The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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THE OLD FARMER.

The twilight of life's autumn time,
How sweet its holy spell!
To those who rest from earthly toil
And know they've labor'd well.

Such joy as thine, those hands have taught
The wilderness to smile,
Thy patient years of toil have won
A garden from the wild.

Thy cheek, that harvests sun's have tann'd,
Still wears a healthful glow;
And love's sweet fountain in thy heart
Still glides with peaceful flow.

The years that upon other brows
Have set the seal of care,
But lightly passed o'er thine, and left
A crown of glory there.

The hoary head is beautiful
When found in wisdom's ways,
With honor she has crowned thy brow,
Blessed thee with length of days.

On sunny hillsides stronger hands
The ripened sheaves shall bind;
And younger voices raise the song,
At merry autumn time.

Thou'lt wait amid the mellow light,
'Till angel reapers come
To bid thee join, triumphantly,
A sweeter "Harvest Home."

KIND HEARTS.

Let but the heart be beautiful,
And I care not for the face,
I heed not that the form may want
Pride, dignity, or grace.
Let the mind be filled with glowing thoughts
And the soul with sympathy,
And I care not if the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy.

What though the cheek be beautiful,
It soon must lose its bloom;
The eye's bright lustre soon will fade
In the dark and silent tomb;
But the glory of the soul will live
Though the joyous life depart,
And the magic charm can never die
Of a true and noble heart.

The lips that utter gentle words
Have a beauty all their own,
And more I prize a kindly voice
Than music's sweetest tone;
And though its sounds are harsh or shrill,
If the heart within beat free,
And echoes back each glad impulse,
'Tis all the world to me.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

'Out again to-night?' said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband arose from the tea-table, and donned his great coat.

'Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I shall be in early; have a light in the library. Good night;' and with a careless nod, William Hayes left the room.

'Always the way,' murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon the sofa, 'out every night. I don't believe he cares one bit about me now, and yet we've only been married about two years. No man has a more orderly house. I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I don't believe he loves me any more. Oh! dear, why is it? I wasn't rich, he didn't marry me for money, and he must haved loved me then—why does he treat me with so much neglect?' and with her mind filled with such fretful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure and a pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back, 'it was such a bother to curl it,' she said; her cheeks were pale, her whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves:—'what's the use of dressing up just for William?'

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval to be spent before bed time.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the registers, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

'Well, Moore, what's a man to do! I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty and loving, could have changed to the fretful dowdy she now is? Who wants to be at home to hear his wife whining all the evening about her troublesome servants, and her headache and all sorts of bothers? She's got the knack of that drawling whine so pat, that, 'pon my life, I don't believe she can speak pleasantly.'

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening, even if it were an evening at home, with only William to admire. She arose and went softly to her own room, with bitter and sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and then his love regained to keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came to his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz with a pretty collar and sleeves of snowy muslin, and a wreatth of soft full curls, had really metamorphosed her, while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek, did not detract from her beauty. At first, William thought there must be a guest, but on glancing about he found they were alone.

'Come, William, your coffee wlll be stone cold,' said Lizzie, in a cheery, pleasant voice.

'It must be cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss,' said her husband, crossing the room to her side, and Lizzie's heart bounded as she recognized the old lover's tones and manners.

Not one fretful speech, not one complaint fell upon William's ear through the meal; the newspaper, his usual solace during the hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gaily on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by his gratified interest and cordial manner.

'You will be home to dinner? she said as he went out.

'Can't to-day, Lizzie. I have business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I don't expect to dine. Good bye,' and the smiling look, warm kiss and lovely whistle were a marked contrast to his careless, lounging gait of the evening previous.

'I am in the right path,' said Lizzie in a low whisper. 'Oh! what a fool I have been for the last two years! A 'fretful dowdy!' William you shall never say that again.'

Lizzie loved her husband with real wifely devotion, and her heart would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend M.; but like brave little woman she stifled back the bitter feeling, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen covers taken from the furniture.—Lizzie thinking 'He shant find any parlors more attractive than his own, I am determined.'

Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure in a tasty, bright silk dress, smoth curls, and oh! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome him in; and tea passed as the morning meal had done.

After tea there was no movement, as usual towards the hat rack. William stood up beside the table lingering, chatting till Lizzie also arose. She led him to the light, warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down beside her on the sofa. He felt as if he was courting her again as he watched her fingers busy with some fancy needle work, and listened to the cheerful voice which he had loved so well two years before.

'What are you making, Lizzie?'

'A pair of slippers. Don't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you, oh! ever so long ago?'

'I remember; black velvet with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fender, and dream of blue eyes and black curls, and I wished the time would move faster to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home, to make me music in my house.'

Lizzie saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance; then she said:

'I wonder if you love music as much as you did then.'

'Of course I do. I often go in at Miss Smith's, for nothing else than to hear the music.'

'I can play and sing better than Miss Smith,' said Lizzie, half pouting.

'But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you.'

'I had the piano tuned this morning—now open it and we shall see how it sounds.' William obeyed joyfully, and tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

'Ballads, Lizzie.'

'Oh! yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlor.'

One song after another, with a nocturne or lively instrumental pieces occasionally, between them, filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little mantle clock struck eleven.

'Eleven! I thought it about nine. I ought to apologise, Lizzie, as I used to do, for staying so long, and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it is so late.

THE LITTLE BLACK SLIPPER.

Said I: 'Harry, where did you get that slipper?' Said he: 'James, this is the tale:

'If anything will alleviate the little miseries of a two days diligence-journey, it is having as pretty, good-natured, and cosmopolitan a little widow for your traveling companion as I had from Cordova on the Guadalquiver, to Madrid on the Manzanares. Tumbling into the 'interior' of a diligence at 2 o'clock of a June morning, after a few hours spent in vain attempt to sleep, rendered vain by a legion of those *tirailleurs du diable*, long-horned mosquitoes, one is by no means as serene in temper as one should be. The writer was savage that morning; and not until the *mayoral* (conductor) had brought a light to see if the passengers were all properly packed in, revealing the cheerful little face of a pretty woman opposite to him, did his good nature shine out as a patient reflector and dissipate the fog of discontent.

'A long journey before us; let us make ourselves comfortable,' said the lady, the departing *mayoral* with light just enabling me to see that there was a smile on her face. Then there was a shaking of black silk skirts, *Gracias a Dios!* there were no steel or whalebone petticoats on her blessed form; two little feet sought refuge on my side; two good-sized ones searched for an asylum on her side of the diligence; and behold, we were disposed to be friends for life. I don't know whether Tupper, in his 'Proverbial Philosophy,' mentions under the head of 'Friendship' that it is 'a traveling shawl,' but in his next edition he'd better do it, you know; because it is! At least this morning, when I spread mine over my legs, and extended the courtesy to the limbs (*Lingua Americana*) of the fair widow, she accepted the woolen with a kind acknowledgment that made me feel blessedly pleased with myself and with her. The bells of the eight mules pulling the diligence were jingling; the postillion on the right leader had settled himself in his saddle; the *arriero* had hold of the reins; the *mayoral* jumped into his seat in the Imperial; and the *zugal*, holding his calanes hat tight on his head, sprung out of the door of the diligence office, uttering fearful yells and cracking his whip with the ferocity of a mad monkey; when—creak, bang, slide, slip? and we were launched on our journey to Madrid.

'I went to sleep, and had a pleasant dream of a cherubim, the kind that flew round Noah when he was building the Ark, and had no legs! and having a dear pair of gaiter boots for wings; while I had for a companion another aeronaut with large black eyes, *apropos* of which—

"I never loved a dear gazelle,
And gazed upon its soft black eyes,
But what it turned out a d— sell—
A damsel heaving gentlest sighs'—

who was all thy's and thou's. In addition to black eyes, she had black hair and a traveling-shawl, and she had feet; and both the tiny little ones were somehow thrust into the pockets of my shooting-coat, and—I woke up, and found that there were a pair of little high-heeled, black slippers, with white stockings attached, resting on the cushion by my side. You may talk about dream books, and explanations of dreams, but such bona fide realizations please me most; and I looked down at them and determined they should be mine if I had to go a hand on them—matrimonially, of course, *a la mode de* I'd offer thee this hand of mine,' with piano accompaniment.

'But she woke up, and as the sun was now shining brightly, she saw me regarding those 'leather mice,' whereupon she at once hid them, not by rudely withdrawing them, but by cuddling them up under one end of the traveling shawl; which end was in close proximity with my pantaloons pocket. Now, reader, fancy my feelings nursing a pair of twins like those, belonging to a very pretty woman—moreover a widow.

'*Buenas, diar Senor!*' It was cheerfully, pleasantly spoken, and with such a winning smile, and the dark eyes beamed so softly under the long black eyelashes, that it elicited all the writer's stock of amiability in return. It came out in conversation that the lady was from Seville, was a widow, and her first name was Juniata, (*tal y tal*, or So-and-So) and as I had passed many pleasant days in Seville, and bore away gay souvenirs of 'the Marvel,' we were soon in earnest about its wonders and beauties. She was charmingly *naive* in conversation, and showed in every remark, what is an exception with Spanish ladies—an intelligent and animated disposition. At Bailen, where we dined, I lost my heart when I handed her from the diligence—beside, she faintly pressed my hand with her gloved hand, and showed me those feet!

'There is no use doing things in a hurry, so I determined, as we were yet thirty-six hours from Madrid, to wait until we were within three hours of the city before I formally proposed for her heart, hand, and high-heeled shoes. *Ay, que gusto, que placer!*

'Again was the old diligence *en route*; again the shades of night were on us, and the cool air brought out the traveling shawl; and again a joint partnership was entered into between Juanita and me. Somehow' near Las Navas de Tolosa, the diligence gave a fearful lurch, and Juanita was pitched nearly into my arms; seems to me, she must have assisted the shock, else how, in all the darkness of night—for it must have been nearly 10 o'clock and raining—could I have kissed her and taken charge of her for nearly a minute, while the diligence was coming to time?

'QUIEN SABE!

That's the way to get over the difficulty in Spain; in Italy with a

'CHI LO SA!

or to hunt it up to headquarters in Arabic:

'MA AHRIF!

if you want it at home:

'WHO KNOWS!

That was a rose-colored rainy night—the diligence pitched several times with equal success.

'I made up mind to turn Spaniard, buy one of those velvet tiles, a black lamb-skin jacket, knee-breeches, pounds of silver waistcoat and coat buttons, leather gaiters with long leather fringe; learn to roll *cigarritas* and become a *cigarrito*; go twice a week to the *Circo Gallistico*, 'where roosters do combat;' bet my *duros* on the winning *gallo*, (not gall oh! but on the contrary;) attend every bull fight, and mass once a week, to keep my hand in; dance the *bolero*; drink *aguardiente* very cautiously; shoot red-legged partridges all the year round, and, to sum up, come out strong as a full-blooded *majo!* either this or edit a paper in Madrid, *brogresisto*.

'Again the morning broke and up came the sun illumining our breakfast at Valdepenas, where the wine comes from, at least the baptismal name of table-wine half over Spain. I determined to edit a paper in Madrid, *progresisto!*

'The day wheeled by until we arrived at Tembleque, where our diligence was wheeled on to a railroad car, and we were to make the fifteen leagues between there and Madrid with great diligence by steam. *Tembleque* means a diamond pin; it sticks me with pain when I think of it, for there, yes there! Juanitia was lost to me (as a wife) forever.

'At Tembleque, while taking a hurried lunch, I saw a bill announcing a bull-fight to come off in Madrid next day, and was glad to be able to enjoy this amusement once more; on my return to the diligence, I communicated to the widow the interesting fact.

'*O jala!*' said she, 'how I do love bull-fights! And to see Cuchares with the *capa* in one hand and the sword in the other, *Hesoos!* he is a *spada;* but you should have seen Juan, (pronounce Whan) he always killed the first blow. *Ay Carnamba!* there was a man for you—and such clothes and such legs—poor soul! that last black bull from the mountains was too much for him—too much, too much! and here the widow paid a tribute of two tears to his memory, and flourished her little hands and white cambric disconsolately.

'This Juan did not please me, although he had succumbed to the bull, and was gone where good bull-fighters go; the tribute to his memory made me a little slightly jealous. But concealing my feelings, I asked as unconcernedly as possible—'well, who was Juan?'

'Juan?' replied the dear widow, 'Juan? why, he was my husband!'

'Farewell, orange flower wreaths, white lace veils, and so on—farewell, ideas matrimonial. I, Harry Buttons de Buttonville, marry a bull-fighter's widow! By the shadow of my respectability, never!'

'Juanita, I never can be thine!' said I, in a burst of feeling.

'*Ay Caramba!* but you will see me home in a carriage when I arrive at Madrid, won't you?' asked the widow.

* * * * * *

'I did—and she gave me the slipper.'

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—The Madison (Wis.) Patriot says that a few days since a couple of young folks called on Esquire F. and after considerable hesitation, requested to be united in the 'holy bonds of matrimony,' which request the Squire at once proceeded to comply with. The girl from the lateness of the hour, and the peculiar nature of the call, thought some explanations neccessary, and so very innocently remarked, 'We came from Columbia County to attend the fair, but finding the taverns all full, and no place for Aleck to sleep, we concluded to get married, so he could sleep with me!'

☞ A Widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire, in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out:—'Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!'

☞ A little fellow one day non-plussed his mother by making the following inquiry:—'Mother, if a man is a mister, ain't a woman a mistery?'

INAUGURAL ADDRESS
OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States, to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement. Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that, by the accession of a Republican administration, their property and their peace, and personal security are to be endangered.

There has never been any reasonable cause for such an apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you.

I do but quote from one of these speeches when I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of Slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so.—Those who nominated and elected me, did so with the full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them; and, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"*Resolved*, That the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially of the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend; and we denounce the lawless invasion by an armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the new, incoming administration.

I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the States, when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivery of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one; if the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by which authority it is done, and should any one, in any case, be content that his oath shall go unkept, on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man may not be in any case surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that the "citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules; and while I do not choose now to specify particular acts to Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest, that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to, and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is scarcely seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success; yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties.

A disruption of the federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted. I hold that, in contemplation of the universal sentiment and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental laws of all national governments.

It is safe to assert that the Government proper never had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in that instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of a contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to the contract may violate it, break it, so to speak, but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed in part by the articles of association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged, that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778—and, finally, in 1789. One of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect Union;" but, if destruction of the Union by one or by part only of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves or ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins on me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty, on my part, and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or, in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary.

I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as a declared purpose that as to the Union, I will constitutionally defend and maintain it. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government and to collect the duties on imports; but, beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere.

Where hostility to the United States in any interior locality shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forgo for a time the uses of such offices. The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union so far as possible. The people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which the most favorable and calm thought and reflection on the part of the Government can give them. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion shall be exercised, according to circumstances actually existing, with a view and hope of a peaceful solntion of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm or deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union may I not speak, before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, memories and hopes? Would it not be wise to ascertain previously why we do so? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from, have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the unreal ones you fly from? Will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution has been denied? I think not. Happily, the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this.—Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied.

If by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might in a moral point of view justify a revolution. It certainly would if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case; all the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them.—But no organic law can be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in the practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions.

Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative for continuing the government but acquiescence on the one side or the other. If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which, in turn, will divide and ruin them—for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority.

For instance, why may not any portion of a new Confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiment are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this. Is there such a perfect identity of the interests among the States to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession? Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

A majority, held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with the deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. The rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that rejecting the majority principle, anarchy and despotism, in some form, are all that is left.

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that Constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases, by all other departments of the government; and while it is obviously possible that such decision must be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can be better borne than could the evils of a different practice.

At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by the decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties, in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers—having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.

Nor, is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the Judges? It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes. One section of our country believes Slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute.

The fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law ever can be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligations in both cases, and few break over in each. This I think cannot be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before.

The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other, but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and an intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible then to make this intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separating than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always, and when after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.

I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendations of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject—to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, inasmuch as it allows the amendment to originate with the people themselves, instead of permitting them to take or reject a proposition originated by others, not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse.

I understand a proposed amendment to the constitution, which amendment however I have not seen, has passed Congress to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid a misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say, that holding such a provision to be now implied as constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix times for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose, but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by him to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of the great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief, and have with equal wisdom provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals.

While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration by any extreme wickedness or folly can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

My Countrymen—one and all—think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it.

Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it wanted, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulties.

In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you—you can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend" it.

I am about to close. We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature.

"A Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin."

On board the steamer Ocean, between Cleveland and Detroit, a circumstance occurred lately which is pleasantly told by a correspondent of the Cleveland Herald.

A young girl, apparently about 17 years of age, was seated upon a pile of cheese-boxes, with her two little brothers, aged 11 and 13 years. They were orphans, bound from Alleghany, Pennsylvania, to Michigan, where they expected to find a home with an uncle.

After having purchased second-class tickets for the three, the girl had spread her old quilt on the pile of cheese boxes, and prepared to pass the night in quietude. She had hardly arranged her nest, however, before she was accidently discovered by a second-class passenger, a tall young man of 23 years, who had loved her in secret almost from her infancy, and who, for the past two years, had been rafting lumber on the Ohio river. Having acquired about two hundred dollars in hard currency, he came to Cleveland on the tenth to participate in the celebration, when as he expressed it, 'some mean kuss had picked his pocket of every darned cent but four dollars.

Being unable to find the thief or the money, he had started for the West with the determination to hire out on a farm. To his surprise and joy he found himself on board the same vessel with the object of his heart's earliest affections.

Sliding up to her, he exclaimed:

'Why, Cynthia Ann! why how do you do? didn't hardly know you! Why how you've growd! Where are you going?'

'I'm going to uncle's, in Michigan,' was the feeble reply. 'You knew mother was dead, didn't you?'

'Why no!' and his voice softened. 'When did she die, Cynthia Ann?'

'She died last January! Uncle wrote to me that if I'd come up here he'd give me and the boys a home.'

'Cynthia Ann!' and the young man's voice trembed—'there ain't no man'll be so glad to give you a home as I will! I've allers thought a heap of you! I told your mother when you wasn't more's so high, that when you growed up I was goin' to *have* you. Now, Cynthia Ann, jest say the word, and you're to hum *now!*'

'What'll become of the boys?' inquired the agitated maiden.

'I'll go with you and leave 'em to your uncle's, and then we'll go West and hire out this fall and winter, and then next spring we'll buy a small farm and live to hum!'

The girl gave a warm sigh of acceptance, leaned her head against the honest breast of the hardy youth, as much as to say—if you want anything, take it.

The man snatched a kiss from her ripe, ruby lips, sprang down from the cheese boxes and exclaimed: 'If there's a minister or justice of the peace on this boat, I've got a job for him!'

'I am a justice of the peace,' remarked a venerable looking old man from York State, 'remount the cheese boxes, and you shall be a married man in less than five minutes.'

'Well, hold on, 'squire I hain't got no money, but I'll give you an all jofired good axe.'

'Never mind about the pay,' said the worthy 'squire, 'I'll take my pay in seeing you happy.'

The fellow remounted the pile of cheese, clasped the hands of his dearly beloved, and in three minutes the ceremony was performed—he had entered into a new existence. Kissing his little bride once on her ruby lips, he seated himself on a big cheese, and commenced, no doubt, for the first time to realize what he was, what he had done, and what ought and must be done.

Starting up suddenly, he exclaimed, half aloud, to himself, 'Well, by hokey, this is a pretty hard way of passing the first night!'

The bride blushed and replied, 'Never mind, John, we are just as happy as if we were rich. Come sit down.'

But John had an *idea*, and he was bound to put it in operation. Going to his pile of baggage, consisting of one large meal bag, containing a change of shirts socks, neckerchief, and old boots, he took from the leg of one of the boots an excellent axe, and walking up to the clerk's office, he exclaimed—

'I say, look here, Cap'n, I've paid for a deck passage, but I want a bed for myself and w—i—self. I haint got no money, but here is an all jofired good axe.'

The gentlemen in the office replied that the clerk had stepped out, but would be back in a few moments; whereupon the man went back to the pile of cheese to look at his precious treasure.

Having our sympathies aroused, we hastily ran among the passengers, told the story, and took up a collection to procure a state-room for the young couple.—To the credit of our lady passengers, they were the most liberal in their donations; and in less than ten minutes we had collected $14.92. Presenting this sum to the agreeably astonished young man, we informed him that he could now procure a stateroom with two beds, one for himself and wife, the other for the boys. Thanking us with his big watery eyes, he rushed to the clerk's office, where he was met by Capt. Pierce, agent of the line, Capt. Evans, commander of the boat, and Mr. Carter, the clerk.

Capt. Pierce exclaimed—'Here, my good fellow, here's a ticket for yourself and wife to go to Chicago. Get West as fast as you can; go to work on a farm, and look out for the land sharks.'

Capt. Evans pulled out a glittering coin and said—'here's five dollars! Keep yourself in good condition, and—' here the worthy captain forgot his speech and ran off laughing.

The clerk, Mr. Carter, handed the man a key, and said, 'You are welcome to one of the best staterooms on the boat. It has two beds, one for yourself and wife, the other for the boys.'

Capt. Evans having returned, exclaimed—'Give the boys another room! They haint no business in there. They haint no business'—here he broke down with laughter again, and hurried away to give orders on the boat. The couple now retired to their sumptuous apartment, as happy as mortals are allowed to be on this earth, and the passengers gathered in knots to praise the liberality of all concerned, and the comical oddity of Capt. Evans.

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