The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $1,50 a year in advance.

VOL. XVIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1863. NO. 45.

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.

	1 insertion.	2 do.	3 do.
Four lines or less	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
One square, (12 lines,)	50	75	1 00
Two squares,	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three squares,	1 50	2 25	3 00

Over three week and less than three months, 25 cents per square for each insertion.

	3 months.	6 months.	12 months.
Six lines or less,	$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
One square,	3 00	5 00	7 00
Two squares,	5 00	8 00	10 00
Three squares,	7 00	10 00	15 00
Four squares,	9 00	13 00	20 00
Half a column,	12 00	16 00	24 00
One column,	20 00	30 00	50 00

Professional and Business Cards not exceeding four lines, One year,.....$3 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.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Friday, April 17, 1863.

[For the Globe.]

SERMON NO. 9.

BY THE UNKNOWN.

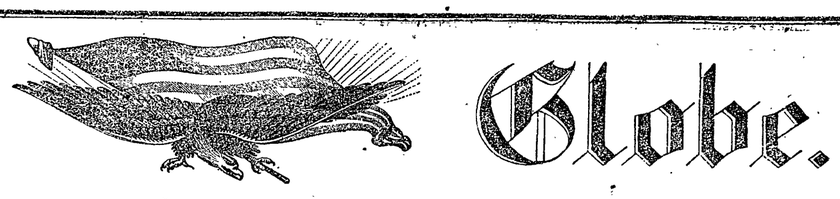
LIFE'S CHANGES.

"Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring stone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
All gray and death-like old."

To fancy one's self standing on some immense rock in the midst of time's ocean, watching the long, smooth waves and the rough heaving billows as they sweep alternately about its base, creeping softly and slowly, like the song of the flatterer around the feelings of the credulous, or dashing with angry and frightful violence, like the bitter invectives of the furious declaimer upon the heart of the timid, is the fitful contemplation of the feverish existence of man. Scenes and circumstances, varying as the winds that blow over the earth, mark his history with a continual succession of change. At times, the smooth sea's quiet roll invites him onward; mirrored in the deep wave of the future are ten thousand beauties, hung like beacon lights before the gaze of the anxious watcher. Allured by the brightness and brilliancy of the prospect, he rushes to their enjoyment; reckless of the dark clouds that drapery the horizon, behind them; one by one he grasps his fancied pleasures, and finds them bubbles, that were bursting while he was pursuing them. Scattered around him are the fragments of his former hopes, and he sees them not; his reducing mirror is still before him, and the certainties of the present are left neglected and unattended to, that his imagination may feast upon the expectation of future bliss. Again and again he is disappointed, and again he pursues the fleeting phantom. The teachings of experience, like the warning voice of a careful monitor, arrests him for a moment, but with the reality passes away the lesson, and he remains as vulnerable as ever. "He resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same;" his dreams are too gay, too pleasant, to be driven from his mind, and he hugs them as closely to his heart as if his being's end and aim depended on their coming. Frailty is stamped upon the very nature of man, and his most exalted works must crumble into nothingness. Philosopher and fool must mingle in one common wreck. The man whose genius was like adamant, with the multitude, who were of low understanding, has passed away; alike they have slumbered in the idiocy of death, and their wasting mortality proclaims to all the living the equality to which they shall be reduced in the grave.

"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as one."

Kingdoms, empires, and cities have been reared, they have flourished for a season, and where are they? The works of the wise and the opinions of the great have swam awhile the ocean's tide, and where are they?—Kingdoms have been destroyed, empires have been prostrated, and cities leveled with the dust. The works and opinions of men have undulated, are undulating still, and during life's change will continue to shift and change and beat about, until bounded by the distant shores of the eternal world. Learning has made its way over the world, supported by the strong arm of power, and talent has sometimes swayed the sceptre of untrammeled domination. Architecture has almost pierced her head to the clouds, and science has winged her widening way, and filled the world with theory and speculation; but moral earthquakes have scattered desolation around, and wrapped in ruin the proudest and most boasted works of human wisdom. The mighty efforts of the great have been buried in the tomb of ages, and after years have dug them up from their place of rest, and given them with increased light and beauty to their successors. Like the immense hecatombs of ancient times, they darkened the earth with the smoke of their demolition; and have only lain for awhile buried in the rubbish of years, to gather strength and be resuscitated in dazzling splendor. Talent, like the Phœnix, has arisen from the fires that consumed her, and with learning at her heels, has hurried onward, like the flood of many waters, breaking down everything that opposed, and triumphing over every opposition. Architecture, aided by the light of science, has re-lit her waning fires. She has lifted up her fallen piles, and boasted that her cap-stone will ere long be brought forth with shouting, but what she will be, time must write. Once her prospects were buoyant as the hopes of youth, and she fell, and her pride may again be humbled. Time mutilates the loftiest works of human skill, and the pride of man has perished amid its storms, or wasted like crumbling fanes away in its sluggish calms; its worn sea-tide rests not a moment, it bears along with equal force the giddy and the gay, the weary and the disconsolate, and ever and anon hides them, with all their hopes and fears, in the depth of its boundless and ever rolling billow. Man is perishable, and like himself are all his works. Eternity is not his gift, and all the operations of his arm, though they may be beautiful while they last, like the summer cloud, must melt away. He steps upon the stage of action, the proud lord of all created nature, he erects his pillars of brass and marble statues, that continue for ages, and seem to bid defiance to the ravages of the destroyer. He rears up the towering monuments to perpetuate his greatness, and tells the tempest and storm to beat it down if they be able; he sinks amid his glory, and his sons and successors with tearful eyes view the wasting away of all his works. In the full tide of his zeal, he builds a church and dedicates it to the living God. "Now," says he, "with the armies of Heaven upon my side, my labor shall last forever," as though he had entered the dwelling place of Deity, and by his *good works* bribed Him to sustain him. He exultingly cries out to the *destroyer*, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther; here at this temple's base shalt thy proud waves be stayed." But time! triumphant time! he comes, either in the still small voice, or like an avalanche from the eternal hills, and the proud effort, together with the prince that planned it, are buried in one unceremonious waste. But more than these. He has erected the temple of Fame, and upon its heavenward arch he has inscribed the burning letters of immortality; he has blown up the enduring flame of his own renown, and after ages have been illumined by its light; he has climbed the slippery steep of literature, and from her wide-spread arena has looked abroad into all the world; he has counted and named the stars, scanned the orbits of a thousand planets, and marked the revolutions of the great centre of the solar system, like a blazing beacon, whose flame is gathering from the four quarters of the earth; his deeds are held out to the gaze of the universe and the admiration of the celestial intelligence. But to expire amidst the halo of his hard earned glory is the consummation of his highest hopes and the end of his fondest expectations. He cannot rescue from ruin one single performance, or bring back the faintest breath to life. All his days have been spent in forming and fashioning anew the wonderful works of an all powerful Creator, and the best operation he ever accomplished was nothing more than the transformation of the material placed into his hands. One jot or one tittle has not been added since the Almighty spoke from chaos this mundane fabric. Perfect, then, in all its parts, forming a wondrous whole. So it has remained, and through the changes of six thousand years, and the decomposition over and over again, of the flowers and herbs and fruits and animals that lived and glowed and died upon its surface, the rolling away of the tides, and the bursting of volcanoes, the evaporation of fluids and melting of clouds, it has continued the same in quantity, and the untiring efforts of man though repeated and continued through every hour since its creation, has mutilated its surface comparatively but little deeper than his own grave shall be. But the conclusion of the whole matter is, the worm shall feed upon man's mortality and then turn itself to the dust from whence man was taken. Where, then, is the boast of human greatness? the pride and power of the arm that wrought such stupendous operations? The worm has it all, for he banquets upon the brain that conceived, and the hand that executed the astonishing design. And where are to be found all these mighty efforts of human skill?—Alas for them! History's page is all that tells that ever they had been!—Shall we search among the desolations of Thebes for her hundred gates of brass, of iron and of wood? Where are her chariots, her horsemen, and her million warriors? Where are the Babel worshipers, with their high and haughty determinations,—they whose resolve it was to raise a temple to the skies, whose summit should peer into some planetary world, to bring down to earth the tidings of the doings of the celestial spheres—where are they now? they who dared to defy the very Deity Himself, and attempted to measure powers with the Lord of Hosts? Where are Rome and Greece, and Babylon, and Tyre and Syria, and Sidon and Persia? Where is Jerusalem, with her costly temple and brazen gates? and Egypt with her twenty thousand cities?—Alas! Time, the *destroyer*, has laid his hand and his scythe upon them all, and the echo of the question has reverberated through ages of the past—where are they? And future years will only roll on the sound—where are they?



SPEECH

OF

HON. ADIN W. BENEDICT,

OF HUNTINGDON,

Delivered in the House of Representatives, on Thursday, April 2, 1863, on the State of the Union.

Mr. Benedict. Mr. Speaker, we have fallen upon strange times. It becomes my duty to open the discussion upon the resolutions now before this House upon their final passage. In doing so, I can at the outset do nothing better perhaps than cast my eye backward over the history of the present session and see what has been done; perhaps then we shall not wonder at what is now being done. Sir, I have seen in the halls of this House an ambassador of my blessed Saviour, whose commission, if he has one, says, "go preach my gospel to every creature;" I have seen by his side those who, like me, worship at the common altar of a common Saviour—who sit down round His table and partake of the emblems of His broken body and shed blood—I have seen them, Mr. Speaker, in the hall of this House, declare that they do not believe that the free air of Pennsylvania should be breathed by a redeemed son of that Saviour, if his skin is not colored like their own! They, Mr. Speaker, with the master of the negro, with the white man and the slave, will one day be summoned to account, when all the nations shall be around the Final Judge. These black witnesses will be jewels in His crown of glory—living witnesses to say, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in." The answer may be, and doubtless will, "when were you a stranger, and we took you not in?" But the reply will be, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my children, ye did it not unto me." I ask those who preach that gospel—those who assemble round that blessed board—how they will greet their colored brethren on the other side of Jordan.—[Laughter on the Democratic side.]—Gentlemen may laugh; but there will be a day when laughing will not answer. I bear no commission to preach the gospel of my God; but let the professed Christians on that side turn and look at those who laugh at God's gospel truth when it is told to them.—They may laugh; laughing will not answer. Is it a wonder, Mr. Speaker, that when such a question is before the House, men who profess the religion of Christ confess that on that day they did not vote for their God—is it a wonder that there may be days in their history when they will not vote for their country? No, Mr. Speaker, no! Party prejudice, party harness, party caucus have crushed the life out of men who had not boldness enough to stand up and say, "I will not submit to your rule." That is the record and that is the truth.

I know, Mr. Speaker, that there are men here who have recorded their names on that single subject to which I have referred, who are ashamed of themselves when on their knees with their Maker. I dare any one of them, in my Master's name, to go into the presence of their God, and say to him, "When any fleeing, suffering son of Jesus Christ, comes to the line that divides this State from another, and asks admission, I will refuse him admittance into the blessed free air of my own State." Do they refuse these fugitives a place in Pennsylvania. Thank God, they cannot refuse them a place in Heaven.

Mr. Rex. I call the gentleman to order.

Mr. Benedict. Let the gentleman attend to his own affairs. I know what I am about.

The Speaker. The gentleman from Montgomery will state his point of order.

Mr. Rex. It is that the negro business is not now before the House.

The Speaker. The gentleman from Huntingdon will proceed.

Mr. Benedict. As that matter grates harshly upon the ears of some gentlemen it is perhaps well enough to let it go.

Mr. Rex. The gentlemen will allow me to explain. His remarks do not affect me.

Mr. Benedict. No, sir; I did not think they did; I did not suppose that the gentlemen from Montgomery had any sensibility on the question.

The Speaker. The Chair is obliged to inform the gentleman from Huntingdon that the resolution, so far as the Chair has any recollection, does not embrace one word on excluding negroes from Pennsylvania. Still the Chair is disposed to allow latitude in debate quite as liberally as any gentleman on the floor. The gentleman will proceed.

Mr. Benedict. Mr. Speaker, you know, and I know, and the nation shall know, how these resolutions had birth. I will tell of those who gave them birth; it is part of this day's work to state how these resolutions came into being. They have running thro' them that vital cord, or as my medical friend from Green (Mr. Patton) would call it, the umbilical cord, which shows that their birth was of treason. Now, Mr. Speaker, let us turn our attention for a short time (for I do not purpose to detain the House very long) to these resolutions now under discussion.—They are joint resolutions on the condition of the country; and permit me to say that it is somewhat strange that these resolutions upon the state of the country contain no word of hope to the army, to the million of men who have gone forth with their lives in their hands to save this country from the assaults of rebels—not one word. In all their resolutions about the state of the country, our friends on the other side have forgotten that they have a million of brethren whose lives are upon their finger-ends, stretching out to save this country from the attacks of rebels in arms—and, I may say, of traitors at home. Is it not wonderful that in framing these resolutions on the state of the country, such a thing should have been forgotten. I would hardly have believed it could be so; yet it is too true. So trivial a matter as this has been entirely forgotten! I suppose the reason was that there are other subjects nearer the heart that engendered these resolutions; and a prominent subject doubtless was the triumph of the Democratic party. The success of the Democratic party is of vastly more importance than the success of our armies in the field! Who cares what becomes of the poor soldiers, if we can only take care of the Democratic party? If we can only caucus and drill up our men to put through a set of resolutions of this kind, who cares for the country, who cares for the Government? "Not we," say the gentlemen who have given being to these resolutions.

The first resolution ranks among the assailants on the institutions of this land, the very Government itself. I trust, Mr. Speaker, that no man hereafter will say that the authors and abettors of these resolutions are not opposed to the government. The government, as I understand it, is engaged in a momentous contest before the world, and I think I may be permitted to call it the contest of the world—the Government of the United States of America and her people on the one side, with her enemies on the other.—Now, I know no other sides to this contest. I look upon the contest as one which involves all of human liberty—all of free government.

So much for the first resolution.—The next resolution was supported by the unanimous voice of this House—very properly, for it speaks of the patriotism of Pennsylvania. Nobody doubts it. Her sons at home and her sons abroad attest it. And more especially do the resolutions of our soldiers in the field, which every day come booming up from the ranks of the army, tell us that patriotism is fresh among the soldiers.

The next resolution, Mr. Speaker, defines or avers a difference between the Administration and the Government. Nobody doubts it. We voted cheerfully for that resolution. Why? Because the Administration, substantively speaking, is composed only of the particular men holding office at a given time; the Government comprises the institutions and the people themselves. It is our whole country that makes the Government. Nobody doubts this distinction; and we voted cheerfully for this resolution.

The next resolution is a protest against the Proclamation, and a protest against emancipation. Now, in passing I would ask, Mr. Speaker, is it not strange that in all this contest, which is shaking this country and the Old World, and has sent to their resting place so many thousands of our loved ones—is it not staange that every act of this Administration, from its inauguration until this day, has received rebuke from the gentlemen who propose, advocate, urge and vote for these resolutions. No act of the Administration has received their support—not one of the acts of this Government—not one of all the efforts of this Administration—of all the efforts of our soldiers in the field. Not one single solitary word of praise is cast upon anything they have ever done. These resolutions upon the state of our country are but a miserable curse upon all that has been said and done for our country. Not one thing has been well done. Now, I think but little of that man, no matter who he may be—tho' his mother may be guilty of many bad acts, though she may have done many very injudicious or very wicked things—I think very little of that man, who when his mother's name is the subject of conversation, has nothing to talk about but the bad traits of her character. Now, Mr. Speaker, in all these resolutions, our country receives no word of kindness, our Administration no word of support. In all these resolutions, there is not one word which implies that those who framed them purpose aiding this Government in the critical struggle in which it is now engaged. Here is our Government, standing up a gladiator among the nations of the earth, fighting for human freedom, fighting for the best government the world ever saw; and an organized party, assembled to develope, promulgate and vote for resolutions, no one of which contains one word of encouragement for the Government in its struggle for life.

It may be, gentlemen, that this is to you a subject of laughter; it is to me one of gravity. One of the direst calamities that to-day attends the calamitous condition of our country is that men who, I believe, love their country, have so far forgotten their affection to her, as to scramble for the rewards and the successes of party, forgetting the interests of their country. The day may come when they may have no country, and they will need no party.

The next resolution, Mr. Speaker, is against compensatory emancipation.—That subject has been discussed heretofore, and I shall not consume time in its consideration. The next resolution is against martial law and military necessity—against the declaration of martial law, as it is said, in States where war does not prevail. Now, Mr. Speaker, I said on a former occasion, not long ago, that martial law is everywhere where the soldiers of our country are required to be. You can send no recruiting sergeant into the most secluded retreat of your State where he recruits a soldier, but when he has recruited that soldier the grip of martial law seizes him. That grip of martial law is felt everywhere.—Military law is everywhere despotism, and it is nothing else. He who wishes to carry on military operations and make military conquests without military despotism, seeks to battle against the wind; he can do nothing. The very organization of military law is imperious, unchanging and unflinching. It operates everywhere where soldiers are needed. It must operate everywhere, or you cannot get them. I tell you, Mr. Speaker, that if the spirit which pervades this resolution should prevail throughout our land, the red hand of war, with its fiery torch, will sweep over the fair fields of Pennsylvania, and leave them as blighted and as scorched as the most desolated part of Virginia is to-day. I think, Mr. Speaker, that before I am done, I shall satisfy every calm mind that the purpose of these resolutions, as declared in the plainest possible language, is that from this time forward, the authors of the resolutions and those who sustain them, are determined to give no aid to this war of the nation. If I do not prove this to be written in these resolutions as plainly as Anglo-Saxon can write it, then my work to-day will be but half done.

Now, Mr. Speaker, the seventh resolution hails with delight the return of the seceded States, and declares that we would welcome them back, and give them all their former guarantees of peace and security, or new guarantees. Now, Mr. Speaker, I have heard a great deal said about the "Constitution as it is." With "the Constitution as it is," what new guarantees of peace are you going to give to the States now engaged in rebellion?—"The Constitution as it is" has been your cry. What new guarantees do you expect to give?

You will welcome them back—will you? You will receive into your arms the traitors who have perjured their souls a thousand times over within the last two years—the traitors, who, with an oath upon their lips, freshly taken, pledging their adhesion to the Constitution of the United States as "the supreme law of the land," have retired and declared that it is not the supreme law of the land? What new guarantees of peace are you going to get from such gentlemen as those? You will welcome them back to your arms, will you? You will go into the Senate of the United States and sit by the side of that arch traitor, Jefferson Davis, will you, and welcome him back? Are you in favor of that? I suppose you are; some of you, I have no doubt, are

Mr. Speaker, the next resolution is a very pathetic and very sad one. It is a sort of epitaph upon our soldiers, thanking them for what they have done, and assuring them that they shall be handsomely buried, if they get killed—that they shall have good monuments erected over them, if they should ever die in battle, and that you will remember them a good while.—But have you told them that you would aid them in the struggle which now involves in peril their own lives and the life of the nation? Have you even insinuated that you would stretch forth a hand to assist them in their hour of trial? No! No! All you say is, in the words of the dirge—

"Close his eyes, his work is done;
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low."

"Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him,
Mortal love weeps idly by;
God alone hath power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
'Neath the clover or the snow;
What cares he? he cannot know;
Lay him low."

That is all you have to say for the soldier. You declare that you will bury him and mourn over him, but that you will give him no help to the living soldiers in the field—no more support, no more bread, no more money, no more soldiers—nothing; you will leave them unassisted to the red hand of war; and if they should die you would bury them decently: That is all you have to say.

What more do you say? Your next resolution is of such a peculiar kind, that it should be carefully read, and well understood and digested. Let me read it; I think perhaps it may refresh the memory of some gentlemen when I do so. Doubtless the man who wrote it, knew what he meant; but I do not think that all those who voted for it thought what it meant. I hope they will explain it so that they can say that they did understand it:

"*Ninth.*—That Pennsylvania will adhere to the Constitution and the Union, as the best, it may be the last, hope of popular freedom; and for all the wrongs which may have been committed and all the evils which may exist, will seek redress under the Constitution and within the Union, by the peaceful but powerful agency of the suffrages of a free people."

Mark the language of this resolution; it is peculiar. This resolution was voted for by some gentlemen who claim to be "war Democrats." Bless my soul! what a "war Democrat" any man voting for this resolution must be. "For all the wrongs which have been committed"—mark, you qualify it not—"for all the wrongs which have been committed, we will seek redress"—how—"by the suffrages of a free people." For the assault upon Sumter—for tearing down our flag—for the seizing of our forts—for the thousands of our slain—for the trampling upon the Constitution—for the murderous attack upon the nation and upon our national life—all that we ask for these, is the redress which we may obtain at the ballot box! What a beating we will give those offenders at the ballot box—wont we? [Laughter.] When your soldiers ask for reinforcements you will tell them I suppose, "No; we have resolved in the Legislature of Pennsylvania that we would give you no more aid; but, that, for all the wrongs of this infamous rebellion—for all the devilish destruction that is sweeping over our land like a whirlwind, we will give you—not soldiers, but 'the peaceful and powerful remedy of the ballot box.' You ask for soldiers, we will send you votes; you ask for iron clads, we will give you ballot boxes." Mark you, there are no exceptions; there is no qualification. There is no aid tendered to the country, except through the agency of the ballot box. Take your resolutions to pieces, inch by inch, and you can find in it no element of patriotism—no word in favor of this war—no pledge on the part of Democrats that they will lend a hand to the soldier who in this hour of trial is fighting for his country.

Gentlemen, take the honor you have won in voting for a resolution like that. Let it be treasured up, and handed down to your children. Frame this resolution and hang it over your altars, so that hereafter it may be said that when your nation was bleeding at every pore—when the cries of our wounded soldiers came from every battle-field asking for help, you told them, "No! you shall have no help from us; we will vote it all right some day, if you will let the Democratic party get into power." Take the honor you have won; wear it nearest your heart; and when you go to your graves, leave it to your children; for it will stick—stick like the shirt of Nessus.—You have resolved that by the ballot box alone you will seek redress for all the wrongs which have been committed, or which may exist. This war cannot go on any further by your aid. You have no money to proffer to the soldiers in the field; you have no more soldiers to give; you will vote no more reinforcements; you have resolved, first in the caucus of the Democratic party, and lastly in the halls of the Pennsylvania Legislature, that no more aid shall be given to our soldiers, except such as you can give at the ballot boxes.

Now, Speaker, I appeal to the learned gentlemen on the other side, with all their astuteness, and with all their cunning, to tell me what this resolution means, wherein is concealed its purpose and its thought, if not in the language as I have interpreted it.—The man who wrote these resolutions practiced doubtless upon the maxium of Talleyrand that "words should be used only to conceal thoughts;" but he has failed of his purpose, at least in this one resolution; for it says what it means. It speaks in plain English; and no cunning, no astuteness can escape the conclusion that the gentlemen on the other side, who voted for these resolutions have declared as their purpose, and their only purpose, resistance to this war—so much resistance as the refusal to aid can be resistance.

Let me read this resolution again; for I desire that it shall be well digested and well understood. I hope that every loyal editor in the land will keep it standing in glaring capitals at the head of his paper, and in connection with it the name of every man who voted for it. If the honor is worth anything let them wear it.

"That Pennsylvania will adhere to the Constitution and the Union as the best, it may be the last, hope of popular freedom, and for all the wrongs which may have been committed and all the evils which may exist, will seek redress under the Constitution, and within the Union, by"—mark the language—no other means are proposed—"by the peaceful and powerful agency" of the ballot-box.

I know very well, Mr. Speaker, the efficacy of the ballot-box for certain purposes; but ballot-boxes have done but very little in battle. I have never heard that the dead who fell on the field where ballot-boxes determine the victory, earned many laurels. If our enemies be never slain—if our Government be never preserved—if our national flag be never protected, except by the aid which this resolution proffers—our armies are in a sad condition—our Government is in terrible peril, and human freedom is without hope.

I leave that resolution, Mr. Speaker, to be carefully digested by those who voted for it. I leave it to be read, I trust, by every loyal man in this and in every other loyal State in the Union. I leave it, Mr. Speaker, to curse the inventors in all time to come.

The next resolution, Mr. Speaker, relates to the late elections, the supporters of the resolution declaring that they have been remarkably successful in beating the rebels. It may have been "a big thing;" but I "did not see it." It is possible that with the gentlemen who conceived that resolution, the elections of last fall were an earnest of how they are going to fight the battles in the South, with ballot-boxes; but I am free to say, I do not see it.

The eleventh resolution declares in favor of a national convention. A national convention forsooth! For what? Why, you can hardly read the smallest speech of the pettiest pettifogger in the whole tribe of those who assail the present National Government, but you will find the declaration that he is for the "Constitution as it is." Why, then, do you want a national convention to change the Constitution, if you are in favor of "the Constitution as it is?" I am for it as it is, and I am for it as it will be. Why do you want a national convention? Let some one of those who have been declaring that they are in favor of "the Constitution as it is," tell us why they want a national convention to change it. Surely that part of the argument has been forgotten. These gentlemen are not for "the Constitution as it is;" they are for it only as they will make it, if they get a chance to fix it up.

The SPEAKER. They might put in a clause to prevent secession.

BENEDICT. Would not that be a good thing to restrain these fellows, who keep their oaths so well—those men down in "Dixie," whose oaths are "false as dicers?" Yes, bring them in and swear them over again—swear them on a boot—swear Floyd on a boot! [Laughter.] Yes, let those men who ran off with the national property, be sworn on nothing else. Who expects such men to keep any oaths of national fidelity?

The twelfth resolution condemns rebellion and secession, and declares that those who support that resolution are going to use their power and influence to overcome both. Now, what is the "power" which they expect to use? The ninth resolution shows you what that power is going to be. What is the "influence?" The influence, I think, will be that exerted by a Democratic caucus, or what they call a Democratic caucus. Permit me here to make one qualification. I deny that the Democracy of the United States are now organized in the shape of opposition to the National Government. I deny it. The Democracy were always the war party. The history of our nation from its birth, shows that the Democrats, the true Democrats, the Democrats who loved their country better than they did their party—who loved the nation more than they hated the negro—who loved liberty more than they did slavery—were always on the side of any war in which the Government might be engaged.—But I am now referring to the so-called Democratic party. I read often on the door of this hall, a notice that "a Democratic caucus will be held;" and I must call things by their names by which they are known.

But they are going to use their "power and influence." The influence is to be exerted in the shape of resolutions; the power is to be in the shape of ballots, and ballot-boxes, and is to be exerted on election grounds.

The thirteenth resolution commends the laws of the State. Now, Mr. Speaker, there is another peculiarity about these resolutions; and that is, that in the whole of them, there is not one word in favor of sustaining the laws of the Union—not one syllable. They avoid every allusion to the supremacy of the National Constitution. Now the Constitution of the United States declares that this Constitution and the laws which shall be made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land." Yet here are resolutions which contain not one word, not one syllable in favor of sustaining the laws of our National Government.

Mr. Speaker, I have done. The fate of this rebellion is as fixed as the doom of the damned; and its aiders and abettors, its actors and its sympathizers, will go down to everlasting shame and disgrace; and their epitaph will be written—"Enemies to constitutional law! enemies to the best Government on earth! enemies to liberty! enemies to man! enemies to God!"

Pay of the Militia.

The following bill passed the House last week; it will no doubt become a law:

An act to provide for the payment of the militia called into service by the proclamation of the Governor and the order of the eleventh day of September last:

Whereas, the military of this State, to the number of twenty-five thousand men, promptly and gallantly responded to the proclamation of the Governor and the order of September last, and rendered most important services in defence of the State and in aid of the Army of the Potomac; and whereas, these men are justly entitled to some remuneration for their expenditures and services: therefore,

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same*, That the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the militia called into the service of this State and the United States by the proclamation of the Governor, and the order of the eleventh day of September last, shall each be entitled to receive one month's pay at the same rate per month as is prescribed by the act of Congress for the payment of the regulars and volunteers in the service of the United States.

SEC. 2. That the Adjutant General of the State shall ascertain and report to the Auditor General from the rolls of the respective companies mustered into service according to the provisions of the first section of this act, the names of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates thus mustered into service, and shall draw his warrants upon the State Treasurer in favor of each person entitled as foresaid, and for the amounts herein directed to be paid out of any moneys in the State Treasury not otherwise appropriated: *Provided*, That the warrants issued by the Adjutant General aforesaid shall first be countersigned and approved by the Auditor General.

SEC. 3. That the Governor is hereby authorized to receive from the Treasury of the United States the amount appropriated by an act of the late Congress of the United States, for the pay and subsistence of the militia thus mustered into service, and to accept the same in full of such pay and subsistence, the State of Pennsylvania hereby assuming to pay the same according to provisions of this act.

THE GLOBE
JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE "GLOBE JOB OFFICE" is the most complete of any in the country, and possesses the most ample facilities for promptly executing in the best style, every variety of Job Printing, such as:

HAND BILLS,
PROGRAMMES,
BLANKS,
POSTERS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BALL TICKETS,
BILL HEADS,
LABELS, &C., &C., &C.

CALL AND EXAMINE SPECIMENS OF WORK,
AT LEWIS' BOOK, STATIONERY & MUSIC STORE.