

# TRIFLING

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1860.

VOL. 7.—NO. 9.

## UNDER THE MOON.

Under the moon, as the twilight breeze  
Ripples the water in pulses of light,  
We stand on the bridge by the sycamore trees,  
And list to the voices that come thro' the night.  
Under the elm row, misty and dank,  
Love's sweet laughter rings from the bank—  
Sprinkled with many a dim red lamp,  
Stretching away through the distance damp—  
'Till 'mid the village blossoms, with June,  
Tinkles a serenade under the moon.

Under the moon, in the village street,  
Gossiping groups in the shadow meet;  
Seated at dusky doorways there,  
Red-lipped maidens taste of the air;  
Whispering now of their lovers' eyes,  
Beneath the beautiful summer skies,  
Whispering then of their fatteries sweet—  
As Autumn's fruitage dropped 'neath the heat,  
Until they cadence a trembling tune,  
Soft as their pulses under the moon.

Under the moon, by the cool sea-shore,  
The wind walks over its spacious floor,  
Courting the snowy-bosomed sails,  
Daintily rippling the blue waves;  
Over the crisp foam bearing along,  
The musing mariner's midnight song,  
As by the rising bell with hands,  
Lit in the compass lamp he stands,  
Thinking of those he left at noon,  
Sad on the green shore under the moon.

Under the moon, by the dusty road,  
Pierced to the old abode:  
The listless splendor floating falls  
Over its swan-wood roof and walls,  
Peering into the casement nook  
Filled with many a brown old book;  
Spirits are there whose pages beam  
With thoughtless ditty and pictured dream;  
Spirits, amid whose silence soon  
Our own shall slumber, under the moon.

## PRIDE AND PRINCIPLE.

I was returning home after an absence of eight years; returning to the home of my childhood. The lumbering coach that bore me rapidly along, was already entering the little village where I was born, where I had received the first rudiments of knowledge; where I had sported many a happy childhood's hour, and where I had first learned to love. Yes, to love the prettiest, merriest, and proudest maiden in all the village—not wisely, but too well. She rejected my suit; she had higher aspirations. It was true she liked me very well—it might be loved me, but I was not rich; and she was proud and haughty, as well as beautiful. Yet she was indeed kind and charitable; she did not reject my offer disdainfully, but seemed to study some method by which her irrevocable reply might give me no pain. I did not question her motives; I knew them too well, and then and there resolved that if health should be spared me, I would depart at once from my native village, and some day return a wealthy man—not again to urge my suit, not even to claim her as a friend or acquaintance, unless it should be her express desire; for I too had a proud spirit, and could never condescend to plead with a woman.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind as I neared my father's cottage; and I rejoiced to think that in part my purpose had been accomplished. I was rich—rich even beyond the fastidious requisitions of Isabel Hayne; richer than her father had ever been, and yet my stern resolve had seen no change.

I met my father, now silver-haired with age. My mother had been lying in her silent, narrow home for nearly two years. My sister, my only sister, whom I fondly hoped to meet, was married, and had gone to a distant place to dwell. The spirit of change had breathed upon every dear and familiar object. I met the companions of my youth, who welcomed me back with smiles, which seemed the distorted mockery of the smiles that lit up their happy faces in my boyhood's days. They were growing old. Yet some seemed apparently no older than when I had seen them eight years before.

I did not meet Miss Hayne; nor did I even inquire about her. She had probably gone away; or what was quite as probable, her father might have become so wealthy that she no longer moved in the village society. Perhaps she was married, and was living in some other place. What was she to me, that I should spend a thought in speculation as to the cause of her invisibility? And yet I could not efface her image from my mind. If ever in distant lands I had succeeded in banishing her from my memory, I could not do so now.

The associations of home and familiar scenes brought back the recollection of happy days, and her name—her name—she appeared to me then—was indispensably necessary to complete the picture which fancy painted me. There was a social gathering at a friend's, but she was not there. Why should I look so anxiously about, hoping and yet fearing to encounter her beautiful face? Why could I not forget her at once, and for ever? Some one mentioned her name. "Why was she not there?"

"She does not go out now since their misfortune," was the reply.

"What a pity! Poor Hayne! They say that she supports him by teaching."

"Yes, she is engaged in a school just beyond the village. It must be a severe and humiliating lesson to her; she was very proud."

I must confess I was interested, and desired to know more, much more; but I asked no questions—I could not forget the past.

"Well, well," said he, since you wish it, I will go with you. There are not many that are kind to the old man now. I am not what I was six years ago! I was a rich man then—very rich—but speculation did the mischief. See yonder house just beyond the school; it was mine. Ah! it was a happy home, but it can never be mine again."

And thus he babbled on; for the infirmities of age, prematurely induced by his misfortunes, had rendered him garrulous. He was indeed changed; for among all I had seen since my return home, not one had grown so old as he. He did not recognize me; and as I drove slowly along, very slowly—for he said many things that were interesting to me—I learned more of his circumstances, and of the sacrifices, concessions, efforts and filial affection of his daughter, Isabel—the name affected me. I will confess it—than I had previously ascertained.

I had often passed the school-house, as it was directly on my way to my new purchase, but had never before caught sight of the fair teacher. As we now approached, I observed the scholars rushing from the door, and before we drove up, she herself emerged and stood before us.

"Ah, Isabel, this kind gentleman urged me to ride in his chaise, and I want you to thank him in my behalf, because you do not know how much it has cost me."

If I had remained unrecognized by the father, I could not escape the searching glance of the daughter. Her quickly changing color indicated at once that she knew or at least suspected who I was. I turned round my chaise, sprang out and offered to assist her in saying, "Permit me, Miss Hayne—your father is fatigued, and I will drive you to your home. I shall have ample time to attend to my other business afterward."

She stammered some excuse; but I insisted upon her riding, and had the satisfaction of seeing her yield.

For a moment I gave myself up to the happy memories of the past. I was again beside the only being I had ever loved. I felt the rustle of her dress against my hand, and notwithstanding her exterior coldness and assumed formality, I could not suppress the tumult within.

Isabel was little changed; but changed much for the better. The haughty maiden had become the beautiful woman. She was pensive, sad. But little was said during our homeward drive, except that which was uttered by the talkative old gentleman. Isabel said nothing. What a strange meeting!—had I been an entire stranger, as Mr. Hayne supposed me, it could scarcely have been different. She did indeed smile when I lifted her from the chaise, then lapsed. "Thank you," then blushed, then paled again. Mr. Hayne cordially invited me to revisit their humble cottage, and solicited the honor of knowing my name.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed; "is this indeed our old friend Temple's son? and returned rich too, they say. Heaven grant you may make good use of your money, and be warned by an old man, and make no rash venture. Here, Isabel, daughter! This is Harry Temple. You surely cannot have forgotten him."

"I scarcely recognized him," she replied, somewhat confused, as she returned from the cottage to lead her invalid father into the house. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here again, Mr. Temple. Yes, indeed, it was the same sweet voice as of old, tempered by charity, humility and affection; and softened by the influence of religion and filial affection.

I pondered well the circumstances. Should I yield to the yearnings of my heart? Should I again offer my hand, perhaps to be refused? Perhaps she would not a second time reject my offer. I was now rich and she poor. It would be no sacrifice of principle on my part to offer to wed the poor school-teacher, although I had determined never to renew my suit with the wealthy heiress. It might have been destiny that decided her to reject my first offer; for had she not done so, I never should have left home and friends, to wander in foreign climes in pursuit of wealth. I might at this very day have been groveling in abject poverty. I should have been utterly unable to restore the old man and his daughter to their old home, as I now fondly hoped to do. Yes, indeed, pride was conquered, and the principle which had never been quite extinguished within me, but against which I had battled with might for eight years, at length triumphed.

I visited their cottage repeatedly, and assured myself that the change in Isabel's character, disposition and manner was deep and radical. She no longer had high aspirations; her only thought was the comfort of her dotting old father.

At length I offered my hand again, and this time I felt no scruples about urging my suit, since matters occupied quite a different position from that of former years.

I cannot tell you how happy I was when I pressed her to my bosom, and knew that she was to be mine. If I had loved her in my pride, and desired to make her my wife, how much more I loved her now in her humility! I knew that I could protect her and restore her and her dear old father to their home again! I was indeed happy when I saw her shed such copious tears of joy. Ah, thought I, this retaliation, this happiness for unhappy, is sweet both to the giver and the recipient.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—The Southern threat of secession and disunion, and the demands of protection for slavery are not granted, reminds us of the threat of an Irishman who lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to retrieve it. The well being deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above—they lent a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he called out, "Be St. Patrick, if ye don't be after drawing me up, sure I'll cut the rope!"

"Pickard's Dog" bite, it appears, was not fatal to Andy Curtin. The "lottery" story did not "draw." The "Dutch" seem to have got into the notion of voting for the Republicans "through both their skulls." And the Democracy will have ample time, during Col. Curtin's Administration, to repent of their folly in the renowned shades of Salt River.

## "ARTEMUS WARD" SEES THE PRINCE.

Our good natured and facetious friend, "Artemus Ward," has been to "Kanady" to see the Prince of Wales, and writes a long communication to his friends of the "Editorial Kops" giving an account of his interview with the action of royalty. He says: "I've bin follerin' Mrs. Victory's hopeful son Albert Edward thro' Kanady, with my unparalleled show, and the I haint made much in a pecuniary pint of view, I've learnt sumthin new, over here on British Sile, where they bleeve in Saint George and the Dragon. Previs to cummin over hear I tawt my originist how to grind Rule Britanny and other airs which is popular on British Sile. I likewise fixt a waxegger up to represent Sir Edmund Hed the Governor-General. The statoot I fixt up is the most versatile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showed it as William Penn, Napoleon Bonapart, Juke of Wellington, the Boneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham & varis other notid persons, & also for a certin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long among wax statoots that I kin fix 'em to soot the tastes of folks, & with sum paints I hev I kin give their fasis a benevolent or fendish look as the case requires. I give Sir Edmund Hed a benevolent look, & when sum folks who tawt they was smart said it didn't look like Sir Edmund Hed enymore than it did anybody else, I sed, 'That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmund Hed or any other man. You may call it what you please. Ef it doesn't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sartinly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seen. I call it Sir Edmund Hed. Ye may call it what you darn please.' The showman next detalls the difficulties which he experienced in gaining access to the Prince, and relates in his own peculiar style a rather stormy interview he had with the "Kurnal of the Seventy Fust," who was horrified at the idea of "Artemus" seeking the presence of royalty, and would have made short work of his pretensions but for his Royal Highness himself, who, in the nick of time came to his rescue. The scene that followed between the showman and the Prince is thus detailed:

"Wall, 'tween Albert Edward, how's the old folks?" "Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed. "Duz the old man take his Lager Beer reglar?" Inquired. The Prince larfed & intermated that the old man didn't let many kegs of that beveridge spile in the seller in the course of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time about matters & things & bimchly axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur heed got. "To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurra over a boy like me. I woud rather go thro' the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. But you know, Mister Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself for the pershin I must sumtime occupy." "That's true," sez I, "sickness and docters will cure the Queen orf one of these dese, sure's yer born." The time hevvin arose fur me to take my departer, I rose up and sed, "Albert Edward, I must go, but previs to doin so I will observe that you soot me. Your a good feller Albert Edward, & tho' I'm agin Princes as a general thing, I must say I like the cut of yure Gib. When you git to be King try to be agood a man as yure mother has bin. Be just and be Jenerous, especially to shermen, who hev allers bin abused and not gettin no credit for their just man to go into the Menagery bizness, & of the daily papers of his time are to be bleeved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beasts beet enything ever seen sice, tho' I make bold to dowd of his snaks was ahead of mine. Albert Edward, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetual free pass to my show, & also parses to take home for the Queen & old Albert, I put on my hat & walked away.

The showman thus gives vent to the feelings which swelled his "bum" after leaving the royal presence. He writes—"Mrs. Ward," I sollerquid, as I walkt along, "Mrs. Ward, ef yu could see your husband now, just as he proudly emerjis from the presents of the futur King of England yud be sorry you kalled him a Beest jess becuz he cum home tired I nite and wantid to go to bed without takin orf his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin to deprive yure husband of the priceless Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!" Just then a long pershin of men, with gownds on 'em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up to me he sed, "Ar you Orange?" Sez I, "Which?" "Ar you a Orangeman?" he repeated sternly. "I used to peddle lemins," sez I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particler Looatic Asylum hev you & yure friends escaped from ef I may be so bold." "Just then a sudden thack struck me & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who worer in the Prince so givin the Juke of Newcastle cold swets at Eite, by yure infernal catawainis, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sizerzen, take orf them gownds & don't try to git up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edward, who wants to receive you all on an eckal footin, not keering a tinker's cuss what meet in house you sleep in Sundays. Go home and mind your business & not make nooinssins of yure selves." With which observashuns I left 'em. I shall leve British Sile 4thwith."

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—According to the Church Almanac for 1860, the Episcopal Church in the United States contains thirty-three dioceses. The number of bishops is forty-three; priests and deacons, two thousand and thirty; parishes, two thousand one hundred and ten. There were ordained during the year seventy deacons and ninety-three priests. Number of candidates for holy orders, two hundred and eighty-one; churches consecrated, sixty-nine. The baptisms were as follows: infants, thirty thousand and hundred and thirteen; adults, five thousand one hundred and twenty-one; not stated, four hundred and eighty-seven—total, forty thousand and twenty-three. Number of confirmations, fifteen thousand five hundred and ninety-six; communicants added, fourteen thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven; marriages, seven thousand and fifty-nine; burials, twelve thousand and four hundred and forty-two; Sunday school teachers, fourteen thousand and ninety-one; schools one hundred and eighteen thousand and sixty-nine. Amount of contributions for missionary and charitable purposes, \$1,027,183 12.

## "NEGRO EQUALITY."

The Democracy are pretty much bankrupt for arguments, but they have one last resource when everything else fails—everlasting "nigger equality." Of course there will be no "nigger equality" where there are no "niggers," and as the Republican party propose to save the Territories for free white men, while the Democracy leave a way open for their introduction, it is difficult to see how the slang phrase here quoted applies to any other party than themselves. But there are a few facts in this connection which have a more special significance, as fixing upon the Democratic party the responsibility of all the negro equality which prevails in the United States. We quote from the Chicago Tribune:

"The State of Maine the negro is a citizen. The State of Maine, at the time when the laws were enacted conferring citizenship upon negroes, was overwhelmingly Democratic, and the Democratic party enacted by law that negroes should be citizens!"

"In the State of New Hampshire negroes are citizens. The State of New Hampshire at the time when citizenship was conferred upon negroes, was overwhelmingly Democratic, and that party enacted the laws which gave them the rights of citizenship!"

"In the State of Massachusetts negroes are citizens, and the elective franchise was conferred upon them by the Democratic party of that State at the only time when they ever held the reins of government there!"

"In the State of New York all colored persons who own \$250 worth of property are allowed to vote. The Constitutional Convention which conferred this privilege upon them was largely Democratic—was presided over by Martin Van Buren, then the Democratic leader of the state—and the same Martin Van Buren, was subsequently elected President of the United States by the Democratic party of the nation! And at the same time Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, who had married a colored woman on the most approved principles of amalgamation, was nominated for Vice President by a National Democratic Convention, and elected to that high office by Democracy!"

"In the State of Ohio persons of one-half negro blood are allowed to vote. At the time this privilege was conferred upon them the Democratic party was in power, and they framed the Constitution which extended the right of suffrage to persons of color!"

"Some years ago the Legislature of Wisconsin passed a popular vote on the question of allowing negroes to vote at all elections, the same as white people. At this time the Democratic party was largely in the majority in Wisconsin, and they are responsible for the attempt to establish negro-equality in that State!"

"Now, let us see what the Republican party has done in the way of negro equality. Will any gentleman Democrat put his finger on the act which compels them with that doctrine? It is most true that the Republican party are opposed to the enslavement of any one who bears the Divine image and likeness. It is equally true that no man can be a good Democrat in these days unless the first article in his creed is that he 'don't care whether slavery is voted down or voted up.' But here are five states admitting negro equality into their laws and constitutions, and a sixth where they proposed to do so, though the people failed to ratify the proposition—and all done by the Democratic party. And not only so, but the Democracy of the United States elevated to the Presidency one of the champions of the doctrine, and to the Vice Presidency a person who was actually married to a colored woman and who, in the event of the President's death, would have been mistress of the White House! Quite likely she would have lent grace to the Presidential levees. Quite likely she would have received the foreign Ambassadors with dignity and suavity; and we have always heard Or speak of as an accomplished lady. But O what a comment on the Democracy and negro equality!"

THOSE DREADFUL WIDE-AWAKES!—The opponents of the Republicans are very hard to suit. When we consider in what a desperate condition they are, we can pardon them for being a little hypocritical. Cassius M. Clay has lately told us that his neighbors were equally displeased with him, whether he had slaves or not. Some of the anti-Republican papers have complained that certain Wide-Awake clubs were turbulent and noisy. But it seems that they are as much displeased if the Wide-Awakes are quiet and orderly. A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Herald says with evident solicitude:—

"Indeed, the exactitude of their march processions to observe, when the quiet procession moves along the highway as if one power was moving it, and this formality is compared to the gay, romping crowd of 'devil may care' fellows, who have hitherto composed our political clubs, and infused a life into national politics with their wit and song—Quiet men are dangerous."

The Richmond (Va.) Whig appears greatly disgusted with the "people living in the extreme Southern States." It says that they are eternally threatening to break up the Union because of the aggressions of the North; and, worse than that, they insist upon dictating to the border slave States what they shall not do. This "gracious interference" does not please their border brethren; and the Whig is inclined to think that it is not quite disinterested—inasmuch as the danger, if the Union were dissolved, would be, not to the Gulf States, but to the great border slave states, behind which the Gulf States are entrenched. It goes on to say that upon these border States falls the weight of loss from the runaway slaves, yet their people are not as a rule, thinking about dissolving the Union. There are many grains of sense in the Whig's rebuke of its more Southern friends.

There exist in Ireland at present about 70 towns containing from 10,000 to 25,000 inhabitants—without a book seller's shop; and six whole counties are found without either a publisher, bookseller or circulating library. In Scotland the number of booksellers, as compared to Ireland, in the proportion of the population, is nine to one.

THE NEXT DODGE.—Now for the disunion howl! Pennsylvania has gone, Indiana has gone, and now the disunion howl is in order! Let all Republicans be prepared for it—for proclamations by Southern Governors—for jeremiads by the Locofoco press—for diatribes of proslavery orators! This is the next dodge.

## SLAVES AS PROPERTY.

The argument so often repeated that it has become threadbare, advanced by the advocates of slavery extension, that slaves should be classed with that which is recognized as property by the laws of the Northern States or in other words, the Southern negro, who is represented as a "person" in Congress, should be classed with the live stock of a Northern farm yard, in order to secure his admission into a territory—is so fallacious that we are surprised that even Southern men have the effrontery to advance it. And yet it is the foundation of the slave code idea, and is urged with a pertinacity that seems like infatuation, not only by slaveholders, but by men in the North who call themselves "democrats" and "conservatives." There is not a day passes that we do not find some demagogic contending with apparent earnestness, that the owners of slaves should be placed, in this respect, on an equal footing with the owners of horses, oxen and sheep. As this class of individuals generally receive with great deference the opinions on the subject of slavery advanced on the south side of Mason and Dixon's line, we beg leave to direct their attention to the following extract from an article written by a Virginia editor—a Mr. PARKER of Charlottesville—who although he supports Breckinridge, has some misgivings as to the stability of his platform. He proposes in this article to abandon the slave code, and compromise the vexed question by dividing the national domain equally between the slave and free States for future settlement and occupation. The portion of the article, however, which has attracted our attention is that which draws the line of distinction between the different species of property, and which, in our opinion, refutes the position of the slavery propagandists in the North and the South on this subject:

"The Breckinridge party rests its claim upon general principles of equality and the Dred Scott decision. They say it is unequal for the North to be allowed to carry and protect by the arm of the Federal Government, if necessary, all their property in the Territories, and for the South to be refused like privileges. This, as a naked proposition, is certainly correct. But how is it when you come to look at the concomitants of each species of property. Slaves are men. Men affect the order of civilization. The North has as much interest in the order of civilization as the South. An order of civilization as due to a people as property, and indeed, materially affects its value. The rights of an 'order of civilization' are as sacred and as much for a government to protect as rights of 'property.' The Southern order of civilization displaces the Northern as effectually as a Wilnot Proviso does the Southern. The two owners cannot co-exist upon the same soil, any more than a State can be at the same time a slave State and a free State. Besides, the legalization of slavery in a Territory makes it as fully and thoroughly a slave Territory as if there were a multitude of slaves therein. It is this legal character of the Territories that is looked to and that all this contention is about. The question is, shall the legal status and character of all the Territories be free or slave? The Wilnot men assert that they will pass the Wilnot proviso, and make them all legally free; the Breckinridge men, on the contrary, assert they will, by the Dred Scott decision, make them all legally slave. The question is, shall the Breckinridge looks as unjust and unequal to the North as Lincoln's to the South. The Dred Scott decision seems to be confined to property, and takes no account of persons and orders of civilization. A decision covering the whole ground, it would seem, should apply to all. Again, are there not principles of common law which might modify this particular decision? Though, as a general rule, there is a right to carry into any of the Territories all sorts of property common to any of the States, yet common law principles pertaining to nuisances and injurious species of property might possibly apply. For illustration: lead manufactories are property in the States; might they therefore be carried into any of the Territories and placed in any of the towns, and constitutional protection claimed and common law principles defied, just on the ground that they were property, though spreading poisonous fumes abroad? Perhaps, slaves require slavery, as a fact, and slavery excludes the free order of civilization, which is Northern society—and thereby prevents the North from their rightful and equal participation in the Territories, some application to it of those common-law principles might be just."

Here follows the proposition to appropriate equal portions of the public domain to freedom and slavery.

DEATHS FROM SPIDER BITES.—Dr. Wm. Feasel, formerly a practising physician at Hannibal, Mississippi, but who has recently been engaged in farming near Barle Station was bitten by a spider on the end of his great toe, coming down from Keokuk on Friday, from the effects of which he died on the 19th inst. At first he thought it was the bite of a mosquito, but when the wound became inflamed and commenced swelling, he called on Dr. Duffield, but, alas! too late, as the sequel proved. He leaves a wife and three or four children to mourn his untimely death. A little son of Chas. Goit, of East Laneboro', (Mass.) aged five years, died a few days ago from the bite of a spider. The little fellow awoke in the night crying, and on his parents seeking the cause of his grief, they found a small black spider was biting the calf of his leg, and appeared to be sinking itself into the flesh, where it hung very tenaciously until removed. The leg swelled to a very large size, and his sufferings increased till they terminated in death, about 48 hours after he was bitten.

Mr. Yancy, the great Disunionist, in his New York speech, exposed the real secret of his hostility to the election of Lincoln. He said: "Now, then, what would be the result of putting Lincoln into power? Why, gentlemen, it would build up an additional party in every Southern State, and there is no doubt of it. There are men in the Southern States who would take office under Lincoln, and they would, of course, be the nearest to sympathizing with him in his rule. I tell you it would not take long for them to sympathize entirely with him—at least so entirely as to be able to keep the office."

Mr. Yancy is right. The mere probability of Mr. Lincoln's election has already built up formidable Republican organizations in Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky and Delaware.

## MR. LINCOLN AND THE TARIFF.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia North American furnishes the following from the journals of Congress as a part of Mr. Lincoln's record on the Tariff:

"April 1848.—C. J. Ingersoll moved a resolution, the object of which was to throw off 15 of the 30 per cent. ad valorem tax on French productions imported into the United States.

The subject, after discussion, was laid upon the table, Lincoln voting with John Blanchard, Jasper E. Brady, George N. Eckert, John Freedly, Moses Hampton, John H. W. Hornback, Alexander Irvin, Lewis C. Levin, Andrew Stewart and John Strohm, in favor of laying the resolution upon the table, and thus preventing the proposed reduction of duties. See Congressional Globe, vol. 18, p. 698.

Again, June 19, 1848—Andrew Stewart, of Pennsylvania, moved a resolution, the object of which was to enable him to offer the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to enquire into the expediency of reporting a bill increasing the duties on foreign luxuries of all kinds, and on such foreign manufactures as are now coming into ruinous competition with American labor."

As 86; says 82. The rules were not suspended, two-thirds not voting in favor thereof, but among the votes in favor of suspending the rules is that of Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois. Congressional Globe, vol. 18, p. 852.

Again, in 2d Session of 30th Congress, December 11, 1848, Mr. Eckert offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Committee of Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a tariff bill based upon the principles of the tariff of 1842."

Mr. Lincoln voted in favor of the resolution. Congressional Globe, vol. 20, p. 26.

Again, January 8, 1849—Upon consideration of a resolution of Mr. Greeley, inquiring of the Secretary of the Treasury as to the tariff of '46 on flannels, &c., and asking why the tariff on these articles was lower than on the raw material. On motion to lay the resolution upon the table, Mr. Lincoln voted against laying on the table.—Congressional Globe, vol. 20, p. 147.

Thus it will be seen that every recorded vote of Mr. Lincoln in Congress, on the tariff question, was in favor of the highest tariff proposed, and if he did not commit himself any more fully on this question, it was because no opportunity offered which he was in Congress. If his acts and speeches on Congress be examined, they will be found to be perfectly consistent with his votes in Congress on the tariff question."

OLD-TIME DEMOCRACY.

"Slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature."—Dr. Franklin.

"Slavery is contrary to the law of nature and nations."—William Wirt.

"It is wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea that there can be property in man."—James Madison.

"We have found that this evil (slavery) has preyed upon the very vitals of the Union, and has been prejudicial to all the States."—James Monroe.

"I never would have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was helping to found a nation or Slaves."—Lafayette.

"The earth, which multiplies her productions under the hands of the free born laborer, seems to shrink into barrenness under the sweat of the slave."—Dr. Rush.

"It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants Slavery. Give me Liberty or give me Death!"—Patrick Henry.

"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting one rod of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage."—Henry Clay.

"Slavery stifles industry and represses enterprise; it is fatal to economy and Providence; it discourages skill, impairs our strength as a community, and poisons morals at their fountain head."—Judge Gaston, of North Carolina.

"Your late purchase of an estate, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country."

Washington's Letter to Lafayette.

"I would rejoice in every soul that every one of my fellow-beings was emancipated. We ought to lament and deplore the necessity of holding our fellow-men in bondage. Believe me I shall honor the Quakers for their noble efforts to abolish slavery."—Patrick Henry.

"One hour of American Slavery is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."

"I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever. A resolution is among possible events. The Almighty has no attribute which would side with us in such a struggle."—Thomas Jefferson.

"My opposition to the extension of slavery dates farther back than 1844—forty years further back; and as this is a suitable time for a general declaration, and a sort of general conscience delivery, I will say, that my opposition to it dates from 1804, when I was a student at law in the State of Tennessee, and studied the subject of African Slavery in an American book—a Virginia book—Tucker's Edition of Blackstone's Commentaries.—Thomas H. Benton.

"Sir, I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North who rises here to defend Slavery on principle." "I give to my slaves their freedom to which my conscience tells me they are justly entitled. It has long time been a matter of the deepest regret to me that the circumstances under which I inherited them, and the obstacles thrown in the way by the laws of the land, have prevented my emancipating them in my life time, which it is my full intention to do in case I can accomplish it."—John Randolph.

In Calhoun county, Florida, on the 25th ult., the "Regulators" killed Jesse Durden, William Musgrove and Larkin C. Musgrove. The First Brigade of Florida militia has been called out to operate against them. Judge Finley, of the United States District Court of Western Florida, has declared the county to be in a state of insurrectionary war, and the United States Marshals were summoning forces to aid the militia.