THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHLE. "TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL." TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

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The Poet's Corner.

THE PASS OF DEATH.

It was a narrow pass,
Watered with human tears,
For death had kept the outer gate
Almost six thousand years.
And the ceaseless tread of a world's feet
Was ever in my ears—
Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,
As if they were only born to die.

A stately king drew near,
This narrow pass to tread,
Around him hung a goergeous robe,
And a crown was on head;
But Death, with a look of withering scorn,
Arrested him and said,
"In humbler dress must the king draw near,
"For the crown & the purple are useless here."

Next came a man of wealth,
And his eye was proud and bold,
And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,
Telling of sums untold;
But Death, who careth not for rank,
Careth as little for gold—
"Here that scroll I cannot allow,
For the gold of the rich is powerless now."

Another followed fast,
And a book was in his hand,
Filled with the flashes of burning thought
That are known in many a land;
But the child of genius quailed to hear
Death's pitiless demand—
"Here that book cannot enter with thee,
For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me."

Next came a maiden fair,
With that eye so deeply bright,
That stirs within you strange sweet care,
Should you meet on a summer night;
But death, ere the gentle maid passed this,
Snatched away its light—
"Beauty is power in the world," he saith,
"But what can it do in the Pass of Death?"

A youth of sickly mien
Followed in thoughtful mood,
Whose heart was filled with love to God
And the early brotherhood;
Death felt he could not quench the heart
That lived for other's good—
"I own," said he, "the power of love,
I must let it pass to the realms above!"

The Story Book.

"MARRIED AGAIN."

"You don't mean so—you don't really mean that Dora West is married again?" cried Mrs. Mills, as she came down to the front gate, both hands uplifted in surprise and dismay at the fact which I had just communicated to her.—"I must say that I really had too good an opinion of that woman; but there's no knowing what folks will do in this world. And it's only two years since her husband met with that awful death. How I pitied her, and what a fuss she made at the time, I really thought she never would get over it; but she has done herself up for me, now."

I opened my lips to speak, and then, on second thought, I closed them again. There would be no use in defending my dear friend, Dora West, to such a person, and yet, do not misunderstand me, reader; Mrs. Mills was a kind-hearted sort of woman, and would have made almost any sacrifice for a friend or neighbor who was in trouble; but she was *narrow-minded*, and, of course, she was guilty of all that vast burden of petty sins and little uncharitablenesses, which are the indigenous fruit of this quality.

So I only replied, "Oh, Mrs. Mills, you don't understand Dora as I do; but I haven't time to discuss the matter now. Good morning." And walking slowly down that little grassy road, my thoughts went back to a night two years ago, that had burned itself into my memory.

It was evening, in the early October, and the rain was falling slow and languidly outside.—The day had been a languid one, too, with a kind of wistful, blue-gray sky, and a slight chill in the still air which was a far off whisper of the winter.

Dora and I sat sewing in the little back parlor that evening, by the round mahogany table, and there was a sort of rivalry kept up between our tongues and our fingers—I cannot tell which was the nimbler.

How pretty she looked that night, she, the well beloved wife of five years, with the smiles darting among the dimples of her sweet lips, and the light of a glad heart beaming out from her blue eyes.

"To think, Alice," she murmured, "Harry's been gone a week, and I think it would seem an age, that morning he kissed me good-by.—It would, too, if you hadn't been with me.—But he'll be home to-morrow. Oh, how glad I shall be to see him."

At that moment the bell rang, loud and sudden.

"Dear me! I hope nobody's come to bore us to-night. We're so cozy and happy together."

"I think some dispatch for you, Mrs. West,"—said a small boy, whom the sudden bird ushered into the room.

Dora snatch it quickly.

"It's from Harry, I know!"

She brought it to the light and opened it in the eager fingers. Her eyes—those blue, beautiful eyes ran across the page.—"My God! my God!" And then Dora West changed her hands, and laughed loud and wild. Oh, how that laugh rings down now, through those two years, and curdles the blood in my veins, and fairly stops the beating of my heart.

"What does it mean, Alice?" she whispered, half to herself, read it; but it struck my head just now, something dreadful ails it. Nothing has happened, Harry, has there? He'll come home to-morrow and put his arms around me, and kiss away this dear little wife, won't he? Read it, Alice, read it!"

I tried to say, [illegible] my voice died away among [illegible] there, a terrible fear had come down.

But I drew Dora into my lap, laid her head on my shoulder, and then, bending down, I read the paper which she held tight in her hands.

There were but few words; the great crises of life are generally acted and told briefly. There had been a fearful collision on the railway, somewhere between New York and Boston. Several passengers were killed. Among them was—yes, I looked twice, bending down my eyes close to the paper; it was *his* name.

I hugged Dora tight to my heart. I do not remember anything that happened for the next five minutes.

"He will come back, Alice! Harry will come back?"

These were the first words that aroused me; Dora was smiling and playing with my hair.

Then the truth rushed over me, and I could neither move nor speak.

At that moment Mr. Lee, a neighbor and friend of Harry's, burst into the room.

"Has she heard it?" he cried, and our faces answered him.

Dora sprang toward the gentleman. "Oh, Mr. Lee!" she cried, "nothing has happened to Harry, has there? You know he always thought so much of you. Do tell me he's coming back to-morrow!" and she staggered against him, and he caught her in his arms, and the tears ran down the strong man's face, fast as they run down the face of a tired little child.

He laid her on the sofa, and slowly broke the truth over the darkened mind of Dora West.—What a night that was. God in his great mercy save me from such another!

After this, I thought for many weeks that Dora would soon walk with her husband through the fine rooms of the mansion prepared for them on high, but God spared her, and at last her life began to take up some of its old symptoms and interests.

I remember the first time she rode out. It was a bright day in the early spring, and Mr. Lee and I accompanied her. He and Harry had always loved each other as brothers do and it was not strange the young man was moved with much pity for the widow of his friend.

In the course of our ride, we came across a patch of early violets on the sunny side of a bank near a small stream.

"Oh, how beautiful they are!" cried Dora, clapping her hands, with something of her old animation; and then a change came over her face. "Harry loved violets, and don't you remember, Alice, he used to twine them in my hair. Oh, to think now, he will never see them any more!" and amid her quick sobs, her head sank down on my shoulder.

And I could only tell her there were fairer violets in the land to which Harry had gone.

Mr. Lee did not speak, but I saw the glance he bent down on her a moment, and I knew that his heart was stirred with something more than pity for Dora West.

She did not, I know, suspect this for some time, and thought it was only for Harry's sake that he called so often, showed her a thousand little nameless attentions, and was so thoughtful of her happiness.

Well, the truth came out at last; Dora West was still in her youth, and she had one of those clinging, vine-like natures that need something to lean upon; in short, love was with her a great necessity; she could not walk through life alone.

"He says he will take Harry's place to me. Shall I give it to him, Alice?" whispered Dora.

And I lifted up her face and looked at it.

"Yes, darling, this new love is sent of the God that hath called Harry to himself, and left you only his memory."

So they were married; and the uncharitable, the narrow-minded, and the envious talked as, God help them, they always have and will talk until Death comes and lays its cold hand on their lips, and hushes them with its solemn "be still" forever, and forever!

Select Miscellany.

Inverted Toe-nail.—This painful trouble is generally produced by wearing boots too short and tight; it can be relieved by care in cutting the too-nail as follows: Cut the nail as near the quick in the centre as possible, leaving the corners long, scrape the nail as thin as can be done without bringing blood in the middle, then soak the foot in warm water for some time until the nail is soft, then gently raise the corner and place under it a small bit of Indian rubber, which should be changed daily. If care and attention is given to it, in a month the toe will be perfectly cured.

Apple Custard.—Take half a dozen very tart apples and remove the skin and cores. Cook them until they begin to be soft, in half a tea-cup of water—then put them in a pudding dish and sugar them. Then beat eight eggs with four spoonfuls of sugar, mix it with three pints of milk, put it over the apples and bake for an hour.

Fruit Pudding.—Make a crust same as for biscuit and roll it out, and spread it thick on the upper side with any kind of fruit you like—cherries, plums, or any dried fruit. Roll it up tight, put it in a cloth, and boil it an hour and a half, and you will have a delicious pudding.

[illegible] who "retailed" the [illegible] is supposed to be a married man.

A Dauphin County Romance.

In Dauphin county, Pa., some seven years ago, lived a wealthy farmer, who was blessed with a family of children, the eldest of whom was a beautiful girl of seventeen summers. A young man in the neighborhood, who was of good family, feigned attachment to her. Young and inexperienced, she fell into the snare set for her. Shortly after her ruin was accomplished, the young man fearing the wrath of her father, when the consequences of his villainy should become apparent, absconded. The girl feeling her shame fled to Harrisburg, flinging herself into a creek which flowed through her father's farm, in order to make her friends believe she was drowned. Shortly after her supposed death, her father, upon whose mind the event weighed heavily, willing to leave the scene of his affliction, sold his farm and removed to Crawford county, Ohio.

In the meantime she had reached Harrisburg, taken the cars east, and in a few days found herself at the only tavern in a secluded village in the interior of Michigan. The landlady was a kind-hearted woman, and at that particular time was in need of an assistant. She heard the story of the poor girl, sympathised with her, and liking her appearance, insisted upon her making that her home. In this house she passed six years of contentment. Her hostess introduced her as a widow—she gained friends and received many advantageous offers of marriage.

One morning, about six months ago, she was in the sitting room when the stage drove up. The windows of the coach were down, and she could see most of the passengers. Among them was a face that seemed familiar to her. She looked again, and with a shriek fell fainting on the floor. It was her seducer! The landlady soon learned how matters stood, and determined that justice should be done. She sought him, and told him the facts, and insisted that he should repair the injury he had inflicted, by making her his wife. To this he at once consented. Three months after his flight from Pennsylvania, seized with remorse, he started back with the intention of marrying her. On the way he had picked up a newspaper, which contained an account of her tragical death. Feeling that he was the cause of her untimely end, heart-sick and sad, he turned back, a changed and penitent man. He had settled down, accumulated property, and was a man of standing and influence. The joy of the girl when she met with her repentant lover may be imagined. They were married that evening, and the next morning started for Pennsylvania. Ascertaining the address of her father, they came on to Bucyrus, Ohio, as fast as steam could carry they. Words cannot paint the raptures of the old man as he clasped to his bosom a daughter he had mourned as dead for six long years. Explanations were made, all was forgiven, and after passing a few weeks of unalloyed happiness at the residence of the girl's father, they returned to their home in the West.

Black Venus.

The legend concerning the color of Adam and Eve's skin, and the causes of the different varieties of shade and complexion now observable among men are more numerous than the varieties themselves. The following, which takes it for granted that all the inhabitants of the earth before the time of the deluge were black, and attributes these varieties to the sons of Noah, is new to us, and may, perhaps, amuse some of our readers:—"Noah," says the black Marabouts, "was entirely black. His three sons were also quite as black as their father. One day, when Noah knew his life would soon end, he showed his sons a pit partly filled with water, which he said had the wonderful property of completely transforming any one that leaped into it. For a moment they all hesitated, but Japhet suddenly rose and plunged into it, and almost as suddenly re-appeared from the magical water under the form of a handsome young Caucasian. Shem seeing this, eagerly followed his example, but to his astonishment the water had disappeared, and only a few ripe lemons were at the bottom. With the juice of these he rubbed his skin, and issued from the pit, not black, but of an Indian copper color. Ham then took courage, and with one bound reached the bottom of the pit on his hands and feet. Frantic at the disappearance of the water, he even put his lips on the ground to suck up the few remaining drops of lemon juice; thence it happens that the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, and the lips of the negro race, are of the same coppery color as the skin of Shem."

Ministers must not Play Ten Pins.—Two Methodist ministers in North Carolina, Messrs. Edwards and Rosser, have been "disciplined" for indulgence in the game of ten pins at Virginia Springs last summer. They pleaded guilty, expressed regret for the act, stated that they were not conscious of intention to do wrong, and promised not to do so any more. The Conference which tried them, in session at Elizabeth City, accepted the acknowledgment, and permitted them to continue their functions.

An alligator was killed near the Balize, (mouth of the Mississippi,) which was nearly eaten up by shrimps. It appears that when one of these monsters is wounded ever so slightly, the shrimps at once begin to make their home in his body, and the colony increases until the little pests actually devour the alligator alive.

In China, the natives call an Englishman a "[illegible]."

Original Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

In one of our Indian campaigns, which, not recollected, nor material to our story, whilst the army was on its march, still in Tennessee, on its way to the scene of war in Alabama, a drafted company was expected daily to overtake the main body of troops. This company at length reached the rear of the train.

Information of their approach was immediately carried to the front, where Jackson was at the time. As the messenger passed from rear to front, the fact that the company was without arms, having left their guns at home, was made known all along the line. It was know to the entire army before it reached Jackson's ears. Curiosity was on tiptoe to know how the irrascible commander would act under such circumstances. A storm was anticipated. Soon the General was observed making his way rapidly to the rear, and to the surprise of all parties, seemingly in rather a smiling mood.

Finally he met the company. He saluted them. They looked for a volley of course, and an immediate dismissal home—the very thing they desired.—Not so, however. Old Hickory pulled off his hat, and with the politest and lowest bow, expressed his gratification at their arrival, and especially at the fact that they had no arms. Forming them for rapid motion, at double quick step, under his own lead, they marched on till a baggage wagon was reached, then halted, and each man furnished with an axe. Forward march again was the word.

As they passed along the line of march the General's object was seen; and laughter loud and uproarious with many a hearty cheer, saluted them as they made their way to the front. There these axe-men were at once initiated into their campaign duties. They cleared the roads, they bridged the creeks, or carried the wagons piece by piece, the baggage, ammunition, &c., over on their backs, when bridges were impassible. They were ever in a post of danger, bearing the burdens of the campaign—sharing none of its honors—the laughing stock of the whole army.

Description of the Gulf Stream.

The general description of the Gulf Stream is that of a vast, and rapid ocean current, issuing from the basin of the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean sea, doubling the Southern Cape of Florida, pressing forward to the North East, in a line almost parallel to the American coast; touching on the southern borders of the banks of New Foundland, and at some seasons partially passing over them; thence, with increasing width and diffusion, traversing the whole breadth of the Atlantic, with a central direction towards the British Isles; and finally losing itself by still wider diffusion in the Bay of Biscay, on our own shores, and on the long line of the Norwegian coast. Its identity in physical character is preserved throughout the many thousand miles of its continuous flow; the only change undergone is that of a degree. As its waters gradually commingle with those of the surrounding sea, their deep blue tint declines, their high temperature diminishes, and the speed with which they press forward abates. But taking the stream in its total course, it well warrants the name of a "river in the ocean." This epithet is, in truth, singularly appropriate to this vast current, so constant and continuous in its course, and so strangely detached from the great mass of ocean-waters, which, while seemingly cleft asunder to give path to its first impulse, are yet ever pressing upon it, gradually impairing its force and destroying its individuality.

The maximum of velocity where the stream quits the narrow channel Bimini—which compresses its egress from the Gulf—is about four miles an hour; off Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, where it has gained a breadth of seventy-five miles, its velocity is reduced to three miles. On the parallel of the New Foundland Banks, it is further reduced to one and a half miles an hour, and this gradual abatement of force is continued across the Atlantic. The temperature of the current undergoes a similar change. The highest observed is about 85 deg. Fah. Between Cape Hatteras and New Foundland, though lessened in amount, the warmth of the stream in winter is still 25 deg. of 30 deg. above that of the ocean through which it flows.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A Model Teacher.—The Pottstown *Ledger* tells a tough story of a teacher in one of the public schools in a neighboring district, who is in the habit of employing his time at the noon recesses by holding "raffling matches" with the scholars, by means of which ingenious operation he disposes of books, porte-monnaies, pencils, &c., with profit to himself and at the expense of the loose change of his pupils. This is rather a novelty in the way of teaching.

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair, in a decidedly "how-come-you-so" state. "You must be dreadful tired; sure, with your long walk of six miles."

"Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat; "it wasn't the *length* of the way, at all, that fatigued me—'twas the *breadth* of it."

A Yankee, who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in raptures with the Venus de Medici, replied, "Wal, to tell the truth, I don't care about those same gals."

It is the air we breath which provides the blood.

SENATOR BIGLER ON THE KANSAS QUESTION.

We subjoin from the *Globe* the remarks of Senator Bigler, in the United States Senate on Tuesday week, in reply to the views advanced by Judge Douglas, on the Kansas question:

Mr. Bigler—It is not my intention, Mr. President, to speak to the mere proposition to print the message and documents, nor do I intend to-day, to address the Senate at length on the grave and difficult subject which has been unhappily precipitated upon this body. I never felt so much responsibility in my life. I never felt a greater anxiety to do my duty. Never since I have been connected with public affairs have I desired in my whole soul so much to do what would just be best for this great country. I feel my weakness, and how much I regret the suggestion I made yesterday evening that I concurred with the President of the United States in the views he had taken and should endeavor to defend those views, for I feel how much I am unprepared. But, while I shall not make a speech to-day, I desire very briefly to notice some of the propositions of my friend from Illinois, which have fallen on my ears as most extraordinary.

It would be necessary, Mr. President, to a fair understanding of this question, to trace its history; and nothing have I regretted so much as that the Senator from Illinois did not stop in the first instance to look at this question in its true character. Still moreover I parted with the remembrance that his feelings were not such as I had hoped they would be on a question so delicate and so dangerous, which he has labored so long and so arduously to allay.

Sir, I do not think it is entirely the part of a statesman to handle this question as though each particular view which he may hold can be distinctly carried out. The question should occur to his mind, what is best for the country under all the circumstances? It will not do to show to me that the constitutional Convention of Kansas has been guilty of sins of omission or commission on the one hand, or that the Topeka movement was without authority of law and in derogation of the authority of the United States Government on the other. I look at this question as it is before us, in a spirit of concession and compromise, and, I trust, that measure of patriotism which will embrace all the States of this Union and the interests and rights of all the people, and inquire what shall we do? Has my friend from Illinois persuaded himself that, with the present state of feeling in the Territory of Kansas it is possible to have any measure carried out with precision and order? Are there no reasons to apprehend strife, and confusion, and violation of principle there? Has he any guarantee that whatever action Congress may take will secure a peaceful exercise of the elective franchise there to the entire inhabitants of that Territory. What is there in the history of Kansas to bring him to the conclusion that either party in power there will wield that power with moderation? I have long since abandoned that idea, and I have persuaded myself that patriotism and duty would require that Kansas should be admitted into the Union on the first allowable opportunity for the sake of Kansas and the Union. From the day that Senator offered his bill in this Hall in 1854, to this hour, he has never witnessed the same measure of comprehension in the affairs of that Territory, or the menacing aspect of the country.

The extraordinary things in the Senator's remarks that occurred to my mind are these: the importance that he attached to so much of the Kansas Nebraska bill as declares that the people shall be perfectly free to select their own domestic institutions. Will the Senator from Illinois contend that the people of Kansas are to look to that act for their right to form their ordinary institutions? Will he tell me that the Missouri line interposed against any of those rights, or that the repeal of it enlarged them or affected them in any possible way? Certainly not. The Missouri line had reference to slavery alone. His act of 1854 had reference to the institution of slavery only. It is that, and that alone, which has agitated the country. It is that to which we have had reference mainly when speaking of the rights of the people of that Territory. That dangerous and agitating question it was which constrained the wisest men who have ever assembled in this Chamber, in 1850, to agree that this dangerous issue should be taken from Congress and given to the people. However that great fact may be obscured by logic, however it may be beclouded by a mass of—I shall not say subterfuge or technicality, but I may say special pleading—the great truth is before the people of the United States that that is the only question to which we have had reference in all this long struggle. What I have desired, and what I have thought would be conclusive, was that we should have from the people of Kansas such an embodied expression as would give us their will on that subject.

I certainly concur with the President of the United States in that part of his message in which he says he would have preferred that the whole Constitution should be submitted to the people; but the Convention, overawing what he has conceded to be their right, to make a Constitution and send it to Congress—submitted only the slavery question. I do not say that the whole of that Constitution would have been adopted or rejected, but I can say to the Senator from Illinois that I was in the Territory before the delegates were elected, and for nearly a month after wards, and I think I know some circumstances which influenced the action of the people. I know what was said on the one side and on the other from the rostrum, for I heard it. I heard the advocates of the Topeka movement say to the men who proposed to form a Constitution under the laws of the Territory. "We will not judge of any instrument you may submit; we will not consider its merits at all." Why? "Because we are determined that the laws, which the President of the United States has said shall be carried out, shall be rendered null and void. Governor Walker has told us that these laws are binding; and that the Convention has been legally convened; we do not subscribe to that doctrine; we will therefore accept no form of government from a bogus Convention." I heard more than one of them say, that even if the Convention should give to them the Topeka Constitution, word for word, and letter for letter, they would trample it in the dust, because they denied the authority of the law which the President of the United States was administering there. However unwisely members of the Convention may have acted—and I do not intend to defend the details of their action by any means—it will not do to say that there were no surrounding circumstances to impel them to such devices. Probably if the Republicans had the power at that hour, they would have wielded it quite as unwarrantably. The declarations to which I have referred naturally begot retaliation. The answer was, "If you will not judge of this instrument why should it be submitted to you?"

Now, sir, I will say to the Senator from Illinois, in defence of his friend, the President of the Convention, whose fold he has almost been, that in all my intercourse with him, I never heard an unreasonable or an unfair suggestion on the subject. He did say, and he did write, that he would agree to a submission of the Constitution to the people; but when he was told, "we will not judge of this," his views were different. He told me to say to the President of the United States that if this spirit was persisted in, if they were to be broken down simply to give the power to their enemies and not because the Constitution was a bad one, he would not be bound to submit it. He held that under the organic act and according to the common understanding of the country, they were under obligation to submit the slavery clause.

The Senator is perfectly aware that as late as 1848, when a Constitution was formed for Illinois, the same monstrous outrage upon popular sovereignty was practiced, for a portion of that Constitution was put into operation without being submitted to the people.

He was the able advocate of Mr. Toombs' bill, which did not emanate from the people Kansas. They did not delegate their sovereignty in the first instance; they were not concerned at all; they had not petitioned for it; and yet the Senator advocated and voted for that bill. It provided for an election of delegates, named the times and places, and called together a Convention to whom the people of Kansas were to delegate their sovereignty. It did more, sir. It put that Constitution into operation without ever consulting the people of Kansas. If the Senator's feelings had been awakened at that time as to the peculiar rights of the people of Kansas, he never could have voted for Mr. Toombs' bill. That was non-intervention—very peculiar, however. I was unwilling, as I remember, in the first instance, to go for a measure of that kind, because I thought it contravened the principle of non-intervention.

Now, if I understand rightly the position of the Senator from Illinois, it comes down to this: although the Constitution of Kansas, when presented here, may be republican; though there may be in it no insurmountable objection; though it may be a reasonable instrument, made by competent authority, in accordance with law and in the proper form, Kansas shall not come into the Union because this right thing was not done through a particular process. Is that consistent with the doctrine of non-intervention? I deny the right of Congress to go behind the organic act, and inquire into all the details of how the people of Kansas have proceeded; but when Kansas presents herself for admission at the doors of Congress with a republican Constitution, formed in order, according to law, the Senator from Illinois is about to say to those people, you shall not come into the Union because you did not do the right thing in the proper way. Sir, when the question involves the peace of the whole country, and as I know the prosperity of Kansas, I will not be pledged to any such things; but if the measure is right in itself, and if I can see that it imposes no great future wrong on the people of Kansas, in view of the peculiar circumstances which surround the case, the difficulty of getting any law properly administered there, the danger of leaving the question open, I will, so far as I have the power, assist to throw wide open the portals of the Union and welcome Kansas as a State, thus settling this bitter family feud forever.

Sir, I do not mean to follow the subject further to-day. I thought, however, that some of the positions of the Senator from Illinois were so peculiarly forced that, though entirely unprepared, I should not, after the intimation I had given, do justice to myself if I allowed those remarks to pass unnoticed.

The Years—They do not go from us, but we from them, slipping from the old into the new.

The following was omitted, for want of room, in the publication of President BUCHANAN's Message in our last:

The report of the Secretary of the Interior is worthy of grave consideration. It [illegible] the numerous, [illegible] branches of do[illegible] to him by [illegible] eminent ap[illegible] with [illegible]

Our system of [illegible] public lands, originating with the fathers of the republic, has been improved as experience has pointed the way, and gradually [illegible] growth and settlement of our [illegible] and Territories. It has worked well in practice. Already thirteen States and seven Territories have been carved out of these lands, and still more than a thousand millions of acres remain unsold. What a boundless prospect this presents to our country of future prosperity and power!

We have heretofore disposed of 343,802,364 acres of the public land.

Whilst the public lands as a source of revenue are of great importance, their importance is far greater as furnishing homes for a hardy and independent race of honest and industrious citizens, who desire to subdue and cultivate the soil. They ought to be administered mainly with the view of promoting this wise and benevolent policy. In appropriating them for other purposes, we ought to use even greater economy than if they had been converted into money and the proceeds were already in the public treasury. To squander away this richest and noblest inheritance which any people have ever enjoyed upon objects of doubtful constitutionality or expediency, would be to violate one of the most important trusts ever committed to any people. While I do not deny to Congress the power, without paying some fair price as a proprietor, to give away portions of them for the purpose of increasing the value of the remainder, yet, considering the great temptation to abuse this power, we cannot be too cautious in its exercise.

Actual settlers under existing laws are protected against other purchasers at the public sales, in their right of pre-emption to the extent of a quarter-section, or 160 acres of land. The remainder may then be disposed of at public or entered at private sale in unlimited quantities.

Speculation has of late years prevailed to a great extent in the public lands. The consequence has been that large portions of them have become the property of individuals and companies, and thus the price is greatly enhanced to those who desire to purchase for actual settlement. In order to limit the area of speculation as much as possible, the extinction of the Indian titles and the extension of the public surveys ought only to keep pace with the tide of emigration.

If Congress should hereafter grant alternate sections to States or companies, as they have done heretofore, I recommend that the intermediate sections retained by the government should be subject to pre-emption by actual settlers.

It ought ever to be our cardinal policy to reserve the public lands as much as they may be for actual settlers, and this at moderate prices. We shall thus not only best promote the prosperity of the new States and Territories, and the power of the Union, but shall secure homes for our posterity for many generations.

The extension of our limits has brought within our jurisdiction many additional and populous tribes of Indians, a large portion of which are wild, untractable, and difficult to control. Predatory and warlike in their disposition and habits, it is impossible altogether to restrain them from committing aggressions on each other, as well as upon our frontier citizens and those emigrating to our distant States and Territories. Hence military expeditions are frequently necessary to overawe and chastise the more lawless and hostile.

The present system of making them valuable presents to influence them to remain at peace has proved ineffectual. It is believed to be the better policy to colonize them in suitable localities, where they can receive the benefits of education and be gradually weaned to adopt habits of industry. So far as the experiment has been tried it has worked well in practice, and it will doubtless prove to be less expensive than the present system.

The whole number of Indians within our territorial limits is believed to be, from the best data in the Interior Department, about 425,000.

The tribes of Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks, settled in the territory set apart for them west of Arkansas, are rapidly advancing in education and in all the arts of civilization and self-government; and we may indulge the agreeable anticipation that at no very distant day they will be incorporated into the Union as one of the sovereign States.

* * *

Under the federal constitution, "every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate shall, before it becomes a law," be approved and signed by the President; and, if not approved, "he shall return it with his objections to that house in which it originated." In order to perform this high and responsible duty, sufficient time must be allowed the President to read and examine every bill presented to him for approval. Unless this be afforded, the constitution becomes a dead letter in this particular; and even worse, it becomes a means of deception. Our constituents, seeing the President's approval and signature attached to each bill passed by Congress, are induced to believe that he has actually performed this duty, when, in truth, nothing is, in many cases, more unfounded or untrue.

From the practice of Congress such an examination of each bill as the constitution requires, has been rendered impossible. The most important business of each session is generally crowded into its last hours, and the alternative presented to the President is either to violate the constitutional duty which he owes to the people, and approve bills which for want of time, it is impossible he should have examined, or by his refusal to do this, subject the country and individuals to great loss and inconvenience.

Besides, a practice has grown up of late years to legislate in appropriation bills, during the last hours of the session on new and important subjects. This practice constrains the President either to suffer measures to become laws which he does not approve, or to incur the risk of stopping the wheels of the government by vetoing an appropriation bill. Formerly, such bills were confined to specific appropriations for carrying into effect existing laws and the well-established policy of the country and time was then required by the President for their examination.

For my own part, I have deliberately determined that I shall approve no bill which I have not examined, and it will be a case of extreme and most urgent necessity which shall ever induce me to depart from this rule. I therefore respectfully, but earnestly recommend that the two houses would allow the President at least two days previous to the adjournment of each session within which no new bill shall be presented to him for approval. The existing joint rule one day, is, although this rule has been hitherto so constantly suspended in practice, that important bills continue to be presented to him up till the very last moments of the session. In a large majority of cases no great public inconvenience can arise from the want of time to examine their provisions, because the consideration is barred that if a bill be presented to the President within the last ten days of the session he is not required to return it, either with an approval or with a veto, in which case it shall become a law. It may then be pocketed or passed at the next session.

Great inconvenience will not arise if Congress should continue to pay members a salary, instead of a per diem, to members of Congress, the evil and inconvenience will be greatly reduced.

A great deal of genial humor [illegible] Mrs. Stowe, is conscientiously [illegible] to the religious people, which might illuminate and warm the way of [illegible]

To [illegible] the relief of the English [illegible] $3,500.