PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858. No. 52.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, mill be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ATTENTION
ALL WHO WANT GOOD BARGAINS.

THE subscriber has on hand six of seven good substantial second hand Carriages, consisting of Buggy Waggons, Rockaways and Fine Rockaways which he will trade or exchange for good *serviceable Road Horses*. Persons having such Horses to dispose of are invited to call and examine the Carriages.
jan 23-3'S S. B. HOPKINS, Jr.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber has associated with him in the practice of Medicine and Surgery his son, Dr. LUTHER C. COX, late a member of the Medical Staff, Blackwell's Island, New York.—All calls for professional aid will receive prompt attention; and no EXTRA charge made for consultation, or visit, when both may be in attendance at the same time upon any special case.
Office hours from 7 to 8, A. M. and from 1 to 2, and 7 to 10, P. M. daily
may 1-tfS CHRIS. C. COX, M. D.

MEDICAL CARD.

THE subscriber, at the earnest solicitation of his numerous friends and having purchased a supply of
Homeopathic Medicine,
offers his services to the public as a practioner of medicine on the Homeopathic system. He will, however continue the old system of practice in all cases where it may be desired.
SAMUEL HARPER, M. D.,
aug 14-tf Easton, Md.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
730 *Chesnut Street, Philadelphia,*
137 *Baltimore Street, Baltimore.*
Iron Hall, 318 *Penna. Avenue,*
Washington, D. C.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for family sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. Circulars sent on application by letter [jy 17-y

Stoves, Tinware & Spouting.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he has opened a **Tin and Stove Store,** on Washington street, opposite the Barber's Shop, where he is prepared to accommodate those who may need Stoves and Tin ware on reasonable terms; and being practically acquainted with the business, is competent to make Boilers, Pipe and other Stove Fixings to suit purchasers.
Metal Roofing, Spouting and Jobbing done in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
The pub's ob't serv't GEO. W. BECK.
☞ Having made arrangements with Mr. Sexton, of Baltimore, for so doing, I am prepared to furnish and put up, in the most substantial manner, the latest and most approved patterns of Fine hout and Latrobe Stoves. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited. (sep 11-6m) G. W. B.

EASTON PACKET--ALL READY!

THE Schooner *Bucephalus,* Capt W H Chambers, is now ready for the new crop of Wheat. Farmers wishing to obtain the first prices for their grain, can put it right through without delay by immediately hauling it down to Easton Point.
☞ Remember, all grain must be inspected under the late Law, unless a *written order* to the contrary is furnished the Commission Merchant by the farmer.
All orders for goods accompanied by the *Cash* promptly attended to—*no others will be regarded.* Back freights as usual. The Bucephalus leaves Easton Point every Wednesday morning, and the State Tobacco Warehouse No 2, Baltimore, every Saturday. Mr J S Robson, Commission Merchant No 9, South Street, Baltimore, and Messrs Dawson & Bro, Easton, Agents.
jy 3-tfS N E NICOLS.

NEW LIVERY & HIRING STABLES.

THE subscriber most respectfully announces to the citizens of Easton and the public generally, that he has opened for their accommodation, a new *Livery Stable.* He has on hand a number of good, quick draft, road and saddle Horses, and a fine lot of Carriages, which he will be happy to hire on the most reasonable terms. He will also keep on hand Carts, &c., for the purpose of Hauling, should such purposes be required. His stables will be kept at the residence of his father on Dover street. In his absence, all orders can be left either at the house or at his father's Carriage Shop. He hopes by keeping always on hand a good stock of Horses, and diligent attention to business to merit and receive a generous share of public patronage. The public's ob't serv't
SAML B. HOPKINS, Jr.
B. B.—Passengers conveyed to and from any part of the Peninsula. [apr 10-1y

NEW FEATURES—FIFTH YEAR
OF THE
Cosmopolitan Art Association.
SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.
BEAUTIFUL ART JOURNAL
Valuable Premius, &c., &c.

THIS popular Art Association, now in its fifth year of unparalleled success, having purchased, and engraved on steel, Herring's great painting, "The Village Blacksmith," will now issue copies (to subscribers only) on heavy plate paper, 30 x 38 inches on the following
Terms of Subscription:
Every person remitting three dollars, will receive a copy of the superb steel Engraving, after Herring's celebrated Painting
The Village Blacksmith.
Also a copy of the beautiful
Cosmopolitan Art Journal,
An elegantly illustrated quarto Magazine. Also free season tickets of admission to the Eastern (or Dusseldorf,) and Western Galleries of the Association.
There will also be given to the subscribers several hundred valuable works of Art, comprising fine Oil Paintings, Bronzes, Sculptures, &c., &c., from celebrated American and foreign Artists.
Subscriptions will be received to Jan. 1, 1859. On the evening of that date the premiums will be awarded to subscribers.
For full particulars, see December Art Journal, price 50 cents. Specimen copies sent to those desiring to subscribe, on the receipt of 18 cents in postage stamps or coin. Address
C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.,
Eastern Office, 548 Broadway, New York.
nov 13 Or L. H. CAMPBELL, Hon. Sec'y.

Warranted Not to Explode.

NEWELL'S Patent *Lamp Feeders,* and Lamps for burning Ethereal Oil, warranted not to explode, for sale by
oct 22 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

[From the New York Mercury.]

A LOVE DECLARATION.

Once on my knees I bended
Before my Katie deer,
She could not be offended,
Although she looked so queer.
I gently took her hand in mine,
And pressed it, with a sigh;
I looked up in her eyes so fine,
And breathed a sad "oh, my!"

She looked so fondly down on me,
That courageous grown,
Said I, "My gentle Katie, dear,
Wilt make my house thine own?"
A smile did part her opening lip,
And with a sweet address
From out her mouth, these words did slip,
"My dearest, yes! oh, yes!"

——That declaration was made some time ago, and the poet could probably add another verse like this:

Now she looks fondly down on me,
While I am in distress;
And asks for a ten dollar bill,
To buy another dress!
How quick I push away her hand,
And take my hat, to go:
Just saying, as I turn my back,
"You torment! no! oh, no!"

——The lover who will disgrace his manhood by bending the knee to his sweetheart, is pretty sure to make a tyranical husband. Unmarried ladies will please make a note.

We had, a few weeks ago, in our paper, a spicy article, under the caption "HOW I COURTED SAL," and now we give the marriage scene, which is not less amusing to the "fun loving":

How Sal an Me got Married.

Well, at last the nite cum, that orful nite as was to fetch me into a new state up be-in, an it foun me in a dreadful fix; fust I felt good, then bad, fust proud and then skeered like five hundred—I went over the mornin afore the eventful nite to see Sal, and found her takin' it mity easy, rather in a hurry for nite to cum I thought; as fur me, I was in a hurry one minnit, an the next felt like I'd rather a little it had a bin put off.

Arter supper I washed, then I put on the cleanest sort uv shirt that ant Jane had fixed up mity nice an smooth, then I drawed on about as nice a set uv Sundy harness as you ever seed, an arter marm an ant Jane had primed up an fixed my har and creevat, I was reddy, so off I puts to Sal's dads, an I reckon I dun about as much thinkin a goin over thar, as was ever dun by enny uther feller in the same time.

At last I arrived, an was marched into whar Sal was—she sorter blushed, and then sot her head on one side, an looked about as sweet as enny flour you ever seed. I thought she was about as putty a cretur as I ever lade my ise on.

Direckly Sal's sister ses, the passon's cum, an in we marched whar thar was about fifty folks, an I felt mity bad an mity skeered, but tried my level best to keep a stiff upper lip.

Well, we tuk our places, Sal a hangin onto my arm an me a lookin at the floore.—Then the passon ses, ses he—

'Du you take this ooman'—he mite a sed young lady—'as you hold by the hand to be youre lawful wife, to help her and to keep her, to luv her an to nuss her, till death dus you part?'

'I'll do my best,' ses I, standin fust on won leg an then on t'other, fur all the world like a turkey on a hot rock.

Then he looked at Sal, an ses he—

'Du you take this man,' like he didn't no my nain—'as you hold by the hand to be yore lawful husband, to nuss him and to help him, an to onner and obey him, till deth dus you part?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then,' ses he, 'I pronounce you both man and wife—salute yer bride.'

With that, I clinched Sal, an give her about as harty a buss as you ever heerd, then the fellers all cum around and kissed Sal like blazes, you could see that it dun em good, from the way they pitched in—I thought Sal orter a stopped it, but she never said a word; as for me, I kissed rite and left, and cum mity neer a kissin a nigger gal as was a fetchin some water, when everybody begins a gigglin, and I begins to feel mity mean.

Arter a while the kissin an foolin was all over, and we all pitched into the goodies, an ef ever I saw the sweetnins fly, it was then; I et tell I like to a popped, an every body else dun thar best.

About ten o'clock they all left, an some of the boys ses—

'Peter, won't you go hum with us,' an all seech things, a devlin uv me tell I hardly noed what to do or whar to go.

Arter they all left, thar I sot bi myself tell a nigger gal cums to the door an ses—

'Mass Peter, Miss Sal's a watin for you.'

'Whar is she?' ses I.

'She's in her room,' ses she.

'Well, tell her to come down; I'm reddy to go any whar she wants.'

'But,' ses she, 'she's in bed,'

'O, yes,' ses I, 'I forgot; its erly yet, aint it?'

She seed I was skeered, an begin a sniggerin, tell I picked up my hat, an follered her, tell she cum to a dore, and ses—

'That's yore room.'

My hart jumped up to my throat, as I nocked at the dore, but nobody answered. I nocked agin, and then a gitin desprit, I opened it, and jeewhillikins, the cold chills run over me tell I felt as if somebody was a pullin a ceder bush up and down my back. Thar was Sal fast asleep—or pretendin like, as I found out—an the candle a shinin as lite as day.

I stood sum time lookin mity foolish, an then puts my hat on a cheer; next I draws my cote off; it was mity hard to git off—then I shed my jacket, and the balance of my harness, tell I cum to my boots, an et ever I saw a pair of tite boots; them was the wuns; I pulled, I tugged and jerked, but they wouldn't, wouldn't nigh cume off, and happenin to look roun, I thought I seed Sal a peepin at me outer wun eye, so I blose the lite out gets my boots off, and then—but it ain't nobody's biziness, so I shant tell any more.

Well, I've tried marryin some time, an must say that arter a feller gits use to it, it ain't a bad thing, in fact, I filosofise as follers—

Marryin is a good thing, it's a great thing, as Aunt Jane says, a great institushion, (how she nose I can't tell, for she never had a chance to try it.) It's good for everybody. Ar you old—marry, it'll make you young. (or you'll die a tryin to appear so.) In fact, it is sooted to every an enny body. Its a ten rale fence that society has built up to keep folkses inside the bounds uv good behavior, and tho I've had my ups and down in it, and know all about it, still I say, hooray for marrying.

For the Easton Gazette.

LETTERS ON CHARITY;

Written in behalf of the Union Dorcas Society of Easton—by a Minister.

LETTER NO. III.

CHARITY—WHAT ARE ITS OBJECTS?

"Breathe all thy Minstrelsy, immortal harp
Breathe numbers warm with love, while I rehearse
Thy praise, O, CHARITY; thy labors most
Divine, thy sympathy with sighs and tears,
And groans; thy great, thy godlike wish to heal
All misery, all fortune's wounds, and make
The soul of EVERY LIVING THING rejoice."

Christian charity is not circumscribed in her sphere of action. Her "field is the world," her objects the temporally and morally destitute of earth's suffering inhabitants. With "the traveling lamp of truth" in one hand and food and raiment in the other she "begins at home" and from thence she speeds her onward march to every Lazarus, to every Pool of Bethesda, to every eleemosynary institution, to every Mosque of Mahomet, to every temple and grove of the gods and to every scene of temporal and moral destitution in every region, however remote, barbarous, rigorous, or sultry, scattering with lavish hand her blessings all around. She is ever active in her sympathy and her diffusive energy. No condition of human wretchedness and misery is so woful, no wretchedness so appalling, no terror so intimidating, as to chill her flowing stream of love or "daunt her adventurous courage." Royal edicts may be enacted to protect or repel her, yet with her eye upturned to the Throne of the Eternal and her hand fast hold of the cross," she presses on, wearying not in well doing. Her citizenship is cosmopolitan and her work universal good.

But what are the objects of that charity exercised by the benevolent Ladies of the Union Dorcas Society of Easton? This Society diffuses her benevolence at home among those who are our own citizens and neighbors. It is a home charitable institution. *Her* "field is not the world," but *our own community.* Gladly would she reach out her hand to the poor abroad, but alas, she has not enough to meet the necessities of our poor at home! She is therefore confined in her visitations and benefactions to worthy objects in her midst.—To the fatherless and widows whom death has deprived of husband and father, who have no earthly arm of support to lean upon in the day of adversity. Who are not poor from indolence or from habits of dissipation and prodigality, but poor through misfortune. She enters the cheerless homes of such, hears the widow's modest narrative of sorrow, cheers her sad heart with words and deeds, wipes off the tear of hunger's grief from the cheeks of the little orphans, puts raiment upon their backs, shoes upon their feet, fire upon their hearthstone and gladness in their hearts. She then enters the hovel of the poor destitute family who are the subjects of long and severe sickness. The husband is paralized perhaps and the wife weak and feeble. The aspect of everything betokens want and appeals most eloquently for help. She administers to their necessities. Replenishing the empty cruise with oil and the empty barrel with meal. The sick man feels amid such kindness that though affliction has deprived his family of their means of support yet charity will not let them suffer. She will "strengthen him upon the bed of languishing and make all his bed in his sickness."

She then enters into the room of the suffering, dying pensioner, in the last hours of life administers the balm to heal. There she remains by the bed-side in the presence of death, watching the last moments of suffering, and when the object of her care and kindness has fallen calmly and peacefully asleep "in Him who died to save the lost and sinful," like Joseph of Arimathea, she takes care of the lifeless body, prepares it for burial and then follows it to the grave, drops a tear upon its resting place and then hastes on her mission of love. Charity is faithful to the poor, even unto their death.

Such are the objects which the *Union Dorcas Society of Easton* is trying to search out and relieve. Noble Society! O benevolent Band of ministering angels live for ever! O ye *co-workers* with Jesus, ye *exemplars* of his truth, cease not to adorn yourselves with deeds of charity—the richest jewels of religion's casket—and to fill your souls with "the brightest bliss that earth can yield and brighter bliss of heaven."

Ye citizens of Easton pour your alms into her Treasury! Keep it replenished during the stormy blasts of winter's reign, especially. Let her not appeal in vain to your Christian beveolence. With warm hearts and open hands assist her in the prosecution of a work so creditable and honorable to your community and so merciful to the poor. Then in the day of final reconing the Lord will say unto you "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of them *ye have done it unto me*"

"Oh thou who keepest the key of love
Open thy fount eternal Dove
And overflow this heart of mine,
Enlarging, as it fills with thee
Till in one blaze of CHARITY
Care and remorse are lost like motes in light divine."

Easton, Dec. 7, 1858.

☞ Pleasure is the greatest foe to happiness.

[From the New York Times.]

Mr. Crittenden in New York.

HIS SPEECH IN REPLY TO CONGRATULATORY ADDRESSES—MR. CRITTENDEN IS NOT A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The gentlemen composing the Whig General Committee, and the members of the Ashlanders' Association, availed themselves of the temporary sojourn in this city of the Hon. John J. Crittenden, United States Senator from Kentucky, and waited upon him on the 18th instant, at the St. Nicholas, for the purpose of giving formal expression to their high estimate of his public worth, and to assure him of their continued attachment to the principles of the Whig party, of which they regard him as the foremost exponent.

Mr. Wm. T. Jennings, on behalf of the Whig General Committee, read an address, welcoming the distinguished Senator to the city, announcing the determination of the Whigs to reorganize after the coming Charter election, and appealing to Mr. Crittenden to place himself at their head and become their leader.

Mr. J. P. Dodge, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Ashlanders' Association, also made an address similar in its tone, and expressing the hope that Mr. Crittenden would consent to be placed at the head of a National Conservative party, devoted to the preservation of the Constitution and its compromises, and insisting upon adequate protection to American industry.

To these addresses Mr. Crittenden made the following response:

MR. CRITTENDEN'S REPLY.

Mr. Crittenden, in response, said:

I would have you believe, my friends, in the first place, that I came to this city upon no political mission and for no political end. I came here with no other motive than that which was afforded by some little private business, and on my way to the city of Washington. I expected no such welcome as this. I had not appreciated myself so highly as to expect it. I thank you cordially and with all my heart for it. It is an honor that I did not anticipate, and for which I was entirely unprepared, and therefore it is the more welcome and the more grateful to my heart.

Gentlemen, both these addresses which I have had the honor to receive breathe the same principles and the same sentiments. They are my principles and they are my sentiments. Trained in them for a long course of years under the Whig banner, they are as deeply and as vividly impressed upon my heart, and as sincerely entertained by me this day, as they were in the most youthful hour of my political life. I have endeavored to sustain them with my humble abilities on all occasions. I have known no change in any principle or in any feeling upon the subject. The whig party was a glorious party. Its enemies, now that it is in its weakness, acknowledge it. When it was the rival of the Democratic party, and contended against it for power and for triumph, it was natural, perhaps, in the cause of party warfare, that it should be made the object of reproach and disparagement. But now, when that controversy has ceased, your adversaries have been loudest in the praise of the virtues and the patriotism of that old party. It deserves it all, and it is yet destined, I hope and trust: in principle, in body and in soul, if not in name, for a glorious resurrection for the good of our common country!

As has been well remarked, the Constitution of our country was its platform, and the objects which it sought to accomplish were the good and the glory of the country. That was the platform and these were the objects of the great Whig party, of which its lamented chieftain, Henry Clay, was the front and the champion, and under whom we served for many and many a long and weary campaign. And in the whole course of a life of political association together, except on one occasion, and for a brief period of time, there never was a solitary cloud of alienation between him and me; and that alienation, which was produced by misconception, was finally and entirely removed when the subject came to be explained. I look upon Mr. Clay's name and fame with all the reverence due to his noble virtues. I knew him well in public life. No man knew him, I believe, better or more intimately than I; and I can say of him, now that he is gone, that I never knew such an intrepid servant of the people as Henry Clay was; intrepid and disinterested above all men, he is entitled to the highest commendation for his heroic career. With a courage untiring, and a disinterestedness that was natural to the man, he rose above all the patriots that I have known. Webster and Calhoun were great men. I do not compare them. They were all great men,—very great men; but Mr. Clay was, of course, the great favorite and chief of the Whig party. It was to him we looked through many a weary day of strife and controversy. It was his voice, it was his spirit that animated that party.—I hope to see its principles yet prevail, and they must prevail, if the government of this country is ever to be restored to that constitutional character which it ought always to bear.

I did not come before you, my friends, to make any political discourse, but to thank you cordially for the kind reception you have given me. You ask me, in one of these addresses, if I will take the vanguard and fight the battles of the great patriotic cause which you espouse. I thank you for the compliment your request implies, but I answer you, gentlemen, no. I cannot assume any such leadership. I am unwilling to serve with you. I will endeavor to do my duty as I have done it heretofore. [Applause,] and I shall hope that, while I do so, my conduct will correspond with your opinions and your wishes, and I see no reason to doubt but it will do so, for I have no object, either on the right hand or on the left hand, to divert me from the path of duty. If I go wrong it must be from sheer ignorance or sheer viciousness, one of the two. I have no selfish objects to pursue. I have lived beyond those objects. And, although I have been a strong party man, engaged in all the fiery struggles and battles which party differences have brought on, and with a heart that gloried in the contest, my ambition now is, as I have said several times before, to be a patriot rather than a partisan, and give to my country, in any of its counsels where I may happen to be, that advice which becomes the moderation and the experience of one now grown to be an old man. That is the course that I followed in the instance of recent occurrence, to which you have alluded. But I am content to serve on as I have served. The misfortune of our country is, that we have too many desirous to rule, and too few desirous and really willing to serve. Now, I am willing to serve. [Applause.]

I am content to serve—perfectly content. And I beg you, my friends, not to misunderstand me. I am not a candidate for the Presidency. I sometimes see my name treated by the public press, and myself spoken of as a candidate for the Presidency. I never see it without regret—never. I am no candidate for the Presidency, and never expect to be. I shall certainly never seek it. To my mind, there is something in the great responsibilities of that situation more to be feared than to be loved, by a man who would hold it, if he held it at all, for the good of others. No, I am not a candidate, and I do not expect ever to be a candidate. I wish you to understand that distinctly. You may count upon me always, though, as a faithful compatriot and co-operator with you in all your efforts and purposes to bring back this Government to its primeval simplicity and virtue. [Applause.] That I will assist you in, with all my might, but I do not look for the other. I shall never seek it, that is certain: and all that I fear, my friends, is that the honors and the kindness with which you have been pleased to receive me on this occasion may lead to the idea that there is something of political design and purpose in my appearance here. Be my witnesses that there is not, and, so help me God! you will testify to nothing but the truth. Let those who please seek for it, I am not one of them. No ambition of that sort has ever yet disturbed one moment of my lifetime, nor will it ever deprive me of one moment's sleep. That you may rely upon. And yet I think I have a heart to feel for my country as other men, and to suffer for it, too; to speak for it; and to act for it when the occasion demands, and to speak exactly what I think, too. I thank God that, with a mind to think, he has given me the courage to speak what I do feel: and that I will do; that I have done at all times, and that I will do at all times. That is what my noble old State, Kentucky, has taught me from my childhood up, when I ran wild through her wildernesses, and there was none to make any one afraid.

Fellow-citizens, you need not my counsel as to what is to be done. I think with you that it is time this great agitation had, for a while, ceased, if for no other purpose than that the people may pause, take breath and think, that parties themselves may take an observation of the condition in which they at present are, to see what way they were drifting, and how far they had drifted. What has been the result of all this agitation upon a subject to which you will all understand me as alluding, though I do not name it? I am sick of it to the very heart. I am sick of this negro question in all the forms in which it can be presented, and I would to God we could get back to those days when our fathers lived in harmony and peace together, and there was not one word on that subject between them. And why can we not? What have we gained by this enormous agitation? Anything but dissension? What has been the result of it all? An united people divided, a sectional line almost established between us, and with that line will follow with unerring certainty sectional feelings, and we shall be one people only in name. Is not that the condition to which it has been bringing us?—we, whose fathers were united and stood side by side, whose patriot fathers and whose statesmen fathers fought side by side, and acted in the Councils of their country side by side? Have we derived from them no other inheritence than that of perpetual sectional division, and perpetual controversy over it? What a mighty inheritance did we not receive! What mighty gifts did we not receive!

Why, it is enough to make the heart of any human being swell almost to bursting, to look at the mighty progress we have made, and that still mightier progress which is in full view before us. We can secure all that. That is all ours if we but say so.—Nothing can prevent it but we, ourselves. I think, therefore, that the people of this country are tending rapidly to a feeling of this sort. I think that but for the disturbances of parties, the people themselves would do right. Our Government is founded upon the supposed intelligence and capacity of the people for self-government. I believe in it fully. But such has been the operation in the course of party management, that but little of this liberty is left to the people. This is effected with the aid of what is called organizations; that is, they make a mighty machine, by which a great multitude of people are to be controlled, and some two or three are to manage the machinery. When have the people merely managed their own government and selected their own President? Why, the nomination of a convention is just as imperative on the party whose representatives, it is said, have chosen it, as the choice of the President himself whom they have made is conclusive upon them the day after they have chosen him. I think there ought to be an end to this thing. It is an usurpation upon the rights of the people, and I believe that if our people, with their patriotic good sense, would come together, if there was no barrier to their intercourse one with another, they would settle peacefully and patriotically every difficulty, and we should have no more of this mighty agitation that is now disturbing the peace of the country.

That is simply my opinion, based on my confidence in the virtue and intelligence of the people. That, at any rate, is our only hope. It is our first and our last hope. If that fails, our scheme of government, the mighty promises of self-government that we have held out to the world, and liberty, all fall to the ground. I think that everything is tending to the restoration of these rights to the people. I believe that the people begin to think for themselves on these political subjects and I hope and trust in God they will act for themselves. If they do, then I believe that all good will follow. And I believe that you, old Whigs, could do nothing better upon earth than to propagate that sentiment and endeavor to have it reduced to practice. I think it is the nearest way back to your old Whig principles, believing them to be founded in virtue and in truth. I believe whenever you can get to the hearts and minds of the people, that source of all political truth, you will find the principles of the old Whig party just there.

Gentlemen, I am getting into a speech, which I did not intend to do. [Laughter.] No, gentlemen, let me say again, and I beg that these gentlemen, (the members of the Press,) who, if these things must be reported, will report me as saying to you, with all possible sincerity, that I have no personal object in this. None.—There is not one of you who is farther from it than I am. I am no candidate, and I don't want any man to consider me as a candidate, and I say that it produces in me a feeling of sincere regret to see my name in the newspapers coupled with that high station. I am not ambitious for it. I am not anxious for it. I wish to God, and I hope—and it may be so—that some one more able to guide the destinies of this country than I am, shall have it. I would not accept the Presidency unless in a contingency not likely to happen, viz: that it should be the unbiased opinion of the people of the United States that in that capacity I could serve my country well. But I do not want to have my heart corroded with all the political cares that attend that high station. I don't want to take upon myself the responsibilities of it.

There will be no lack of candidates, gentlemen. But no one can be more sincerely desirous than I am not to be regarded in this matter at all. As I said before, so will I conclude by saying to you now, that you may count on me as a faithful and sincere co-operator with you in your labors for the elevation of this government, for its restoration back to its primitive excellence and virtue, and to make it as much as we can like the Administration of Washington.—My God, look at the Administration of Washington, and then compare it with what we have now! The sun makes its revolutions from century to century, dispensing the same light, passing in the same glorious track, and giving streams of light and life in exactly the same and in all due proportion to the world. We made a Constitutional Government, and we fancied that this earthly luminary was to revolve in the same way. Now, suppose we were to make a comparison. I don't say it with any intention of personal disparagement to Mr. Buchanan, but just compare the Administration of Washington, and the principles and feelings that guided it, with this present Administration. Isn't it, indeed, "Hyperion to a Satyr?" Is there any likeness? [A voice, "A familiy likeness."] No; there is hardly a family likeness in it. But let us try to get back to these principles.

We have a great country, worthy to occupy the affections and gratify the ambitions of every one, and each of us can help it on its career of prosperity and happiness. The child is living this day who will see you number a hundred millions of people. Just think of that great future. It is worth living for; it is worth dying for. A day when this country shall contain a hundred millions of freemen—the most intelligent and the most martial people in the world, acquainted with all the principles of self-government, knowing practically what liberty is, and every mind working with all that freedom of action belonging to liberty, unconstrained liberty! Who can imagine such a machine? The world never saw anything like it. Our liberty, if we please to live for it, and take care of it, will be the liberty of all men. Our word will be law—and I hope we shall be just enough ourselves to make it a just law. And what reason is there why we should not have all this? Preserve the Union, and the Union will take care of us and everything else that appertains to us. That is all we want. We are not to stop in this great movement of our age and nation to wrangle on the way side over every little topic that may rise up, but to settle that at once and go on.

I have trespassed upon you too long. I thank you gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart, for the welcome you have given me, and for the kind sentiments which you have expressed to me. I have but little deserved them, perhaps, in the past. At least I do not appreciate my services very highly. I have done just what I thought was right, and it has given me no trouble in the world to do it; it has cost me not the least exertion to do it, and I do not see that anybody owes me any obligation for it. To do right, to do that which is just, to follow the Constitution of my country in its spirit, to endeavor to perpetuate the liberties of my countrymen, to make this Government perpetual, and to make the glory of this country surpass the glory of all the other countries that have ever existed, have been the feelings of my heart, and have led me into doing what I thought was right.—I thank you again for your appreciation of my services. If I have not deserved it in the past, I will endeavor to deserve it in the future. But do not allow me to be mis-