avoid hinting to those who suppose they have thought the wolf, that they may have only caught him by the ear.

I was told that when the Belvidere Apollo was in the Louvre, a lady of gushing and fascinating beauty, came with each retiring sun to look upon and love it, wearing it with selected jewels, and clasping it with all the ardor of her youthful heart. Days and weeks and months rolled on, until at last the cold and stony figure turned her warm blood to ice, and she was found dead with her face buried in her hands, and leaning against it. Sir, we may be too ideal and look for a perfection which nature does not furnish. Like the daughter of the Byron, we may bestow the jewels of the heart were their value can never be appreciated, and our last pulse may beat as we kneel in absorbing and silent adoration before the symbol of a god. If such must be, we may well claim, at least, a generous sympathy for that form once had brain, and heart, and life, and power. In the days of Jefferson it was wise and creative, in the days of Madison brave and benevolent, and in the days of Jackson commanding and resistless. Then it was the awe-inspiring guardian of Liberty—American Democracy—invited companionship, holding in its hands the olive branch of peace, and the thunderbolt of war.

But, sir, we will not die, but live. We have Aristotle's hope, the dreams of waking men, and their appalling interpretations shall be written out in letters of fire upon walls of adamant. It shall be read of all men, from the Aroostook to the Golden Gate. You have it—truth in a whisper shall confound the lie from a trumpet; and a naked child shall tread upon the armored giant leading the hosts marshalled against the advancing civilization and righteous government of man.

Look not back, we have learned the past, but onward, with steady eye and unwavering step. The goal is before you! You will remember that when Orpheus lost Eurydice, he followed her even into the abode of Hades, where by the powers of his lyre he won her back, but it was enjoined upon him that he should not look upon her, until he had arrived in the upper air. At the very moment they were passing the fatal bends, it is said his love overcame him, and looking around to know that she was following him, she was caught back into the infernal regions. The story embodies a pregnant moral. If you would regain the loved and lost, then forward! forward!
I am done. If I have been dull, you will pardon me. If I have inspired a single patriotic thought or feeling, I have my reward.

WHEN TO TAKE YOUR HAT.—Young men, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off. And mind what we offer. It is:

When you are asked to take a drink.

When you find out you are courting a slovenly and extravagant girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run ahead of your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think you are a great deal wiser than older and more experienced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting trusted to a new suit of clothes, when you haven't money to pay for them.

When you don't perform your duty, your whole duty, and nothing but your duty.

"Grandmother, do you want some nice candy?"

"Yes, my dear child."

"Then go to the store and buy some, and I will give you some of it."

He that is angry with the just reprover kindles the fire of the just avenger.

From the New York Mercury.

NINA JARANTA.

A Story of the Mexican War.

BY LIEUT. H., OF TENNESSEE.

Mexico had been taken; but for all that, little place could be found on the road from Vera Cruz to the City of the Montezumas, for guerrillas swarmed in every pass—dogged our transportation and letter trains by day, and snaked round our camps by night—seeking every chance to slip a knife or lance in a sentinel, raise a stampeo, or do any other damage which their wild revenge could prompt.

In charge of an escort, I had encamped early one day in what I deemed a safe position, near the entrance of the pass Rio Frio. My reasons for encamping so early were double. First, a gathering storm threatened a great annoyance and discomfort, such as even a soldier will avoid when he can with honor—next, I wished to reconnoiter the pass under cover of the night, for I had every reason to suppose that Padre Jaranta, the guerrilla chief, with a band, was in advance. Knowing the pass well, I intended to satisfy myself that it was unoccupied, before my train started in the morning.

We had not more than got fairly settled in our camp, before the storm came on, and such a storm as your northern climate can never boast of. Rain, thunder and lightning, in quality full as fine as a Jura-loving Byron could have wished; and, in quantity, beyond any reasonable man's desire.

After I had seen my men made as comfortable as possible, sentinels stationed at all approachable points, and also taken care to refresh myself preparatory to a hard night ahead, I selected a favorite man from the guard, and close wrapped in a warm poncho, which also kept the rain from my revolvers, started for the pass on foot—for I wished no clattering hoof to betray me there, if guerrillas were on the watch.

The wind came down cold as ice from the snowy crest of Intacoahuatl; and I was glad when we got within the pass, stumbling on as best we could—for though I had means to produce a light, and the snuggest belt-lantern one could want, I dared not light it. We knew not at what moment we might come in view of a "guerrilla" of the enemy, or hear the quick cry of "¡que vive!" which had more than once jarred unpleasantly on my ear in the stillness of the night, from a concealed sentinel, all too waked for my safety.

But we moved on for a long time without hearing other sounds than those made by the storm or ourselves, and I began as we passed spot after spot generally known as dangerous, and found nothing, to wish myself back in my tent, wrapped in my blanket, and dreaming of my sunny home in Tennessee.

But suddenly we heard a tramp of horses in the road ahead, and I knew in a moment, by the jingle of the heavy bits and spurs that they were Mexicans.

Whispering to the soldier with me to step aside, as I did, in silence, close under the huge overhanging rock, south of the road, I waited to see what would turn up. The party did not seem to be large, and advanced slowly and with caution, as indeed was necessary in the dangerous darkness and condition of the pass; and examine the position and condition of my camp. And my thoughts was to let them pass in silence; for I knew my men below would give a good account of them if disturbed, and I intended to look further, and try and examine the position of their main body, if it was in the pass.

But just as they came opposite to the spot where we were standing, the horse of one of them stumbled, and at the same instant, a woman's voice came, loud and shrill, screaming in Spanish for help.

"Bedad! the girl has got her head out of the blanket!" exclaimed the man whose horse had stumbled, speaking in undoubted Milesian accent.

He seemed to struggle to replace it, while all the party stopped; but the girl screamed all the louder, and struggled violently.

I'm not a lady's man, in the recent West Point acceptance of the word, but I could never stand still while a woman screamed for help. To open the sliding door of my belt-lantern, and throw full light on the matter, was but an instant's work. My poncho was cast aside quickly; and as I cried to my man to do his duty my revolver dropped one greaser from his saddle, who reined an esopette to targetize on me; and the next instant I was tearing the girl from the arms of the ruffian, who had all he could do to hold her. The work for two or three minutes was busy—how I got her to the ground I can hardly tell; or how I and my man managed, without any hurt (except a sabre cut which he got on the shoulder) to take care of the party, but in less time than it takes me to tell it, it was done. Seven of them lay on the ground; one rode off in the direction from which I had come—to be taken care of, I hoped, by some of my sentinels below.

The moment I could, I looked to the comfort of the lady, who lay helpless on the ground; for she had been tied head and foot, and wrapt in a great coarse poncho, only fit for a horse blanket.

I took one look at her great black, tearful eyes, half-hopeful; half-expressive of terror—have seen them ever since in dreams—and then over her loose, and helped her to her feet, while my man was giving the coup de grace to one or two of the Mexicans who yet kicked.

And while this was going on, I heard the clatter of a troop at full speed; and the next moment we were completely surrounded by as hard a looking set of "greasers" as ever carried a lance in hand. Resistance was helpless; but I was about to try the last shot in my revolver on a villainous-looking old wretch, who seemed

measuring me for my game, when the lady screamed: "It is my father!—he will not harm the man who has saved his child from worse than death!"

And he did not! I soon found, through her explanations, that I was in the presence of Padre Jaranta and his band—that a fellow who had deserted from our army, and had been made a lieutenant in theirs (the Milesian who now lay in the road), paid off for his misdeeds, had attempted to abduct her, aided by a set of scamps as graceless as himself.

The interference of the lovely Nina—even prompted by gratitude, as it was—was peculiarly pleasant just then; for I would have given but little for our chances from her father and his gang without it. As it was, he not only allowed my return, with many thanks, but my road was no more molested between that place and Mexico; though other trains did not fare so well.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Honolulu papers to the 18th of February bring intelligence of another eruption of Maoua Loa, and the destruction of a village on the sea shore, some forty miles distant, by being overrun with the burning lava. We copy some of the details:

Correspondence of the Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

WAIMEA, HAWAII, Feb. 4.—Had I the ability I should like to give a description of the present volcanic eruption; but I am fearful of a failure should the attempt be made. When one has seen the real thing itself there is no room for the play of imagination or poetry.—You may exhaust language of its most impressive and descriptive terms, and get fail to reach the reality. I shall attempt no more than to give a few facts.

On Sabbath, January 23d, volcanic smoke was seen gathering on Maoua Loa. In the evening the mountain presented a grand yet fearful spectacle. Two streams of fire were issuing from two different sources, and flowing apparently in two different directions. The whole region, earth and heaven, were lighted up, and even the interior of our houses received the lurid volcanic light direct from its source.

On the morning of the second day we could discern where the eruptions were. One appeared to be very near the top of the mountain, but its stream and smoke soon after disappeared, the other was on the north side, further below the top, and was sending out its fires in a northwesterly direction.

On the second and third nights the dense smoke and clouds prevented us from having a fair view of Pele's doings; but the four following nights we had a view, and such a scene! It seemed as though the eye could never weary in gazing at it. The burning crater seemed to be constantly enlarging and throwing up its volumes of liquid fire above the mouth of the crater—I will not venture to say how high—and the fiery stream rolled onward and onward, still adding terror and grandeur as it proceeded, till the morning of the 31st, about sunrise, the stream was compelled, though reluctantly, to stop by meeting the waters of the ocean.—Even then its resistless and opposing energy carried it on some distance into the sea.

The poor inhabitants of Wainanaili, the village where the fire reached the ocean, were aroused at the midnight hour by the hissing and roaring of the approaching fires; and had but just time to save themselves. Some of the houses of the inland portion of the village were partly surrounded before the inmates knew of their danger. Wainanaili is near the northern boundary of North Kona, and about twelve or fourteen miles from Kawaihee. It is of course all destroyed, and its pleasant little harbor all filled with lava. The volcanic stream was one mile wide or more, in some places, and much less in others. It crossed the Kona road, and interrupted the mail communication. The whole distance of the flow from the crater to the sea is some forty miles.

Last night (the 31 February) the volcano was in full blast, and the burning stream seemed to have taken another direction. Parties have gone out to-day to see and explore. Perhaps on their return I shall have something additional to communicate.

Yours, L. LYONS.

HARMONIOUS DEMOCRACY.—The Washington States, in referring to the resolutions of the Democratic State Convention, which lately assembled at Harrisburg, in favor of the increase of the tariff, gives the Pennsylvania Democracy to understand that if they insist upon the doctrines there put forth upon this subject, they must expect to incur the opposition of the party in other parts of the country. Our Pennsylvania Democrats who have already gone so far in slavish subservience to their Southern masters, are coolly told that their tariff notions must be laid aside—that no such heresy will be tolerated. What a glorious thing it is to be belong to a national party! Verily Democracy is the same, whether in Pennsylvania or South Carolina.—Washington Reporter.

A celebrated portrait-painter met a lady in the street who hailed him with:

"Ah, sir, I have just seen your portrait, and kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why no."

"Then," said he, "it was not like me."

If a man fails to the amount of a million, it is all right; but let him fail to the amount of his board bill, and he is a scoundrel.

There are now one hundred and fifty Young Men's Christian Associations in the country,