

# Star & Republican Banner.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION.—SHAKS"

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

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## THE GARLAND.

—With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.  
**MRS. OILLEY'S LAMENT.**

[BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.]

GREAT GOD! where shall I fly!  
Where shall I seek relief?  
Where can this broken, writhing heart  
Find solace for its grief?  
Earth, with its glorious sun-light,  
Is dark and cold to me;  
My soul is stricken with the blight  
Of hopeless misery!

Thou wast my love, my all,  
"The husband of my youth!"  
Round whom my young affection twin'd  
With ever-during truth;  
My heart and hand were wedded  
In happiness to thee,  
And not a solitary joy,  
Or sorrow has been mine.

Yet thou wilt come no more  
With thy bright smile to me;  
And broken-hearted widowhood  
My weary lot must be!  
Oh, how can it be possible  
That thou wilt not return!  
Thy hand shall hold my voice  
Forbidden me to mourn!

And for the bitterest drug  
In this deep cup of woe,  
Is that the life is thrown away  
Which my heart valued so!  
Ah! made a bloody sacrifice  
To win the mock of fame,  
From the foul demon who usurps  
Pure honor's holy name!

And came there to thy breast  
No tender thought of home?  
Where fond hearts counted every day  
Till time they felt should come?  
Came there no pang of anguish  
Like fire across thy brain,  
Or how these hearts would agonize  
When thou wert basely slain?

And yet if thou hadst fall'n  
In our dear country's cause,  
I could have less of agony  
Have borne my grievous loss.  
That country then had honor'd thee,  
And fame had been thy lot,  
Till I had almost gloried in  
My tears and widowhood.

But no approving words  
Now greet my weary ear,  
And I must blush beneath my tears  
Thy much lov'd name to hear;  
"He died as the fool die!"  
I hear you country say;  
This is the honored name for which  
Thou'rt cast thy life away!

And he who laid thee low,  
Whose honor has he gain'd?  
A withering curse is on his heart,  
His hand with blood is stain'd;  
And muzzanza is written  
Upon the wreath he wears—  
The bloom of which he met with blood,  
Its verdure gem'd with tears!

Bid him come here and see  
The misery he has wrought,  
The desolation he has made  
Of this once happy spot;  
Where now he hears the wailing  
Of mingled deep distress;  
And sobbing infants asking why  
I call them fatherless!

This is the piercing point  
Of this deep agony—  
I could forgive the madden'd brain  
That disregarded me—  
But how could he, a father,  
Forget that sacred name?  
And leave his orphan little ones  
Expos'd to woe and shame!

I gaze no more with pride  
Upon his favorite boy;  
Tears for his fallen father's fate  
Overflow the fount of joy;  
In vain ye check your wailings,  
And seek to soothe my woe;  
It is for you, my guileless ones,  
My bitterest sorrows flow!

My Country! there's a blot,  
A blot foul on thy name;  
A stain on the honor of  
A foul spot on thy fame;  
While thus thy foremost children,  
Even before thine eyes,  
May offer up to Lanfear  
The human sacrifice!

"How are the girls?"—enquired Mrs. Dimsdale.  
"Perfectly well"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"and so extremely delighted with Rockaway that there is no getting them away from it—which, however, is not to be wondered at—for to tell the truth they are excessively admired here. Between ourselves, the Miss Conroys are considered the belles of the place—Of course I would not say this to every one, but you know very well that my daughters have always been rather celebrated, though their styles are so different, and it must be confessed that the dignified softness of Abby Louisa, and the piquant vivacity of Phebe Maria are too strikingly contrasted not to produce effect. They have just returned from an evening walk on the beach with some others of the young people; and Abby Louisa, having been inadvertently led by Mr. Dringington rather to near the surf, (quite into it, I believe), has got her dress sadly splashed, and has gone up stairs to change it. And I left Phebe Maria in the saloon, so surrounded with beaux that I could not get at her to appraise her of your arrival. I know one ought not to tell these things of one's own daughters, but, suppress it as we may, maternal affection will peep out—and for my part, I cannot be otherwise than natural."

Politeness restrained the young gentlemen from exchanging looks at this assertion of one of the most artificial women they had ever met with, but who fortunately had not depth enough to be dangerous. Being the sister of his uncle's wife, to Lansing Mrs. Conroy was no stranger, but to Selfridge who had only seen her at Rockaway, she was both new and amusing. From Lansing he had heard the origin of the incongruous double names that distinguished her daughters. They were called Abigail and Phebe after two rich old aunts of Mrs. Conroy's, who considered herself their favorite niece, and who expected from them a large legacy for each of her daughters. Aunt Abby died when the children were eight and nine years old, leaving her whole fortune without reservation to her sister—Aunt Phebe soon after was married by a young spendthrift of twenty-two, on a condition that she made over to him all her property.

These two successive disappointments were severely felt by Mrs. Conroy; and justly incensed at having given her children old-fashioned names for nothing, she added to them the more genteel appellation of Louisa and Maria. Mr. Conroy was a man of business, and little else; allowing his wife sovereign sway over the family and all other concerns, except those of the counting house.

"This is our first visit to Rockaway since the erection of the new hotel"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"but with accommodations very inferior to the present we have formerly found it a pleasant place, and no doubt we shall enjoy it exceedingly."  
"Of course you will"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"there is a great deal of genteel company here; and I have not seen better dressing at any watering place. We have now at Rockaway a large proportion of the people one meets in society, with, to be sure, some sprinkling of persons whom nobody knows—but that is the usual alloy to all places of public resort, as unfortunately in our republican country those that have money to pay their way, can gain admittance any where. But I assure you our saloon has been extremely brilliant. We have had three judges—one bishop—two ex-governors—five members of congress—one captain in the navy—two colonels in the army—fourteen lawyers—and merchants 'too tedious to mention.' And then there is the new English traveller."

"I did not know there was a new one"—remarked Mr. Dimsdale.  
"Is it possible! Why there has been nothing else talked of since the arrival of the last packet. But though you do live so out of the world (excuse my saying so) it is too strange that you should not have heard of Sir Tiddering Tattersall."

"That sounds like a thing of shreds and patches"—observed Althea, aside to Selfridge, who had taken care to sit next to her.  
"Miss Vernon"—said Mrs. Conroy—overhearing her—"give me leave to inform you that Sir Tiddering Tattersall's clothes are always of regular make, and perfectly whole, and (whatever latitude he may indulge in among Americans) I have no doubt that in his own country he is always dressed scrupulously according to the fashion, and that he has costumes for every possible occasion—as is the case with all English gentlemen—still more when they are noblemen."  
"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Conroy"—said Lansing—"a baronet (if such is the rank of Sir Tiddering) is not exactly a nobleman—you forget that a baronet comes next to the peerage, but does not belong to it."  
Mrs. Conroy did not forget, for she had never remembered—being extremely ill-versed in the grades of European title; a species of ignorance very common among my country women, notwithstanding their fondness for novels of fashionable life.

"I do not know that he is a baronet"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"he may be something of still higher rank—perhaps a knight—I am quite sure that knights have Sir before their names, for I have read of them when a girl. He may be a Knight of the Garter."  
"Very probably"—said Lansing—who thought that further argument might make confusion worse confounded.

"That he is a man of consequence there can be no doubt"—pursued Mrs. Conroy.  
"What is his business in America?" enquired Mr. Dimsdale.  
"Do you suppose any body would be so rude as to ask him?"—replied Mrs. Conroy.  
"His ostensible business is to buy a trotting horse"—said Lansing—"his real one is probably to write a book."

"Sir Tiddering Tattersall write a book?"—said Selfridge, contemptuously.  
"Why not?"—replied Lansing—"no doubt he could write as good a one as the renowned Frederick Fitzgerald de Roos—and could equally enlighten his compatriots on the ever obscure subject of society and manners in America—a country which they always seem to look at through a blanket."  
"Say rather a mist—or a veil"—observed Selfridge—"either of which would be quite as Shakspearian—certainly more elegant—and perhaps more just."

"No"—replied Lansing—"I will persist in my blanket—for homely as the usage may be it is not too strong to express the opacity of the unaccountable something that seems always to interpose between their perceptions of America and the truth."  
"It is a wilful obtuseness"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"none are so blind as those that will not see."  
"I am very sure that Sir Tiddering Tattersall is no author"—said Mrs. Conroy—"for he has a valet, and he brought with him a cart load of baggage, and never gets up till noon, and it is evident that money is no object to him. He wanted a parlour to himself, and a dressing room, but being unable to obtain them, and equally unable to conform to what he justly calls the barbarous hours of the hotel, he pays extra for having his dinner alone in his own chamber at eight o'clock."

"I suppose, then,"—said Mr. Dimsdale—"he is now luxuriating in the enjoyment of his solitary meal."  
"Exactly so"—replied Mrs. Conroy—"let me see (looking at her watch) he must be just now engaged in taking his wine."  
"Quite likely,"—said Lansing, as he rose from the table, which the party, having concluded their repast, were now quitting.  
Between Lansing and Mrs. Conroy there had always been a sort of disinclination to like each other—and though she was the sister of his uncle's wife, neither of them ever acknowledged the least approach to any thing like auntship or nephewship. Still she was in the main very unwilling to quarrel with him, prudently judging that when a woman has daughters to marry, she should contrive to keep on good terms with all manner of men; as there is no telling what may happen, or which may eventually be found *le plus hon parti*.

A council was now held as to the most eligible mode of finishing the evening, which was already far advanced. It was debated whether the ladies should prepare for going into the saloon, or whether they should take a walk on the beach, the night being moonlight. To the surprise of Selfridge, Althea Vernon, though she had expressed an impatient desire for a near view of the ocean, was now evidently in favour of their *debut* in the drawing room. But Mrs. Conroy, feeling some apprehension lest the beauty of Miss Vernon should eclipse that of her own daughters (notwithstanding their styles were so happily contrasted) adroitly suggested the young ladies that they could not possibly appear in the saloon without making such an entire change in their dress as must occupy a very considerable time, and would over-fatigue them after a ride of twenty miles, and might cause them to look pale and haggard, "which you know"—said she—"is not at all desirable." Also, that their hair had been so blown about by the wind that it would not be presentable till after a fresh pinning up. She ended by counselling them to repair immediately to bed.

This last advice, however, (which was delivered in an under tone) our young ladies were by no means inclined to follow, and even Mrs. Dimsdale declared her disinclination to retire so early. So it was decided that the juveniles, as Mr. Dimsdale called them, should take a walk on the strand, while Mrs. Dimsdale (for whom it was only necessary to change her cap and collar) accompanied her husband and Mrs. Conroy into the saloon.

CHAPTER V.  
When Althea and Julia had gone up stairs for their bonnets, and the two young gentlemen were promenading the portico while waiting for them—"I must confess"—said Selfridge—"that I was disappointed at Miss Vernon's being so uninteresting, or so unpoetical, or so unpoetical (I know not what to call it) as to evince a preference of the noise and glare of a crowded drawing-room to a walk on the margin of the Atlantic—and by moonlight too!"

"Now"—replied Lansing—"I think that preference perfectly natural to a very young and sprightly girl. Let me console you with the homely proverb that you must not expect to find old heads on young shoulders—an adage, I fore-see, you will often have occasion to recollect in the course of your present engagement."  
"But surely"—said Selfridge—"youth is the age for romance and poetry, and it is then that our feelings are most vividly awake to the beauties and sublimities of nature."

"There I disagree with you"—answered Lansing—"It is after our taste is somewhat formed and has had time to improve and refine, that our imaginations, generally speaking, are more susceptible of the picturesque and the imposing. Children are rarely struck with fine natural scenery, and to coarse and uncultivated minds (whether of the vulgar little or the vulgar great) it seldom affords much pleasure. I do not believe that a Swiss peasant is aware of the magnificence of his glorious Alps. To him they are only high mountains; dangerous, slippery, and difficult to cultivate. Do you think when the Italian that grinds his hand-organ thro' the streets of New York, looks back to the land of his birth, that he grieves for the marble promontories, and flowery glades, and myrtle thickets, and clear blue waves of his Mediterranean home? No—his regrets are

for objects more closely connected with himself, or for enjoyments in which mind has but little association. Nay—have you not heard of persons who living within ten miles of Niagara never visited the stupendous cataract until they found it had become a place of public resort. And even now how many go thither that are satisfied with a mere cursory glance, and leave it without retaining one additional idea of its wonders."

"But what is all this with reference to Miss Vernon?"—said Selfridge—"you cannot persuade me that hers is a light and frivolous mind, when there is so much intelligence in her looks."  
"She looks as I believe she is"—replied Lansing—"that Miss Vernon is a girl of quick capacity, I have not the slightest doubt, nor also that she has sense, imagination and feeling. There now—you need not grasp my hand so delightedly. But remember our conclusion on the general inconsistency of human nature, and do not be surprised if this beautiful star that has just risen on your horizon should occasionally diverge from her orbit, and recreate herself with an erratic excursion into the fields of air. Also, if you intend commencing lover in earnest, you must conquer this habit of considering things too deeply. But here come the ladies—I suppose I must kindly and unprofitably take charge of good little Julia, who is not only my own cousin, but more than suspected of having exchanged rings and lockets with a certain naval officer now cruising in her Pacific. The poor dear girl is ashamed to acknowledge the interest she takes in the ocean and its appurtenances."

The alertness of Selfridge in offering his arm to Althea led indeed no choice to his friend, who followed him with Miss Dimsdale. They had walked but three or four yards on leaving the portico, when the tufts of grass became "few and far between," till they were reduced to a solitary blade here and there, struggling with the deep and choking sand, through which our little party proceeded; their feet sinking in at every step. But with the true American disposition to make light of petty inconveniences, they laughed gaily at the difficulty of their progress—though more than once the ladies stepped out of their shoes in lifting their feet. These sands, though now dry, were at high tide usually covered with water; and in a few minutes our little party reached a fine smooth beach sloping into the dark-rolling ocean.

It was one of those nights when "the moon is in her summer glow," the breeze and high the breezes blow." She had climbed above a mass of dark vapours that curtained the east, and was touching with silver the edges of the flying clouds that swept across her face by the sea wind as it swept over the heaving waves, ruffling their glittering heads into crests of foam.

"The art of man"—said Selfridge—"tho' it has drawn lightning from the clouds, and cut passages through mountains, levelled rocks, and converted forests into cities, can effect no change in the stern and unconquerable ocean. This surf, that throws its broad white ridge along the sandy beach, is roaring now as it has roared since the creation of the world; and so will it continue, warring against the shore in restless and unending strife till time is lost in eternity."  
He then, while they paced the shadowy strand in the moonlight, described with graphic eloquence some of the ocean scenery that he had witnessed in his voyage to India—particularly a tremendous tempest in the latitude of the Mauritius. And to Althea's eager inquiries if they saw the island of Paul and Virginia, he replied that they had discerned one of its mountains looming dimly through mist and storm.

There was a silence—and as Selfridge glanced at the expressive countenance of Althea and saw the tear drops trembling on the fringed curtains of her eyes, he felt that her thoughts were dwelling on St. Pierre's beautiful and affecting story. The young lover could scarcely refrain from, at that moment, making her an offer of his hand and heart. "She is all truth and nature"—thought he—"full of fancy and feeling, and too artless to be capable of concealing her emotions, or even her foibles—if indeed she has any."  
The pause was first broken by Althea, who did not pursue the subject of the storm, but said with brightening eyes—"I know not a more striking description of moonlight on the sea-beach than that of Oberon, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, when he is about to send Puck in search of the enchanted flower. Has this charming scene never been transferred to canvas?"

"The immortal poet!"—replied Selfridge—"has made it so beautiful and vivid that he has left nothing for the genius of the painter. Many of the best artists have shrunk from the task of illustrating the finest and most popular passages of Shakspeare—fearing their inability to paint up to the picture he has presented in a few magic touches to the mind's eye of his readers."  
"The man who life with nature's pencil drew. Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new!"

may well dispense with assistance from the material pallet and canvas."  
"To-night, however,"—continued Selfridge after a pause—"there are too many drifting clouds, and the wind is too high, and the water in too much agitation, to give me exactly the idea of the calm and lovely sea-side picture sketched by the fairy king."  
Selfridge then began to repeat the lines in question, and at those that depict "Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all armed," Althea whose eyes were now involuntarily turned towards the wandering planet that shone down on her beautiful face, prompted him with a *naïvete* that he found bewitching. And at the words "a sudden aim he took," the lover could not refrain from slightly pressing the hand that rested on his arm. Whether she perceiv-

ed it or not I leave to the sagacity of my lady readers.

"Young as she is, how correct is her taste—how lively her perceptions of grace and beauty"—thought Selfridge, as they turned their steps to the hotel—it being near ten o'clock. When they passed the windows, and saw by the light of the chandelier suspended from the ceiling, the gay groups that promenade the saloon, or chatted on the sofas around it, Althea exclaimed—  
"What a bright and animated scene! Among the company, there may be (according to Mrs. Conroy) some people whom nobody knows—but the general effect is certainly that of fashion and elegance; I wish I had passed the evening in the saloon."

Selfridge felt again disappointed, and made no reply. "After all"—said he to Lansing, when they had conducted the young ladies to the stair-case and taken leave of them for the night—"I think I will profit by your advice, and know more of Miss Vernon before I carry my admiration of her too far."  
"Then you have not yet proposed?"—said Lansing.

"Nonsense"—replied Selfridge—"do you take me for the hero of a comedy, that falls in love at the first interview, offers himself at the second, and is married at the third."  
"Let us finish the evening in the saloon!"—said Lansing. "Will you go in with me."  
"No"—answered Selfridge—"I am not in the vein for fashion and elegance. I will walk in the portico awhile. The air is cool and refreshing."

"Cool, indeed!"—said Lansing—"with this brisk north wester, which would have blown little Julia into the sea if I had not kept her steady. But I leave you to your meditation. There would be too much sameness in saying that our heroine meditated also. We will only hint that she spent a remarkably long time in transferring some of the contents of her trunk to the shelves of the commode; and she must have been somewhat abstracted when on opening the embroidered handkerchief her perception of its beauties was rather less distinct than usual. In short, she 'gattered and dawdled an immensity,' and 'put out things,' and put them in again, till all was still throughout the hotel. Having extinguished her lamp, she sat down at the window to rest herself after her fatigue, and looked out at the strand and the ocean till

"The moon was setting behind the white wave."  
It is not to be supposed that through the Venetian shutters Miss Vernon could identify the figure of the solitary gentleman, who, till a late hour, continued to perambulate the portico, or that she observed the grace of his attitude, when at times he folded his arms, and stood leaning musically against one of the pillars.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE RULING PASSION.

BONAPARTE died in his military garb, his Field Marshal's uniform and his boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

AUGUSTUS CESAR chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion.

SEWARD, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying—"that it became not a man to die like a beast."  
A more remarkable instance is that of MARIA LOUISA, of Austria, who a short time before she breathed her last, having fallen into a slight slumber, one of the ladies in attendance remarked that her Majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," said she, "I could sleep if I would indulge in repose, but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep; I wish to meet my dissolution awake."

Such are the efforts of poor expiring mortality—still clinging to earth—still laboring for the breath of posterity, and exhausting itself in efforts to rise with "gracefulness at the last."

An Irish tailor made a gentleman a coat and waistcoat too small, and had orders to take them home and let them out. Some days after, the gentleman enquiring for his garments, was told by this ninth part of an Irishman, that the coat and waistcoat happening to fit a countryman of his, he had let them out at eighteen pence a week.

ANECDOTE.—At a late Temperance convention in one of our towns, the hotels being somewhat crowded, a couple of gentlemen called at a private dwelling to get accommodated for the night. The man of the house (coming in soon after they had departed, inquired of his active and bustling helpmate the cause of so much unusual preparation and bustle. "Why, my dear," replied she "don't you think we're going to have a couple of *total absent Aliigators*, here to supper, and—" "Aliigators!" exclaimed the old man, "why you mean delegates, don't you?" O, yes, "tis delegates," replied she, "but no matter—if all magnifies the same meaning, you know."

## A NEW MODE FOR PARSING GRAMMAR.

—Mr. Hurd the celebrated teacher of Grammar, once on a time (at Hopkinton, Mass.) set his class to parsing the following lines of Pope:  
"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate—  
All but the page prescribed," &c.  
The word all, in the second line had been parsed—when coming to the word but, and directing his eye to the next pupil, the master said, "But! the next." No sooner was the word out, than—plump went the head of the pupil into the bread basket of his neighbor.  
"Boo! hoo! hoo!" roared the latter most lustily.  
"What are you about there," said the master to the former.  
"I am butting the next, sir, as you told me to," replied the lad. [N. Y. Transcript.]

## THE CURRENCY.

From the National Gazette.  
**Letter from Mr. Biddle, to the Hon. John Quincy Adams.**

MY DEAR SIR:—I propose to say a few words on the question whether the Banks should resume specie payments in May next. I do this because my position seems to justify, if not require it. For nineteen years I have been connected with the Institution which caused the last resumption, and during all that period my efforts have been directed to secure to the country the benefits of a sound currency, and to banish from circulation every thing but the precious metals and notes always convertible into them. I think that no other currency is safe or tolerable; and that we should now return to it at the first moment it can be done permanently. For this purpose the Institution to which I belong has made great efforts. Since the suspension in May last, it has bought and added to its vaults nearly four millions of dollars in gold and silver; and now with a capital of thirty-five millions, its notes in circulation are six millions, while its specie, after paying more than half a million to the Government of the United States, amounts to four millions. and it has eight or ten millions of funds in Europe. Our principles therefore incline us to an early resumption; our preparations would justify it—and if we were at all influenced by the poor ambition of doing what others cannot do so readily, or the still poorer desire of profiting by the disasters of others, the occasion would certainly be tempting. But the Bank of the United States makes common cause with the other Banks, and the character and prosperity of the country are identified with its banking system. They must stand or fall together—and it is of vital importance that the banks should act wisely and act harmoniously, and above all that they should not suffer themselves to be driven, by the dread of being thought weak, into rash and hazardous enterprises. The great prerogative of strength is not to be afraid of doing right, and it belongs to those who have no fear that prudent counsels will be mistaken for timidity, to examine calmly whether the general interests of the country recommend the voluntary resumption of specie payments in May next. I say the voluntary resumption, because there is not now, nor has there ever been, any legal suspension of specie payments as there was for more than twenty years in England. The suspension is wholly conventioned between the banks and the community, arising from their mutual conviction that it is for their mutual benefit. In truth the banks are but the mere agents of that community. They have no funds not already lent out to the people, of whose property and industry they are the representatives. They are only other names for the farms, the commerce, the factories, and the internal improvements of the country—and the enquiry whether the banks are ready to resume is only another form of asking whether the people are ready to pay their debts to the banks.

The true question then, after all, is, whether the time has arrived when the banks should announce that the causes of the suspension, which then satisfied the community, have ceased to exist, and that the suspension itself, with all its necessary attendants of restriction, need no longer be continued. To that enquiry I now proceed. And—  
I. What were the causes of the suspension? They were the Specie Circular, which forbade the receipt of any thing but gold or silver at the Land Offices—the mismanagement of the deposits, which scattered them to the frontiers—the clamor raised by the Executive against bank notes, which alarmed the people for their safety, and caused a run upon the banks for specie. Now, has any of these causes ceased? On the contrary, have they not acquired ten fold force?—The Specie Circular is not repealed. On the contrary, it has been extended, for bank notes are proscribed, not merely from the land offices, but from all payments of every description to the government. The distribution of the surplus is over, because there is no longer any surplus to distribute; but the great disbursements on the Southern and Western frontiers, operate as injuriously by requiring the transfer of so much revenue from the points where it is collected. Lastly and mainly, the alarm about bank notes propagated by the government, has been deeply spread throughout the country, till what was at first a passing outcry, has settled into an implacable hostility. No man, I think, can doubt for a moment, that the Executive of the U. S. seeks to maintain his power by exciting popular passions against the credit system—and that the whole influence of the government is employed to infuse into the minds of the people, distrust and hatred of all banks. For this purpose, the most insane ravings are addressed to the cupidity of the ignorant, who are taught that gold and silver are the only true riches, and above all, that these shrewd metals would enable us to outwit the paper dullness of England.—"Sir," said lately one of these politicians in the Senate of the United States, "Sir, a man loses all by any circumstance that but for that circumstance he would have made. Although England is a paper country, yet if we were exclusively a metallic country we should make more out of our intercourse with her. And why should we, because she chooses to maintain herself by her paper system, follow her example?" The government, it may be said, is comparatively harmless, because its expenditures exceed its income. Its regular income, no doubt—but while it can pledge the public credit for treasury notes at a high rate of interest, by which every man's property is mortgaged, and by specie with them, there can never be wanting the means of oppressing the banks. There is, therefore, no one circumstance which occasioned the