

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

Per annum in advance.....\$1 50
Six months.....75
Three months.....50
A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Four lines or less.....1 insertion.....2 do.....3 do.....
One square, (12 lines).....\$ 25.....\$ 27.....\$ 30
Two squares.....1 50.....1 75.....2 00
Three squares.....2 50.....3 00.....3 50
Over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

3 months. 6 months. 12 months.
Six lines or less.....\$1 50.....\$2 00.....\$3 00
One square.....5 00.....5 00.....10 00
Two squares.....7 00.....10 00.....15 00
Three squares.....9 00.....12 00.....18 00
Half a column.....12 00.....16 00.....24 00
One column.....20 00.....30 00.....40 00
Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines one year.....25 00
Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....\$1 75
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

—PERSEVERE—

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XII.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JULY 16, 1856.

NO. 4.

Select Poetry.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

"Say, gentle stranger, why those tears,
And why that mournful air?
They'll become the years
Of one like thee so fair!"

"Hast seen some loved one shrouded,
And laid within the tomb,
To make thy life so clouded,
With sorrow and with gloom?"

"Alas! the little maid replied,
"I am an orphan child,
And since my gentle mother died,
No one has on me smiled."

"With visions of fate they greet me now,
I never soothe my aching brow
With hands, like mother's, soft,
I grieve to fall asleep."

"I'm called an ugly orphan brat,
They will not let me pray;
They never kiss my cheek, for that
Would drive my tears away."

"My mother loved me, I am sure,
For oft I've seen her weep,
When pillow'd on her bosom pure,
I gazed to fall asleep."

"Then she would murmur with a sigh,
And scold and beat me off;
"Oh, God, if I am doomed to die,
Will thou protect my child?"

"She died, and near that spot of ground,
Where yonder yew tree waves,
Is seen the flower-crowned mound
Of my dear mother's grave."

"When bright the moon shines overhead,
And all are hushed in sleep,
I go thro' stony paths, and weep,
To plant sweet flowers and weep."

"Lady, there is no joy for me,
And hence it is I cry:
They use me so, I long to be
With mother, and to die!"

She wept, while tears ran thick and fast
Down her cheeks, and she said:
The lady saw, and, stooping, clasped
Her little form so weak,
And bore her to her home away,
And reared her as her own,
And hence, whenever she is away,
Grief is no longer known.

Miscellaneous and Political.

Resolution.

"Do not give up the ship," were the last words of a man who lived in the "times that tried men's souls." Whilst the stentor thread that binds his spirit to this mundane sphere is suddenly being broken asunder, his patriotic heart throbs wildly, his noble soul still lingering amidst the clouds of battle, remains undaunted and undimmed.

He beholds his brave comrades falling thick and fast around him, like leaves from the forest. The sands of life are ebbing fast: His warm blood—offered on the altar of liberty—lies clotted on the deck. He lifts his glaring eyes on high and sees amidst the wreathing smoke the banner of his country still floating in the breeze, as if supported by superior power. Then rallying his dying energies, he cries, "don't give up the ship!" and falling back, the gifted, and heroic Lawrence is no more.

Well may we—his countrymen—call to mind his adumbration in all the vicissitudes of life.

Amidst the petty annoyances of every day experiences—when the lying tongue of slander, poisoned with bitter draughts from envy's cup, would fain drive us from the path of virtue and rectitude; should we compare life to a warfare—ourselves the combatants for right—to battle against the opposing ranks of deceiving yet deceived aspirants for power.

Young man! when morning from beyond and entering upon the grand arena of life, sometimes pay a total disregard to the injunctions of their parents; and alas, too frequently, are they, in after years, compelled to reap the bitter fruits of their own doings. Whatever may be the highest point of your ambition, let no experiment go untried, no impediment stand in your way, until you have reached the desired goal.

Young man! are you seeking an education? Then "don't give up the ship!" Obstacles will present themselves—difficulties must be overcome. We cannot expect to arise to distinction, without putting forth peculiar exertion. One thing which has ruined many a young man—is want of RESOLUTION.

He perhaps sees a companion endowed with far greater versatility of genius than he possesses—and keeping this horn of the dilemma continually before his mind despairs of accomplishing any thing for want of ability, as he is pleased to term it—whereas it is for want of nothing else than the cultivation of determination. Our hero did not turn to ask the counsel of this or that friend, but having formed his plan of action (which was to conquer or die in the attempt) made every inferior motive yield for the accomplishment of this one great design. We on the other hand are apt to be continually asking advice of different persons on every matter of any importance; and finally, in all probability, find it more difficult to make the desired decision, than it would have been at first. A gifted writer says, "we should not judge a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them."

The mind of man may be compared to a vast machine, and resolution as the fixed principle which gives to it the required impetus to set it in motion, and to keep it in an onward and upward tendency.

Then let us each write *Ecclesiast* on our banner, and unfurling it to the wind, catch every passing breeze—

And virtue's wreath shall crown our race,
Whilst unnumbered millions bless our memory.
ACADEMIA, PA.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—One great secret of enjoyment in domestic life is too much overlooked. It lies in bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring up our circumstances to our wants.—Wants will always be ahead of means, and there will be no end to the race if you set the latter chasing the former. Put the yoke of self-denial on desire, apply the spur of industry to energy, and then if the latter does not overtake the former, it will at least come in sight of it.

GRAND FATHER'S OLD FARM, AND WHAT WAS DONE WITH IT.

I was on a trip in the cars lately and found myself upon the seat with a gentlemanly man advanced in years, to whom (as I honor age) I endeavored to make myself agreeable en route.

After the interchange of a few commonplace remarks, our conversation turned upon the subject of agriculture, the old and new modes of farming, &c. I subsequently ascertained that my venerable acquaintance was a most intelligent farmer, who had retired in his old age upon a competency. As we dashed along in the cars he entertained me with the substance of the following narrative, the details of which he assured me had transpired within his knowledge.

Speaking of the exciting progress and improvements in agriculture, said he, reminds me of an instance that occurred within my remembrance, which I will relate to you, if you are disposed to hear it. I thanked him, and he proceeded on as follows:

Some forty years or more ago, a neighbor of mine in C., a Mr. Smith, occupied an immense tract of land, which he called a "farm." It was about thirty rods in width, and upwards of two miles in length; upon which he had been brought up a "farmer," and where his father and grand-father had lived before him.

Each generation of the Smiths that had dwelt upon this strip of land, had contrived to farm it, each in the same old way, year in and year out, from father to son.

The place had never known a dollar's incumbrance; scores of Smiths had been reared upon it, generation after generation came and passed away, and the same cart paths, and the same dilapidated wall and shanties and decayed trees were still visible—about the same furrow had been turned for a hundred years or more; when as had been the custom of the Smith families on previous occasions, it finally came the turn of his only son, Ben Smith now come to thirty.

For five and thirty years at least Ben's father had carried on his farm. In all that long period, and regular as the year rolled round, as regular had Mr. Smith ploughed up his eight acres, moved all the grass that Providence would grow for him, pastured his ten sheep, reared his four head of cattle, fattened his three hogs, and wintered as many cows. But this was not all.

True Mr. Smith had a great farm. He tilled like a trooper, from daylight till dark. He raised his own pork and corn (such as it was) his cattle and fodder; from his own forest the wood he burned; never owed any man a farthing. He contrived even to pay his town and county tax. But he was literally, "even with the world," for he owed no one, and no one owed him a dollar. And so he lived up to seventy.

"Ben," said the old man to his son, one evening as they sat before the fire, "I am getting old. I have worked poorly hard here, for a good many years, and I have concluded to give it up. It is your turn now."

"My turn for what?" asked Ben.

"To take charge of the farm, Ben. You are young, stout and healthy. I am going to give up the homestead to you; and if you continue to labor constantly as I've done, and your father did afore us—you can get a good livin' off on't as we have done. We can't take nothing out of this world with us, Ben. Naked we came into it, and so we must go out. But the old place is free from incumbrance, there never was a dollar mortgage on it, and I hope there never will be. I shall give you the farm free and clear to-morrow."

Ben slept on this, and the next day he was master of the farm thirty rods wide and two and a half miles long.

"I shall take the place, father," he said and carried it on, but not as you and grand-father and as his father did."

And though the old gentleman shook his head and looked earnestly over the bridge of his specs at his son, Ben was as good as his word; forthwith he went to work in earnest.

Spring came. Ben went into the old eight acre field and ploughed up one half of it.—Upon this he deposited the whole of the season's manure, that had hitherto for years been sparsely spread upon double the surface. He harrowed these four acres, and harrowed them well. Hoing time came and Ben had only one half the space to go over. Though the corn and potatoes looked finely, and the beets, and the cabbages, and the carrots grew marvellously, and the old man grew crusty, and declared it wouldn't do, there wouldn't be roots enough. But Ben went right along his own way.

At the second hoing Ben went into his field, but not with a hand hoe. He got some kind of a jim-crock (as the old man termed it) hitched to the old mare's heels, instead of hoeing his potatoes man fashion; he'd begun with his improvement; but that cultivator, as Ben called it, "wouldn't work no how."

Ben continued the use of the cultivator, however; and the old gentleman continued to grumble, and the corn and potatoes continued to flourish.

Ben Smith had gone over to a neighboring town early in the spring and run in debt (Ben was the first Smith that ever did this thing) for two hundred bushels of "nasty ashes," which he tugged the cattle to draw to the farm and with which he top dressed the meadow. Here was an innovation sure. And he had subscribed for a paper too; and with his jim-crock of a "cultivator," his ashes and "book farming," the old gentleman was nearly crazed. "It would never do to go on at this rate," said the old gentleman.

But the four acres of corn and potatoes and vegetables still grew finely. Never had the Smiths seen such corn, such carrots, such potatoes.

The grass came up thick and strong and thrifty, and the harvest time came around at last.

The cattle had plenty of good feed, and they were fat and sleek, the pigs were fat, the poultry was fat, the old horse was fat, and Ben grew fat and jolly as he garnished his

A Touching Story of Filial Love.

The following most beautiful and beautiful instance of filial affection appeared in the *Herald of Lima*, (Peru), to which it was communicated by the Alcalde of Callao. A man who can read it without emotion must be debased indeed:

GENTLEMEN—There having passed in my office (Justice of the Peace) a scene of great interest and most rare at any time and place, I cannot refrain from communicating the same to you, believing that you will concur with me in the opinion that an act so humble, and worthy of the best qualities of human nature, deserves to be commemorated by means of the press.

About 8 o'clock this morning a tumultuous assembly of people invaded my house, bringing in with them a venerable looking man. They inquired for the justice. On demanding of them the reason of a semi-riotous collection, they all began to speak at once, so that I was for a time unable to comprehend what was the real state of the case. Having, however, at last obtained silence, the old man addressed me thus:

Mr. Alcalde, having buried my wife, the mother of these four lads, I ordered this one name Jose Maria, to take charge of the other three, who have already made choice of their elder brother's profession. These two, Atanacio and Dionisio are both married; the youngest, although single, supports himself by his labors as fishman. Ever since the mother of these boys was taken away from me, I have been living with my elder son, in the interior; but have never failed to receive care and attention from the other three. Desirous of coming to Callao, Jose Maria wrote to Julian in order that he should provide for me—which injunction has given offence to Atanacio, who declares that being the second son the future care of me belongs of right to him. I would like to divide myself into four parts, so as to give each of my children a portion of my body, but as it cannot be, we have come before you, Mr. Alcalde, in order that you should decide which of these young men is to be preferred.

The father had hardly finished speaking, when the generous dispute commenced.

Atanacio, the second son, said that the father having been hitherto living with his elder brother, it was now his turn to have possession of him by order of birth. Dionisio contended that his brother Atanacio could not be with his father because he had a great deal to do and could not give his father the attention he required. The fourth son, Julian, represented to me that it properly belonged to him to support his father, as he was the youngest and unmarried.

In truth I knew not what to resolve, my heart was so affected with the extraordinary picture presented to me. As I contemplated this scene in silence, the old man, Clemente, asking my permission to speak, said: "My dear children, my heart overflows with satisfaction in witnessing your disputes respecting which of you shall take charge of your old father. I would gladly give content to you all—and therefore propose that I be permitted to breakfast with one of you, and then sleep in the house of the third—and thus keep changing from day to day; but if you do not consent to this, let his honor, the Judge, determine what shall be done with me."

The young men unanimously rejected this proposition, because they said, their father would lead an idle life, errant, unquiet life. I then proposed to write on separate pieces of paper the names of the sons, and let the decision of chance settle the question. While I wrote these papers, doubled them, and put them into the hat of Clemente, which served as a ballot-box, deathlike silence prevailed, and there was plainly to be seen expressed in the countenances of each of the sons his hopes of being the lucky receiver of the desired prize.

The old man put his tremulous hand into the hat and drew out the name of Atanacio, the second son! My friends, I hardly know how to express to you the new scene which then broke in upon me! Atanacio, upon hearing his name called out, broke into sobs to the Omnipotent for according him such a boon. With his hands clasped, and eyes directed to heaven, he repeated over and over his thanks, then fell on his knees before his venerable parent, and bathed his sandal feet with tears of frantic joy.

The other brothers followed his example, and embraced the feet of the good old patriarch, who remained like a statue, oppressed with emotions which he did not know how to give vent to.

Such a scene as this melted all who witnessed it, among whom were the Lieutenant of Police, the Alcalde Don Alfano, and other friends. The brothers then retired, but soon returned with a fresh demand—which was that I should command that since Atanacio had been favored by lot with the charge of the father, they should not be deprived of the pleasure of taking out the old man to walk by turns in the afternoon, which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these simple, honest people, and they retired contented.

This humble family of Indian extraction, is named Villavencio. They are natives of the valley of Chorillo, but at present reside at Callao.

I repeat gentlemen, that if this imperfect, but true relation, be deemed worthy of publication, you are at liberty to give it a place in the columns of your Journal.

ANTONIO A. DEL VILLAR.

BLACK REPUBLICAN SAYINGS.—The following expressions of Black Republican sentiments cannot be placed before the people too often.

"The Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South."—*New York Tribune.*

"The Constitution is a reproach and a league with Tophet."—*Garrison.*

"Sharp's Rifles are better than Bibles."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

"Let the Union slide."—*N. P. Banks.*

The authors of these are all brilliant stars in the Black Republican firmament, and of course reflect the views of the faction to which they are attached.

The German Language and Literature.

A proposition was lately submitted to the Controllers of the Public Schools, to dispense with the teaching of the German Language in the High School. It is for the Controllers to pass upon this proposition, and doubtless they will do so in a pure spirit of devotion to the interests of education; but, if it can be, the German Language should be an essential part of High School Education. That ancient tongue is the brother of our own English. It springs from the same Teutonic origin. The vocabularies or stocks of words—and especially old radical ones—are very similar in both the languages; so are most of their etymologies, idioms, and methods of construction. We believe that the English language is the strongest, richest, and noblest of all the dialects of modern times since the dispersion of Babel—abounding beyond others in various adaptabilities, great thoughts, works of genius, and masterpieces of literature. And yet this may be only the natural prepossession of education and self-love. It is certain that the German language is amazingly copious in its stock of words, enable beyond limit of deriving and constructing new ones, flexible to the uttermost for all the infinite purposes and expressions of thought, and full of serious and noble euphony. It may not be so transparent as the French, nor so well-fitted for the angular exactitude of physical science, or the definitive precision of diplomacy, law, or statesmanship, but it far exceeds the Court language of Europe in power and breadth of expression, in pathos, dignity, and profundity. It is exquisitely fitted for those rare mental operations, which are at once abstract, generalizing, logical, spiritual, and delicate.

Such a language cannot fail to embody a precious literature. And indeed the thinkers and writers of Germany, for half a century back, have led the van of the intellectual movement of the race. Metaphysical philosophy is the highest effort, the chief means, and the unerring index of the progress of the mind of the ages. The superficiality, the materialism, and materialism of the eighteenth century is all betrayed in the philosophy of the Lockes, Shaftesburys, Malbranche, Hobbes, Humes, and the Encyclopedists. The great metaphysicians of Germany have rejuvenated and spiritualized the abstract thought, the intellect, the literature, and the sentiment of this era. They may often be obscure—and so is deep water and the fathomless height—they may vary in their speculations and results—no rounded system may be surely elaborated by any or all of them—they themselves may be unpractical in their own ideas—and yet they are glorious for their single-eyed love and seeking for absolute, universal, necessary truth and being, for their close, rigid, analytical, sustained logic, for their broad, vast, spiritual intuitions, for their telescopic, and microscopic self-searching into the soul and essential inner nature—for their profound comprehension and mighty vindication of the spiritualism of man's real being—for their recognition of the necessary, independent immortality, truth, justice, virtue and happiness. Plato and Aristotle, Bacon and Descartes, are well succeeded by such rivals of their pre-eminence as Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel.

To German Philosophy corresponds German Learning and Literature. Nothing is more famous and proverbial than the impartial, dispassionate, protracted, laborious, minute, thorough, exhaustive achievements of the modern German Critics, Antiquarians and Theologians. The Scaligers, the Delphin Editors, the Bibliasts of the Reformation, and the Benedictines were, so to speak, superficial scratchers upon the surface where hidden treasures have been mined and revealed by the Eichhorus, Niebuhrs, De Wettes and Straussens. The German Critics and Antiquarians have sifted the genuine and the spurious, so that scholars of this age begin to know what is ancient literature as the ancients had it without gloss or corruption. The German Historians have separated fable, tradition and myth from authentic accounts, and have so completely examined and compared the historical relics of the past, that we begin to know what were the facts of old, and to know them with a startling and life-like nearness and naturalness. The German Divines, from Paulus to Strauss, are so independent, fearless, and scrutinizing, that they keep Anglo-Saxon Orthodoxy in a perpetual fever of horror, scandalization, obfuscation, stricture, and reply. Whatever may be said of German Rationalism—and most that is said is stupidly unappreciative and misrepresenting—the intelligence of the age agrees that such theologians as Schleiermacher, and Neander divine and comprehend the very inward essence and purpose of the religion of Christ.

How enchanting is the diversified field of German literature. There is the artistic completeness and perfection of Goethe; the pathos, power, and tragic wildness of Schiller; the refined and exquisite idealism of Novalis; the weird terrors of Wieland; the delicate beauty of Tieck; the inspired and inspiring lyrics of Koerner; the eccentric, luxuriant, suggestive, delightful, and grand fancies, humors, stories, speculations, and essays of rare Jann Paul, and the attic shortness, clearness, freshness, wit, and power of Heinrich Heine. Time would fail to enumerate in full; but the poets, and word artists and literary men of Germany are remarkable for their vernal naturalness, their domestic simplicity of sentiment, their profound breathing of the spirit of nature in its ideal reality; their pure moral tone, their affectionateness and veneration. Such a literature spiritualizes, elevates, purifies, and ennobles. This is the continental domain of thought entered through the beautifully solemn portals of the German language—a language which for flexibility, power of self-employment, and capability for all the exigencies of abstract thought is only rivaled by that greatest of all the vehicles of mind, the ancient Greek.

To say nothing of the practical uses of knowing the German in this land and day of emigration from the Rhine and Danube, such knowledge is an accomplishment to the scholar, a mighty aid to the student in any field of learning, and a blessing to the mind and heart. If possible, the Controllers should continue the German teaching in our High School.

The Contrast.

The Springfield Argus makes the following pointed contrast:

"Buchanan is a statesman. Fremont is an adventurer; Buchanan is known and tried; Fremont is unknown, untried. Buchanan has served his country faithfully in important political stations for over forty years; Fremont has explored the Rocky mountains and 'eaten dog.' Buchanan has the qualifications for the presidential office; Fremont is utterly without them."

"It is wiser to prevent a quarrel before, than to revenge it afterwards."

The Success of Democracy—The Safety of the Republic.

We believe that it would be safe to assert, that no Nation ever lost its liberty, until it had ceased to regard the private rights of its citizens as a matter of sacred obligation. The conscience of men cannot be invaded with impunity, and they who violently attempt to enforce acquiescence to a particular form of belief, desecrate the holiest emotions which spring from the human heart. The cause of religion and liberty are interwoven together; but whenever sectarianism seeks to control the former, the latter is in imminent peril.—The temple of the Eternal is the Universe, but He has erected a pulpit in the breast of every thinking creature, from which he breathes of a contrary spirit may be heard with effect. Pure adorations to Deity need not the investiture of forms to make them acceptable. "Lord, what shall I do to be saved?" met with a more prompt response from the Martyr of Calvary, than the sanctimonious prayers of the hypocritical Pharisees. The cause of religion is dishonored by coercion, and liberty trembles when the conscience is enforced. That country is in a declining state, which permits its citizens to be degraded to a caste, because they approach their Maker with particular ceremonies, or with none other than those which spring from the consciousness that they are sinners. The cause of truth and liberty is that of our country; and when these are assailed by the prejudices of a faction, we must resort to the lawful means of argument and persuasion to the indolent, reclaim the corrupt, and reconcile a divided people. Proscription is heterodox to our principles, and can no more find favor with the Democratic party, than vice can be domiciled in the regions of blissfulness. When it is otherwise, nothing will remain for an honest patriot to do, but either sit down quietly and perish in the common destruction, or assume the true dignity of manhood by contending against it to the death-grasp. The latter means can be justified only as a last resort.

It is our pride that we are members of a party that has never bowed its knee to the *Beast* of Black Republicanism, nor worshipped the brazen image of Know Nothing prejudice. The inward satisfaction Democrats feel that they are serving their country in accordance with the Constitution, more than compensates for the censures of their enemies. We have recently rejoiced in the common joy of proscriptions overthrow,—let our spirits be clouded in a future common calamity. To guard against this, we must manfully combat the dangerous ambition, the insatiable avarice and insolent dictation which we find associated against the candidates of our party. However diversified may be the opinions of the opposition, their object is identical—the defeat of the Democracy. Let our ambition be in doing good to all our fellow citizens alike, without regard to their birth-place or religion, and receive our certain reward in the fame and welfare of our country. It is not more dangerous to give compulsory assent to the invasion of personal liberty, than to supinely acquiesce in the withholding of legal privileges. The constitution and laws have declared us socially equals, and in justice to those instruments, no citizen can abdicate a jot of his political rights, without injury to the whole people. To vote is a duty assigned every one of us, and he who neglects this solemn obligation, has taken a step in the condition of serfdom. They who join to political considerations, a strong tincture of religious prejudice, have already begun the destruction of our Constitution. The desire to exalt or destroy a particular sect or people, is the most dangerous conjuncture in which liberty can be exposed. Opposition, founded on religious prejudices, is apt to heat both the head and heart to fanaticism, and whenever this is the case, the spirit mingles itself with that of faction, so that some through folly and others through knavery, are willing to sacrifice public liberty to their particular schemes of religious worship.—Under such a state of facts, freedom may flourish in speculation, but cannot subsist in practice.

Machiavel cites numerous examples to show, that the virtue of particular men among the Romans, frequently drew that Government back to its original principles. As the spirit of liberty decayed, these examples became more rare, and at last entirely failed. May we not reasonably hope, that the candidates of the Democratic party have a like mission as the virtuous Romans. Unless this be the case, faction and cabal will stifle the spirit of liberty, and all orders of Government become tainted and corrupt.—Good laws and customs will remain without force, or be suspended, abrogated, or perverted, to serve the purposes of private ambition, avarice or revenge. History tells us that cabals, not numerous enough to be called a party, against the sense of a whole Nation, have often brought that Nation to a condition of servitude. It is an eternal truth, that liberty and faction are repugnant and incompatible. The life of either is the death of the other. Let us, then, sacrifice our own personal interests to those of our country, and by so doing, imitate the example of the ancient Romans, who received that grandeur and glory from that which the Commonwealth reflected. Let us consider ourselves as citizens and not as individuals. Rome only fell when *Oedevius* had a party and *Antony* a party; but the Commonwealth had none.—Centuries intervened between *Augustus* and *Augustus*. Unless we defeat Black Republicanism and Know Nothingism, we may find the same difference in a day. Our duty is plain—the Democratic nominees must be elected. Let every man treasure this up in his memory.

From my soul I respect the laboring man. Labor is the foundation of the wealth of every country; and the free laborers of the north deserve respect both for their probity and their intelligence. Heaven forbid that I should do them wrong! Of all the countries on the earth we ought to have the most consideration for the laboring man.—*James Buchanan.*