

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

D. O. CROUCH,
PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville, May

DR. R. V. WILSON.
HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

C. KRATZER,
Merchant and Lumber Dealer, corner of Front and Locust streets, Clearfield.

JAS. R. LAUBNER. 1 TEST
L. HARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencias, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 20—y

JOHN TROUTMAN
STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Tate's Foundry. June 15, 1858.

DR. GEORGE WILSON respectfully gives notice that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and will promptly attend to all calls in his profession. Lanarkburg, April 2, 1856.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.
Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order. Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining 11a residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,
Physician, may be found either at his office at Seefeld's hotel, Curwensville, or at a professional absence. Dec. 29, 1851

FREDERICK ARNOLD,
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa. April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber. July 25, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., from a short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1855.

D. R. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite 1, at of J. Crans, Esq. May 7, 1856.

WM. F. CHAMBERS,
CARRIAGES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield co. All orders promptly attended to. Jan. 4, 1858.

D. R. W. M. CAMPBELL, having located at Kylesburg, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Morris and the adjoining townships. He will always be found at the residence of Thos. Kyles, when not professionally engaged. May 23, 1856.

A. T. SCHRYVER,
HAS resumed the practice of medicine, and will attend promptly to all calls in his profession, by day or night. Residence opposite the Methodist church. May 4, 1855. 6 mos.

JOSEPH PETERS,
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna.

ONE door east of Monticelli & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice. March 31, 1858—y.

P. W. BARRETT,
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTLER,
A Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March 23, 1852.

A. B. SHAW,
RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

ALL friends of LITTLEFIELD and FERRIS-SMITH CARPENTERS, please procure circulars gratis of Dr. GEORGE BROWN, Barre, Mass.

CUBA HOTEL, JAYNESVILLE, PA.
THE above Hotel, having recently been fitted up for a house of entertainment, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Travelers will find this a convenient house. JOHN JORDAN.

RAILROAD HOUSE, corner of Main and White streets, BROOKVILLE, Pa. R. K. MEANS, Proprietor.

Job Printing neatly executed here

Gems of Poesy.

The Moss Rose.

The Angel of flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree lay,
(That spirit to whose charge is given,
To bathe young buds in dew of heaven.)
Awaking from his slight repose,
The Angel whispered to the rose:
"Oh, choicest object of my care!
Still fairest found when all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given me,
Ask what thou wilt—'tis granted thee."
"Then" said the rose, with deepened glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought,
What grace was there the flower had not.
"Twas but a moment—'er the rose
A veil of moss the Angel threw;
And, clothed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

The Forget-me-not.

A LEGEND.

A gallant knight and lady fair,
Loved by the bright and winding Rhine;
In love's soft dream, thrice happy pair,
They watched the golden sun decline.
When lo! the lady on a rock
A tiny pale blue flower spied,
The knight obedient took,
With eagerness to snatch it hid,
He grasped it, but so great his haste,
He slipped and sunk, ah, and his lot!
He rose—to her the flower he cast,
And dying cried, "Forget me not!"

Select Story.

THE SNOWY-SHROUD.

"Oh dear, there's so many to wash!" said little Nelly Nash, as she surveyed, with a rueful glance, the long table full of dishes. About two years ago her mother died. Mrs. Nash was a tender, gentle woman, living only in the happiness of her beloved ones, and she had made the first eight years of her little daughter's life very bright. When she died, the bitter pang was in the thought of leaving this her only child, to the tender mercies of a world which is not always disposed to be merciful. When the hand of death was upon her she called the little one to her bedside and kissed her long and fervently, brushing back her thick curls with her pale hand, and looking into her eyes with a steadfast gaze of hopeless love and sorrow.

"Oh," she faltered, "I can give up everything else, but I wish I could take you with me. I cannot bear to leave you in this cold world motherless, my child. Better for you if you could sleep here on my bosom and never wake again. I wish you could be buried together."

Mr. Nash was a kind-hearted man. His sympathies were quick rather than deep. Perhaps this was why he had never understood the woman who for ten years had been his wife. Her nature was very different. Her feelings lay deeply buried in her woman's heart. Sometimes, like diamonds in the winding ways of a gloomy mine, they would flash out for a moment, giving the beholder a sudden startling glimpse of the richness hid within. Her love was like the course of a subterranean stream, which you could only trace by the sweet fragrance of the flowers, the rich verdure of the grass above it. Her husband saw things from a different point, therefore her words seemed incomprehensible. He had been sitting at his dying wife's bedside, his face bowed upon his hands and the tears trickling through his fingers, but he raised his head now, and said, "I don't like to hear you say that, Sarah. If you must die, it isn't right to wish the child dead, too. I want something left for me. After you are gone I shall love her better than anything else in the world."

A faint, sad smile crossed the dying woman's face. She knew her husband better than he knew himself. "You will be comforted," she murmured, in her low tones, but she did not remove her steady questioning, sorrowful gaze from her child's face. She died with her hand twined in the girl's thick curls.

Mr. Nash was loud in his lamentings over the dead, but Nelly was very quiet. No one ever saw her weep; and some persons even remarked that it was strange the child didn't seem to care more about her mother. But there were others, shrewder observers, who noticed that for months afterward a smile never crossed her face—that she scarcely tasted food—and grew so thin and pale, one might almost have thought that her dead mother's last kisses had drawn half the life from her childish veins.

For awhile Mr. Nash did indeed seem absorbed in his child and his grief; but as time passed on his wife's words came true—he was comforted.

He needed a housekeeper sadly. The sister, who had come to him when his first wife died, could remain no longer. He must procure some one to take her place. It was with this view he first called upon the widow Bennett; but she was not willing, she told him, to leave her own home to become his housekeeper; and it all ended in asking her to bring her own three children with her.

She was a dominant, artful, some said a hard woman—very different from the first Mrs. Nash. Little Nelly's life under this new rule seemed more weary and desolate than ever, though so long as her father lived she was secure from positive ill treatment. There were not wanting those who whispered that Adam Bennett's buxom widow did not make Nash's life a very happy one. He certainly did seem to

grow old very fast. So that as it might, he was under his wife's full control; and they had not been long married before he made his will, bequeathing to her all his property. She had managed well in securing this hold in good season, for she had not been Mrs. Nash quite a year, when Mr. Nash fell a victim to the fever and was laid in peace by his gentle first wife's side.

Mrs. Nash kept Nelly with her of course. She had too high a regard for public opinion to do otherwise, but she made the orphan pay many times over, in hard toil, for her morsel of food and her bed in the attic. Was an errand to be done, Nelly was summoned. Nelly washed the dishes, and then, at night, Nelly sobbed herself to sleep in her comfortless attic, with a prayer that she might die before morning and go to her mother. But this part of the story no one knew, but One above.

She had passed a weary Christmas, for this was the third Christmas day since her mother died. The first one, the snow pressed heavily on a new made grave, and covered up the inscription on a white tomb stone, "Sarah Nash, wife of Stephen Nash, aged 31." The second Christmas was but a few weeks after her father brought his wife home; and on this, the third, he too, was gone, and his child was alone on the desolate earth.

Nelly had worked all day—she was very tired—but now she must clear off the table which had groined under a weight of good cheer, round which Mrs. Nash had gathered her relations. Nelly must not go to bed till the last dish was washed; she knew that. She got a high chair, and set it before the closed door leading into the parlor. Then climbing up on it, she looked through the glass over the door, into the cheerful room. Oh, how warm and bright it was! Her stepmother sat, with her friends, before the fire. Her gaily dressed children were gathered round her. There was warmth and light and mirth for the living, but there was no one to speak a loving word to her. Could the dead see from under the grave mound? She came back and looked again at the table. She sighed, and said once more, in her low, sad voice, "Oh, dear, there are so many!" That was all. Then she began her task, and did not pause until it was all done—the best dish was put away, and the table pushed back against the wall. It was only nine o'clock, but she did not go into the parlor. They had nothing for her—she had nothing for them. She took her candle and climbed wearily up stairs to bed.

Soon sleep closed her eyelids and brought with it pleasant dreams. At first they were pleasant ones. Her mother seemed with her again, and life was bright and hopeful. But even in her sleep, trouble followed after the joy. She lived over again her wrongs, her oppression, her long sorrow. Then a voice seemed to speak to her. It roused her from her slumber. She thought it was her mother's tones. They seemed calling her to the churchyard. They told her that the heart underneath the grave sod was troubled. If she went there, she thought her mother could hear her moan—her mother, who seemed calling her again to her bosom.

"Come, come, come!" called the far-off voice. The child started up wildly. She rose from her bed—she hurried noiselessly down stairs. She opened the outside door just as the clock struck the hour of midnight. The house was still. No one heard the light foot-steps. She closed the door behind her and hurried on. The winds swept through and through her thin night dress—the hard earth cut and gouted her bare, tender feet. But she was insensible to cold or pain. She hurried on. Only one thought was in her heart—her mother had called—she was going to her.

Across the fields she sped—into the churchyard gate—on, to those two graves beneath the willows—on, until she pressed her fevered brow upon the bare sod above her mother's heart. And then the merciless snow began to fall. It covered up the letters on the head stone, which the poor child had been tracing blindly with her fingers. It folded over the two graves its white mantle of peace. It lay like a snowy veil over that young victim's brow. It clothed like a garment her shining limbs. It was more merciful to her than the world, but she heeded not its ministry.

All her senses were locked save one. She listened—eagerly—breathlessly—wildly. She listened for her mother's voice. Oh, was it fancy? Out of that grave sweet low tones seemed to rise. She thought it may have been only the snow-flakes—but she thought a soft hand rested upon her hair; she felt on the spirit-kiss upon her forehead. She lay on the cold bare earth no longer—her head was lifted to a soft, loving bosom. She had found rest at last, and she murmured, as she had so many times done at her mother's knee, "God keep little Nelly, and take her to Heaven when she dies."—and gently, gently fell the snow—over the two graves—over the sleeping child.

They called in vain to little Nelly in the morning. She was not in the kitchen; she was not in the yard; she was not in her little bed in the attic. The clothes she had worn the day before, hung across the foot of her bed. Her shawl and bonnet hung in the passage, but where was Nelly?

Ah, hurrying feet of Mrs. Nash! What strange terror, what late awakened instinct leads you across the fields into the churchyard gate? Your face is white my lady—but you shall see something there whiter still. Ay, kneel now—let those tardy tears have free course. They will not melt the shroud of snow from off that dead child's face. Your voice cannot awaken her, but its tone over so tender now. The sun may rise, and cure and sorrow and toil go on, wearing the web of life as before—she shall toil no more. The weary hands are folded. They can be idle awhile

now. The aching feet shall have a long rest.

On earth she had few friends, but the Almighty pitied her—He called her home; the angels waited for her—they will teach her their new song to-day; the snow was merciful—it has woven her a whiter shroud than mortal hands could fashion. Father, mother, child, stand together before the eternal throne—they walk together where no voice shall ever say, "I am weary!" Nelly is gone home.

THE THREE GENERALS.—Of three military chieftains—Washington, Bonaparte and Wellington—Washington by large odds exhibited the finest physical specimen of manhood. Bonaparte possessed the largest brain and had the finest cerebral development. Washington had, however three mental qualities which the Corsican had not to wit—calmness, perseverance and adhesiveness. Bonaparte in his youth was a very handsome man; in his age he was decidedly past. Washington from his earliest youth to the hour of his departure, had a benignant expression, in which sincerity and goodness ever warred for the mastery. Wellington's face was that of a martinet, and had what is called a vinegar aspect; it was stern, but it was not intelligent in its general expression. Of the three in maturity, Washington's face exhibited more forcibly "the action of the mind within." Napoleon in youth, was slim in form, rather meagre in outline; in age, quite corpulent, or rather plump, approaching the obese. In height Napoleon was about five feet six inches, and when not on horseback was rather insignificant looking, and would in a crowd have passed unnoticed, but for his marked intellectual characteristics. However he was more presentable than Wellington. Both in physique were inferior to Washington.

SMOKING.—Some Scotch lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon, than that imported from Davanna, comes down after the following style upon the patrons of the weed:
"May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning.
May each true man when his sight, for fear his fumes might shake her;
And none but those who smoke themselves, have kisses for a smelter."
"Guss, nobody wants any of hers," says old Cent-grab.

Extracts from the Speech of SENATOR BIGLER.

Delivered at Clarion, Pa. Sept. 7th, 1858.

But some one near me wants to hear about Kansas; and I shall speak of it as briefly as possible, for I regard that question as settled finally and forever. I mean that it can never again become the subject of contention in Congress. I venture to predict now, that Kansas will be admitted into the Union under the first constitution she may form, by an almost united Northern and Southern Democratic vote. However we might view the terms of the English bill, as to the ratio of the population to be admitted into the Union, it must be obvious that before another constitution can be prepared and presented to Congress, the population will equal, or be so near the ratio of one member of Congress, that no serious objection can be made to the admission, even on that principle. The present population cannot be less than 70,000, and by the winter or spring of 1860, it will certainly reach 80,000 or 100,000. No application can be made at the next session, for the reason, that if the people were disposed to do so, and the indications are clear that they are not, there would not be sufficient time, between the meeting of the Territorial Legislature, and the adjournment of Congress, to prepare and present another constitution. The Legislature assembled on the 7th of January, and Congress adjourns on the 4th of March, leaving less than 60 days' time, to do a work that should occupy the time of five or six months. This is bad news for the mischief-makers who have been endeavoring to get up a new excitement. But they are bound to fail—and they ought to fail. I voted for the admission of Kansas at the last Session, because I believed her application to be legal and proper, I expect to favor her next application on the same principle, and no other. [Applause.]—I know my friend Judge Gillis, concurs in my views on this point. [Applause.] Whatever difference of opinion as to the unqualified admission, no well founded objection can be made to what was finally done. In accepting their form of government as they had presented it, we extend to them an opportunity of deciding at the polls, whether they would become a State or not. They have decided that they would not, and all are satisfied. Surely the most fastidious friend of popular rights cannot complain of this. A clamor was raised that we offered to bribe the people to become a slave State, by giving them a certain portion of land. If this was bribing, the opposition began it. Under the Crittenden amendment the people were to have precisely the same section of land, in case they accepted the Lecompton Constitution. If it was bribing in one case it must be so in the other; but there was no bribing in either case. They had asked for twenty millions of acres and we offered them five millions, and this is bribery. If it was bribery in the case of Kansas, it was so in the case of Minnesota, for Congress offered precisely the same proportion of land in each case. If the Democrats are to be charged with attempting to bribe a slave State into the Union, they must also be charged with having attempted the same influence on a free State, but this view of the subject was only intended to mislead the ignorant, and it is humiliating to see men of high position resort to

such low means. Every body in Congress knew and believed, that the land grant would not weigh a feather in the decision, and the late canvass in Kansas, shows that it did not. The people know that it was not intended, under any circumstances, to deny them their proportion of lands.

Another humbug or perversion, is the allegation that we laid down the principle that Kansas might become a slave State with a population of 35,000, but she must have 93,000 to become a free State. What shameless perversion. No candid man will pretend that any such consideration weighed on the English bill. The idea of affecting the question of Slavery was thought of by no one. The allegation is as "baseless as the fabric of a vision," and belongs to the lowest order of perversion and misrepresentation. And, again, how could its authors foretell what Kansas would do in the future? By what rule do they settle the character of institutions that are hereafter made? They may say that there is a majority of anti-slavery men in the Territory; so there was before, but they would not vote, and unless they vote hereafter, another Slavery Constitution may be made. But since the election on the English bill, it appears that this grave offence has not been committed at all—that the population is at least 70,000 or 80,000 now, instead of 35,000. Some men claiming to be Democrats, and holding high position, may well be ashamed of what they have said on this point. They have stultified their character, sincerity, fairness and manhood. Great stress has also been put on the idea of forcing upon the people of Kansas a form of government they did not desire; force the powers of a sovereign State upon Kansas—what a cruel operation! It lays in this country were like the Medes and Persians, unchangeable, there would be some point in the charge; but when their form of Government can be shifted any day it amounts to nothing. Had Kansas been admitted under the Lecompton Constitution, ere this another could have been adopted, and Kansas might now have been a free State instead of a slave Territory. Some men, not of Kansas, attempted to hold that the Constitution could not be changed prior to 1856; but that idea was discarded by all parties in the Territory and dropped at once.

But what do the Republicans mean by their mysterious talk about popular sovereignty? The Convention that nominated Mr. Hall for Congress, charged the Administration with infidelity to the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Now, gentlemen, they cannot have both ends of the lever in this. Will Mr. Hall promise to vote for the admission of Kansas as a slave State, or Nebraska, or New Mexico, or part of Texas, should such States make application? Until he does this, his friends cannot talk about popular sovereignty. They must stand on their Fremont platform in favor of Congressional interference. They must take one horn or the other of the dilemma.

But the leaders of the Peoples' party are attempting to drag the Tariff question into the political arena; they would fain persuade the manufacturers, miners and laboring classes that had they the control of the government they could so adjust the Tariff as to give renewed and unexampled prosperity to all American interests. Nothing could be more preposterous than this vain pretention; and fortunately the experienced manufacturers so understand it; they are no longer to be caught in this way. They understand the attitude of the question in Congress, and in the nation too well to be deluded by high sounding pretensions or beggarly promises, made to the ear to be broken to the hope. They know that the opponents of the Administration in the Eastern, Western and Southern States, are maintaining no such policy. Their candidates for a high Tariff; so far from it they are constantly assailing the Administration because of the present rate of taxation and the amount of the expenditures. The truth is, the opposition in Pennsylvania stands almost alone on this subject—they have but little sympathy from any quarter, and were our entire delegation of that school, they could just do nothing at all; they would be without effective influence in Congress or the White House and consequently powerless.

Another absurd attempt is to create the impression that the present depressed state of the manufacturing interests is to be attributed to the late change in the Tariff. The Republican Convention that nominated Mr. Hall for Congress the other day, indulged in this flight of fancy. They declared in their proceedings "that by the reduction of the Tariff of 1846, the National Administration has aided to precipitate upon all classes of the people of the country and upon every industrial interest distress, disaster, and ruin." This is a grave charge and might damage the democracy were it not that it applies to the other side with greater force. Can it be possible that the gentlemen of that Convention did not know that their own party friends in Congress favored the change they so much lament! Do they not know that the movement originated with a Republican Committee of Ways and Means, appointed by a Republican Speaker of a Republican House of Representatives? Did they not know that the administration they so bitterly condemn, on this account, had nothing to do with the measure at all—that the much abused Tariff was in existence before the administration, [applause] or did they think to persuade us country people that offspring do sometimes come into being before their authors, [laughter] that the child may be born before the parent? They can't do that, though if they want to start a new movement, that will do about as well as Abolitionism, Spiritism, Millerism or

Independent Womanism, but it will not do for a Congressional platform. If this allegation be true, then it was Messrs. Seward, Cambell, Trumbull, Wilson, Bell, Fish, Foster and others of the leaders, that have brought "distress, disaster and ruin" upon the industrial interests of the country—for they voted for the present Tariff—and not the Administration, which was not in existence. [Great applause.] In the House of Representatives, when Mr. Banks, a Republican, was Speaker, this measure was adopted by a vote of 127 yeas to 73 nays, nearly two to one, with a number of Democrats in the negative; and in the Senate, by a vote of 33 to 8, but three Republicans—Messrs. Collamer, Foot and Wade—against it, whilst Messrs. Seward, Wilson, Trumbull, Fish, Bell and others of their acknowledged leaders, were in the affirmative. How true the adage that "those who live in glass houses should not throw stones;" or that "discretion is the better part of valor!" [Laughter.] Here the missiles aimed at Mr. Buchanan have blackened Mr. Seward's papers, and an indiscreet zeal of the Brookville Convention, led it to fire a broadside into the camp of their own friends. [Much laughter.] But I must do these gentlemen justice, and defend them against the assaults of the Brookville Convention. I say that the idea that it was the alteration in the Tariff produced the late revulsion of business and in monetary affairs, sweeping over the entire country, prostrating and paralyzing all industrial pursuits and enterprises, the manufacturer with the rest, is simply preposterous. The seeds of the revulsion were sown, and the fruit developed, before the Tariff was touched. It was the natural and inevitable consequence of an unwarranted expansion in commerce, credit and currency, and it swept over all parts of our country, East, West, North and South; in the agricultural as well as in the mining and manufacturing regions. Nor was it less severe in most of the European States. Now how is it possible, that all this was caused by a slight alteration in the rates of duty in this country. It is out of the question. One can imagine how it might effect the manufacturing interests in this country, had it been followed by an increased importation of foreign goods, but when the importation of goods manufactured in foreign countries is but little over 50 per cent. of the previous amount, how has it produced the consequences attributed to it? The less foreign goods the better for the home production, the imports are one-half less than before the Tariff was reduced, and still we are told the Tariff has destroyed the manufacturer. If the complaint was made in England that it had ruined them by stopping the exportation of their fabrics, it would have more force. And then, how could it prostrate all interests in all countries at the same time? This result finally goes to show that the influence of Tariff, even on the amount of imports, is secondary and subordinate to commercial and financial affairs, and that all attempts to attribute to it a controlling and positive influence are deceptive and delusive.

There is no use in deceiving ourselves on the Tariff question. In its future adjustment, I shall do my best to secure for my constituents, the full measure of any interest they may have in it; but no candid man who understands the temper of the members of Congress from the West, South, and even the New England States on the subject, will pretend that anything like a tariff can be adopted. It may suit partisan politicians to talk in this way, but it will amount to nothing but talk. I was really against the late change, because I thought it was enacted without due consideration, and too sudden a change and I resisted the Senate bill throughout; but I consented to vote for the report of the Committee of Conference, conditioned the duty on wool was raised to 24 per cent., when it could as well have been passed at 20 or 22 per cent.; but it is obvious, that whatever is accomplished on this subject hereafter, must rest on principles of high national policy, and be obviously just to all interests, consumers as well as producers. The Democratic policy of a Tariff for revenue, with moderate discrimination against luxuries, and incidental aid to home interests, is all that can be asked and I believe it the interest of Pennsylvania to ask nothing more. For myself, I can see no thing in principle against a moderate specific duty on an article of the same value under the same name, like iron, and whether iron men say this would suit them better than the present Tariff, and I believe them; but the misapplication of the specific principle in the Tariff of 1842 has rendered it so justly odious, that it will be difficult to get even a proper use made of it. All the people of Pennsylvania desire on this subject is that they enjoy their full rights and advantages, as compared with other States. They are too proud to ask or accept more or be satisfied with less. The Tariff, besides, is one of those questions of conflicting interests, between different sections and different classes of our country, that it can only be permanently adjusted on some standard of equity. Mr. Buchanan, your own fellow-citizen, is now in the Presidential Chair, and will any man say that he would desire that you should have less than your just rights, or will any man say that he should claim more? Surely not. Whenever the revenue is insufficient to meet the demands of the Treasury that is a good reason, within the Democratic creed, for increasing and extending the Tariff, and doubtless on this ground, the subject will be considered at the next session of Congress.

After all the clamor of the opposition against the present Administration, we have never had an abler nor a purer one, and history will so write it down; nor will it be wanting in great events and achievements to give it prominence and attraction. No Administration, in time of