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BY DAVID OVER.

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*For the Inquirer and Chronicle.*  
**MY HOME.**  
BY E. P. BLANCHARD.  
I've wandered over many a plain,  
I've looked on many a dome,  
Yet not as I have seen  
A place that seemed like home.  
My home's a sweet sequestered spot,  
Within a country fair,  
I love the looks of that old place,  
I love the friends that's there.  
Though sometimes I have wandered forth,  
And left that sacred spot;  
To go to school or visit friends,  
Yet it was never forgot.  
Though our dear circle now at home  
Is not as it was of yore,  
For death has made such friends there,  
As time can never restore.  
And though to part with those we loved  
Has caused us many a tear,  
I often think that it has served,  
To make the rest more dear.  
My father's house I do admire,  
For its simplicity,  
I was born in it, and I love well  
Therefore his dear to me.  
It stands upon a rural spot,  
With fruit trees growing round,  
Which form a shade in summer time,  
And with rich fruits abound.  
A little garden nest and fine  
Lies just before the door,  
Which we are wont to cultivate  
To raise our garden store.  
And all the pleasant walks around  
Where in childhood I did roam,  
Are made by memory still more dear  
And bind me to my home.  
*From the Baltimore American.*  
**Who Are You Going to Vote For?**  
BY CHAS. REESE.  
**AIR—Vive la Campagne.**  
Who are you going to vote for, North?  
I'm going to vote for Fillmore.  
For twenty years I have known his worth,  
And I'm going to vote for Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man  
In all the Union now that can  
The North and South unite again,  
And so I'll vote for Fillmore.  
My friends I never see elsewhere  
Unfold the flag of Fillmore,  
And charge with shouts that rend the air  
For Freedom and for Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
Who are you going to vote for, South?  
I'm going to vote for Fillmore.  
For Justice, Mercy, Love and Truth,  
Are consoling of Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
My fiery knights with sword and shield  
Are changing now for Fillmore,  
To traitors they will never yield.  
Not yield an inch will Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
Who are you going to vote for, East?  
I'm going to vote for Fillmore.  
My trade and commerce will be increased  
By every act of Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
My arts and artists will I know,  
New life receive from Fillmore,  
And all my science brighter grow  
Beneath the hand of Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
Who are you going to vote for, West?  
I'm going to vote for Fillmore.  
My border lines have confessed  
Their guiding star is Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
The wealth of all my waving fields  
Will double be by Fillmore,  
And the reaper that labor yields  
Be swifter made by Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man, &c.  
The North and South, and East and West,  
Be true to MILLARD FILLMORE,  
And soon discord's haughty great  
Will humbled be by Fillmore.  
For Fillmore is the only man  
To all the Union now that can  
The North and South unite again,  
And so all vote for Fillmore.  
Baltimore, 4th July, 1856.

*For the Inquirer and Chronicle.*  
**Troubles of a Dimecrat.**  
CHAPTER II.  
MR. EDITOR:—Dear sir, as it has been so long since I give you an account of myself, you must think as how my troubles had got the whip hand of me, or as how some varmint had run through with me, and brought me to my end, jest to keep our old Buck from gettin my vote; but if you are a thinkin sitch things, you are poety much mistaken; for though I have had an almighty sitch of troubles, yet they have not got ahead of me, nor I am not snake bit, nor nothin nigher; but I have been so all-fired busy that I couldn't write nor do nothin.  
In the first place, I was busy as a hen with one chicken, a watchen to see how the Cincinnati Convention would turn out—to see who they would pick on for President; and I knowed they would pick out as honest and capable a feller as ever was, but then you know there is so many sitch fellers in our Dimecratic party—in fact, nearly all honest and capable, especially the Detch—that it couldn't help being hard to pick one out, from among so many.—Howsomever, they got one, and when I heard who they had took and set up for President, I was so glad that I ris right up, and boiled out a big shout, "Hoory for old Buck, Dimecracy and the Detch!" and I jumped about so that you would a thought I was young; and you couldn't a told if my arms and legs (it mont not do, as I always want to be perille, to say legs, so I'll just take them legs back agin, and say limbs) yes, I say you couldn't a told if my limbs stunk to me or some other feller, and when I got through, I said to a feller—that some mount ask, was this old chap himself, if they would a saw him; just look at that!  
Now, sir, I guess we'll go it. We have got a Buck to run as a Buck; and I rather kinder sorter guess he'll go it like a Buck; but then that little "SAM" Oh, if it wasn't for that little booger, we could just do as we please! I jest expose as how, if that little nawn wouldn't a meddled agin, we mount a been under the government of old England to-day, and instead of our Buck having to run his limbs to get into some high office, he mount a bin called Lord Buck, or something so. And some other good one, not a hundred miles from Bedford, mount a bin so lucky as to have had a *Sir*, at the lowest calculation, stunk to one end of his name, &c., &c. But then we couldn't a bin so fortunate; some of us—say a few, perhaps twenty odd millions—mount a had nothin stunk to the end of our names, but then we would a bin sartin to a had somethin stunk in our pockets;—we would not have the fan of any lections, nor any voice to be heard in anything, but then we could pay tax, for all, and that would be easy, you know, if only we could be governed by foreigners. Ye-s-s-i-r-re-e, all this mount a bin, and more too, if it wasn't for that feller. Why, yes, just look, we was once under one George III., and you know how nice he used us—what nice Governors &c. he sent us, and all that kind of thing, yet little Sam couldn't rest; but just because good old George had a mind to tax us without letten us have a representation in Parliament, he got crusty, and for anything I know, he gin a big-cuss about it, or said some other bad talk—anyhow he made a fuss about it; and when old George sent us a little store tea over, and wanted us to drink it, that he mount tax us, Sam he cut up a rusty, and wouldn't drink it, but worked it so that it all got spilt out into Boston Harbor! And that wasn't the end of it; for when our old mother country sent some of her boys over here to dress Sam off, they found as how he had got so stout, that he would go a gunnin, or fishin, or huntin birds' nests, &c., *just when he pleased*; and if they would try to stop him, and gin him to pay a little tax, while they didn't give him a chance to talk sometimes, he would lay down his things that he had a worken with, and pick up something or another and trounce the whole of them.—Well, so it was; and after our old mother found out that she couldn't do anything with him, she acting as a kind mother would, sent off to a neighbor of hers—one Prince of Hesse—and got him to send some ten thousand or so of his valiant Hessian Detch over to help her to gin Sam fixed in sitch a way, that she would bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but then what a fuss! Why they was some seven years a working at him, and still couldn't gin him right; and after that the good old lady sent her boys over agin, and still couldn't do nothin—but one thing, you know, and that is, that if they could not get him straight, they made him his fella's a world of trouble; caused him and his men to suffer hunger, cold, and

sometimes nakedness, and also they drenched the earth with what some would call the blood of the most upright and noble, and caused thousands to be widows, and tens of thousands to be orphans, before he and his followers got their liberty—but then you know, as foreigners did it, 'twas nothin.  
And since that he has done so much mischief, and is so unrestless. Jest look how he has bin a worken in politics! When we have bin a worken it so that foreigners mount come here and gin naturalized and vote, whether they are civilized or not, or know or care anything about us and our country, he always wants to have them dear people to wait awhile—like we have to—before they vote; yes, gin civilized fast, and learn to have some feeling for us before they meddle in our things. And when we seen inclined to put foreigners in what Sam calls places of honor and profit, instead of our sitch countrymen, he will jump up and say, inasmuch as these same foreigners didn't help to gin our liberty for us; but on the other hand their Governments would, in our struggles for freedom, have stood by us with their hands in their pockets, and seen us crushed to the earth without lending us a helping hand; so let them fella's mind their own business, when they come here, and we will try to manage our things ourselves; and if we find we are too dumb to gin along without them, we will then, instead of now, sell them for a song what cost us untold blood and treasure. And if they can't cum here without ruling us, let them stay at home; for they don't cum here for our good, but their own, and we can gin along without them. And another thing, if we would go to where them fella's cum from, and want to gin into office and rule, or raise a nub, or a least little bit of a fuss, we would stand a pretty smart chance of gittin our heads broke.  
This is some of his doctrine, and a! what would we poor people do without them dear people? But so it is; and so it is that Sam has gone and get a big feller named Fillmore, to run agin our Buck for President, and I jest expose as how he will work it so as how that big feller will play hokey with us, in this our year of grace, '56. Like he got old Tip to do in '40, and old Zack in '48. If he does raise one of them confustafions agin, we're gone suckers. But then there is so many Dimecrats, and Detch, and Irish, and all the good people, that I am in hopes as how we can go it; exposing as I do, that we will all stick together, and work by every hook and crook to gin old Buck in, and let Sam and his fella's take care of the Government, while we help ourselves; and then agin we all vote once, and some of us twice or so, and I think we will have the most votes in; and then old Buck would be in, and the way the Detch and Irish and Catholics would stay in the good offices, and slavery grow and flourish, would be good to look at!—Wouldn't it? says I to that feller.  
"Oh, crackey! yes, I presume that you evidently expect to see us Americans up in sitch style, that after the election there will be nothin found of us, except a lot of old boots and a little bit of hair!" However you should not be too sanguine, for you may find it very difficult to get things fixed to your liking hereafter, as you have done for the last few years. And knowing as I do, the strength and influence of that little gentleman, whom you call Sam, and also his natural turn of mind, I would advise you and your party, if you want to gin your old Buck into the White House, to start him for it immediately, and tell him to take some private way, for if Sam should be in any way evil disposed towards him, he will be sure to gin on his little penny, and overtake him, and then he would knock the horns off of your Buck, and perhaps be tempted to break them over his head. The trampled is, I know that Sam has lately been very much displeased with the corruption of your party; so much so, that he will be likely to continue his meetings night and day, and hold up the picture of your deformity to the eyes of the honest members of this nation, and raise such a spirit of enthusiasm in his favor, and such an opposition against you, as will compel you and each of you, in order to get Mr. Buchanan into the Presidency, to vote at least two or three times. Take my word for it, that this nation is not so depraved as to put the reins of government into the hands of such rascals again, as have had them during a few years past, and at present. I am no prophet, but it is my opinion, that after all your fuss and feathers," Mr. Fillmore will get to the White House, and have everything fixed "nice and tidy" before your Mr. Buck will get there, and we will be pretty likely to know who is to be Post Master General about as soon as some other of the dear people, and perhaps as much about some other things."  
But then, Mr. Editor, when he said them

things, my troubles got a bolt of me agin, and a trouble some time I have had. I can't write any more now, so hoping as how you are still a good Dimecrat, I remain  
Yours, truly,  
A DIMECRAT.  
*From the Louisville Journal.*  
**MR. CLAY AND MR. BUCHANAN.**  
In nearly all the articles we see relative to the prominent and active part taken by Mr. Buchanan in the bargain and intrigue slanders against Mr. Clay, a very important point has been overlooked. We shall call attention to it, and the authority for what we state is Gals & Seston's Register of Debates in Congress:  
"On the 3d of February, 1825, Mr. Clay rose from his place in the Speaker's Chair, and demanded an examination into the charges brought against him in the public prints by Mr. Krenner. After Mr. Clay concluded his remarks, Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia, moved that the matter be referred to a Special Committee of nine members. Upon this motion Mr. Forsyth, a discussion took place, when, in motion of Mr. Condit, of New Jersey, the subject was postponed until the next day. On the next day, on motion of Mr. Condit, the House resumed the consideration of the motion of Mr. Forsyth to refer the communication of the Speaker to a Select Committee," when a further discussion took place, during which Mr. Foot, of Connecticut, said that certain papers were referred to in the motion of the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Forsyth), which were not before the House; and he suggested to the gentleman the propriety of so modifying his motion as to refer to the Committee nothing more than the communication of the Speaker.  
"Mr. Forsyth accepted the modification, and, at the requisition of the member, read his motion to the following form:  
"Resolved, That the communication made by the Speaker to the House, be referred to a Select Committee."  
"Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, now moved that the House adjourn.  
"The motion was negatived.  
"Thereupon further discussion took place upon an amendment offered by Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, pending which Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, moved this proposition, with its amendments, accessories, and principals, should be indefinitely postponed.  
"The Speaker pronounced the motion of the gentleman from Virginia, indefinitely to postpone, not to be in order while an amendment was pending.  
"Mr. McDuffie now withdrew his amendments for a time in order that the question might be taken on the motion for indefinite postponement.  
"Mr. Ingram, of Pennsylvania, demanded that that question should be taken by yeas and nays.  
"The question of indefinite postponement was then taken by yeas and nays, as follows:  
Here follow the names of yeas and nays, Mr. Buchanan voting yea. The vote stood yeas 125, nays 69.  
"So Mr. Forsyth's motion was carried.  
"Mr. Forsyth moved that the committee be appointed by ballot; which was agreed to.  
"Messrs. P. P. Barbour, Webster, Moore, Taylor, Forsyth, Saunders, and Bankin were appointed on the next day.  
"On the 9th of February, Mr. Barbour, from the Select Committee, reported that the Committee, through his Chairman, had summoned Mr. Krenner to appear before the Committee, and bring his evidence, which he declined to do, and "in this posture of the case the Committee can take no further steps!" And here the matter has ever rested.  
"These proceedings will be found in Gales and Seston's Register of Debates in Congress of the second session of the eighteenth Congress, volume 1, pages 440 to 444, and 403 to 486, and 525 to 526.  
Now is not this monstrous! Gen. Jackson said that his informant was Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan, according to Gen. Jackson, was Mr. Clay's secret accuser and slanderer. Mr. Clay asked for an investigation, when Mr. Buchanan, to defeat and prevent an investigation, not only moved an adjournment of the House and afterwards, voted for an indefinite postponement, but voted directly to disallow Mr. Clay the opportunity of vindicating his character from the foul aspersions which he had secretly and basely heaped upon it. No honorable man would act thus toward a negro, much less toward the Speaker of the House of the American Congress. Even the notorious and infamous George Krenner, who refused to make good his public charges, did not thus act, for he failed, refused, or neglected to vote upon both the propositions denying Mr. Clay the right and privilege of vindicating his character. Then where was Mr. Buchanan when the chairman notified Krenner to appear before the committee with his witness? Comment is unnecessary.

Not for all the world's wealth would any man of the slightest pretensions to honesty act toward another as Mr. Buchanan acted toward Mr. Clay. Knowing himself to be the original cause of the atrocious slanders against Mr. Clay, knowing them to be slanders, and knowing that Mr. Clay, if an opportunity should be presented, could not only prove them to be slanders, but show Mr. Buchanan to be guilty of the very crime with which the latter had caused him to be charged—knowing, we say, all these things, Mr. Buchanan pertinaciously voted to deny to the illustrious Kentuckian the privilege of an investigation, a privilege that even the humblest might, under the circumstances, have justly demanded. He knew that, upon any full Congressional investigation, the accusation he had caused to be made against Mr. Clay, would of necessity be exploded, and that Mr. Clay if he should think fit, might fix upon him, before the eyes of the whole world, the guilt of an attempt at larceny and corruption. And after all this, after having done all in his power to deny to Mr. Clay the right to establish his innocence, and after having indignantly expressed in the Washington Telegraph, under his own name, his conviction of Mr. Clay's guilt, he had the ineffable and almost inconceivable mean-spiritedness, effrontery, and baseness, to beg, entreat, and humbly implore Mr. Clay to graciously abstain, out of pity to him, from disproving the imputation by the means at his command, inasmuch as the use of those means would inculpate him.  
Mr. Buchanan may be supposed to have said in substance to Mr. Clay: "I did come to you in Mr. Letcher's room and propose to you that if you would vote for General Jackson you should be his Secretary of State; I did by my conversation with General Jackson, cause him to charge you with larceny and corruption and name me as his witness, though I personally knew that you were innocent; I did falsely say in my letter to the Telegraph that I believed you guilty, and I have stonily resisted all your endeavors to obtain an opportunity in the House of refuting the charges that I have caused to be brought against you before the people of the nation; but I ask you, oh I ask you to remain quiet under the charge, for if you were to be so cruel as to rebuke yourself by revealing and establishing the fact of my proposal to you, I should be ruined with my party and the country forever. I have no claim upon you on the score of justice—my whole appeal is to your mercy."  
We do not profess to have given here the exact words of Mr. Buchanan, but if he or his political friends deny that we have given the substance of his appeal, let him or them make a call for that letter of his, of which Mr. Clay so often said that he would never publish it unless with Mr. Buchanan's consent, or at the call of the Senate of the United States.  
And Mr. Clay, with ill-judged clemency, with misdirected generosity, spared the miserable and guilty suppliant, and bore, though not with patience, his deep and deadly wrongs for nearly a quarter of a century, and until every hope of the Presidency had died out in his mighty heart. And now, if the people of the United States, and the facts laid before them by the almost dying hand of Henry Clay, were to elevate Mr. Buchanan to the office which they so often denied to the illustrious victim of his calumnies, the shame of the foul deed would rest upon the American name forever.  
"The Memphis Eagle and Enquirer says:—While the Sag-Night Democrats were bringing their hundred guns or so, yesterday afternoon, to get up a little artificial enthusiasm for Buchanan, a horny-handed, truth-hearted mechanic, formerly of Pennsylvania, was heard to say:  
"Ah! they may fire as many guns as they please for Jimmy Buchanan, but they never will be able to make me forget that speech he made to prove that *Ten cents a day* was wages enough for a poor laboring man."  
"The 'Old Line Whigs' of Florida at a meeting recently held in Tallahassee, adopted the following resolution: "That having undiminished confidence in MILLARD FILLMORE, as a statesman and a patriot, who has been tried and found faithful to the constitution, and appreciating his high character and distinguished abilities, we will cheerfully support him for the Presidency."  
A great Fillmore ratification meeting was held a few nights since at Cynthia's, Kentucky.  
"The Cincinnati Times adheres to Fillmore. So also the St. Louis Intelligencer and the Louisville Journal.

**CHURCH BUILDING IN IRELAND.**  
WHENCE THE FUNDS.  
The Chapels now in course of erection everywhere, not only in the metropolis and large provincial towns, but even in villages and country districts, amaze men by their size and magnificence. And the question that instinctively arises: Whence come the funds? I believe the true answer is: the penny-a-week system. Arrangements are made for collecting this sum from every one, and the building goes on, often for years, as the funds come in. When completed, then the decorations.  
Then, there are "indulgences" obtained from the Pope, for special contributors; and periodical "masses," the benefits of which can be transferred, either to others living, or the souls in purgatory. And legacies are a great source of contribution, especially to the priest's houses, or to special comforts and adornments. But, in regard to convents, and similar establishments, I doubt not, a main source of the funds, so immense as shown by their buildings, is unfolded in the following:—  
A RICH ENGLISH NUN.—The departure of the Queen has, likewise, not been the only one which has attracted our attention during the week. On Tuesday last, set forth for Algeria's weeping, gentle nun from the Convent of the Assumption, in the Avenue Ste. Maria. The young lady is a convert, the daughter of one of the noblest and most powerful northern English families. It has been lately discovered that she had made over by donation every farthing where she had taken refuge, and her family in wrath had hurried to Paris to contest the proceeding. Already was the gentle penitent bending once more towards the ties of blood and kin, already was she consenting to withdraw the measure which would deprive her relations of any share in her inheritance, when on Tuesday night a carriage was drawn up to the gate where she had taken an affectionate leave of her sisters a few hours before, and the fair nun, muffled and veiled, was hurried into it, and driven to the Lyons Railway, on her road to embark for Algiers where the Blessed Ladies are in possession of a branch establishment, which is doing well and prospering greatly. Of course the family is furious, and threatens exposure; but the reverend lady at the head of the community declares that it was the dear child's own wish to be conveyed beyond the reach of temptation, and that of course she had no right to oppose this most holy and reasonable desire.—*Paris Correspondent of the Atlas.*  
A FURTHER ILLUSTRATION.  
Since the prevailing account of "Our Immaculate Lady of Refuge" chapel of Rathmines was written, a powerful appeal has appeared in the Freeman from Monsignor Meagher, calling upon the Roman Catholic population to realize the Legate Cullen's suggestion, and before the great eighth of December comes, make the temple worthy of its patroness. As an inducement, they are reminded that the church of our "Immaculate Lady of Refuge" at Rathmines, is the central point in Ireland of the Arch-confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners; and holds, in a measure, the same position amongst us as the church of Notre Dame des Victories does in Paris.  
The following additional inducements added:  
"On every morning in the year the holy sacrifice is offered in our parish for the temporal and eternal welfare of all those who, by the smallest contribution assist in bringing this magnificent church to its completion; while on each Friday an additional mass is celebrated for those who contribute or collect the sum of one pound for the same object." It is thus that Romanism, like its Pagan religious prototypes, from which it borrowed its peculiarities, as well as the way of turning them to advantage, wrings from the hopes and fears of its dupes the means of erecting splendid structures, and of supporting its ministering priests in a corresponding style of magnificence.—*New York Observer.*  
MR. FILLMORE ON THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.—"Territorial governments had been provided for all the Territory except that covered by the Missouri Compromise, and I had no suspicion that that was to be disturbed. I have no hesitation in saying, what most of you know already, that I was decidedly opposed to the disturbance of that Compromise. Good faith as well as the peace of the country, seemed to me to require that a Compromise, which had stood for more than thirty years, should not be wantonly disturbed. These were my sentiments then fully and fearlessly expressed, verbally and in writing, to all my friends North and South, who solicited my opinion."

**FILLMORE'S CHANCES BEST—OPINION OF A NEUTRAL.**  
The New York Sunday Dispatch, a paper conducted with acknowledged ability and intelligence, and whose political speculations are frequently quoted takes a survey of the political field and comes to conclusions that sagacious men generally will endorse. The Dispatch sets out by saying that when Mr. Fillmore was nominated, "it was universally conceded his nomination amounted to nothing;" that when Mr. Buchanan was nominated, "it was, to all appearances, the most popular man in the Union;" and would "carry the country by storm, in spite of all coalitions and candidates;" that "Freemont, the next rocket sent up" has "commenced coming down again;" the Dispatch proceeds to say:  
The next atavism was what followed the return of Mr. Fillmore, the most unpopular candidate of them all, from a visit to the Pope and other crowned heads of Europe. When it was supposed he would hardly be noticed, a magnificent welcome was extended to him. Not only Know Nothings, but the people generally joined in doing him honor. His speeches in favor of the Compromise measures and to day his hands have electrified the masses, and to day his friends were far above par. On all hands we find men who had been talking in favor of Buchanan and Freemont now giving in their adhesion to Fillmore. Commodore Stockton is out for him. The North Americans, it is whispered, will endorse him in a day or two. Edward Everett is to take the stump for him, and in a word, it seems as if the people had made up their minds to administer a signal rebuke to the Sectionalists, North and South, by the triumphant election of Millard Fillmore. If his friends can keep the steam at the same figure it has been during the past two days, Millard Fillmore will be the next President. There is no disguising the fact that the sentiment of the country is against sectional strife and discord. With the exception of a few fanatics in the North, and secessionists and bullies in the South, we verily believe that the people of these States desire to perpetuate our form of Government, and live in peace with each other.  
**GEN. JACKSON ON MR. BUCHANAN.**  
We find in the Washington correspondence of the New York Evening Post an anecdote, which proves that Gen. Jackson, who was a pretty good judge of human nature, fully understood and appreciated Mr. Buchanan's character as a political trimmer. The writer says the following can be proved by unquestionable evidence:  
"On the night before leaving Nashville to occupy the White House, Mr. Polk, in company with Gen. Robert Armstrong, called at the Hermitage to procure some advice from the old hero as to the selection of his cabinet. Jackson strongly urged the President elect to give no place in it to Buchanan, as he could not be relied upon. It so happened that Polk had already determined to make that very appointment, having probably offered the situation to the statesman of Pennsylvania."  
"This fact induced General Armstrong to tell Jackson that he had given Polk a pretty hard rub, as Buchanan had already been selected for Secretary of State. "I can't help it," said the old man; "I felt it my duty to warn him against Mr. Buchanan whether it was agreeable or not. Mr. Polk will find Buchanan an unreliable man. I know him well and Mr. Polk will yet admit the correctness of my prediction."  
It was the last visit ever made by Mr. Polk to the old hero when this unavailing remonstrance was delivered, but the new President long before the end of his administration, had reason to acknowledge its propriety and justice; and in the diary kept by him during that period, may still be read a most emphatic declaration of his distrust of Mr. Buchanan.  
"The Whig papers of the South very generally adhere to Fillmore.  
"Geology supplies us the medals of the past the world's history is written on stones; link by link we unite the chain which assures us of a divine architect.  
"The poor pliance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you in innocence.  
"What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch key!  
We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being so in the same predicament!"