

Political.

Whig Frauds! Whig Corruptions! Bad Men in High Places.

Extract from the Speech of Hon. Edson B. Olds in the House of Representatives, March 5, 1852.

In Ohio, sir, in 1840, and I doubt not that the same facts obtained in all the other States of this Union, the Whig stumpers kicked the bark from every stump...

They boldly charged corruption and extravagance upon the democracy, and proclaimed that if they would rot the Whig ticket into the democracy out, and put the Whigs in power you should have no economical administration of the government...

The people, believing that "where there were so great a cry there must be some fraud," turned the democracy out and turned the whigs in.

True, sir, Mr. Van Buren's administration was an expensive administration...

But, Mr. Chairman, I have already remarked that the people relying upon these promises of reform, generously gave the government into the hands of the Whig party.

Mr. Olds.—I have made my statement clearly and explicitly. If my colleague does not understand it, I will repeat it again, if he desires.

Mr. Campbell.—I undertake to say that if he does charge upon the Secretary of the Treasury any dishonest or dishonest connection with that claim, it is wholly gratuitous and unfounded.

Mr. Olds.—I hope my colleague will not understand me as making any insinuations against Mr. Corwin.

But shame, where is thy blush! With frauds and speculations, bold, glaring, and open, with Galphianism, Crawfordism, and Corwinism, written upon every act of this administration, the Whig organ in this city laughs us in the face, and dares us to attempt a condemnation.

Mr. Campbell.—I cannot yield.

Mr. Olds.—I want to say that Mr. Corwin will challenge investigation.

Mr. Campbell.—If you cut off this indirect source of revenue to your national treasury, you come home to a direct tax upon the people.

dollars; then, sir, the names of Crawford and Corwin may cease to be associated with public plunder.

Correspondence of the Daily News.

HARRISBURG, March 17, 1852.

The proposition of the transportees, to lease the State Works, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, to which I have several times referred in this correspondence, was made to the House to-day; it is not so full, and perhaps not so satisfactory a one, as I had anticipated; it will however seem as if it is doubtless intended to simply bring the matter before the Legislature, and be used as a basis upon which to indicate or build a contract with the parties making the proposal.

March 10, 1852. The undersigned, citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, respectfully submit the following proposition to lease the finished line of Canal and Railroads of the State for a term of ten years from the first day of August next, and keep the same in as good repair as when received, and pay for the first year eight hundred thousand dollars; for the second year, eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars; for the third year, nine hundred thousand dollars; and for each succeeding year, one million dollars; the payments to be made monthly to the State Treasurer, and secured by the deposit of one hundred thousand dollars in the bonds of the State.

They further propose to expend, in addition to the above payments, three hundred thousand dollars towards the improvement of the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad during the term of their lease, and also to double the capacity of the locks on the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania Canal, and, on the completion of the road, to avoid the inclined planes on the Allegheny Portage; said road to pay eight per cent, per annum on the money hereafter appropriated and expended towards the construction thereof. They also propose to pay seven per cent, per annum on the sum of thirteen hundred thousand dollars, on the completion of the North Branch Canal and its connection with the Chemung Canal in the State of New York, and they pray the Legislature to enact a law authorizing a contract to be made with the undersigned or their associates, in accordance with the terms of this proposition, all of which is most respectfully submitted.

E. G. Dutilh, Thos. F. Clark, Henry Gaaf, Jeremiah Butler, Jno. Bingham, J. R. Morehead, Jacob Dock, Israel Painter, Geo. W. Harris, J. B. Morehead, Wm. F. Leech, Wm. B. Foster, Jr.

I have heard it intimated that this proposition is intended as a blind, for the purpose of drawing off the vote of the State, and of this new element be thrown in, it is likely to have the effect to postpone any legislation having particular reference to that subject.

This is certainly not the intention of the gentlemen making the proposal; nor can I for a moment think that such is likely to be its effect. The gentlemen who make this offer are well known as men of character and business integrity, and men who are not in the habit of making propositions without a substantial meaning; nor can we have the effect last indicated, as there seems to be a determination to do something to improve the condition of the State in this connection, and if the powers that be will stand aside and let this proposition stand in the Legislature upon its merits, and the merits of the management of the public works, I have no doubt but that their proposition will secure, at least a favorable consideration, and perhaps be adopted.

The House spent an hour this morning in discussing a resolution offered by Mr. Miller, to discharge the Committee on Vice and Immorality, from the further consideration of the Maine Liquor Bill, and to refer the same to a Special Committee. The motion was discussed by Messrs. Miller, Lowry, (Chairman of the Committee,) Walton, Giles, James, of Warren, and Penny. Gen. James was in favor of the motion to discharge, because he was disposed to think now, that if a bill was reported, he would go for it. Judge Giles retorted upon the Genl. and said that if he would excuse the term, he would say that the gentleman had been bribed to vote for the bill.

And as this is a very grave charge, said Judge G. I will state the circumstances of it to the House. The gentleman from Warren was at a ball the other night, and there was a very beautiful young lady there whose hand was constantly engaged for several sets ahead. My friend from Warren was among the competitors for that hand, when the lady suggested that if he would agree to vote for the Maine Law, he should have it for the next dance. The gentleman from Warren, like his first father in the Garden of Eden, in an unguarded moment, yielded—obtained the hand of the lady in the next dance—and now he tells you that he is prepared to vote for the Maine Law. The General replied intimating that the gentleman from Elk had not been so fortunate as to be able to make such a bargain for himself.

ability. So long as you have this indirect source of revenue, by which your national treasury is to be gorged and replenished, just so long the attention of the people will not be called to the enormous faults which have been practiced under this Galphian administration, called into power under professions of economy, and promises of an economical administration of the government.

For President, James Buchanan. Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

For President, James Buchanan. Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

Editorial Correspondence. WASHINGTON, March 18. COZ. SIM.—You have heard of the President's Letters, so renowned for the assembling of great men and great wimmins,—intellect, beauty and fashion.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

That tall, elderly lady yonder is Mrs. Webster. She is following the example of her illustrious husband, whom we saw a moment since with that dashing young belle, and has taken the arm of a youth of twenty-five, a dashing young buck. There, too, just catching Mrs. Webster's eye, a fierce, savage looking man, with large tusks and long curly hair. That is the Russian Minister, the perfect personification of the "Bear of the North."

Genl. Jessup passes him in full uniform, and a "merry lassy" hangs to his arm playfully twirling the tinsel of his epaulettes. Commodore Stockton, that little good natured old man with a black wig, is coquetting with a youthful Miss; and close by stands the son of a distinguished Senator chiding "small talk" to the wife of the Russian Minister.

Now look about the Senate Chamber and pick out the lions. That grey, venerable man in the Chair is Senator Clark of Rhode Island. He is a rapid anti-Kossuth man, and Mr. Seward gave him "his" the other day in his Intervention Speech. He looks like a greater man than he really is, the Chair no doubt adding dignity to his appearance.

Yonder to the right of the Chair you see a large, portly man, apparently half asleep. He takes no notice of what is going on, and occasionally starts as though smothered from a dream. He has a black glossy wig, which adds youthfulness to his appearance. You can scarcely catch his eye for he is looking intently at one spot on the floor. Senator Seward is speaking and, Genl. Cas (for this is he) is digesting every sentence that falls from his lips. Yes, that is the world-renowned Cass, one of the greatest men of the age. What a tremendous head he has, and a head too indicating a great preponderance of his intellect.

THE DEMOCRAT.

The Largest Circulation in Northern Pennsylvania—1092 Copies Weekly. S. B. & E. B. CHASE, Editors. HARRISBURG, Pa. FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

For President, James Buchanan. Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

For President, James Buchanan. Subject to the decision of the National Convention.

Editorial Correspondence. WASHINGTON, March 18. COZ. SIM.—You have heard of the President's Letters, so renowned for the assembling of great men and great wimmins,—intellect, beauty and fashion.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

That tall, elderly lady yonder is Mrs. Webster. She is following the example of her illustrious husband, whom we saw a moment since with that dashing young belle, and has taken the arm of a youth of twenty-five, a dashing young buck. There, too, just catching Mrs. Webster's eye, a fierce, savage looking man, with large tusks and long curly hair. That is the Russian Minister, the perfect personification of the "Bear of the North."

Genl. Jessup passes him in full uniform, and a "merry lassy" hangs to his arm playfully twirling the tinsel of his epaulettes. Commodore Stockton, that little good natured old man with a black wig, is coquetting with a youthful Miss; and close by stands the son of a distinguished Senator chiding "small talk" to the wife of the Russian Minister.

Now look about the Senate Chamber and pick out the lions. That grey, venerable man in the Chair is Senator Clark of Rhode Island. He is a rapid anti-Kossuth man, and Mr. Seward gave him "his" the other day in his Intervention Speech. He looks like a greater man than he really is, the Chair no doubt adding dignity to his appearance.

Yonder to the right of the Chair you see a large, portly man, apparently half asleep. He takes no notice of what is going on, and occasionally starts as though smothered from a dream. He has a black glossy wig, which adds youthfulness to his appearance. You can scarcely catch his eye for he is looking intently at one spot on the floor. Senator Seward is speaking and, Genl. Cas (for this is he) is digesting every sentence that falls from his lips. Yes, that is the world-renowned Cass, one of the greatest men of the age. What a tremendous head he has, and a head too indicating a great preponderance of his intellect.

ton, Calhoun, Wright, Clay, Buchanan, Webster. What a constellation of great men for the nineteenth century! With them America might safely challenge the world.

Now advancing towards Gen. Cass is Mason of Virginia. He is a man of medium size, a large round head, rather dull complexion, but there is a good deal of the Lion in his nature. He meets a very tall, well proportioned, good looking man and a pleasant conversation ensues, if you may judge from the countenance of both. That large man is Senator Gwin of California. He is a man of active temperance, always pleasant, and would be picked out for a very great man in any place—probably a greater than he really is. Near where he is standing sits Soule of Louisiana. He is a Spaniard by descent, and settled in this country after having passed through many vicissitudes in his own.

WASHINGTON, March 18. COZ. SIM.—You have heard of the President's Letters, so renowned for the assembling of great men and great wimmins,—intellect, beauty and fashion.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

That tall, elderly lady yonder is Mrs. Webster. She is following the example of her illustrious husband, whom we saw a moment since with that dashing young belle, and has taken the arm of a youth of twenty-five, a dashing young buck. There, too, just catching Mrs. Webster's eye, a fierce, savage looking man, with large tusks and long curly hair. That is the Russian Minister, the perfect personification of the "Bear of the North."

Genl. Jessup passes him in full uniform, and a "merry lassy" hangs to his arm playfully twirling the tinsel of his epaulettes. Commodore Stockton, that little good natured old man with a black wig, is coquetting with a youthful Miss; and close by stands the son of a distinguished Senator chiding "small talk" to the wife of the Russian Minister.

Now look about the Senate Chamber and pick out the lions. That grey, venerable man in the Chair is Senator Clark of Rhode Island. He is a rapid anti-Kossuth man, and Mr. Seward gave him "his" the other day in his Intervention Speech. He looks like a greater man than he really is, the Chair no doubt adding dignity to his appearance.

Yonder to the right of the Chair you see a large, portly man, apparently half asleep. He takes no notice of what is going on, and occasionally starts as though smothered from a dream. He has a black glossy wig, which adds youthfulness to his appearance. You can scarcely catch his eye for he is looking intently at one spot on the floor. Senator Seward is speaking and, Genl. Cas (for this is he) is digesting every sentence that falls from his lips. Yes, that is the world-renowned Cass, one of the greatest men of the age. What a tremendous head he has, and a head too indicating a great preponderance of his intellect.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

Kentucky, celebrated for his recent defence of Genl. Butler, you will agree with me is a handsome man. Ardent in his nature, gentlemanly in his deportment, he is a fair specimen to become an ornament to his State.

But you want to see Brown and Wilcox of Mississippi, who fought so bravely the other day. Well there is Brown over on the Whig side of the House. He is a fine looking man, of very respectable talents, much more gentlemanly than Wilcox, and I think, more of a man in every respect.

WASHINGTON, March 18. COZ. SIM.—You have heard of the President's Letters, so renowned for the assembling of great men and great wimmins,—intellect, beauty and fashion.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

That tall, elderly lady yonder is Mrs. Webster. She is following the example of her illustrious husband, whom we saw a moment since with that dashing young belle, and has taken the arm of a youth of twenty-five, a dashing young buck. There, too, just catching Mrs. Webster's eye, a fierce, savage looking man, with large tusks and long curly hair. That is the Russian Minister, the perfect personification of the "Bear of the North."

Genl. Jessup passes him in full uniform, and a "merry lassy" hangs to his arm playfully twirling the tinsel of his epaulettes. Commodore Stockton, that little good natured old man with a black wig, is coquetting with a youthful Miss; and close by stands the son of a distinguished Senator chiding "small talk" to the wife of the Russian Minister.

Now look about the Senate Chamber and pick out the lions. That grey, venerable man in the Chair is Senator Clark of Rhode Island. He is a rapid anti-Kossuth man, and Mr. Seward gave him "his" the other day in his Intervention Speech. He looks like a greater man than he really is, the Chair no doubt adding dignity to his appearance.

Yonder to the right of the Chair you see a large, portly man, apparently half asleep. He takes no notice of what is going on, and occasionally starts as though smothered from a dream. He has a black glossy wig, which adds youthfulness to his appearance. You can scarcely catch his eye for he is looking intently at one spot on the floor. Senator Seward is speaking and, Genl. Cas (for this is he) is digesting every sentence that falls from his lips. Yes, that is the world-renowned Cass, one of the greatest men of the age. What a tremendous head he has, and a head too indicating a great preponderance of his intellect.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

Legislative.

Tuesday, March 17. Mr. Myers from Committee on Finance reported adversely on granting an appropriation to the Northern University at Bethany, West Virginia.

The Bill for the immediate completion of the North Branch Canal came up on third reading in the Senate. The first question was on the motion of Mr. KUNKEL, to go into committee of the whole for the purpose of considering an amendment which authorized the taking of the loan for the canal after its completion, the Senate to be liable for its repayment.

WASHINGTON, March 18. COZ. SIM.—You have heard of the President's Letters, so renowned for the assembling of great men and great wimmins,—intellect, beauty and fashion.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.

That tall, elderly lady yonder is Mrs. Webster. She is following the example of her illustrious husband, whom we saw a moment since with that dashing young belle, and has taken the arm of a youth of twenty-five, a dashing young buck. There, too, just catching Mrs. Webster's eye, a fierce, savage looking man, with large tusks and long curly hair. That is the Russian Minister, the perfect personification of the "Bear of the North."

Genl. Jessup passes him in full uniform, and a "merry lassy" hangs to his arm playfully twirling the tinsel of his epaulettes. Commodore Stockton, that little good natured old man with a black wig, is coquetting with a youthful Miss; and close by stands the son of a distinguished Senator chiding "small talk" to the wife of the Russian Minister.

Now look about the Senate Chamber and pick out the lions. That grey, venerable man in the Chair is Senator Clark of Rhode Island. He is a rapid anti-Kossuth man, and Mr. Seward gave him "his" the other day in his Intervention Speech. He looks like a greater man than he really is, the Chair no doubt adding dignity to his appearance.

Yonder to the right of the Chair you see a large, portly man, apparently half asleep. He takes no notice of what is going on, and occasionally starts as though smothered from a dream. He has a black glossy wig, which adds youthfulness to his appearance. You can scarcely catch his eye for he is looking intently at one spot on the floor. Senator Seward is speaking and, Genl. Cas (for this is he) is digesting every sentence that falls from his lips. Yes, that is the world-renowned Cass, one of the greatest men of the age. What a tremendous head he has, and a head too indicating a great preponderance of his intellect.

But, look you there, Sim. At the other side of the room stands the observed of all observers,—among the beaux I mean. See how she glitters with jewels and gold, and how gracefully she bends to acknowledge the adoration paid at her shrine.