

[From the Columbus (Ohio) Crisis.]  
The following address, by the Hon. George H. Pendleton, was delivered before a very large audience in the Court House at Urbana, Ohio, on the 25th of April last, assembled under the auspices of the Democratic Club of that place, and was listened to with marked attention, and was rapturously applauded. Mr. Pendleton said:

When I received the invitation to address you this evening, I hesitated to accept it. I am profoundly sensible that we are in the midst of a revolution, attacking the essential spirit of our system of government, whose course and limits no human sagacity can predict; and I feel that no one ought lightly to assume to give counsel to his countrymen in such an emergency.

Yet, in a Republic, where every man, by his vote, participates actively in the government, the State may rightfully command from every citizen the performance of any duty, whether of counsel or of arms; so, also, may his fellow-citizens, who alone wield the vital power of the State, call on every member for his opinions, and the reasons which sustain them. The demand at once confers an honor and enjoins a duty—it is none the less imperative because it is made on the humblest of them all.

An opinion it is his duty to have! It should be formed with whatever ability God has given him, under the influence of pure motives and high purposes, of a calm and candid and truthful spirit, of a conscientious effort to be right, of modest diffidence in one's self, of due appreciation of another, of perfect toleration for all. And I confess I have always admired the patriotism which, invoking these influences in the formation of opinion, gives, with becoming moderation of expression, a prompt and ready response to the summons to announce them.

You have here the reason for my hesitation and of my acceptance of your invitation.

I intended to have spoken to you of the measures of the Congress which has just adjourned, and of the various questions connected with the present canvass, when a single sentence from a speech delivered years ago chanced to meet my eye, and changed the current of my thoughts. The sentiment, the occasion, and the author, arrested my attention, and led me from the consideration of special acts of legislation under the Government, and appropriate to times of peace, to that of the mighty changes in the organic law of government, whose arbitration is usually the sword.

I shall consider parties and politics, not in their character as the administrators and subjects of government, but in the higher character of the founders and destroyers and restorers of government.

In the spring of 1802, almost before the active operations of the war had commenced, a gentleman addressing a New England audience on its causes, purposes and progress, said:

"I warn you that none of you will ever again see the Farmer Republic under which you were born."

He is an accomplished speaker, an eloquent advocate, a learned scholar, the type of a class, the pioneer of a school. Wealth and leisure had enabled him for many years to consult his taste in the mode and purposes of his life; and, as he himself boasted in a lecture in the city of Washington, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln and members of his Cabinet, he had devoted it for nineteen years to the disruption of the American Union, and the overthrow of the Constitution which formed it.

"I warn you that none of you will ever again see the Farmer Republic under which you were born."

Why not? The war then being waged was avowedly to maintain this Farmer Republic. The seceding States claimed to dismember its territory, but otherwise to leave it untouched. The Administration asserted its purpose to maintain territorial limits, and declared that its form and spirit were in no event endangered. The leading member of the Cabinet, speaking to the world through the ministers, said: "The rights of the States, and the condition of every human being in them, will remain subject to exactly the same laws and forms of administration, whether the revolution shall succeed or fail. In the one case the States would be federally connected with the new Confederacy; in the other they would as now, be members of the United States, but their constitutions and laws, customs, habits and institutions in either case will remain the same." And this was necessarily the theory of the war on the part of the Federal Government. Otherwise it would have accepted the issue of revolution; otherwise it would have taken up arms to affect a change in its own form and nature; and thus, transcending all its power, would, in the forum of conscience and morals, have released its citizens from all the obligations of allegiance.

While Mr. Seward thus, on behalf of the Government, portrayed the issue of the war, this prophet—

"Prophet, said it, thing of evil;  
Principles still, if bird or devil,"

 proclaimed that the revolution was progressing—that its result was certain—and warned his hearers to be ready to see that "old things had passed away, and all things had become new."

I do not question his motives, nor impeach his purposes, nor inquire into the sources of his information. Did he speak truly? This is the question to-night.

Farmer Republic—not free republic, not powerful republic, not warlike republic, not growing republic, not magnificent republic, not liberty-loving republic—but Farmer Republic. It is an expressive name. Farmer, the synonym of honesty, simplicity, frugality, abundance, independence, the ideal of labor without exhaustion, of luxury without effluviary, of providence without corroding care, of activity without hurry, of leisure without idleness, of freedom without license, of purity without bigotry, of independence without intolerance, of

# CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEORGE B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.  
PRINCIPLES—NOT MEN. TERMS—\$2 per annum, in Advance.  
VOL. 38—WHOLE NO. 2022. CLEARFIELD, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1867. NEW SERIES—VOL. 7, NO. 45.

that spirit at once hopeful and humble, which grows out of the ever-recurring realization, at all times and in all vicissitudes, of the fulfillment of the promise that "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and cold and heat, and day and night, shall not cease."

Farmer life! Freedom from the noise and turmoil and dust and smoke of the crowded city; freedom from the daily struggle and daily anxiety for bread; freedom from competition with the crowds which throng every avenue of commercial and mechanical industry; freedom from the close and daily contact with vice and crime, with the temptations, and opportunities, and sufferings of a city life develop; freedom from the small rooms, the crowded tenement houses, the tainted atmosphere, the contagious diseases, the unnatural hours, the undue excitement, the exhausting pleasures, the glittering splendor, the absence of the real life of the city—the sun, the air, the pure air, the abundant food, the deep sleep, the refreshing dews, the cool breezes, the peaceful order, the ample homes, the healthful habits, the cleanliness, the contentment of the country, and that quiet exaltation of spirit which springs from the contemplation of the beauties of nature, and the process of its active beneficence—the absence of the sordid cunning and the acute selfishness which the competition of trade engenders, and the presence of that large-hearted greatness with which our mother Earth rewards those who call on her munificence for the returns of their labor.

The ancient times the sacred plough employed the King and avial father of mankind. And now, compared with whom your insect tribes are but beings of a summer day. Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm of mighty war, then, with avowed hand, Disturbance little delicacies, scarce! The plough and greatly independent lived.

And all these qualities of individual life find their representative and counterpart in national character.

Go, scan with curious eye the structure and history of the Italian Republics—of Venice, of Florence, of Genoa—when, as free cities, they sought the control of the commerce of the world, and so far succeeded that their merchant rulers competed with—nay, far eclipsed—the wealth and splendor of the monarchs of other lands. Read, again, the history of the Netherlands; when Ghent, and Bruges, and Antwerp exhibited imperial power, and held within their grasp the treasures of the land and of the islands of the sea. They were rich and powerful, and, for a time, prosperous; but the noisy turbulence of their Democracy, the wild passions of their fickle populations, the uncertain energy of their public will, as it rose and fell with the changes of the bourse, or with the emotions which were communicated as the citizens crowded to council at the tones of the great bell—lacked that element of calm repose and undisturbed deliberations which is essential to the duration of republics. They could in an hour call their citizens together, and, by appealing to their patriotism, or cupidity, or hatred, or stir the blood as to evoke an opinion of resources and an energy of will which could conquer the world—but they could not quell the passions which they had aroused, and private rights were sacrificed, and public interests were betrayed—and anarchy ensued, and Democracy took refuge under the shelter of a stronger aristocracy; and this, rent in twain by like causes, sought the stronger arm of the monarchs, and the Republic became the splendid footstool of a throne, or dwindled away in poverty, obscurity, and hopeless weakness. They were the commercial republics of the world.

Compare them with Switzerland, whose mountain fastnesses have produced a race of shepherds, and hunters, and graziers.

Compare them with San Marino. Its population is eight thousand; its area is not five miles square; its little Capital, perched upon a rugged height, can look down with guardian care over every foot of the country. It was founded in the last flashes of the declining glories of Imperial Rome. It has outlived the darkness of the succeeding ages, the temptations of the commercial success of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the convulsions and wars of those still nearer to our day, and her peasant's boast, with entire truth, that they are to-day the free citizens of the oldest and smallest republic of the world.

Compare them with our own Republic. The history of our race, from the landing at Jamestown, and New York, and Plymouth Rock, till the doom which I have cited was pronounced, may well excite an honest pride. It has its dark spots, its pages of folly, of weakness, of crime, but, on the whole, it has a record of great virtues and of great success—in industry, frugality, simplicity, intelligence, aptitude for government, and love for freedom. Nature had done much for our country. Circumstances have done much for the development of virtue and the depression of vice, but to our countrymen is due this measure of commendation that they wisely profited by these advantages, and steadily maintained their position in the advancing ranks of the progress of the ages.

These were the Farmer Republics. Theirs were

"The softening arts of Peace;  
While'er the bustling noises teach;  
The God-like wisdom of the temper'd heart;  
Progressive truth, the patient form of thought,  
Invincible calm, whose silent power  
Comes from the world, the light that leads to Heaven;  
Kind, equal rule; the government of law!  
And all preserving freedom, which alone  
Rescues the name and dignity of man!"

Nor was our own the least remarkable of them all. Plain, simple, un-

der movement in the interest of humanity. I will not blindly cling to the prejudices or traditions of the past, when they stand in the way of useful reform. I will not, in any sense, be conservative of error, or reject truth because of prepossession, or yield my credence to the dogma that the limit of human progress has been attained. Governments and nations are purified in the fires of revolution. They take shape, and sympathy, and strength, from the collision of mighty forces, even as the molten iron from the anvil and the trim-hammer. Out of the storm, and the tempest, and the flood, arises the rainbow of promise and of hope. Alas! that it must be so!

These revolutions of society and government spring out of high mental and moral exaltation—out of an enthusiasm for progress which will hasten to an effort, and shrink from no experiment. I can never be capable of sustaining my position in this activity, or of attaining absolute truth without an alloy of error, then, indeed, would be cause to be man and become like unto God. This can not be. The reaction must strike off the errors which have accumulated on the progress of revolution; and this, too, like revolution, may strike too close and cut too deep.

The reaction will surely come. All history, all philosophy declare it. It has come to all other nations; it will come to us. It has come sometimes clothed in the white robe of peace, and sometimes with its garments dyed in blood. In every country there has been a party of power, and a party against it. In every country there have been men who loved liberty as they loved virtue and honor and truth; men who would avenge its wrongs, even as they would protect the virtues of the wife of their bosom, or the honor of the mother who bore them. Liberty inspires the soul. Its sacred fires forever burn amid its apostles and defenders. When peaceful means are exhausted, it draws the sword. Let its enemies, then, beware, whether they sit in single solitudes on a throne, or crowd the market place. So will it be with us.

Our people desire to be wise and virtuous. Our country is young and rich, and strong. Experience will not teach its painful lessons in vain. The splendid recollections of the past have not entirely passed away. Its vestiges are not all buried in the ruin of the present. The heroes of the future are bright in the reflection of its existing glories. They will accelerate the counter-revolution. Let us diligently prepare the way. It is wisdom to accept accomplished facts. It is folly to abandon correct principles in the moment of their adversity. Principles are eternal—institutions of government are but instrumentalities—facts vary as the days succeed each other, and seem to change at the bidding of the fickle moon. Let us hold fast to principles, let us modify institutions. Let us recognize the changing phases of facts. It is the office of wise men to adopt just principles of government by the aid of fit institutions to every condition of affairs. Liberty is the great good. Confederation is to be sought only because it has aided to maintain it. Centralization is to be avoided only because it has always destroyed it. But at last, liberty is the life, the soul, and government is the form, through which it is developed.

Let us, then, gentlemen, look at the past only that we may select what is good, and avoid what is evil, that we may from its experience catch the inspiration of a wise progress that we may so school our hearts with the lessons of moderation and truth that patriotism and wisdom may guide the course of the inevitable reaction, and lead us back from the perils of centralized imperialism, to the safety of a confederation, founded, supported and restrained by the checks and balances of a wise Constitution. Thus, if we cannot restore the Farmer Republic, we can at least regain the blessings of liberty regulated by law, and of law enacted and maintained by the spirit of virtuous liberty.

Agro Equality.

It is really almost incredible how fast the wildest and most visionary schemes of the extreme Radicals are becoming sober facts. Had any one ventured to predict, at the time of the Chicago convention, that the then so-called Republican party would soon make negro suffrage a plank in their platform, he would probably have been pronounced crazy by an overwhelming majority. But it was done, nevertheless, and we then predicted that, having given the negro equal political rights, he and his friends would soon insist on an equal social equality; that by admitting him to the ballot-box and forcing him upon the hustings, we could not expect to keep him out of our families, churches, schools, benches, juries, public conveyances, hotels, etc. The late disturbances at New Orleans, Richmond, and other places, both North and South, show how speedily this prediction has been realized, and also the fact that there is really no intermediate ground on which the status of the negro can be satisfactorily settled. Having been made the full political peers of the whites in the South, the colored portion of the population naturally claim the right to a seat in public conveyances. It is no use that vehicles are set apart exclusively for them, for they refuse to agree to such a compromise. They feel outraged at the mere idea that such a distinction should be drawn, and attempt constantly to obtain what they consider their rights by appeals to force. Nor will the negroes stop here. The next step will be to demand admittance to hotels and inns, and that upon precisely the same principle. The law regulates public hotels as it does conveyances, and entitles every traveler to lodging and food. The negro can, therefore, with the same propriety, claim a seat at our dinner-tables as he can in the street cars. Such an arrangement might perhaps be objectionable to some tastes, but this is not sufficient. The question is whether the American people are quite prepared to accept all the practical consequences of that equality of race which the leading spirits of the dominant majority have perhaps only meant to assert in theory.—*Detroit Free Press.*

I sympathize with every progress-



continued to increase and to give more violent manifestations.

We seem to have emulated the madness of the Jews when they asked from Jehovah a government of kings in place of that divine priesthood which had brought them out of Egypt and made them prosperous amid the valleys of Canaan; and like them, we have been delivered up to our follies and infatuations.

This discontent finally took form and action in secession and coercion. These were but the manifestations of an underlying spirit. On the one side and the other it was noted that the struggle was for territorial limits only. Neither was a direct object, for both were fettered by the revolution. The firing of the first gun on Fort Sumter—as the voice of a Seced, declaring that a revolution had been accomplished.

The old political system passed away in 1861, and another was adopted. Its little finger is heavier than the whole body of that which it superseded. No longer do we ask have we a government. Its Argus eyes seek every "accumulation of labor and capital, and its Briarean arms are ever grasping all those eyes can see. Its vast military and naval establishments have risen with potentations men, and overshadow the civil administration in nearly one half the country. Beneath the blows of their iron sway popular government, resting on the consent of the people, has there completely fallen. Its vital energy is apparent wherever we see strife and contention, and violent passions and antagonism of race and sects and States. Its genius and humanity are conspicuous wherever healing wounds are made to gape afresh, and to receive a new infusion of gall and bitterness. There is no doubt that we have a government.—

—strong one— rong in the number of men whom it can conscript—strong in the treasure it can raise by taxation—strong in its power to invade the rights of the States and the liberties of the citizens—strong in its capacity to override the Constitution—strong as Rome was strong, both east and west, under the Emperors—strong as France was strong under the Reign of Terror and the Guillotine; but weak as they were weak when the Goths and Vandals avenged on the seventh-century the wrongs of Germans, or when the blood of the murdered Danton choked the despairing Robespierre.

No government can be so strong, which does not appeal to the interest, and affections of the people; which does not attach by the beneficence of its acts as well as by its dependence on their will.

The equality of the States was the basis of the Farmer Republic. Is it maintained?

The answer comes to us from the Reconstruction Bill, which puts the States under martial law, and subjects them to the will of a military officer.

The strict confinement of the Federal Government to international and inter State affairs was an element of the Farmer Republic. Is it enforced?

The answer comes to us from the Civil Rights Bill, which intrudes Federal authority upon the States, and thereby overrides a most sacred constitutional guarantee.

The maintenance of the co-ordinate branches of the government, the distribution of power, the separation of constituencies from which it flows, were indispensable features of the Farmer Republic.

Their doom was written in the Tenure of Office Bill, which deprives the President of the power of removing even members of his Cabinet, and thus subjects the Executive to the control of the Legislature. Their doom was written in the attack on the Supreme Court, because of its decision in relation to military commissions. All power now centres in a single hand, and is conferred by a consolidated majority.

Reverse for the Constitution marked the era of the Farmer Republic, and warmed the hearts of all its children.

Now, who so poor as to entertain this sentiment! It was rolled up and packed away by Mr. Lincoln; and kept thus dishonored, it has fallen into contempt, and to verge its authority serves only to provoke a sneer, or to call out a joke. It forms no barrier to the projects of party rage or party desire. Its provisions are entirely disregarded, or immediately altered to justify the enactment proposed, or to command the attainment of the end. The highest respect shown to it remains is to amend them. The strife of parties, which was once under the Constitution, is now over and above it.

Powers granted to the Federal Government! Is it not true that every power which is desired to be exercised is found to be granted, and that more would be found if necessary?

Once we believed in a fundamental law, guiding legislation and containing the mainment of personal liberty—so sacred that under no circumstances could it be infringed, or even amended, except in the method prescribed—so essential to free government. Now we have willingly dispensed with it, and committed unlimited power to a temporary majority, and this we call flippantly the Will of the Nation.

Tell me, does one single feature of the Farmer Republic remain?

We had a plain and simple and economical government. We have a magnificent, complex, obtrusive, extravagant government. We had an army of 15,000 men; we have an army of 100,000. We had light taxes; we have enormous burdens. We had gold and silver as legal tender; we have a depreciated Government paper currency. We had trial by jury and