Meigs County Telegraph

$2 per Annum. A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS. $1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor. "Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing." T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

T. A. Plants & Co.

Office, a Third Story of Branch's Brick Building, near the Court-House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1.50, in advance; $2.00, if paid within the year; or $2.50 if not paid until the year has expired.

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JOB PRINTING.

Having purchased a large and beautiful assortment of new Job Type, we are prepared to execute work of all kinds, on short notice, and reasonable terms.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL—LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS. S. A. BURNAP.
PLANTS & BURNAP, Attorneys at Law Pomeroy, O. nov. 20.

JOHN E. HANNA. JACOB S. EARHART.
HANNA & EARHART, Attorneys at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Nov. 3, '57—n35.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. H. C. WATERMAN offers his professional services to the citizens of Rutland and surrounding country. nov. 7—n33.

BANKERS.

DANIEL & RATHBURN, Bankers, Front-street, Pomeroy, O. jy26m*

DRY GOODS CLOTHING.

O. BRANCH & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c. East side of Court street, three doors above the corner of Front, Pomeroy, O.

W. ATKYNS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Boots, Hats and Caps, and Mens and Boy's Cloth. Corner of Front and Court Streets, Pomeroy, O.

PLANING MACHINES, &C.

CROWLEY & DAVIS, on Sugar Run, Pomeroy, have their Planing Machine in good order and constant operation. Flooring, weather boarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroy, Ohio. Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. jan30.

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, west side Court street, fourth door above Court, Pomeroy, O.

SADDLERY.

J. B. HAMPTON & CO., Saddle and Harness Manufacturers, Front street, opposite the new Banking House.

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness Maker, Shop over Black and Rathburn's store, in Rutland, O.

CONFECTIONERS.

M. SIDEBOTTOM'S Grocery and Confectionery, West side of Court street, Pomeroy, O. sept15

WAGON MAKING.

H. & P. GROSBLE, wagon makers, Mulberry street, Pomeroy, O., over F. E. Humphrey's shop. Having had long experience in the business, they are enabled to execute, in a neat and substantial manner, all orders for wagons, buggies, carriages&c.,, on short notice, and at reasonable terms.

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Hummer's building 2nd Story, Rutland st., Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if desired. Dec. 16.

A. G. PHILLIPS, D. D. S., (Graduate of the Cincinnati Dental College, and ten years in practice,) offers his professional services to the citizens of Pomeroy and vicinity. OFFICE—At present with Dr. Ring, formerly the Exchange Bank Office. jan11 '57.

HOTELS.

U. S. HOTEL, AND STAGE OFFICE, four doors below the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy, Meigs county, O. M. A. Webster, Proprietor. n37 1855.

TANNERS & CURRIERS.

GEORGE McQUIGG & Co. Tanners and Currriers Butternut street, (on Sugar Run,) Pomeroy, O.

MANUFACTURES.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL COMPANY, have constantly on hand and make to order, a superior quality of Iron of all sizes. Orders promptly executed, by application to the Agents at the Mill, or to Jan. 13, '58.—1-1y* L. F. POTTER, Cincinnati.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY. Office in Cooper's Building Coalport, O. Salt for Country trade Retail, Thirty-Five cents per bushel.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY, Pomeroy. Salt Twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY, Pomeroy, O. Salt for sale at Thirty-five cents per bushel, for Country Trade.

DABNEY SALT COMPANY, Coalport. Salt for sale at 35 cents per bushel for country trade.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and Dealer in every variety of Stoves, etc., opposite the Court-house, Pomeroy.

MILLS.

STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomeroy, near Karr's Run. Nich. E. Nye, Proprietor. Lumber sawed to order on short notice. Plastering lath constantly for sale. June 3, 1856.

COLUMBIA FLOURING MILL, Pomeroy, and Crystal Flouring Mill, Coalport. Murdock & Nye, Proprietors. Cash paid for Wheat at all times.

KYGERVILLE STEAM GRIST MILL. Nathaniel Stewart, Proprietor. Has been recently rebuilt, and is now prepared to do good work on short notice

JEWELRY.

PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker, and Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroy. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice and reasonable terms. June23.

W. A. ARCHER, Watchmaker and Jeweller, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., five doors above Merchants' Hotel, Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. jul14

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Front Street, three doors above Stone bridge. The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford Connecticut, O. Branch, Agent, Court-street Pomeroy. jan30

Original Poetry.

For the Telegraph.

MY LYRE.

I hear tones, breathed by an eternal lyre
Of human sound, that doth all my being
Move. They are soft and touching; and higher
That unseen world of song they bear me, in
Which holier strains are breathed than e'er were
Breathed in ours. A hand, unseen by me, for
Long, long years has toned this lyre; and, to stir
The soul of thought and feeling—love, truth, or
Beauty—its deep-toned melodies are changed,
Sweet strains! sweet as must be the sacred harps
When touched by angel-fingers. No such strains
I hear beside these I hear. Enraptured hearts
Now boast of others;—but without those by
Which I live, all earth were void, and all her
Minstrelsy a topeless band. Oh! may my
Lyre of human sound ever be swept to strains
Sweet thought, till keyed in holy lands above,
When it will breathe seraphic tones of love.

MARIETTA, O. KATE S. DIVINE.

A LITTLE TOO PUNCTUAL.

A STEAMBOAT SKETCH.

The hour was approaching for the departure of the New Haven steamboat from her berth at New York, and the usual crowd of passengers and friends of passengers, newsboys and fruit venders, were assembled on and about the boat.—We were gazing at the motley group from the foot of the promenade-deck stairs, when our attention was attracted by the singular action of a tall, brown Yankee, in an immense wool hat, chocolate colored coat and pantaloons, and a fancy vest.—He stood near the starboard paddle-box, scrutinizing sharply every female who came on board, every now and then consulting an enormous silver bull's-eye watch, which he raised from the depths of a capacious fob by means of a powerful steel chain. After mounting guard in this manner, he dashed furiously down the gang plank and up the wharf, reappearing almost instantaneously, with a flushed face, expressing the most intense anxiety. This series of operations he performed several times; after which he rushed about the boat, wildly and hopelessly ejaculating:

"What's the time er day? Wonder if my repeater's fast? Whar's the captain? whar's the mate? whar's the boss that owns the ship?'.

"What's the matter, sir?" we ventured to ask him, when he stood for a moment.

"Han't seen nothin' of a gal in a blue shawl, (cost fifteen dollars,) pink gown, and brown boots, hey? Come aboard while I was looking for the cap'n at the pint end of the ship—have ye, hey?"

"No such person has come aboard."

"Tormented lighten'! she's my *wife*," he screamed, "married her yesterday.—All her trunks and mine are aboard, under a pile of baggage as tall as a Connecticut steeple. The darned black nigger says he can't hand it out and I won't leave my baggage, anyhow. My wife—only think on it—was to have come aboard at half-past four, and here it's most five. You don't think she's been abducted? Oh I'm raven distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afire?"

"It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second bell will be rung in about four minutes."

"Thunder, you don't say so. Whar's the captain?"

The Yankee darted to the side of the captain.

"Cap'n stop the ship for ten minutes, won't ye?"

"I can't do it, sir?"

"But you must, I tell ye. I'll pay ye for it. How much will ye ax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n. I'll give you two dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half!" he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, like a mad jackass on a hot iron plate.

"The boat starts at five precisely," said the captain, shortly, and turned away.

"Oh! you stunny-hearted heathen! groaned the desolate Yankee, and almost bursting into tears. "Parting man and wife, and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle-wheels began to paw the water, and the walking beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her center. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang-plank—the fasts already loose.

"Let go that plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave you into the dock."

"Yo—yo!" shouted the men, in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee; "or there'll be an ugly spot of work."

But the plank was got aboard and the boat splashed past the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled his coat off, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk, or crazy?" cried a passenger, seizing him.

"I'm agoing to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I mustn't leave Sairy Ann alone in New York city. You pay divide the baggage among ye. Let me go, I can swim."

He struggled so furiously that the consequences of his rashness might have been fatal, had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A pretty young woman in a blue bonnet, white Canton crape shawl, pink dress and brown boots, come towards him.

The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Sairy Ann!" clasped her in his arms, in spite of her struggling, and he kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers.

"Where *did* you come from?" he inquired.

"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride. "You told me half-past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual," said the Yankee.

"But it's all right now. Hallo, cap'n, you can go ahead now, I don't care about stopping. Come nigh gettin' drown'd, Sairy, all alone for you—but it's all right now. Go ahead, steamboat. Rosin up, there, firemen. Darn the expense!"

When the sun set, the loving couple were seen seated on the upper deck, the brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender waist of the young woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We believe they reached their destination safe and sound.

Singular Discovery--Robespierre

From a French Exchange we find the following account of a late discovery at Paris. It says:

"A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great revolution, and now known as the Hotel de Londres, in the St. Hyacinthe, St. Honore. The Club, which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years, had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no further; and the members, by vote, had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinions of the Club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could so long have maintained his influence, in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted.—The secret is now revealed. A small room—a hiding-place in the thickness of the wall—had just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and, thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding-place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen, the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing paper from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florina, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history, which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and singular enough, the marks of his feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles with which the flooring is composed.

THE BOY HUSBAND.—Ten months ago a Don Juan of but seventeen autumns came to St. Louis from Muscatine, Iowa, and became enamored of a nice young lady, the cherished daughter of highly respected parents, living on Fifteenth street, between Wash and Carr streets. Briefly, he won her and they were married. The months flew swiftly and happily till a few days since, when the stripling's pa. arrived from Muscatine. The kind parent tenderly assured his son that he had probably many years to live, and ought wisely to prepare for a long and prosperous life. To this end he conceived that the period of preparation for the life-long battle for competency and independence should not be wasted in domestic endearments, and he therefore felt it his duty to use his parental authority in insisting that his son should return to his native town, leaving for a few years his chosen, *to learn a trade!* The youth remonstrated, bnt his sire was inexorable. He has therefore gone home to become a man, a process which, if we mistake not, will be completed in an unprecedentedly short period of time.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

DEATH OF COL. LEMANHOSKY.—A few days ago Col. Lemanhosky, the illustrious Pole, who served under Napoleon during the time of the Republic and the Empire, died near Hamburg, Clark county, Indiana, aged 88 years. He was among the first to rally to the standard of the Little Corporal, and never betrayed his trust or his master from the siege of Toulon to the final overthrow and exile. Many of us have listened to his lecture, and remember the thrilling incidents related by the old man. He was in Italy and Egypt, and beheld the sanguinary conflicts that took place under the shadows of the Pyramids, cruised the Red Sea, and among the arid wastes of the desert beheld the ravages of the plague cut down the flower of the army, yet did he cling to the fortunes of the great captain with that peculiar tenacity that marked the followers of the greatest General that ever trod the earth. For his devotedness he suffered imprisonment in the loathsome dungeons of Paris, and at last exile from the land of his first adoption to the land of the free.

He was buried with Masonic honors, and while he lived could boast of being one of the officers that initiated the great Napoleon into the mysteries of that ancient and honorable order.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

☞ The Free Masons of New York propose to erect a monument in honor of Dr. Kane—a snow peak of immense height—to be of white marble, irregular shape, with four tables in the base, appropriately inscribed.

MEIGS COUNTY TELEGRAPH.

POMEROY, O.

FRIDAY,.....JANUARY 22.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GOODALE HOUSE, COLUMBUS, January 8, 1858.

DEAR TELEGRAPH:—From the above date it will be seen that this is the glorious 8th of January. You would therefore naturally expect some account of the "inevitable" celebration, and "doings" in honor of the great occasion at this center of Democracy. But alas! "things ain't now as they used to was." Times change, and Democracy ditto. Who would have dared, a few years ago, to predict that the time could ever come when the great "unterrified" would cease to be jolly on this hitherto consecrated political holy day.—Yet such is the fact! The day has not only been neglected, but apparently forgotten! And there is certainly a great propriety in this. For the servitors of this administration—the supple spoilsmen who yet linger in the train of Buchanan to desecrate the memories of the day by the mockery of observance would have presented a scene too audaciously hypocritical to be endured, and so the decencies of life have not been outraged by the intolerable sham. There has not been even a big drunk on the occasion!

And here, by the way, we wish to record our agreeable surprise and disappointment after a week's sojourn in the city.—We had been led to suppose that Columbus was the almost daily and nightly scene of drunkenness and revelry; and such, indeed, may be the case. But if so, it has wholly escaped our notice. True, we have not been much abroad, and our opportunity to observe has not been extensive. Nevertheless, if drunkenness was very prevalent, we would probably have seen some of it. But on the contrary, we have not seen a drunken man since coming to the city. So far as the members of the House are concerned, we do not believe there is an habitual drinker in the body, and rum hole keepers we apprehend will not hold the names of the members of this Legislature in very high esteem for their personal patronage.

To-day the joint convention of the two Houses finished the counting of the votes cast for State officers at the late election. The result being the same as heretofore published in all the papers, is already known to our readers and need not be repeated here.

There seems to be a rivalry among several of the Democratic members as to who shall best recommend himself to the notice of the Slave Power at Washington, by placing on the record conclusive proof of abject and cringing servility. It is becoming every day more manifest that the past must be rendered "obsolete" in Ohio, and the hope of doughfaces is turned to the President for future spoils, and the only service that can recommend them there, is such a total self-abasement as conclusively brands them as willing slaves. For this purpose, and probably to illustrate the beauties and consistencies of Democracy, an Hon. gent hastened to introduce a bill to prevent colored persons from coming into the State of Ohio. This bill, if passed, will prohibit persons as white as some of the members, and native born citizens of the State from coming into Ohio even on the most pressing occasions under penalties appropriate only to the punishment of high crimes. It is simply a gratuitous thrust at natural rights in the persons of a class supposed to be too weak to offer a successful resistance to the meditated despotism. And this, too, in the insulted name of Democracy, and to win the smiles along with the contempt of petty tyrants.

Another Hon. introduced a bill for the repeal of the Habeas Corpus law; thereby prohibiting our own courts from in any manner inquiring into the legality of the proceedings of any person purporting to act under the process of slave-catchers under the Fugitive Slave Law. This movement, striking as it does an assassins stab at the dearest rights of the citizens of Ohio, was a large bid for the favor of the slave breeders. It lays the sovereignty of the State of Ohio a manacled captive at the feet of Southern arrogancy.—If the mover of it does not attract the notice of his overseer, he will doubtless console himself with the reflection that it is the fate of slaves to be sometimes cuffed by their masters for services performed with overdone obsequiousness.

Another Hon. introduced a bill to make the jails and watch-houses of Ohio slave pens and their keepers watch dogs to guard and hold the run-down game of human blood-hounds! a work of such superlative degradation that he must feel quite confident of at least a condescending pat on the back, which he will probably get as an encouragement for his unswerving fidelity.

And still another Hon., as if determined to out-do all others, and to show that below the depth to which he has descended "there is no other deep," has just introduced a bill to repeal the law against kidnapping. This must surely draw the prize. With our present laws, there are almost weekly cases in which persons are kidnapped from Ohio and sold into eternal bondage. But as if to invite the villainy of the world to turn the State into a grand hunting ground for pirates, these laws are to be repealed and an open license given to gratify the cupidity of human demons!—There are in Ohio 20,000 colored persons. These would probably bring in the shambles of the South an average of $1,000 each, amounting to the enormous sum of $20,000,000. And this prize is to be held out to be scrambled for, and through its unutterable atrocity, either serve the Democratic party in Ohio, or if that can not be done, to secure the leaders in the favor of the Oligarchy. We have no comments to make, only to ask our readers to observe the votes on these several measures.

It is thought among the outsiders that the Buchanan men will succeed in the caucus, and compel agreement to a set of resolutions fully endorsing the Administration. It is said that the leaders no longer hope to carry Ohio, and are therefore preparing to make peace with the slave holders in order to secure whatever of Federal offices may be deigned them. The "Statesman" is evidently alarmed. It doubtless thought it could, with the hope of still humbugging the people, carry the party with it, and it therefore committed itself apparently beyond retraction to the fortunes of Douglas, and is taken all aback by the course of its friends in the House. Hence it is manufacturing outside opinion to bear upon the members. In its yesterday's edition it has extracts of letters from many of the counties, from a few of which we quote. They are all endorsed as true blue, by the "Statesman."

From Mahoning Co.—"If we endorse the Lecompton move, we will be disgraced and destroyed."

Washington Co.—"Our Democrats regard the Lecompton scheme as a fraud on Democratic principles. *We are all praying* for its defeat in Congress."

Delaware Co.—"Can it be possible that Calhoun and his fellow conspirators will be permitted by our Congressmen to cover the Democracy of the Union with hopeless defeat by getting his constitution through? In talking with my Democratic neighbors we all agree never to forgive any Democratic leader who deserts Popular Sovereignty."

Clermont Co.—"Hold your ground.—You will find our Representatives and Senators with you up to the hub."

Huron Co.—"If the Democracy in Congress stand up to Douglas and prevent the admission of Kansas, we shall be safe against the Republican party forever. This is the universal sentiment of our rank and file."

Miami Co.—"The man who interprets Popular Sovereignty different from Douglas' speech we consider a foe to the principle at heart, and distrust him utterly."

Perry Co.—"We agree in this county with your position on Kansas."

Athens Co.—"The stand the "Statesman" takes on Kansas makes the Democrats prouder of their position than ever."

Noble Co.—"Stand fast against the Lecompton usurpers. *This is the condition of our subscription.*"

Pickaway Co.—"Say to the Democracy of Ohio that there are not three Democrats in Pickaway who do not indignantly scout the Lecompton fraud."

We might fill the column with similar extracts; and the "Statesman" after saying he has enough such to fill an entire paper, closes by saying: "Any other position all know would be our ruin. We accord to all sections their full rights, *but we, too, have our own rights, which we cannot and will not sacrifice.*"

So stands the "Statesman" of Jan. 7th, 1858; but we predict that in less than twenty days it will be compelled to take the back track—repudiate its own position of the last two months,—fully endorse Buchanan and his administration, *and then see what he has above announced fulfilled—"the ruin of the party in Ohio."* Please mark this prediction.

☞ A wealthy Israelite living near Selma, Arkansas, has in his possession a silver sheckel struck in the mint of Judea 1750 years ago. It is about the size of a half dollar, but the silver is so impure that its intrinsic value is but fifteen cents. The owner would hardly part with the relic for as many hundred dollars. It has been in his family 550 years.

Carey's Letters to the President of the United States.

LETTER IV.

Steadiness and regularity, Mr. President, are the characteristics of advancing civilization. Instability and irregularity those of advancing barbarism. The first are found, as you have seen, in a degree that is quite remarkable, in the half century during which the local authorities controlled our banking operations—there having been, as has been shown, no instance of general suspension, in that long period, except in 1814, and then, at the instance of the central government whereas, in the five and twenty years in which the local authorities have been, to so great an extent, superseded, the suspensions have been three in number. Need we wonder, then, that "a state of crisis may now," in the opinion of foreign journalists, be regarded as "the normal condition of the great republic of the West?"—Assuredly not! It is the natural result of a centralizing policy, that at one time urges upon the people the creation of banks, and at another denounces such institutions as wholly unworthy of credit—of a policy that, at one moment, squanders the public property with a view to the extension of railroads, and at another urges the passage of a special bankrupt law, with a view to secure to the central government, the exclusive control of both banks and roads.

Instability tends to increase the wealth of the few who are rich—while impoverishing those many who look to the sale of labor for the means of obtaining food for their wives, their children, and themselves. It impoverishes the active and useful members of society; but it enables the idle and the useless to accumulate fortunes, at the expense of those who make roads, build mills, and open mines, and thus increase the productive powers of laboring men. Instability has been, since the central government undertook the regulation of the currency, the essential characteristic of our policy, and hence it is:

That, notwithstanding grants of land by millions, and tens of millions, of acres, for the construction of railroads, and notwithstanding an increasing effort to promote the carrying interest at the expense of the producing one—railroads and canals, that have cost $1,000,000,000, have fallen to less than $300,000,000, and their proprietors are ruined.

That the factories of the country, too, are in a state of ruin. For years, they have struggled against the tide, but now the tide has overwhelmed them—reducing to a state of poverty thousands of the men to whose unceasing efforts we have owed the introduction and perfection of the most useful manufactures. Hundreds of millions have been expended upon the creation of magnificent works, whose value might now be counted by little less than tens of millions.

That the machine shops, too, are closed—machines not being required when mills have ceased to work.

That the mechanic is now, everywhere, turned adrift, to seek in scratching the soil, the means of support that his trade will not afford him—he and his country thus losing the use of the capital of knowledge he had obtained by means of a long apprenticeship.

That his daughters, too, are deprived of work, and not unfrequently forced to make their selection between starvation on the one hand and prostitution on the other.

That mines are closed, and miners are driven to seek employment as common laborers—leaving their wives and children to suffer for want of food.

That hundreds of little capitalists, who had invested their all in the creation of machinery for facilitating increase in the supply of fuel, are now in a state of ruin—the sheriff selling out their little properties, which are being purchased by the men who are already rich.

That furnaces capable of yielding hundreds of thousands of tons of iron are closed, and their proprietors ruined.

That mines of ore, endless in quantity, and capable of supplying lead, iron, and copper to the world—mines, too, that have required vast amounts of capital for their development—are idle; while the men by whom they had been developed, are reduced to poverty.

That rolling mills, capable of supplying half the iron required for the Union, are closed—to the utter ruin of those who own them.

That ships, wholly unemployed, are rapidly accumulating in our ports, while the ships themselves as rapidly decline in value.

That, while the commerce of the world tends, everywhere, to seek the aid of steam, and while steamers are fast superseding sailing ships, the people of the Union find themselves obliged to depend, almost exclusively, upon the ships of other nations; and are likely, before the close of your administration, Mr. President, to find themselves without a single ocean steamer, engaged in any trade, in which foreign competition is not, by law, prohibited.

That the trade with California, upon which we have heretofore relied for supplies of gold, has so far passed away as to require from us little more than supplies of butter, shoes, boots, and agricultural machines—that being all the commerce now resulting from an expenditure of labor and capital that, had they been applied at home, would have yielded at least a thousand millions a year.

That railroads and ships, mills and factories, mines and furnaces, are thus involved in one common ruin—the depreciation in the value of all this property being, at the smallest calculation, $1,000,000,000.

That the trading interest—so long the almost exclusive object of governmental favor—participates in the general ruin.

That the owners of houses are unable to collect their rents; and that their property declines in value, while the taxes are increased.

That the farmer finds his consumers declining in number, while his competitors are as rapidly increasing—the system of the country tending, as it long has tended, toward forcing into the work of cultivation all who thus far have found, or should have found, employment in mills, machine shops, mines, and furnaces; and that he has now before him, should Providence favor him with liberal crops, the prospect of seeing flour at a lower price than has ever yet been known.

That the planter has before him a reduction in the home demand for his commodity, to the extent of 250,000 bales; that, almost simultaneously with this decreased demand, his crop is likely to be four times as much increased; and that, therefore, should he be favored in the seasons, he, too, is likely to see his staple reduced to a price lower than he has ever seen.*

Taking, now, the probable reduction in the value of land, and in that of slaves, at only $1,000,000,000, and adding it to that in railroads, mills, mines, and furnaces, we obtain the sum of $2,000,000,000. Adding now, thereto, the reduction in the value of real estate, other than farming and planting land, we shall obtain a sum of not less than $2,500,000,000, as the total amount reduced; and it may be almost twice as much.

Somebody profits by all this loss.—Who is it? The mortgagee, who enters upon possession—first selling out his poor debtor, whether the little farmer of the West, or the great proprietor of mills, mines, or furnaces in the East. The usurer, who obtains one, two, three, or even five per cent. per month, until the poor borrower is ruined. The government official, whose salaries and perquisites have been already doubled, trebled, and quadrupled, and will be now increased in value, while the working men around him suffer, if even they do not perish for want of food. The member of Congress, whose salary has been doubled, because of the rise in the price of food, and will so remain, now that its price has fallen.—The non-producers are thus enriched, while the men of enterprise, and the laborers, are despoiled.

Turning now to the Treasury, we find it already bankrupt, even at the commencement of this downward movement. Irredeemable paper being now to be substituted for gold and silver, the influx of foreign merchandise, and the efflux of the precious metals, will be much promoted, and thus will the way be smoothed, toward total bankruptcy, such as was witnessed in 1841 and 1842.

Such, Mr. President, being the material condition, present and prospective, of your fellow-citizens, we may now, for a moment, turn to their moral one.

Commencing with the central government and its capital, we find an amount of official corruption not exceeded in the world, outside of the Turkish Empire—the affairs of the Union, for the past few years, having been administered with a single eye to the profit of official persons and their friends, and not with reference to the interests of the people. Passing thence to town, city, and county administrations, we find a continually growing power, on the part of the central government, to control and direct their elections, with correspondent growth of fraud and peculation.

Turning now to the commercial capital, I find its situation thus described in a journal of the day; and unfavorable as is the description, none, as I think, can deny its truth:

"There is no town in Christendom where, in proportion to the population, an equal amount of crime is annually committed. We do not go much beyond the letter of the fact, when we say that murder is a thing here of daily occurrence.—Villainous and dastardly outrages are nightly perpetrated in the streets, and sometimes in the open light of day. The city is the head-quarters of the rogues, thieves and pickpockets that are scattered throughout the country, and is the main theater of their operations. Nowhere else in this country does vice plant itself so openly, and with such impunity. Nowhere is so much countenance given to rowdy gangs that keep quiet people in terror. Nowhere have things gone on from bad to worse so rapidly, until it is at length apparent that unless some speedy change comes over the police management in New York, and the administration of the criminal courts, a state of anarchy will ensue, or honest citizens will be driven to organize, and take the law in their own hands."

Passing outward from New York, we find a rapid growth of rowdyism and intemperance, with corresponding decline in the security of person and of property—frauds, peculations, seductions, murders, and crimes of every kind, increasing with such rapidity as fairly to warrant the assertion in a recent Southern journal, that "the United States are fast becoming a very stench in the nostrils of mankind."†

*In the four years which followed the bankruptcy of 1841, when speculation had ceased, and when all were required to work, the cotton crop was greater by a total of 2,000,000 bales, than in the four previous years. Nine years since, the crop had reached 2,900,000 bales; and now, with favorable seasons, there exists no reason why it should not attain the quantity of 4,000,000 bales. The land is prepared for it, and the people are there to work it. The crop must largely increase, and the European demand must lessen, because with the decline in the price of food, of which our policy will be the cause, the ability of European farmers to purchase cloth must decline.

†"It is useless to wink at the fact. Villainy in every shape, is celebrating its horrid gala-day throughout the United States. Details of murders in our cities fill the columns of the journals. One reads of butchery until the very letters in the printed columns appear bloody; of arsons, until the light of conflagration seems to throw its lurid glare throughout the apartment; of fraud, until a line of black, hypocritical, would-be-respectable men range themselves be-