LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

BY O. N. WORDEN & J. R. CORNELIUS.

LEWISBURG, UNION CO., PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1859.

ESTABLISHED IN 1843....WHOLE NO., 784.

An Independent Family News Journal.

At $1.50 per Year, always in Advance.

The Lewisburg Chronicle,

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

Issued Fridays, at Lewisburg, Union Co. Pa.

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The MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH is located in the Office of the Chronicle, by which we often insert important News in advance of the Philad. Mails.

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OFFICE on Market Square, north side, second storey

Worden & Cornelius.

THE CHRONICLE.

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1859.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

My Sister in Heaven.

Oh, 'twas a sorrowing, lonely hour,
When, standing 'round thy bed,
We saw a strange, unearthly look,
Thy cheeks and brow o'erspread.

We felt 'twas hard to view thy pains—
To see death's shadow fall
O'er thy kind face, our darling one,
So well-beloved by all.

With bursting heart we strove to give
Thee up, though bright and dear,
And rendered back with faith to God
The gem He lent us here—

Gazed on thy coffined form: thy hair
Retained its graceful wave,
But late-loving eyes were dim, and lips
No answering greeting gave.

Thou 'rt not forgitten, angel sweet!
Though thou hast passed away,
And time has passed most mournfully
Since thy sad, funeral day.

Still in our lonely grief we feel
Sweet consolation given,
Though one the less may cheer us here,
We've one the more in heaven. HARRIE.

FARMER'S HIGH SCHOOL, April 12, 1859.

From Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin,

[Correspondence of the Lewisburg Chronicle.]

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Wis, Ap. 6, '59.

I have been for months trying to make up a club of fifteen for your paper, but as times are very hard here in the Badger State, and the almighty dollar hard to get at, I had to be content with raising you ten. If times had been good, I would not had half the trouble in raising fifteen as I had in raising ten.

Perhaps it would be interesting to some of your Eastern readers to have some of the Western news. But as it regards writing for the press, it is something I am not much accustomed to.

The Pike's Peak fever has been raging here to some extent. There have several trains left, and more are waiting on good roads and grass for cattle.

The Methodists are holding a Conference at Monroe, the county seat of Green, and the number of preachers present to-day is one hundred and ten.

Our market prices for Produce are as follows: Winter Wheat extra milling $1,00 to $1,10; Spring Wheat extra $1,05; Wheat No. 1 93 ct.; Common 88 ct.; Corn No. 1 53 ct.; Corn shelled 53 ct.; Oats 37 ct.; Rye 80 ct.; Barley 65 ct.; Flour per hundred $3,00; Beans per bushel 60 ct. to 75 ct.; Pork side meat 10 ct.; Ham 10 ct.; Shoulders 9 ct.; Hides 6½ to 7½; dry 13 to 14; Timothy seed $1,60 to $1,70 per 46 lbs; Clover seed $5,50; Stone coal Pittsburg $12 per ton; Blossburg $14; Salt $2,75 per barrel; Butter 15 ct.; Eggs 6 ct.; Potatoes 40 ct.; Wood per cord $1,50; Hay per ton $5,00; Maple Sugar 12½ ct. per lb., &c.

We have very cold weather for the time of year, ground frozen hard, and snow about every other day. There has been considerable ploughing done this Spring but very little Spring Wheat sowed yet. As regards the past winter, we had about three months' good sleighing, and not so severe cold as other winters.

I would just say that those white Owls that appeared to attract so much attention as I see in your paper and the Miltonian, are birds of the Badger State. They have been quite numerous here this winter. Joseph A. Miller shot one that measured five feet across the wings. I can not say what possessed the feathered tribe to wander away into the Keystone State, without it was the hard times we Badgers have here; and as to their finding times better, east, it has altogether likely been six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Yours with respect, W. G.

Rewarding the Doughfaces.

The Hartford *Evening Press* makes out a telling catalogue of difference of opinion between Mr. Buchanan and the people as to the merits of several distinguished individuals:

"When Connecticut repudiated Isaac Toucy, Mr. Buchanan took him into the Cabinet.

"When Michigan repudiated Lewis Cass, Buchanan took him into the Cabinet.

"When old Berks repudiated John Glancy Jones, Buchanan rewarded him with the Commission to Austria.

"When Indiana repudiated John Pettit, Buchanan made him Chief Justice of Kansas.

"When Iowa repudiated Geo. W. Jones, Buchan offered him the mission to Bogota.

"When Iowa repudiated Aug. Cæsar Dodge, he was made minister to Spain.

"When the Pro-Slavery party failed to establish Slavery in Oregon, Buchanan made its leader the United States District Judge."

That is Federalism, all over—Slavery to the back bone—to favor those whom the people condemn!

"*Conservatory Journal*, devoted to establishing a Massachusetts Conservatory of Art, Science, Historical relics," is a new Journal issued from Boston. Its immediate object is to get from the Legislature a reservation of land on Back Bay for the establishment of buildings, grounds, &c., adapted to their enlarged and philanthropic designs. The most liberal and enlightened men of Massachusetts are engaged in the effort, and they seem determined to have a collection of rooms, grounds, and objects of nature and art not surpassed in beauty or utility in the world. We wish Boston success.

FOR THE LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

The Aged Lover Renounceth Love.

[Whoever has read Hamlet will remember the snatches of song of the old Grave Digger—who was sexton, "man and boy this thirty year"—as he was digging a grave for the fair Ophelia. I remember to have seen the play acted by Forrest, and the scene in the solemn old church-yard—Hamlet standing near, with plumed hat and dark velvet mantle, the old sexton in the grave wholly intent on his work, and singing as he worked—sometimes stooping down, his quavering voice would come up with a cavernous sound, which, with the tune, suited so well the sentiment and the scene. Shakspeare took it from an old ballad, and it has come to us entire, preserved in Surrey's Poems, published in 1559, and attributed to Lord Vaux. The popular tradition was that he composed it on his death-bed, having, I suppose, come to Solomon's conclusion. Be that as it may, it is a touching lament. I give it to you, only changing the old English spelling. The only words I see needing interpretation are in the third line of the last stanza—kinde, which means nature, and the first line of the tenth stanza, which means, that those who are wont to watch by the corpse, shall tie up his winding sheet.—J.M.L.]

I loath what I did love,
In youth what I thought sweet:
As time requires for my behoof,
Methinks they are not meet.

My lusts they do me leave,
My fancies all are fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
Grey haires upon my head.

For age, with stealing steps,
Hath clawd me with his clutch,
And lusty life, away she leaps,
As there had been none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies,
This youthly idle rhyme,
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave off these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say, limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place.

The harbinger of death,
To me, I see him ride,
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,
Doth bid me to provide.

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shrouding sheet,
A house of clay for to be made—
For such a guest most meet.

Methinks I hear the clerk,
That knolls the careful knell,
And bids me leave my woful work
Ere nature me compel.

My keepers knit the knot,
That youth did laugh to scorn—
Of me that clean shall be forgot,
As I had not been born.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear:
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.

Lo, here the bared skull,
By whose bald sign I know,
That stooping age away shall pull,
Which youthful years did sow.

For beauty with her band,
These crooked cares hath wrought,
And shipped me into the land
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behind,
Have ye none other trust,
As ye of clay were cast by kinde,
So shall ye waste to dust.

AN EFFICIENT ENGINEERING.

A Modern French Story.

"What a dreadful situation for a young girl to find herself in! Perfectly willing to be married, and with a dear, kind father, equally anxious for her to enter the glorious state of matrimony, which would crown her with a halo of felicity, and not a lover to be met with!"

Thus soliloquised a young girl as she sat looking over the wide domains of her father's chateau, apart from the world of Paris. Jenny d'Herbecourt was much to be pitied. There was no inexorable father, no cruel guardian, nothing was wanting to complete her felicity but a mere trifle—the man, and the man sorely puzzled the young lady's brains. Where was he to be found in that isolated spot, only visited by a lumbering *diligence?*

The good father was going to be married again, to Agale, a nice, good creature, and she, too, was anxious for Jenny to marry. Was ever anything so provoking as all these consents, without the assent of some dear unknown? Agale was staying at the chateau, and hard, indeed, must be the heart which would not feel for Jenny.

"Some one shall appear," sighed Jenny, after a conversation with her friend Agale, the sort of one to inflame a girl's head, if not her heart—all about laces and cashmeres, orange flowers, &c. &c. Most unfortunately there was not a young man in the neighborhood "free and able," (Jenny reserved for herself to make him "willing") until—O, blessings on minds given to speculate!—a Company sent down a young engineer to survey the land for a Railroad, and insisted upon his taking up his abode at the chateau.

A month had he been domiciled there. Assuredly, if he was a first-class engineer, he was a third class gallant. He didn't seem to know that there was a young girl within miles of him; his heart was cold as the rails he was about to have laid down, and all his coldness made the iron enter into Jenny's soul.

All the day long he was making calculations, while she was speculating about *him*. One day she pretended to faint. Gustave flew to the rescue; he was forced to look in her face, and discovered that she was charming, fresh, bright as the land before his horrid railroad cut it up.

Still he went on with parchments. So Jenny went into his office and carried off his instruments, &c., and locked them up.

In vain he implored. "You are looking very ill," she said, "and I shall insist upon your only working so many hours a day." Again he looked in the face of the one so anxious about him, and yielded. She kept the key of his office.

This left him several hours a day undisposed of. What could he do with them? Jenny solved the difficulty, and together they surveyed the surrounding country and its walks.

One day the engineer forgot all the plans he had laid down, on his own road, not to be led into a path which he imagined would be perhaps harder to cut through than a rock. If it were but that! Half our lines run through the like, but he felt that her father would be harder than any granite, and Jenny did not like, in maiden modesty, to tell him that she knew better. So off to her stepmother she sped:

"Gustave loves me!" she cried. "But, would you believe it of a Parisian? he is timid!"

Something must be done to overcome that. So agreed her stepmother.

"I have thought of something, Agale," said Jenny, at last. "Stay in the next room; call papa there on some excuse; Gustave is certain to follow me hither, leave the rest to me."

"But it will be a snare," exclaimed the other.

"One with which he will gladly be taken, believe me," answered the wide-awake young lady. And if 'tis for happiness?"

"True, I overlooked that."

So Jenny remained alone, and soon, as she had foreseen, the wandering engineer, without the aid of his compasses, discovered the clod of earth called d'Herbecourt.

"I want the key of my office, Mademoiselle," he said; "I must work."

"I want you to oblige me first, Monsieur Gustave."

"Willingly, Mademoiselle."

"You see," continued Jenny, "I am to play a part, next week, in a charade. Will you rehearse it with me?"

"I do not know it, but command me, I will do my best."

"A young man is to make a declaration of love. You must play that part."

"Too willingly would I, but how in the charade?"

"Go down on your knees." (He does it.)

"Now grasp my hand." (Fondly pressed.)

"Excellent. Now attempt to kiss it. But I must draw it away." (Accomplished to the letter)

"Oh, charming!" cried the young lady, clapping her hands, and at that signal in rushed Agale, followed by the unconscious father.

Gustave sprang to his feet, and in the utmost confusion assured the indignant parent that it was only an innocent joke!

Agale and Jenny had fled, but they were listening.

At the word "joke," Monsieur d'Herbecourt flew into a violent passion, and, to prove how little our theory and practice ever agree, he—who had written a work against duelling—challenged Gustave!

At the idea of fighting, the ladies thought it time to interpose. Agale followed Monsieur d'Herbecourt, who had quitted the room to prepare his arms, and Jenny rushing in, loudly upbraided Gustave with wishing to kill her papa.

"Do not alarm yourself, Mademoiselle," he said, "I will not raise an arm against your father; he may kill me!"

As if that was her purpose in this little scheme! Of what earthly use would a dead lover be to her who had so much difficulty in discovering this live one?

"A pretty expedient," she cried "as if there was no other way of arranging the affair."

"I see but one," responded the engineer, "one that would fill my heart with joy, but I dare scarcely name it for fear of displeasing you."

"Never mind—name it."

"To solicit your hand in marriage."

"Oh, that does not displease me at all," she exclaimed. "'Tis far better than killing, or being killed. Go and ask papa."

At that moment, d'Herbecourt entered, with an ominous looking case of pistols under his arm; he was frowning in a most determined fashion. Agale was following his footsteps, and without a word spoken she opened the case, and showed him his pamphlet against duelling, which she had placed in the case in lieu of the abstracted pistols! The blood-thirsty d'Herbecourt looked rather confused, and here Gustave stepped forward and solicited the honor of Jenny's hand in marriage.

D'Herbecourt, delighted with a son-in-law whom he already esteemed, gladly grasped his hand, and that evening, as Jenny sat at her window looking at the moon, as all young ladies in love do, she said to herself, smiling complacently, "When a young girl wills anything"—the rest was concluded by a significant nod of the head.

"GOOD SOCIETY" is thus described: "It differs from the imitation article chiefly in the fact, that it is *not* an imitation. It dresses itself well, and adorns its abode, and behaves itself with decorum and grace; it does so not because these things are customary and expected, but because it respects itself, and because it *loves* what is cleanly, orderly, and beautiful. Good society does not, however, despise public opinion; it is only not its slave. It is a free and joyous fraternity, wherein every one does what he pleases, because every one pleases to do what is right in itself and agreeable to others."

Free Democratic State Convention.

Some 350 Delegates, representing most of the counties of Pennsylvania, assembled in the Hall of the House at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, 13th inst., and were called to order by T. P. Campbell, Esq., of Huntingdon county, on whose motion, Dr. GEORGE M'COOK, of Allegheny county, was chosen temporary chairman. George Northrup, of Philadelphia, and S. R. Peale, of Clinton county, were chosen Secretaries.

On motion of Mr. Sallade, of Berks county, a committee of one from each Senatorial District was selected by the delegates therefrom, to nominate permanent officers; and a recess of ten minutes ensued, that such selection might be made.

The Convention was again called to order, when Dr. M'COOK, on taking the chair, said:

"Gentlemen, I return my thanks for the exalted honor which you have conferred upon me by selecting me as your temporary chairman. I see before me the intelligence and respectability of the State. Here are the independent men of our Commonwealth. Gentlemen, I claim the proud honor of being one of the fathers of the Democracy of this country. I was deeply and permanently associated with Gen. Jackson in the days of his glory; I was upon his Electoral Ticket in 1824, and from that day to this time, whatever of energy or vigilance I could oommand, and whatever of pecuniary means I could afford, have cheerfully been devoted to the best interests of the Democratic party. This it is gentlemen, that will explain why one who sees three score and ten just before him—this will explain why I have left my family and my home to come and associate with you to promote the best interests of this Union. The voice of alarm has sounded from the east and the west, that our institutions have been ruthlessly assailed by the vilest and most reckless administration that God has ever inflicted upon a suffering people. The faith of the Democratic party has been violated by one who came into our party not until 1828. One more remark, and I am done. I have seventeen children. When I remember the blessings of free government which I have enjoyed, it is my ardent desire to secure the continuance of that enjoyment for my children and my children's children. I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me."

The committee to select permanent officers was announced, as follows:

Jno. S. Dougherty,	Dr. E. E. Griessanar,
Joseph Dowdall,	James Gilliland,
Dr. G. L. Higgins,	James Sweeney,
Dr. Henry Orladey,	J. R. Dunbar,
Henry Gingerich,	Jno. Martin,
Dr. Geo. S. Hays,	J. W. Ryan,
Samuel Harper,	Dr. E. L. Orth,
Dr. Geo. Nebinger,	A. N. Meylert,
Geo. Northrup,	Thos. M'Farland,
Jno. Sheridan,	Henry Reisinger,
Wm. Hopkins,	Capt. Harvey Walters,
J. M. Laird,	Henry F. Phelps,

Henry Gingerich.

The Committee having retired, the eloquent and fearless Representative in Congress from the Chester and Delaware district, was called upon to address the Convention, which he did in nearly the following words:

Speech of Hon. JOHN HICKMAN,

OF CHESTER COUNTY.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I am glad to meet you—to join you upon an occasion so interesting and important as the present one. I heartily endorse the propriety of this Convention. The base outrage recently attempted here by the minions of despotic federal authority, merits a stern rebuke, but not more than the weakness and heartlessness which conceived and commanded it. I love and admire the honesty and courage with which Gov. PACKER has appreciated and discharged all his public duties. To him and his able and accomplished Attorney General and Secretary of the Commonwealth, are our hearty thanks eminently due for a manifestation of that devoted patriotism which impelled them to consider their country first, and consequences afterwards. It is not surprising that political prostitution should condemn it. The popular affection, however, will be to them a shield more protective than fortresses of granite and of iron. But I desire to speak of other matters.

At this day, resolutions complimentary to the present National Administration may be pardoned, when proceeding from official sycophants, but they can do neither good nor harm. The history of Mr. Buchanan's executive life has already been written, and too plainly, to be obliterated by bribed eulogy, or to be misunderstood by the people of this State and nation. Neither political conjuration nor party magic can make them forget the wicked violation of pledges, the arrogance of bloated power, the prostitution of Congress, the profligacy of departments, or the rapid and marked encroachments upon popular constitutional rights. Judgment, final judgment, has been calmly and deliberately passed upon this treason to the democracy, this assassination of common honesty, and it is as irreversible as the decrees of God. It is wise, therefore, in this Convention, to speak the truth plainly, and to avoid the folly of an attempt to cover up an audacious criminality we must all condemn.

By the action of the 34th Congress, the complaints made by the residents of Kansas were ascertained to be true. Although the South was pledged to maintain the domestic sovreignty of the territories, a portion of their people from Missouri entered upon the soil of Kansas, and, by force and fraud, seized the law-making power, stilled the voice of the majority, and enacted statutes disgraceful to the age and nation. This fact, when legally revealed, made a deep impression upon the public mind, and Mr. Buchanan found it necessary, in order to carry the election in his own State, to pledge himself distinctly to the maintenance of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and to defend the rights of those who had been ruthlessly despoiled. I will not pretend to indicate the particular weakness in his nature that induced him to turn the hand of the suicide against his own fame, as it matters little whether it arose from timidity, a fear of his enemies outweighing a love of his friends, a careless disregard of fair dealing, or a weak and puerile vanity. It is enough to know that he deceived all our hopes, turned with the blackest ingratitude upon that self-sacrificing friendship by which he reached the goal of his feverish ambition, and sought by all the means within the reach of drunken and staggering authority, to disgrace every man he could not debauch. Suddenly, and as by the touch of the wand of the magician, he became transformed from the sympathizer with down trodden freedom, to the open and shameless defender of aggressive and law-defying slavery.

The halls of the National Legislature were turned into marts for conscience; he published his interpretations of party principles and platforms, with the arrogance of a dictator; and commanded his subordinates in office, and his coward slaves, to reiterate and proclaim his bulls of party excommunication against all who were rash enough to follow an independent judgment. These acts of themselves are enough to sever allegiance. It would be an ill-shapen manhood which could tolerate them in silence. But because we denounce them, we are anathematized as "rebellious." Sir, we will see where the rebellion will end. It will end in the supremacy of the laws; in the integrity of the constitution; in the purification of parties; in the sworn loyalty of executives; and the vigorous growth, material greatness, and eternal dominance of the North. That is where it will end. Popular sovreignty invoked by the South, will be defended by *us*, and it shall unfold the veiled, yet dimly discovered destiny of this great republic. We are battling for the right, for the spirit of the institutions our fathers established; let us *feel* that we are doing this, and we will accomplish the victory of our century. Not a mere naked triumph at the polls, but the great success afterwards—the untrammeled self government of man; the dedication of a continent to consistent liberty.

Those who stop to talk of conciliation and compromises between us and the self-constituted oracles of the Democratic party, can have but a feeble appreciation of the condition of things. When you can harmonize light and darkness, integrity and corruption, the patriotic devotion of the private citizen to the principles of our government, with a tyranny worse than that of the middle ages, it will be time enough to cry "peace." Let this truth be made prominent—that there is an eternal antagonism between Freedom and Slavery. The constitution of the human mind and the human heart makes it inevitable; and the one or the other must eventually gain the ascendency. The struggle between them, but just begun, is now going on in our midst, and he is but a superficial observer who does not discover it. We have acted honorably—benevolently. For long, long years, we have defended the chartered rights of our southern brethren; we have even conceded their exactions; we have given them all the advantages springing from unequal legislation; we have changed policy to suit their notions of interest; until, having grown fat, they demand as a perogative what we granted as a favor, and having found a President without affections, a sworn officer not afraid of perjury, willing to back their pretensions, they would now treat us as a common enemy, and brand our names with indelible infamy. They have done more—they have gone farther; they have come amongst us, and bribed cupidity with gold, ambition with promotion, and vanity with temporary consequence, to do violence to justice. Longer forbearance not only ceases to be virtuous, but it becomes cowardly and base. The North has rights, long in abeyance truly, yet not lost; we will save them; by walls of fire and blood, if needs be, we will save them.

In what I have just said, I would not be misunderstood; I know I can not escape misrepresentation. I would resist aggression on the part of the South, not her constitutional guarantees; and I would force a plain, distinct, unequivocal recognition of the rightful claims of the North; nothing more, nothing less. Who can safely complain of this?

I wish I could stop here. If this were all of the accusation, we might forget the past in the exercise of a profuse charity, but unfortunately, we are not allowed to do so. A usurpation has been accomplished which saps the very foundation of our political structure. Mr. Buchanan has demanded an absorption of the powers of Congress in those of the Executive. To carry out his treachery to us, he has assailed the representatives of the people. He has bribed the venal, rewarded the aspiring, alarmed the timid, and deceived the honest. By such means was the Lecompton Constitution carried into provisional law, in contemptuous disregard of the known will of the people upon whom it was imposed, and in direct contravention of the letter and spirit of the organic act itself. The reason which prompted the commission of the outrage is too manifest to be doubted. It was to purchase flattery of the South; to force Slavery upon the soil of the North; and to strengthen and aggrandize one section of the Union at the expense and hazard of the other. Then, compliance with executive behests was the test of democracy, and to disregard them was apostacy.

More recently, however, when the recommendations of the President were thought to favor the manufacturing and agricultural States—when the propriety of a new Tariff law was suggested—and when the so-called Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives, and even Cabinet officers, raised the voice of denunciatory opposition, it was all right, and "rebellion" became loyalty. And yet Pennsylvanians see nothing wrong in this; nay, they commend it. Chains never clanked upon the limbs of beings more servile and debased. We might, perhaps, be able to open their eyes to the truth, and loosen their tongues to utter it, by continuing them in office under a new administration, governed by a more benign policy. If parties with such plastic notions, shall be able to grasp the control of our government, then must the strong empire of the North be dwarfed to barrenness, and eighteen millions of white slaves here, be added to the four millions of black slaves yonder. That is indeed a strange illustration of the advantages of free government which proclaims a necessity for crushing out the inherent power of a people by fashioning their institutions for them, requiring it to be sanctioned, and yet allows and encourages a denial of law by which alone a bankrupt treasury can be replenished, and honest debts paid.

But, sir, we charge further upon the administration of Mr. Buchanan one of the main causes by which we have reached the point of national insolvency, a reckless prodigality in the expenditures of the public money, and a prevailing vice in the departments of the government. It is a gross mistake to suppose that our increased expenses are owing to an expansion of territory and the removal of our frontier. The administration of Mr. Van Buren, with an annual outlay of thirty seven millions of dollars, was pronounced extravagant; now our expenses are close upon one hundred millions a year. But we have got used to talking of millions without stopping to consider the magnitude of the figures. We have abandoned our former and better practices. When Mr. Jefferson was President, he required honesty and capability in his appointees; now, subordinates are selected for their own lack of independence, conscience and will. There was a time, which our fathers remember, when to be the head of a department, a Secretary of the Treasury, or of War, or of the Navy, required greatness and inspired confidence; now a man of very moderate dimensions will suffice for either place. An ex Governor or effete Senator will always answer for the position, provided he has the marks of gyves upon his legs, and does not know too much. I hazard little in saying there is now more money squandered and stolen, yearly, than it required during the administrations of Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, to support the Government.

There is not only no careful supervision of our finances, but funds are drawn, constantly, directly from your treasury to reward favorites, and to give approved shape to public opinion at the polls; in other words, to carry elections. The Secretary of the Navy, among others, may know something of this. If he should not, the Patterson letter, with the President's endorsement, may afford him information. Public property of great value is sold, privately and covertly, at a tithe of its worth; other land is bought as almost fabulous prices. Navy Yards, Post Offices, Custom Houses and Mints, have been stocked, crowded, crammed, for weeks and months, with superannuates and idlers, and paid the wages only due to well-taught craft and deserving industry, for the mere purpose of overriding the legal voters, returning parasites, tumbler and trencher friends, to Congress, and publishing an attested lie to the world. These acts—these flagrant violations of preservative law and decent behavior—have all been endorsed here, in this place, in this Capitol, and uttered and published as true and genuine Democracy. God save the Republic! And knowing them all, and in the face of them all, the President himself, to whom but three short years ago we gave the fullness of our confidence, now bleached by age, and blanching before the frowns of an outraged and insulted constituency, cants and whines, in hypocritical numbers, over the degeneracy of the times, and in the expression of a fear lest elections should be carried by gold. Catching the sounds of lamentation as they issue from the open casements and portals of the White House, your Biglers, *et id omne genus*, move with the hushed and solemn tread of mourners, and shed gouty tears of blood.

The indefensible and destructive management of the Post Office Department, requires especially to be noticed. Within a very short period, for the mere purpose of enriching contractors, bestowing largesses upon sterile and uninhabited districts of the South, and acquiring power, the expenditures have been almost doubled—run up to the enormous sum of twenty millions of dollars—and the mail system made a by-word and reproach. With new, extended, and expensive routes, without corresponding returns, sunk in fathomless debt, aye, paralised by burthens, its chief lustily cries for help and piteously begs the sinews of prolonged malfeasance. But upon whom does he call? Upon those to whom the appeal is always made when money, votes, soldiers, or other effective help is required—upon the laboring thrifty—the "mud sills" of the Eastern, Northern, Middle and Western States. It is consoling to know we are good enough to pay, if not to receive. We are at least able, if not respectable. If we have not chivalry, we have fields, and farms and factories. Let us then, without whimpering, "split the difference." The "F. F. V's" shall take all the posts of patronage, and we will pay their debts. The plan proposed, by which we shall do this, is a very simple one. We have only to pay five cents, instead of three, on each letter we write, abolish the present "franking privilege," and, consequently, cut off the distribution of all seeds and agricultural and mechanical and political information from our people, and the thing is, in great measure, accomplished. And why not do this? To be sure we more than pay *now* for all *our* postal service, and these documents are highly prized by us, but do we not know that "*the* domestic institution" is too poor to pay, and too ignorant to read? We seem to be prone eternally to forget that we were made for hewers of wood and drawers of water! If we would remember this fact, I think we could cordially unite with those who met here on the 16th ult, and join them in pæans and praise to the new American Monarchy.

It has become humiliating to pride to speak the truth, for it has become unfashionable, and almost incredible. Largely in debt, pressed on all sides by voracious creditors, with no present ability to pay, and with constantly accumulating liabilities, the President of the United States has shown himself incompetent to carry any measure of relief. Yes, this man and his Cabinet are appalled, terror stricken, and motionless, in view of the natural results of their own policy. If it were permissible, I would recommend them to infuse a little of their Lecompton fire into the Tariff recommendation—

"Instead of standing, staring altogether,
Like garden gods—and not so decent either."

To blind our sight to its short comings, to cover up its disgraceful defeats, and to reconstruct its sinking fortunes, the administration now proposes, by virtue of a transfer of the war-making power to itself, to visit chastisement upon feeble states for imaginary wrongs, and by the acquisition of Cuba to extend the area of freedom gluttonized on slavery. A man self-made mad, and then self-destroyed—a Lear in rags, and not in robes—having lost the sceptre by the weakness of folly, clutches the flying air, and seeks to mount again to power and influence. Vanity of vanities! there is no restitution for fallen greatness.

A few material inquiries may possibly present themselves, when we come to consider the propriety of the purchase of the vain and much praised "Queen of the Antilles," and of bringing her into our loving and lecherous embrace. In what way, by what mysterious means, with what magic key will you draw the thirty golden millions, demanded by the President as earnest money, and the hundreds of millions afterwards, from a strong box, empty as the heart of its keeper, and which is more secure in locking treasure out than locking it in? How far will a well regulated prudence determine us to go in entrusting such vast amounts in the hands of one who has already deceived us—in whom we have no confidence? By what legal secret will we be able to consummate a purchase of Spain, who has determined not to sell? And how can we better secure ourselves against those who, in league with the President, have sought to humiliate us, by adding to their power and extension, and by *giving them the control* of the Gulf of Mexico, as they now have it over the Mississippi?

I think I can school myself to love my enemies, but not better than myself. I can willingly admit my brother to an equal enjoyment of a common inheritance; but I can not, when he does me violence and injustice, strengthen his arm so as to enable him forcibly to take it all. So, I can and will love my Southern neighbor. I will freely allow him an equal participation of all the fruits of our generous system. I will divide with him the temple of Liberty. I will shield him from the evil doer. But when he denies to me what I am willing to grant to him, and that which my title covers, I will not stultify myself and place weapons in his hands for my destruction; and I will never pay tribute for either his kindness or forbearance. Cuba may be important to the Union; I will admit that it will be so when we have just and equal laws, and honest officers; but before we acquire it, I desire to be informed whether any legislation can possibly be had as beneficial to Pennsylvania as the purchase would be to Tennessee or Georgia; and above all shall I seek to know how, thenceforward, we are to be treated. For if I am a traitor, an unconscious and unrewarded one, to either thirty three or fifteen States, I will not add to the enormity of my offence by extending the number of States against which my guilt must operate.

I have stated, as concisely as I could, my judgment of the management of the government for the last two years. I trust I have made it plain and distinct. I have not descended to minute particulars; the proof of my declarations having become matter of enduring record, has rendered it unnecessary to do so. I leave it before you and the country, as a full justification for our present course, and as the reason for our settled determination to refuse to be identified with movements we both deplore and despise. Desiring to be fair, we can not tolerate deception. Sustaining right, we must denounce usurpation. Asking justice, we can not inflict a wrong. Economy is not presented to us as a choice, it is forced upon us as a necessity; and having been trained in a system of politics that we love, and taught to regard purity as essential to power, it is too late in our lives to turn demagogues to maintain majorities, or to barter for smiles from rotten rule. It is true that renewed and continued denunciation and proscription are likely to be our reward for the choice we make, but I can not avoid hinting to those who suppose they have throttled the wolf, that they may have only caught him by the ears.

It is told that when the Belvidere Apollo was in the Louvre, a lady of gushing and fascinating beauty came with each returning sun to look upon and love it, wreathing it with selected flowers, and clasping it in all the ardor of her youthful heart. Days and weeks and months rolled on, until at last the cold and stony figure turned her warm blood to ice, and she was found dead, with her face buried in her hand, and leaning against it. Sir, we may be too ideal, and look for a perfection which nature does not furnish. Like the daughter of the Baron, we may