ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE
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EDGAR SNOWDEN.

ALEXANDRIA:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 14, 1855.

In compliance with a request from many quarters to publish the best report that we can find of Mr. Wise's speech delivered in Alexandria, "as it will be of use to both parties in the present canvass for State officers," we copy the report of the speech as made by the reporters of the New York Herald, and which, we understand, is considered a full and correct one. The length of the speech causes us to divide it, in the Daily Gazette, but it will be found entire in the Country Gazette for Thursday.

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The passage by Congress of the joint resolution authorizing the President to confer upon Gen. Winfield Scott the title of LIEUT. GENERAL by brevet, for his various military services, will, whatever objections may have been heretofore expressed, probably be acceptable to the American people; or, at least, will not be complained of by them. It is a high honor to a distinguished soldier whose merits it recognizes, and he is eminently deserving of the thanks and confidence of the country.

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It is said that Capt. Rynders, at a recent Tammany Hall meeting, announced his intention of going to Virginia about the 1st of March to help on the election of Mr. Wise. We predict that if Capt. Rynders makes his appearance in Virginia, on any such errand, he will find a rougher road to travel than any he has ever yet encountered.

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The London Times contains an article representing affairs in the Crimea, as far as the British Army is concerned, as in the worst possible condition, and the operations before Sebastopol, as a series of blunders and mismanagements likely to end in the entire destruction of the allied forces, and the failure of the whole expedition.

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It is said that the U. S. sloop of war Decatur, for whose safety some fears have been expressed, was, at the last dates, at the Atlantic entrance of the straits of Magellan waiting for a steamer to tow her through, all hands on board well.

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The Senate has confirmed the nominations of Wm. M. Harrison as Collector at Richmond; A. D. Banks at Petersburg; and H. W. Moreland at Petersburg.

Telegraphic Despatches.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 12.—The steamer Prometheus arrived here to-day, with California dates to Jan. 24. The steamer Northern Light left on the 6th for New York, with 200 passengers, and $600,000 in treasure.—The news is unimportant. The Legislature had had 22 unsuccessful ballots for Senator.

Oregon dates to Jan. 13th, report that the Indians had attacked and murdered five whites near Orleans, and the troops had gone in pursuit. A general war was apprehended, as the Indians were numerous and well armed.

The steamer Orizaba, from Vera Cruz with city of Mexico dates to the 5th arrived here yesterday. A provisional government had been established at Acapulco with Alvarez at the head until the arrival of Ceballos.

Gen. Baharnando, the confident of Santa Anna, had been shot by the rebels.

Gen. Luen will relieve Gen. Woll the commander at Matamoras.

The revolutionists of the Isthmus of Tehauntepec have declared in favor of Alvarez.

OSWEGO, Feb. 12—The propeller St. Nicholas arrived here this morning, with 3,000 barrels of flour. She encountered the ice at the mouth of the Niagara river, but otherwise the navigation was unobstructed.

From Omaha City, Nebraska, advices have been received to the 30th ult. Both Houses of the Assembly had passed a bill locating the Capital of Nebraska at Omaha, and the Governor had signed the bill.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 11.—Twenty-six business houses at Grenada, Miss., were burnt on the 4th inst. The loss is estimated at $163,000, insured for only $50,000.

Some 3,000 bales of cotton were burnt at Troy, Miss., on the 8th.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The Singapore Free Press of Dec. 1st. received by the arrival of the storeship Supply, says that Mr. McLean, the American Minister, was about to leave for Bankok to negotiate a new commercial treaty with the King of Siam.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12.—At a meeting of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company this morning, Hon. Jas. Cooper resigned the Presidency. Ex-Gov. Bigler will be his successor. The election is now progressing.

LANCASTER, Feb. 12.—There is a report here to-night, that the extensive bridge at Columbia, the crossing of the York and Wrightsville railroad, is on fire. The bridge is a mile and a quarter long.

CLEVELAND, Feb. 12.—An engine with six freight cars ran off the track and down an embankment on the Conneaut Railroad today—two men were badly hurt.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The steamer Star of the West, sailed hence this afternoon for San Juan with a full complement of passengers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Stocks are tighter. Money is unchanged. Sales at the second Board of Missouri 6's, 94; New York Central Railroad, 93½; Canton, 23½; Penna. Coal Company, 100, b30; Cumberland, 36½, b60; Erie, 47½; Reading, 76½.

Explosion of Gunpowder.

Sometime since a party of Baltimoreans visited the residence of Messrs. John and Ed. Wardman, at Manchester, Carroll county, and deposited a quantity of gunpowder in the fire place, to be called for on their return from a gunning expedition. They forgot it, however, and returned to the city. On Tuesday last a fire was kindled in a stove, the pipe of which led to the chimney where the powder was deposited, and by some means the powder ignited. The Trumpet says:

The lady of the house had left the room but a moment before. So violent was the explosion that the window sash were blown out, and the stove, which sat near the hearth was blown out in the middle of the room.—The fire which resulted therefrom was speedily extinguished, thus very little damage was sustained.

ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE AN

Mr. Wise's Speech at Alexandria.

[Reported for the N. Y. Herald.]

I appear before you to night, citizens of Alexandria, not upon my own account, but as the standard bearer of the Democratic party of this State, regularly nominated in accordance with the time honored usage of the party. I come as endorsed and twice endorsed by the Democratic party, named as I was to be its elector in 1848 and in 1852; elector for the people, and now nominated for the Governorship of the State of Virginia. If any Democrat in this assembly recollects that, in times past, I did not always regard regularly organized nominations, and chooses to vote against me on that account, let him so do, provided he will stand where I have ever stood—upon principle, acting *bona fide*, an earnest, honest man; let him then, I say, vote against me. When he does it let him remember that he then does the very act for which he is condemning me—vote against the regular nominee. If there be any Whig in this assembly who will vote against me because I am not what he calls consistent, and because I have chosen to use party as a servant and not as a master, I would not ask him for his vote. But I would ask him not to be like me, whom he chooses to deem inconsistent. (Applause.) I ask him, when he comes to the polls, to be true and clear in act and conscience; not carrying before him the dark lantern of a secret association and gripping a democrat with one hand and a whig with the other. If he is the jewel of consistency, which he would have me be, let him be himself guiltless. But, gentlemen, though I have come before you a man nominated by a party, the standard bearer of a party, doing battle for its principles, still I come not here to-night to address party. I appear before the people, without distinction of party, to address myself to a republican people charged with the sacred and holy trust of self-government. I come to address myself to a people whose only means of self-government is by election. I come to address myself to the reason, and the conscience, and the judgment, and the will of the people, whose reason, and conscience, and judgment, and will, must be exercised in the election, and let me ask you—every considerate, every conscientious man, every man with a stake in hand, either of capital or of labor—let me ask you what are the considerations which ought to govern a republican people charged with the trust assigned to you of worthily bestowing on a man the highest office in the gift of the people? Gentlemen, you have great, momentous, deeply interesting topics of domestic policy for your consideration. There is your public credit, your public works, your commerce, your agriculture, your mining and manufacturing, and the great subject of popular instruction. At this moment causes are operating, not only affecting your national credit, your State credit, but touching the nerves, the tender nerves of your private purses. All Europe is in arms, and the labor of Europe is abstracted from the world of commerce. The most powerful sovereigns of the earth are in battle array. Each crowned head of Europe is calling for gold—incessantly demanding gold, in quantities which Australia and California, and Siberia cannot supply. And this demand for gold affects your national credit, your State credit, and your private credit. I mean not to create any alarm; I mean not to cause any excitement or distrust in your minds in relation to the condition of your credit; but I mean to say that, at no moment of my life have I seen the time when there was more necessity than there is at present for prudence in government, and prudence in private affairs. But there is a salvo, thank God! We live on a continent long enough and broad enough to feed the world. We have wheat, we have corn, we have pork and beef. One little port, which has grown up like Jonah's gourd in a single night on the lakes, can send more wheat to market than any four ports of Russia; and that city which is called the Queen City of the West, is haunted by the ghosts of slaughtered swine. (Laughter.) One single power of Europe now at war, has held up in London the thermometer of exchange for all the world; still, we have the producing power of provisions and munitions of war. (Cheers.) While they are fighting, thank God we can be feeding. (Laughter.) This, this is the salvo. Where the almighty dollar is made so much of, human food has, by the adventitious aid of causes now existing, advanced in value; wheat has doubled its price. I make these remarks in order to bring your attention to the subject of the public credit of the State of Virginia, whose bonds have already touched eighty-five cents in the dollar. How long that war may last, what accidents may happen from it, what collisions may be produced by it, no human foresight can now see. But let us be prepared, and then come what may, I pledge myself—if elected Governor of Virginia—that, though direst necessity may come, come what will, at all hazards, the public credit of the State of Virginia shall be preserved. (Enthusiastic applause.) Private honor is precious; but, as infinitely higher than an individual is the State, so infinitely higher than private honor is the honor of the State. Reproach Virginia who will, reproach her whoever is so inclined, no man can say that her honor has yet been stained. (Vociferous applause.) If I be elected Governor of Virginia, then, I tell you bluntly and briefly, if it be necessary to tax you to defend her honor, I shall commend taxation, though it make us groan. (Sensation.) Next to public credit, next to the honor of the State, are her great public works, in the high march of prosperity. You have never yet had—it is unfortunate you never have had—a system of public works. Your works have been begun without regard to their relative importance. You have not completed one before you have begun another and another. Your public works are without termini. Your canals and your railroads are like ditches dug in the middle of a plantation, without outlet at either end. You appropriate for them to-day, neglect them to-morrow, and leave the appropriation of the day after to-morrow to repair decay. It is time that some one or two, or as many as you can, of the public works of the State of Virginia should be completed, in order to ease the taxation of the public. It is time they should be completed, in order to render some profit to the State. All that the State of Virginia has been wanting has been to reach out her arms to the great West—to tap the Ohio river—to join the Big Bend of the Ohio river with your rivers in the East. You have reversed, in times past, the order of true policy. You have said, "Let us have capital—let us have population, and then we will have a city." But you never will have capital—you never will have population, until you have the internal improvements to build up a city. You want commerce. You have bays, quays, roadsteads which would float the navies of the world; but you have no seat of commerce—no centre of trade has yet pointed its spires to the heavens on the soil of Virginia. That is because you have completed none of your public works.—Whatever difference of opinion, then, may have been as to the commencement of your works of State improvement, now that they are begun—now that millions have been spent and wasted upon them—now that you are obliged to be taxed in order to complete them, the sooner you submit to the taxation to complete your primary works the better. And the most expeditious and certainly the most profitable way of completing your works of secondary importance is to complete those of primary importance. If, then, elected Governor of the State of Virginia, I shall use all the influence which I can wield consistently with the public credit and with the condition of the people, to expedite the completion of all the works of primary importance in the State. Next to your public works and your commerce, your agriculture is the most important. The four great cardinal sources of production—the four great powers of production of national wealth are commerce, agriculture, manufacturing and mining. We have 64,000 square miles as rich in every element of commerce—in every element of agriculture, of manufacturing and mining, as any other 64,000 square miles on the face of the globe; and yet with all four powers in her hand, Virginia has thus far in her history relied upon one source alone.

[At this period of the oration the noise and confusion became so great from the press of people in the hall, that Mr. Wise halted in his speech, and invited persons immediately in front of the speaker to take places on the platform, so as to make room for the crowd behind—a movement which procured your reporters seats in a more eligible location.—Mr. Wise, resuming said: —]

I was saying when interrupted, that the State of Virginia has every element of commerce, of agriculture, of mining and of manufacturing. On Chesapeake Bay, from the mouth of the Rappahannock to the Capes of the Chesapeake, you have roadsteads and harbors sufficient to float the navies of the world. From the River of Swans, on whose margin we are, down to the line of North Carolina, you have the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Penankatank, from Mob Jack Bay to James river and the Elizabeth river—all meeting in the most beautiful sheet of water of all the seas of the earth. You have the bowels of your Western mountains rich in iron, in copper, in coal, in salt, in gypsum, and the very earth is rich in oil which makes the very rivers inflame. You have the line of the Alleghany, that beautiful blue ridge which stands placed there by the Almighty not to obstruct the way of the people to market, but placed there in the very bounty of Providence to milk the clouds, to make the sweet springs which are the sources of your rivers. (Great applause.) And at the head of every stream is the waterfall murmuring the very music of your power. (Applause.) And yet commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from you; you have not as yet dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths; you have set no tilt hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in the iron foundries. You have not yet spun more than coarse cotton enough, in the way of manufacture, to clothe your own slaves. You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufactures.—You have relied alone on the single power of agriculture: and such agriculture! (Great laughter.) Your ledge-patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has scared the very bosom of mother earth. (Laughter.) Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have had to chase the stump tailed steer through the ledge-patches to procure a tough beef-steak. (Laughter.) And yet, while your trust has been in the hands of the old negroes of the plantation; while the master knows as little as his slave about the science, applied science of agriculture, while commerce and manufactures and mining have been hardly known, and agriculture has been neglected—notwithstanding all that, and notwithstanding the effect of this has been that you have parted with as much population as you have retained; notwithstanding all this, I say, Old Virginia still has a million and a half of population left within her limits. She still has her iron, her coal, her gypsum, her salt, her copper. She still has her harbors and rivers, and her water power, and every source of wealth which thinking men, active men, enterprising men, need apply to.

What boast like that can be made for any other State on the earth? What, then, is our duty as Virginians, as patriots, as men worthy of our fathers—worthy to be the husbands of our wives? What is our duty?—Come to the polls and vote against me and welcome. I am nothing. Record your votes under the influence of any blind prejudice that you please. Record your votes against me. You strike down but an humble man when you strike me down, and though you strike down a man who is too proud to beg you to vote for him, yet he would kneel as a little child and implore you to come to the polls, to do something to put forth your strength to raise up this blessed old Commonwealth. (Great cheering.) Her head is in the dust. With all this plenitude of power, she has been dwarfed in the Union; but by her gods! I say that she has the power, now, the energy, the resources—may I say the men? to be put upon the line of progress to the eminence of prosperity, to pass New York yet faster in the Union than ever New York has passed her. (Cheers.) You have been called the "Old Dominion." Let us as Virginians, I implore you, this night resolve that a new era shall dawn, and that henceforth she shall be called the New Dominion. (Cheering.)

Give her commerce, and she will have capital and population; she will have agriculture, mining and manufacturing; and then she will want but one thing more—the enlightenment of her people. (Cheers.)—She wants her popular instruction. I do not mean to recommend to you, or to any people within the limits of Virginia, any little day school, night school, common scholl, a b c, single rule of three, or Peter Parley Yankee system of instruction.—(Laughter.) I want Mr. Jefferson's policy, that he originally recommended to the State, to be consummated—an enlarged system of science, of literature, of learning, to be given to all classes of our people, to leaven the whole lump. (Applause.) I care not how blue a federalist that man may be who curses his red waistcoat, but Thomas Jefferson has three things recorded upon his tomb—that he was the writer of the Declaration of the Independence of our country, the founder of the University of Virginia, and the author of the act of religious freedom. (Cheers.) For these three good works alone, every man—democrat or federalist—may kneel—patriotically kneel—at his grave. (Cheers.)—The great apostle of democracy never intended that the University of Virginia should be like Michael Angelo's dome in the heavens, without scaffolding or support—never. He intended that it should be a dome over roof and cornice, and walls of colleges and academies, and of common schools; that it should be a dome, indeed, but the dome of a grand structure for the whole people. He intended that the University should superintend the colleges, and that there should be a college for every centre; that the colleges should superintend the academies, and that there should be an academy for every centre; that the academies should superintend the common schools, and that there should be a common school for every centre. He knew what equality was. He knew what democracy was. He knew that the republican institutions of this land were based upon no other—no surer foundation than intelligence and virtue. His democracy did not drag men down from their elevation into the mire; but his democracy levelled upwards. He knew that if this man's son had all the means of education, of common school, of academy, of college and of university, and then might travel abroad for his learning, he could not be the equal of the son of the father, who had to work for his daily food. He knew that if it was inhuman for the parent to starve the body of a child, it was much more inhuman to starve the mind of a child.—(Cheers.) He knew that if you could afford to raise taxes for alms houses and pauper houses, to feed the bodies of the poor, it was much more the duty of the State mother to furnish mental food to her children. His democracy was like the principle of Christian

charity—like the great virtue of Christian charity—it elevated men to the highest platform of elevation—high as kings' heads, made them sovereigns indeed, to stand equal foot, equal head—uncontradicted, except by the laws of God—with equal opportunities for all; it reached down, to raise men up to the common level of the highest. He knew that property—property which must be taxed for instruction—had no other muniment, no other defence, no other safe reliance for its protection, but intelligence among the people. (Applause.) Is there a rich man, then, in this assembly that loves a dollar better than the intelligence of the people? Is there any old bachelor among you, who has no child of his own, who is too mean to support some poor man's daughter as his wife, or to be rich in having some rich man's daughter to support him? (Laughter.) Is there a man in the State who has already educated his sons, who is now unwilling to be taxed in order that his poor neighbor's children may be educated—educated not only in the common school, but in the academy, the college, the university? If there be, let him remember that before he dies his title to his property may have to be tried by a jury to say whether that property be his own or not, and if God shall let him live till he dies (laughter,) and he can keep what property he has, let him remember that there is such a thing as what lawyers call devisabit vel non, that a jury may have to decide whether or not he had sense enough to make his will when he died. An ad valorem tax upon property is the appropriate tax for the education of the children of the people. Property owes its defence to the virtue and intelligence of the people, and property ought, therefore, to be taxed for the education of the people.—(Cheers.) We want one school for this State that will revive our agriculture. We want a school like the Mechlin Institute of Prussia—an institute of applied sentence—an institute not to teach political economy and send young gentlemen to the Legislature before they have hardly picked in their tuition; but an institute that will teach them domestic economy, the proper relation between floating and fixed capital at home—how much money a man must have to buy—how much land, and how much stock, and how many implements he must have; an institute that will teach the physiology of animals and plants; an institute that will teach natural philosophy and the diseases of animals and plants. Then, gentlemen, the father who has spent his life in acquiring real estate, in spreading out his broad acres, in adding family to family of slaves, may die with a son instructed how to manage the estate. You will then have, or it will be your opportunity to have, the same privilege that the German baron has, of sending your son for his two, or three, or four, or five years apprenticeship to an institute of that kind that will teach him agricultural chemistry and every other science necessary to enable him to manage an estate of lands and negroes. The present condition of things has existed too long in Virginia. The landlord has skinned the tenant, and the tenant has skinned the land until all have grown poor together. (Laughter.) I have heard a story—I will not locate it here or there—about the condition of the prosperity of our agriculture. I was told by a gentleman in Washington, not long ago, that he was travelling in a county not a hundred miles from this place, and overtook one of our citizens on horseback, with perhaps a bag of hay for a saddle, without stirrups, and the leading line for a bridle; and he said, "Stranger, whose house is that?" "It is mine," was the reply. They came to another. "Whose house is that?" "Mine, too, stranger." To a third; "And whose house is that?" "That's mine, too stranger; but don't suppose that I am so darned poor as to own all the land about here. (Laughter.)—We may own land, we may own slaves, we may own roadstead and mines, we may have all the elements of wealth, but unless we apply intelligence, unless we adopt a thorough system of instruction, it is utterly impossible that we can develope, as we ought to develope, and as Virginia is prepared now to do, and to take the line of march towards the very eminence of prosperity. She is in the anomalous condition of an old State that has all the capacities of a new one—of a new State that has all the capacities of an old one. Unite with me, then I implore you; unite with each other; let us as Virginians resolve that there shall be a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, without distinction of party, without prejudice of party—that there shall be a united brotherhood of Virginians to rear the head of the old mother commonwealth out of the dust.—(Cheers.) If I am elected Governor of the State of Virginia, it shall be my devotion, my earnest endeavor, in season and out of season, to promote her public credit, her internal improvements, her commerce, her agriculture, her mining and manufacturing, and her popular instruction.

Well, now gentlemen, is not that enough? Are these topics not sufficient for an election for Chief Magistrate for the State of Virginia? Is there anything else worth considering? With conscientious, with considerate men, with men determined to cast aside minor things, mere prejudices, whether personal or political, is these not enough in those six cardinal points to guide your votes and to govern this election? What more do you want? Why, you are in the habit of discussing federal politics; and permit me to say to you, very honestly and very openly, that next to brandy, next to card playing, next to horse racing, the thing that has done Virginia more harm than any other in the course of her past history has been her insatiable appetite for federal politics.—(Cheers and laughter.) She has given all her great men to the Union. Her Washington, her Jefferson, her Madison, her Marshall—her galaxy of great men she has given to the Union. When and where have her best sons been at work, devoting their best energies to her service at home? Richmond, instead of attending to Richmond's business, has been too much in the habit of attending to the affairs of Washington city when there are plenty there God knows, to attend to them, themselves. (Laughter.) If you want my opinions upon federal politics, though, I shall not skulk them. The most prominent subject is that of the foreign war. It is said that this administration is a "do nothing administration." To its honor I can claim of every fair-minded man of you—to its honor I can claim that it is at least preserving our neutsality in the foreign war.—(Loud and prolonged applause.) I concur with them in that policy, and here let me say, that, so far as I am concerned, my sentiments are utterly opposed to any filibustering in any part of the world. (Cheers.)

Then you have the question of the public lands. We are told, now-a-days, that all the old issues are dead. It is not so. If there has been one thing next to the constitution of the United States more than another among our institutions which has been grand, and great, and good, it has been the operation of the great land ordinance of 1787. It came, like most of the institutions of North America, by inspiration from Heaven. There is no prototype of the land system of the United States in ancient or modern times. There is nothing like it in the feudal saytem. There is nothing like it in any of the examples of modern Europe. Its very beauty is its simplicity. An eminent domain; a virgin soil, richer than any that God's sun ever shone upon, or heaven's dews ever watered; the simple system of sectioning the public lands by North and South, East and West lines, making them the homes of the brave and of the free, clear of all litigation—selling them at the lowest price, at a minimum that is within the reach of the poorest man, and graduating the price before exposed to sale at the minimum by an infinitissmal graduation—those who have been denouncing the graduation of the public lands ought to remember that there never has been a time when the price of the public lands was not graduated; that they have ever been exposed first to public sale before they have been exposed for sale for the minimum price of a dollar and a quarter. You had an eminent domain, which was a sacred trust, for the common use and benefit of all the States of the Union. You had that eminent domain under your own care, to which the poorest man, the forlornest man of the East, might go for a home in the West.—You had room there for the frontierman, for the actual settler, armed with the simple implement of the logwood axe to hew out unto himself a home for settlement, to strike the light of the log cabin, and to invite the oppressed of every land to our land for an asylum, with a soil rich enough to grow a vine luxuriant enough to shade him and his dwelling all over, where there were none to make him afraid. (Cheers.)—If you ask me for my opinion in relation to the public lands, I will tell you that first and foremost, next, at least to preserving the the sacred trust as a source of revenue to ease taxation by customs, I would protect, by all the protective policy in my power, the actual settlers upon our public lands. (Cries of "good, good.")

I have been in the West; I have seen the frontiersman; I have broken his bread; I have drank of his cup; I know his enterprise; I know his manhood; I know his privations; I know his courage; I know his endurance; and I know that he is the best of the right arm of the power of his country. (Cheers.) I know that with his logwood axe alone, he has laid the empires of no less than seventeen sovereignties in our confederacy. I would protect him, while at the same time I would conserve the eminent domain of this country, as a source of revenue, to be held as sacred as the revenue by customs. I would protect it from the partial legislation of Congress. I would prevent the public lands from being the prey and the plunder of politicians. I would protect them from landjobbers and politicians. I would prevent them from becoming a source of corruption to Congress, thereby destroying our State rights and our State sovereignty.—(Loud cheers.) I would protect them from the electioneering of parties; and any bill that has these ends in view has my concurrence. The President of the U. S. tells us that 23,000,000 of acres of the public lands have been disposed of during the past year, and that only 7,000,000 have been sold. Thus, without law, while 7,000,000 have been sold, 16,000,000 have been given away; and the price of the public lands, without changing the minimum, has been reduced and graduated with a vengeance.

As to the subject of internal improvements, that, too, is alive and kicking. That part of "the American system" is not a dead issue. Congress has been passing harbor and river bills. It is a part of the system of the light-houses of the skies of 1828. It is a part of "the American system," and I thank God that not only has there been a Hickory and a Tyler, but that now there is found a Pierce to thunder his veto against such measures. (Great cheering.)

You are told that the tariff is a dead issue. That, too, is alive. Such are the energies and resources of this country, that we have paid the debt of the war of the Revolution, we have paid the debt of the second war of Independence, and we have paid the debt of the war with Mexico; and now there is a proposition for a reduction of the revenue. A question arises, shall that reduction be made upon the protected or the unprotected class of articles? On that subject, I stand where I have ever stood—a free trade man. (Loud cheers.)

But, gentlemen, I am hurrying over all these topics to get at one which it the subject of the day—the fatal subject of discussion. I mean the inter-state relations of this Union on the subject of slavery. I have had a very severe training in collision with the astutest, the acutest, the archest enemy of Southern slavery that ever existed. I mean the "Old Man Eloquent," John Quincy Adams. I must have been a dull boy indeed if I had not learned my lessons thoroughly on that subject. And let me tell you that, again and again, I had reason to know and to feel the wisdom and the sagacity of that departed man. Again and again, in the lobby, on the floor, he told me, told me vauntingly, that the pulpit would preach, and the school would teach, and the press would print, among the people who had no tie and no association with slavery, until, would not only be reached the slave trade between the States, the slave trade in the District of Columbia, slavery in the District, slavery in the Territories, but slavery in the States. Again and again, he said that he would not abolish slavery in the District of Columbia if he could; for he would retain it as a bone of contention, a fulcrum of the lever for agitation, agitation, agitation, until slavery in the States was shaken from its base. And his prophesies have been fulfilled—fulfilled far faster, and more fearfully, certainly, than ever he anticipated before he died. When I left the House of Representatives at that Capitol, ten years ago, had I said to Mr. Adams, "Sir, to me it seems that the Congress of the United States can carve out a piece of slavery Territory and make it free soil," he would have said, "No, sir; Congress will not dare to attempt such a thing: it would be a *casus belli* if they did." And yet, have you not seen that Congress has carved out, in round numbers, 44,000 square miles from the slave State of Texas? Have you not seen a Brigadier General (Riley) of the United States Army, with his epaulettes on his shoulders, cocked hat upon his head, and sword at his side, in full panoply of uniform, acting as a Brigadier General of the standing army of the United States, go into the territory of California, and there, with the right arm and the left arm of executive power—the army and navy—at his command; have you not seen him, I say, under the pretext that the army and navy could not protect persons and property, proclaim from the camp a Territorial Legislature, a Territorial judiciary, from *tribunales superiores* down to the *Alcalde!* Have you not seen him constitute himself Chief Executive—Territorial Executive? How dared a Brigadier General of the United States standing army thus to assume the power of usurping Territorial government? Had he been court martialed he would have produced his order from a Delaware Secretary of State (Mr. Clayton) and he would have replied that the *salus populi*—the safety of the people—required this territorial usurpation by a Brigadier General of the United States army. Well, if it did require the civil power—as well as the army and navy—why, the plea of necessity was met. There was the Legislature, there was the judiciary, there was the civil executive, as well as the Brigadier General, who had at his command the navy and the army that was there. How dared he then, to go further, after the plea of necessity was sufficiently met, and after the safety of the people was secured? How dared he go forth and proclaim the time, place, and manner of holding elections? Elections for what? Elections for a Convention. Convention, for what? To form a constitution. A constitution, for what? To create a State—a sovereignty. Yes, by proclamation from the camp of the Brigadier General of the standing army of the United States, elective franchise was created. He gave it to Chilean, to Chinese, to Patagonian to Peruvian, and—last, though not least—to a Georgia representative in Congress (Thomas Butler King.) And after creating

suffrage to create a convention—the highest act of the people—convention to create a constitution, constitution to create a State, a sovereign State—the highest act of creation that can be performed by human power—an act next only to those of Deity—no higher act can the people themselves exert—he inducted California a free soil State into the Union. Thus free soilism has been proclaimed from the camp of the standing army. And what has been the result? "Acquiesce" was the word; "acquiesce." They have traded on the pious attachment of the people of the United States to that palladium of liberty, the union of the States. They have traded upon the feeling of alarm for the Union which was never in danger—never, never. They made "acquiesce" the password for the people. And what did we get in return? We got a free soil law. (Derisive cheers.) We got the grant of the constitution itself—the glorious privilege of catching runaway niggers. For that, for that we have submitted to 44,000 square miles of slave State territory being taken and converted into free soil territory. For that we have acquiesced in the proclamation of free soil California from the camp of the standing army of the United States, without authority of Congress. Aye, but they tell me it was all sanctioned by the people. The people! The word people has two significations. It is either a mere aggregate of human beings or it is an organized aggregate of human beings. Nothing short of an organized aggregate of human beings in California could ever have sanctioned this usurpation; there was no organized aggregate of human beings, either to permit the usurpation or to sanction the usurpation. But we got the fugitive slave act. But how execute it? Can we execute it? A master from the State of Maryland, directly after the act was passed, went to Pennsylvania to recover his property; he was murdered; and judge and jury could not be found to execute the law, to render a verdict or pass judgment upon the crime of murder itself, in that case. At last a Virginia master, from this town, I believe, went to Boston to have the law executed, and to execute it the Marshal had to call on the President of the United States—and, thank God, there was a democratic New Hampshire President of the United States, who was ready to obey the call. (Cheers.) The army and navy were ordered to protect the marshal in the performance of his duty. He did perform his duty, at an expense of $13,000 to the city of Boston, and of more than $100,000 to the government and to individuals; and the captive was brought back by reclamation to Virginia. And what has been the consequence? Now we come to the dragon's teeth. Mr. Adams' prediction has been fulfilled. The preachers have begun.—The three thousand preachers of Christian politics opened their battery from the press. I have here a specimen of one of their sermons, which I beg leave to read to you. I hold in my hand a discourse called "The Rendition of Antony Burns, its Causes and Consequences: a Discourse on Christian Politics, delivered in Williams' Hall, Boston, Whitsunday, June 4, 1854."—I beg you, gentlemen, to remember that date—4th of June, 1854—because some prophecies are made in that sermon which are wonderful prophecies, if this preacher did not know something—(laughter)—"by James Freeman Clarke, Minister of the Church of the Disciples," published by request—second edition of two thousand—printed at Boston. It commences with introductory services. There is—first the reading the psalms—(laughter)—second, a hymn; third, selections from the prophets; fourth, prayer; fifth, reading of Scripture—selections from the lamentations of Jeremiah—(great laughter)—sixth, a hymn:—

"Men, whose boast it is that ye
Come from fathers brave and free—
If there breathes on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?

They are slaves who dare not speak
For the fallen and the weak.
They are slaves who will not choose,
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think—
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three." (Great laughter.)

These are cabilistic terms, gentlemen.—"Two or three." Then comes seventhly, the sermon:—

Is this the city, which men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth? Her gates are sunk into the ground. He hath destroyed and broke her bars. Her kings and princes are among Gentiles. The law is no more. Her prophets also find no vision from the Lord."

That is the text. The preacher says:

"I have invited you here this morning to meditate on the facts of the week—the phenomenon which has occurred in the streets of Boston. The slave power which has triumphed in Congress over the rights of the North, which has violated sacred compacts, and broken contracts, has * * * come North to Boston, taken possession of the court-house, so as to govern our whole police force, our whole military force, and suspend and interrupt the business of our citizens, until its demands can be satisfied. * * * The slave power drove the Indians out of Georgia, brings on a Florida war, and, at last grown bolder, proposes to annex Texas as a slave State, and after a struggle carries the main feature of that transaction. It was done avowedly to prevent the abolition of slavery and to strengthen the slave power.—Not only was this purpose declared in Congress by Mr. Henry A. Wise and others, but also by Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of State, in diplomatic correspondence with Mr. Pakenham, the British Minister. * * * A blind adherence to party is another cause of our present position. The mere names of whig, democrat, or free soiler are now worth nothing."

Do you not hear some talk like that now?

"We must have men to vote for—upright, downright and outspoken. In that is your last hope—your only security."

Again—

"The sibyl, each time we reject her offer, demands a higher price. What she would have done in 1850 she will not do now.—What she will do now she will not do five years hence. * * The country is at last awaking. The great West is awaking. Ohio is wheeling into line, and will be perhaps the leader in the coming struggle."

What coming struggle? How did this preacher know that Ohio was wheeling into line as early as the 4th of June, 1854?

Again—

"Northern enthusiasm, when fully aroused, has always been more than a match for Southern organization—Northern conscience."

Oh! Gods! (Great laughter.) Northern conscience! Take a shark skin, and let it dry to shagreen—skin the rhinoceros—go then and get the silver steel and grind it, and when you have ground it, then take the hone and whet it till it would split a hair, and with it prick the shagreen or the shark skin, and then go and try it on Northern conscience! (Cheers and laughter.)

"Northern conscience, slow but stubborn, more than a match for Southern impetuosity! So may it be still. If right is very apt to be overthrown at first, it is sure of victory in the end—

Careless seems the great avenger,
History's pages but record,
One death struggle in the darkness,
'Twixt old systems and the "word;"
Truth forever or the scaffold,
Wrong forever or the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways a future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

And this is the first time that this preacher of Christian politics has named God in the whole sermon:—

"May to-day, he continues, be a Pentecost to the cause of humanity; to-day may the servants of Christ be everywhere speaking with one tongue, as the Spirit gives them utterance. May all our devotions and aspirations be—"

This is fusion.

"That all true lovers of liberty—whether they call themselves whig, democrat, free soiler or abolitionist—be united in one calm and honest purpose, that once again all may be of one speech and one tongue. We must be united; we must sacrifice everything to unite in one great Northern party all the friends of freedom and humanity. Let us forget the past, and gladly receive help from all. Let us reproach none, because those who come in at the eleventh hour—whoever repent and do deeds meet to repentence, even if he has been a servant of kidnappers, a United States Commissioner or Marshal, the editor of a sham democratic paper, or worse than all, a lower law Doctor of Divinity.—Whoever will repent, let him be welcome. Let us be calm."

And "calm," there, means not only composed but silent and secret.

"Let us put the calmest, coolest man in front to lead us; let the most cautious advise and tell us what to do: let those of us who for years have been speaking, now listen for words from those whose turn has come to speak. The anti-slavery platform welcomes its new orators from State street and Long wharf. Let us not by any rashness lose the opportunity of uniting all men. As regards the Southern threat of dissolving the Union, that has now lost its terror. If we had disregarded it ten years ago we should not have been in such danger of dissolution of the Union as we are to-day. The majority of the North to-day have no objection to a dissolution of the Union. In this community, where one man was opposed to the Union a week ago, a hundred men are opposed to it to-day. The danger of dissolution of the Union now is from the North, not from the South, if some effective measures are not taken to prevent the rendition of another fugitive from the Northern States. We can all determine to support no man hereafter for any public office in the federal or State governments who is not openly pledged to five things, first, the abolition of the obnoxious clause of the Nebraska bill; second, the right of trial by jury for fugitives; third, the exclusion of slavery from the territory; fourth, the admission of no more slave States; fifth, the abolition of the Union, if these things cannot be obtained."

That is what they call "Christian politics" in Boston. (Laughter.)

What is the result of such preaching, such teaching, such printing? What has been the result of the pulpit, the school houses and the press at the North upon this subject? Gentlemen, but a short time back, New England—Massachusetts especially—had but one ism within her limits, and that was Puritanism, the religion of the good old Covenanters and Congregationalists—Puritanism, full of vitality, full of spirituality—Puritanism that made even the barren rock of Plymouth to fructify, that made the New Englanders a strong people, that made them a rich people, that made them a learned people. But since they have waxed fat, since they have begun to build churches by lottery, begun to moralize mankind by legislation, begun to play petty providences for the people, begun to be Protestant Popes over the consciences of men, begun to preach 'Christian politics,' such as you have heard, Puritanism has disappeared, and we have in place of it Unitarianism, Universalism, Fourierism, Millerism, Mormonism—all the odds and ends of isms—until at last you have a grand fusion of all those odds and ends of isms in the *omnium gatherum* of isms, called Know Nothingism. (Cheers, laughter, and hisses.) What is it? Now, I wish not to offend any man in this assembly, because I would fain believe of our Virginians who are uniting themselves with this association, that their motives and their acts are as innocent as mine. I would fain believe that no man in the State of Virginia means more than simply some political end by uniting himself with this association, and to such men—conscientious, thinking-men, who mean no more than to pick up a stick with which to bruise the head of democracy—I will only say, beware! my friends: you may be picking up a serpent that will sting you as deadly as it will democracy. (Cheers and stamping of feet.) I assail no motives here. You may be, according to that passage of Scripture which we sometimes read—that 11th verse of the 15th chapter of 2d Samuel, which tells you that two hundred men went out from Jerusalem with Absalom, when he left his father; that they "went out in their simplicity, and that knew not anything."—(Laughter.) And Bishop Hall most emphatically comments upon that, by saying that the 200 went out in their simplicity, not knowing anything, and they were merely loyal rebels; but Absalom knew what he was about; he knew something; he knew that when the trumpet blew behind, it should be understood by the people that Absalom reigneth in Hebron; and I tell you that there is an Absalom at work with Know Nothingism. (Great cheering and some hisses.)

"What is it? Where did it come from? What can it be? Did it fall from the sky? Did it rise from the sea?

I tell you that there is no wonder about it. I tell you that I know it from A to Z. I know where it came from. I know where it was engendered. I know what it has done, and I can exchange with you, my friend, every sign, every grip, every pass. (Laughter.) I know its white triangles and its red triangles, its red arrowtops and its white arrowtops. I know your odd numerals and your even numerals. I know your odds from A to M inclusive, and I know your evens from N to Z inclusive. (Laughter.) Now, where did it come from? It is no new thing. It is no strange thing. Although it is a wonder here, it has been operating for years and years in Old England. You that will go to a bookstore and buy Dickens' novel of "Hard Times" will see a portraiture of the thing, and how it has operated in a country with an aristocracy and a Queen, with lord proprietors of factories and of lands which they rent to middle men who grind down the operatives. There, in England, the secret association of the operatives against grinding capital, I grant you, has done much good. There, there is some necessity for it; there, where men's noses are held to the grindstone by oppression; there, where all the luxuries are free, and all the necessaries of life are taxed, there, where the operative is made to bear all the burdens of society; there, where there is a crowned head and an aristocracy—there, dark-lantern, secret association, test oaths have brought forth some reforms. Well, seeing its effect in that country—Exeter Hall—the abolitionists of England sent it over to the preachers of "Christian politics" in Boston and New York, to apply its machinery to the North and the non-slaveholding States. (Cheers and hisses.) They brought it over. They have tried it, and they had it organized as early as June 4th, 1854. They knew its potency. They knew its effect. Therefore it was that Mr. Freeman Clarke could tell you that he knew that Ohio was wheeling into line. This thing was all planned—all organized—and it did sweep Massachusetts and New York and Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and Delaware and Ohio, and Indiana and Illinois, and Michigan and Iowa. It has swept them with the besom of destruction.—(Cheers and laughter.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)