

REPUBLICAN  
Published weekly, except on Sundays, by D. W. MOORE  
at CLARK'S BUILDING, Fifth and Poplar streets, at the  
corner of Fifth and Poplar streets.

TERMS.  
ONE COPY ONE YEAR IN ADVANCE \$1 00  
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS 1 50  
IF NOT PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS 2 00  
IF NOT PAID WITHIN NINE MONTHS 2 50  
IF NOT PAID WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS 3 00

Advertisements are taken at the rate of 10 cents per line for the first week, and 7 cents for each subsequent week. For longer advertisements, special rates will be made. All advertisements must be paid for in advance.

DUTY AND LIABILITY OF POSTMASTERS.  
Postmasters are directed to notify the publisher, in writing, of any change of address, and to forward to him a copy of the postoffice directory, and to forward to him a copy of the postoffice directory, and to forward to him a copy of the postoffice directory.

# Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 4. Clearfield, Pa., July 29, 1853. Number 29.

Prices of Advertising.  
For the first week, 10 cents per line; for each subsequent week, 7 cents per line. For longer advertisements, special rates will be made. All advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Books, Jobs and Blanks.  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

### THE INDIAN'S BUISE.

It was the Indian summer—those few, pleasant days which come like an oasis in the desert of winter, cheering and gladdening all things; the leaves in the forest were all yellow and faded, yet not one fell; the tall grass on the prairie was unruined by the slightest breath of wind; a light blue vapor enveloping every object; there was no brightness, no dazzling glare; but all was as still and silent as moonlight. It seemed as if the spirit of the departed summer had returned, soft and balmy, yet cold and lifeless, to haunt the scene it had once made bright. The sun, that in the past summer had been so hot and fierce, was now pale and yellow; then, at his setting, he lighted up the west with his deep red light; like a departed hero, leaving his glory behind him; now, he sunk calmly amid moon-light to rest, a few feeble rays only remaining to tell of his departure. The sun had set; the shades of evening were falling fast over forest and prairie; the stars were coming out one after another, as the graceful figure of an Indian lad glided from the dark pine forest and made his way through the rustling herbage of the prairie, where the undulating motion of the grass, where in some places reached far above his head, alone enabled the eye to follow his track. A short distance from the borders of the forest lay the carcass of a deer. When within about twenty yards of the spot, the Indian paused; and after examining the priming of the rusty, primitive looking musket he carried, he crouched in silent watchfulness among the thick grass, which here only reached his chest.

Na-na-ma-kee (Thunder) was of the tribe of Sacs. He numbered nineteen summers, and longed to become a warrior. His heart burned within him when he listened to the tales the old men told of mighty chiefs now gone to the happy hunting grounds, or to the bosom of the ocean, of bravery or cunning the warriors related around the camp fire. But there was another reason more powerful in his breast than ambition: Na-na-ma-kee loved the daughter of one of the chiefs of the tribe; and the maiden loved him. She was very beautiful; her long black hair and soft dark eyes any European lady might have envied; her voice was so soft and silvery, they called her the Humming-bird. Often, as they wandered together, did the lovers talk of the day when Na-na-ma-kee should be enrolled among the braves, and demand the Humming-bird for his bride.

Two grizzly bears he had already slain; one more, and all his hopes would be fulfilled. Whilst hunting the wild turkey, he had that morning found a freshly killed deer. The heavy footprints of a bear told clearly how the animal met his death, and Na-na-ma-kee well knew that the grizzly would return for another feast on his victim. He had waited but a few minutes before a loud rustling was heard in the tall grass; nearer and nearer it came until he could clearly distinguish the heavy shuffling tramp. The noise ceased, and the Indian knew, by the occasional guttural growl, that the creature was busy at his repast. Rising softly he crept forward, step by step, with cat like tread, until within a dozen paces. He could see the huge brute plainly tearing and crunching his prey. He knew that to level at any except the head, would be worse than useless. Keeping his eye therefore, steadily fixed on him, he waited, musket in hand, in readiness for the first opportunity. At length the grizzly's head was raised with a fierce growl. Na-na-ma-kee was on the ledge, therefore he knew the bear could not have wounded him; but he saw that his suspicions were aroused. No time was to be lost. Instantly he fired, and the ball entered the creature's neck. The blood gushed in a torrent from the wound; but it was not mortal, and with a roar of mingled rage and agony, the bear rushed towards his unseen enemy. The Indian clapped his hand instinctively to his belt, but it was gone. His only remaining chance of safety lay in flight. If he could reach the forest, he was safe for the grizzly bear never climbs. He was fleet, and the bear would follow; by scent, only for except, by rising on his hind legs, he could not look over the high grass. It was a long chase, but the bear gained fast. Na-na-ma-kee gave himself up for lost, when a sudden burst of dogs, on a morning scent, brought fresh hope to his heart, and in an instant his pursuer was brought to bay by half a dozen fierce deer hounds. The Indian turned back, but ere he reached the spot, the sharp crack of a rifle rang in his ears, and the huge bear rolled over lifeless. The hunter soon made his appearance—a thick-set weather-beaten man, entirely clad in leather, his hunting shirt, breeches and gaiters were all of the same material. Many a cut from Indian knife and tomahawk had this man's body, often had it pierced its way from wolf's teeth or serpent's fangs. Buffalo-hide, as the Indians called it, quietly, with as little appearance of exertion, as if it had been a cushion or prairie dog, that had fallen before him. The hunter's rifle beat off the hounds which were now mauling the dead body, arriving in time to tear the tough skin, then drawing the long hunters knife from his belt,

he proceeded to haunch the bear, in order to blood the dogs. In the meantime, the Indian had regained his musket; but the powder horn was not to be found. The darkness enabled him to escape unobserved to the wood. Sadly he sat on the trunk of a fallen tree; all his hopes were now blighted. He almost wished he had lost his life in the contest. Although he was not yet a warrior, his spirit would surely have gone to the happy hunting grounds if he had fallen nobly fighting. What a pleasant time to go now he thought, at the season of the great hunting feasts! He wondered how many thousands of miles of prairie must be burning there now to make the air here so warm, and so full of smoke from a land so distant, that none knew where it lay. When he thought of the Humming-bird, and how sorrowful she would be if he were dead, these thoughts vanished, and he felt life was still dear to him. But before he should be a warrior some other might buy her, for the girl was active and clever, could cook a bear's ham or embroider a moccasin as well as any squaw. He would have the skin! Had he not as good a right to it as the pale face? He found the bear; he first struck him; perhaps he might have killed him without the white man's aid; he must have faced his pursuer, and with his long knife he surely had a chance against a wounded bear! The next question was how he could obtain the skin. His powder was gone; and he knew in close combat there was no hope for him: Perhaps he could stab the hunter in his sleep. Na-na-ma-kee glided, snake-like, to the spot where the curling smoke of the hunter's fire rose above the tops of the tall grass. Buffalo hide lay a few yards asleep, but around were his hounds, tied in couples to pegs driven into the ground, ready to warn their master of the approach of any hostile foot. The Indian was foiled in his murderous project; yet each obstacle served but to increase his eagerness. There lay the dead bear at his feet, he dared not attempt to skin it for the slightest noise would arouse the dogs. His resolution was soon taken. Creeping back a short distance cautiously as before, he lay down to watch. Long and wearisome appeared the night. He heard the howling of wolves, far distant on the prairie, occasionally answered by a low growl or short bark from the hounds; the dismal howlings of the owls in the forest and all the strange sounds of night in the backwoods sounded clearer and more terrible in the perfect stillness of inanimate nature.

At length morning came. At the first dawn, the hunter rose, and having fresh primed his rifle, and substituted the hunting-shirt for his sleeping blanket, commenced skinning the bear. In almost breathless eagerness, Na-na-ma-kee watched him. One leg after another was freed from its covering; a few dexterous strokes of the knife, and it would be finished. The Indian rose and slunk round until he came within the hunter and his rifle. The fierce yells of the dogs started Buffalo hide. Looking back he saw a pair of piercing black eyes gleaming at him, and the muzzle of a rusty musket within half a dozen yards of his head.

The hunter had his share of courage, yet could not help feeling he was by no means in a pleasant situation. The Indian was too near to admit a chance of his missing and yet quite far enough to give time to fire before the hunter could grapple with him.

He felt it no small relief when he heard in the Sac tongue these words: "Stand still and the Indian's gun speaks not. The redskin seeks not the pale face's blood." "Hey!" said Buffalo-hide, forgetting that although he understood Sac, the Indian might not know a word of English. "I'm tar-nation glad to hear it, but if you'll oblige me, just point that rusty musket of yours the other way—I should feel a trifle more comfortable talking to you, I guess."

Na-na-ma-kee waited with grave courtesy until this speech was finished, although it was perfectly unintelligible to him. The Great Spirit has given many tongues to the pale face, he said; the redskin has but one tongue.

Buffalo-hide gave the Indian a translation of his speech as civilly worded as possible with the addition that a bear's ham was at his service, if he would like one.

When Na-na-ma-kee is hungry, he can kill for himself; he is not a squaw, that he should want others to hunt for him, was the reply.

The hunter began to fear lest he had unwittingly insulted the Indian, for the ominous-looking musket was still pointed at him. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

"I would have the skin," replied Na-na-ma-kee. "I found the grizzly; I watched for him long, and patiently awaited the coming of the thirty deer, hides not more cunningly among the leafy branches than I in the thick grass. I first struck the creature, but missed his head; for the Great Spirit made the redskin's eye to guide the arrow. The fire-skin is the pale face's weapon." Na-na-ma-kee fed.

The Canadian name for the glutton.

the grizzly followed, as the dog pursued the wild turkey through the cornfield; the rest the pale-face knows. You saved my life; why then should I take yours?"

Well, thought the hunter, I have heard tell of the Ingin varmin showing gratitude, and such like, but I can't say as ever I met with it afore. It would have been strange indeed if he had, as none of them had anything to thank him for, except not wantonly taking their lives; and in this respect, he showed the same kindness to a prairie dog as to an Indian; for just the same reason—there was no use in shooting the one nor the other. They say, thought he, that an Ingin's exactly like a dog—he never forgets a good turn done him; but to my thinking, they're more like skulking wolves—bold enough if there's a pack of 'em, but skerry, timorous devils when 'em alone. "Hark ye! red-skin," he said: "I've a fancy for this same skin; 'tis a reg'lar screamer; beats all the bear skins ever I set eyes on. I've a nice pack of beaver powder, worth twice the money; I'll get that for you instead."

Na-na-ma-kee saw the hunter's meaning by his motions, although he understood not his words; his brow darkened, his eye glittered like some deadly serpent's when the reptile is coiled in readiness for the fatal spring. "The tongue is far from the heart," he replied; "the pale face's heart says, my long gun stands by the beaver's pack, my fierce dogs stand around it. Is Na-na-ma-kee a fool? I seek not the skin to sell it," he continued, "but that I may be a warrior. When I return with the chiefs will say: Na-na-ma-kee has slain three grizzly bears, let him be numbered amongst the braves. Then will I wear their claws as a necklace; I will take myself a wife, beautiful as the fawn, with a voice sweeter than the mocking bird's. I go," he added; "bring the skin after me; bring the skin after me, and remember, lessen the distance between us but a bow's length, and the pale face will never more hunt the deer in the forest, or the buffalo on the plain. Come—I lead the way."

The hunter rose, and sulkily followed him, keeping himself in readiness for any opportunity that might offer to fling himself on his guide and disarm him; but the Indian's quick eye was turned back restlessly every instant. Once or twice, when Buffalo contrived to approach him more nearly, the Indian faced suddenly round, and by a significant glance at his weapon, gave the hunter plainly to understand, if he valued his life, it would be prudent to keep his appointed distance. Nearly half a mile they proceeded thus, until Buffalo began to fear lest he should be led to some camp to be tortured as a prisoner of war; but when he recollected that his life was now in the hands of his guide, his fears on this head were set at rest. At length Na-na-ma-kee stopped. "It is enough," he said; "go."

The hunter needed not to be told a second time; dropping his burden, he set out on a brisk pace, and soon reached the spot where he had passed the previous night. He knew it would be useless to pursue the robber, and made up his mind to loss of the bear's skin.

Na-na-ma-kee returned in triumph to his tribe; he was made a warrior, and the Humming-bird became his bride. Many years had passed away. It was winter; the snow lay thickly on the ground, and the trees were clothed with its fantastic foliage. In a village of the Sacs, around the council fire, sat the braves in deep and grave deliberation. The squaws and papooses were hurrying to and fro, or standing in groups of two or three, conversing in eager whispers. All was excitement. A war party had returned, bringing with them a pale face whom they had captured. The prisoner stood bound to a sapling, his arms fastened behind him. He was an old man; the snows of many winters were on his head, yet he was still strong and active; his figure unbent and his arm full of vigor. But one pipe was smoked ere the chiefs had decided the captive should be tortured. They unbund him from the stake, and had already commenced tying him to a stake in the centre of the village, when a tall figure was seen coming over the prairie.

The prisoner's eye brightened for a moment as that form approached; the knot of Indians who stood around all made for the new comer. His moccasins thickly fringed with scalp-locks, his rich and massive wampum belt, and handsomely ornamented pipe, all showed he was a great chief. From what he could learn, the captive found he had been long absent on a trail, and the tribe knew not when he would return, or the council would not have been held in his absence.

"I have something to tell the great chief before I die," said the captive. Na-na-ma-kee for it was he—came forward, unwillingly; he, too, had evidently recognized an old acquaintance.

"Speak," he said, at the same time motioning the Indians to withdraw; "what seek you?"

"Don't you recollect the day when I saved you from the hug of the bear?" said the old man; "you said then you could not take my life, will you let me be murdered now?"

The chief's lip curled with a smile of scorn, as he replied: "Na-na-ma-kee owes him nothing; the grizzly bear was slain for his skin, not to save a red skin's life! Na-na-ma-kee's gun was empty, his powder gone, or the white hunter's bones would now be bleaching on the prairie as a punishment for his daring to enter the hunting grounds of the Sacs."

You sneaking scarpin! said Buffalo-hide, who, finding his treatise of no avail, gave vent to his indignation at having been thus imposed on—as usual, when he was excited, making use of his native tongue, unmindful whether the person addressed understood him or not—your reptile, to desave me with your fine speeches of gratitude. Howsomer, sure as shootin', I'll serve you out. If you and your dirty friends there murder me, I'll let 'em know the shabby trick you played me about that same skin—took it home, I'll answer for it, and said as how you'd killed yourself. But I'll let 'em know the truth. "That there Ingin," I'll say, "has got a forked tongue, as you call it in your fine humbugging way of speaking—a rattlesnake's is nothing to it." He paused, as if astonished that this speech had no effect on the chief; but when Na-na-ma-kee turned to leave him, without giving any answer, he recollected that most probably the Indian had not understood a word of it; he therefore commenced a speech of like import in the Sac tongue. The stern features of the Indian were convulsed and distorted as the whirlwind of passion swept over them; it was but an instant ere they became grave and calm as before.

"Pale-face," he muttered, "it is enough; your life shall be saved. Yonder, where the tall chestnut towers above the trees on the river's edge, lies a canoe—the river passed, you are safe. My brethren and my children," he said, turning to the crowd who were waiting eagerly impatient to get torturing their victim—the pale face mocks us, saying: "In the days of my youth I was swifter than the fawn; I bounded over the tops of the prairie grass, and it bent not beneath my feet; even now, with the snows of sixty winters on my head, it were as vain for the red-skins to pursue me as for the bear to chase the squirrel among the boughs of the tall pine forest." Let us try this lying warrior, and prove his words to be but wind.

Loose him; let him run as far as his arm can cast the tomahawk. When you bring him back, let his tortures be double, as is his face. A shout of applause from the warriors greeted this speech. Buffalo-hide was unbound, a tomahawk placed in his hand, which he was told to throw in what ever direction he pleased; in an instant it whizzed through the air, and remained quivering in the ground, nearly half way to the tree which Na-na-ma-kee had pointed out. A contemptuous laugh burst from the assembled warriors. The "Pale-face's" arm is strong," said they; "but knows he not where the river lies? The rapids are strong and the stream wide—no swimmer can cross it." The captive walked slowly to the spot where the weapon had fallen; Na-na-ma-kee raised his arm, and fifty braves were instantly in pursuit, whooping like demons.

The old hunter, as he ran heavily before them, looked like a wounded Buffalo chased by a pack of howling wolves; his broad, massive form contrasting well with the light symmetrical figures of the Indians. The distance between them and their prey had lessened one-half by the time he reached the river. The canoe lay precisely where Na-na-ma-kee had told him; he leaped into it, and with a few vigorous strokes, was soon far from the land. Loud and terrible rang the yells of his affrighted pursuers; a few hurried their tomahawks at the canoe, but they dropped harmlessly in the water around it. The canoe was within a few yards of the opposite bank, when one, better aimed than the rest, struck the hunter in the shoulder, and his arm dropped useless by his side. A moment's delay would have been fatal. With his whole strength to the right hand paddle, and brought the canoe to graze the bank; one spring, and he was in safety. The canoe shot like an arrow down the rapids, and was dashed to atoms over the falls.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.—On Tuesday night of last week a number of men residing at Holliday's Saw Mill, in Clearfield, prepared themselves for giggering fish. When they reached the stream and had their torches lighted, they were suddenly surprised by the screams of a large panther, standing on the opposite bank of the creek. Of course the alarmed men dropped their gigs and torches and made time for the shanties, which they had scarcely reached and barricaded before the voracious prowling about all night making the woods echo with the most terrific screams, and only desisted when the day dawned. The men could see him walking to and fro before the shanties, lashing his sides with his tail, and showing his frightful fangs, but they had neither dogs, or guns, and were consequently compelled to let the monarch roar with impunity and depart in peace.—*Hollidaysburg Standard*.

The following are the speeches delivered by President Prince, at several of the points on his route to New York, and his speech at the inauguration of the Crystal Palace, the proceedings of his reception at the different places we omit, they being entirely too long for our columns.

### THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH AT BALTIMORE.

Mr. Mayor and Fellow Citizens of the City of Baltimore: My heart is full, and it would be difficult to express the depth of feeling with which this cordial welcome has inspired me. (Cheers.) Your citizens by their partial friendship and more than generous confidence, previously imposed on me a debt of gratitude, which years devoted to the interests and honor of our common country cannot cancel.—(Cheers.) To be thus surrounded by a population not less distinguished for its chivalry than for its patriotism, is peculiarly gratifying and among the pleasant memories suggested by the occasion, who can fail to be regarded where the banner of unbridled and unqualified religious toleration was first given to the breeze. You cannot be in such an atmosphere without feeling its vivifying influences. Every man who has a patriot's lungs must feel it, because every man knows that religious toleration lies at the foundation of civil liberty. (Applause.)

No transient traveller can enter the city without being struck with the evidence of enterprise and honest thrift, which everywhere meets the eye. Baltimore has stood forth prominent in that astonishing progress of our country, which may be truly said to have outmarched all prophecy. Her great advantages in a commercial point of view, have, of course, always been marked and apparent, by her commanding geographical position, so far as internal improvements are concerned. This was forcibly alluded to by General Washington as early as 1796, and is only beginning to be appreciated even by yourselves. As the great West pours in its boundless resources at the bidding of your enterprise, and the judicious application of your means to those internal improvements, which leave the destinies of Baltimore as one of the great cities of the world, no matter of doubt. (Cheers.) But after all, it is not the increase of your population and wealth, the augmentation of your shipping interests, your crowded depots teeming with the agricultural and mineral wealth of the interior, the erection of splendid edifices, arising as it were by magic, and these things combined, which chiefly ennobles the thoughts of the patriotic citizen, and give his pulse a quicker and prouder throbbing as he enters your environs, and sees the monuments at a distance. They may crumble; that is their destiny; nay, they will moulder and mingle with the common earth, but the inspiration of the deeds of valor they commemorate, which saved you from the presence and the shame of a foreign soldiery, will perish never! (Applause.) Who shall say, what has been the extent or power of the example of self-sacrificing heroism which signalized the defence of North Point and Fort Henry in 1814? (Applause.) It was a dark and trying hour; we were perplexed, but not in despair—cast down, but not destroyed—when your example and progress reanimated courage and confidence everywhere, it was felt that shield of protection, superior to all human power, and recognized by our fathers during their great struggle, was still over us.

Let us remember and acknowledge with grateful hearts. Who shall say, especially, how much your reverence and respect for those who fell, and your reverence and affectionate esteem for those who survived the conflicts of the anxious days and nights to which I have adverted, have had to do with the free and gallant liberation of Maryland blood upon so many fields of Mexico? (Applause.) The fathers of the Revolution taught their sons that they owed their first duty to their country—a duty not to be avoided, but to be cheerfully fulfilled in the face of all consequences, and at every hazard. Has not the Almighty blessed to us, their descendants, their example, their experience, and their lesson. Nobler praise cannot be bestowed than to say that no State in the confederation has furnished a more impressive exemplification of the power of that teaching than that before whose people I have now the honor to stand. (Applause.)

Mr. Mayor—A pleasant instant at this moment comes back to my memory, to which I may not be censured for advertising. Soon after the bark Kepler anchored with a portion of the 9th infantry, near the castle of San Juan de Ulloa, about the 30th of June, 1847, another transport came to anchor, within a cable's length. I could not discern the ship, but in a few moments we heard peeling from her deck the stirring notes of "The Star-Spangled Banner." The effect was electrical. I thought, probably from association, that the ship was from Baltimore; and the fact was verified. Boats were lowered, and friendly greetings commenced between the sons of Maryland and New England; which I trust may never be interrupted.

### PRESIDENT'S SPEECH AT PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Mayor and Citizens of Philadelphia: It grieves me that I am physically so unable to respond to this most hearty and touching welcome. Sir, my heart is full—full of gratitude to you, and full of gratitude to all these people, who have placed you in the position which you occupy. I did think that I had tried in my day to do some little for the cause of my country, but such a day as this makes a man's heart overrun with gratitude to a people like the inhabitants of Philadelphia. I have been much surprised—aye, sir, filled with the profoundest awe, at the manner in which you have received me. Philadelphia, a city of some mark! If your mountains and your valleys did not team with the elements of comfort to your population, if your institutions of learning were not amongst your proudest monuments, the single fact to which you have adverted, sir, that from hence was proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, would put Pennsylvania and Philadelphia upon a prominence which in the Providence of God no other State or city can ever enjoy.—Sir, I feel as you do, that we must bow before these recollections, and associations. I feel how inadequate is language, sir, and you also feel it, when you come to speak of that period. Language does not reach it, sir. Our hearts honor it in all its depth, power and fullness, I hope.—These men, sir, of whom you have spoken, who planned here the institutions of a free government, let us remember, were no holiday patriots; they were no scheming philanthropists; they were no visionary statesmen. They deliberated amid the difficulties that surrounded them, and here they meditated, amid the clamor of arms, as though they had been enveloped with peace; and in absolute security. And they solved the great problem, which was a terror to despots, and an inspiration to patriots; and, though the issue did not involve the question of their necks. Sir, here stood, (and I say, stood, come before us now,) here, I say, stood Thomas Jefferson and Franklin, (for this is the first time I have been here,) in this very room, stood the dauntless John Hancock, as he received from those men, not only the assertion of our rights, but the charter of our liberties. Can we do anything but bow in a place like this? It is not in my power to speak to you at length. You have said very properly, perhaps, that it is not your province. It certainly is not mine to disturb the deep current of feeling which courses the hearts and minds of those around me.

But it is not only your city—it is your State that is of some mark. In a peculiar sense are your resources of wealth and power reposed in her own bosom. She is an empire in her self. Why! the development of the use of iron and coal so pre-eminently since 1810, the foundation of British wealth and power, would of itself constitute a never failing source of prosperity to you. But, sir, it is not that on which you have mainly relied. It is your Agriculture. How rich you are not only in the means of production; but above all, in the men who produce.

Sir—I would not here forget that remarkable German population, so distinguished for their thrift, their industry, their integrity, and their devotion to civil and religious liberty, and I think you must all rejoice that wherever that race go, and are spread, they look to Pennsylvania in some respects as their second fatherland.

Sir, it is not chiefly, perhaps, or not so much on account of your honored resources, or on account of your commanding political influence in point of votes, that this nation has designated you the Keystone of the Arch. It is because of your geographical position.

You are neither a Southern, a Northern, an Eastern, nor a Western State, and I should perhaps not much exaggerate if I were to say that you are all combined.—(Applause.) Your rivers on this side of the ridge empty themselves into the beautiful bay below you. On the West they swell the flood of the Ohio, and finally wash the shores of Louisiana.

Sir, let me say to you that patriotic men throughout this entire country, North and South, look to you, and will always do so, not simply as the Keystone of the Arch, but as the great central, self-sustaining link, in the chain which binds this Union into one harmonious whole, and which, holding it steadily and firmly to its moorings, will enable it to ride over every storm.

Noble, noble man of Philadelphia, and men of Pennsylvania! Noble for your fidelity to the duties imposed upon you by the obligations of your Constitution.—May I not say, let me say here, you are not only truly armed, but you are now and have been truly bound. Here was the Declaration of Independence proclaimed; here the articles of confederation promulgated, and here, finally, that Constitution was adopted: (Cheers.) I could wish for you an higher honor, and for my country no higher place and security than that great and noble devotion, which you have thus far so honorably upheld and maintained.