Mr. Price's Address

TO THE

PEOPLE OF MARYLAND.

Fellow-Citizens:—The vacancy in the Presidential Electoral Ticket of Maryland has very recently, as I perceive by the papers, been filled with my name. In accepting, as I do with pleasure, the post assigned me, it is proper in the outset to say that my professional and other engagements forbid my taking any active personal part in the contest. Having, however, many reasons to assign to the People why I expect them to vote for me, which I am unable to present to them either from the hustings or in personal interviews, they will pardon the necessity which thus impels me to communicate them in the form of a written address.

Without further preface or apology, therefore, I declare that I have no confidence whatever in the political principles of Martin Van Buren; while I cherish the liveliest gratitude for the great public service sof General Harrison, whose intelligence I believe to be at least equal, and whose integrity, patriotism, and purity are immeasurably superior to those of his competitor.

I proceed to make these allegations good, as to both these gentlemen; and first let me bring Martin Van Buren into court.

During the canvass preceding the election of 1824 there were four candidates in the field, namely Gen. Jackson, Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford, and Mr. Clay. All of these gentlemen stood before the People upon their own personal merits, except Mr. Crawford, who was brought out under the imposing sanction of a Congressional caucus at Washington, the prime mover of which was Martin Van Buren. The People failed to elect their President, and Gen. Jackson entered the House of Representatives, backed by 99 electoral votes, Mr. Adams by 88, and Mr. Crawford by 53, Mr. Clay being excluded. The House, voting by States, conferred the Presidency on Mr. Adams, in derogation, as it was strongly insisted, of the superior right of Gen. Jackson, Mr. Van Buren vehemently urging the election of Mr. Crawford, whose right, according to the rule proposed, was far inferior to either. I beg the fact to be remembered, that, at the election by the people in 1824, Mr. Van Buren strenously advocated the choice of Mr. Crawford with his 53 votes, in opposition to Gen. Jackson, who came recommended by 99.

After the election of 1824, the contest for the succeeding Presidency was maintained between Gen. Jackson and Mr. Adms—a contest which you well remember, for who can forget it? Mr. Van Buren was then the leader of a powerful party in New York.—The animosity and rancor of party strife soon reached a fearful height, and pervaded the whole Union from one extremity to the other. The man could scarcely be found in seven cities who had not taken sides, and who was not eagerly engaged in maintaining the side he had taken. To this remark, however, Mr. Van Buren and his whole party were exceptions. From 1824 to 1827 they stood aloof from the contest. The election was now rapidly approaching; and the immense vote of New York was contemplated with the deepest solicitude in every quarter. It was felt, moreover, that Mr. Van Buren and his non committals, take which side they might, would carry with them the vote of New York, and that the vote of New York must decided the question of the Presidency. The decision of the contest therefore was in the hands of Mr. Van Buren, who, with his whole party, still forbore to declare themselves. Standing apart from the contest, they viewed the fearful strife of the multitude around them with the seeming indifference of men having no concern in the struggle, and no possible interest in the result. They printed not a syllable, they uttered not a word, indicating the slightest preference for either party. A stranger would have supposed that, regarding the strife as an unhappy family quarrel they intended, upon some fit opportunity, to come in as peace makers, and heal, by their friendly counsels, the dissensions of the people.

At length Mr. Van Buren set out from New York on a tour of observation to the South. He remained a day or two in Washington, and then passed on to the Carolinas and Gergia. Now, what new lights he received on his journey, I will not take upon me to affirm; but this much is notorious to all America, that, hastening back to New York, he gave the signal to his train bands, and immediately, from the Atlantic to the Lakes, they broke forth in one simultaneous burst of deafening abuse of Mr. Adams and his friends which continued without abatement to the day of election, and has not ceased to the present hour. But mark the the sequel! General Jackson triumphed, and Mr. Van Buren was made Secretary of State.

Here let me pause. The perfect organization of this faction—wheeling to the right or left, or resting upon their arms, or changing in solid column, at the word of command—is of itself a subject of no little novelty in a nation of peaceful republicans, and might afford matter for grave reflection, were the mind irresistibly impelled beyond it, to the still graver problem, by what means, and through what persuasives, was this wonderful organization effected? That it was a vast conspiracy, formed and concerted for the sole purpose of taking into its own keeping the offices and salaries of the Government, great and small, and of excluding, by the mere power of combination, all other citizens from the hope or prospect of participation in them—that the conspirators recognized no peculiar principles of policy, no maxims of Government, no rules right or wrong, but held themselves free to profess, as occasion might require, just such principles, maxins, and rules as might, from time to time, best suit the object of the party—that these articles of compact were distinctly understood and agreed upon beforehand—and that every man had given to them his full consent and approbation—are facts of which no rational man can doubt.

But the mystery of the phenomenon is still unexplained. The point which puzzles me is, how so many freemen spread over so wide a space proud of that equality which they had been taught to regard as their inestimable birthright, could be approached, with immoral and debasing proposal to seize upon the offices, the power, and the money of the State, and, by confining the distribution of the plunder to their own body, virtually exclude every other freeman from those coveranted privileges, for the enjoyment of which his fathers fought and bled; as well as their own. And when thus approached, how could they be pursuaded, corrupted and case-hardened against all the natural suggestion of conscience, patriotism and honor?

But the worst aspect of the case was the open, the avowed, the shameless effrontery with which they proclaimed their turpitude. The contest was one which, in the firm belief of the great mass of the American People, involved principles that were vital, and upon the triumph of which was to depend the purity, if not the very existence of our most cherished institutions. Party feeling had already reached a degree of deep, intense, unsparing bitterness, altogether unexampled in our annals. The elements of social discord were in fearful commotion, and the storm raged with equal violence throughout the land. No honest man could maintain his equilibrium. Men reproached each other on the highway, and wrangled in the streets. Not so the confederates of Mr. Van Buren: they remained the while as unmoved as the seven sleepers. When challenged to give their opinion, they shook their heads and were silent, as if the words they heard ware uttered in some unknown tongue. And thus they remained, until the word from their leader came upon their ears like the whistle of Roderick Dhu, when they sprang into the midst of the contest; and from that moment all other voices were drowned in the deafening vehemence of their clamorous zeal. What astonishes me is, that they were not scorned, despised, and scouted, by the whole Union in one proud burst of national indignation. It was the boldest and foulest exhibition of avowed venality and corruption of which modern history affords any memorial.

The political morality of Mr. Van Buren was further shown by the fact, that the chief topic of vituperation employed by his party against Mr. Adams was the usurpation by the House, as they termed it, in electing this gentleman with a majority of electoral votes, in opposition to Gen. Jackson, whose *right* to the office rested upon the undeniable claims of a large plurality of the People. And the complaint, with all the changes rung upon it, was heard from the man whose counsels, had they prevailed, would have conferred that high office upon the caucus candidate, who in the popular contest was beaten nearly out of sight.

The worst feature, however, of Mr. Van Buren's profligacy is, that he seems to think it is all right and proper. A public meeting of the People require him, as a public man, and a candidate for their suffrages, to declare his opinion on certain points of national policy, which they propound to him through their chairman, and how does he respond to them? By an unmeaning rabble of words, through which no human penetration can trace the slightest shadow of a sensation, or an impression of an idea, of any opinion at all, and then hoping that this explicit and frank avowal of his sentiments may be satisfactory, subscribes himself their very humble servant; as if it were both unfair and unreasonable to expect from any candidate for office an open and honest disclosure of his sentiments in reference to any subject; and as if it were his firm conviction, as no doubt it is, that every candidate should be left free to dodge, and shuffle, and twist, according to the changing exigencies of coming times and seasons.

Some there be who affect to admire this species of adroitness as something meritorious and evincing an uncommon degree of sagacity. Mr. Van Buren must be amused at this, knowing, as he does, that this magnificent endowment of nature is in reality nothing more than low art and cunning, which is no otherwise wonderful than that any respectable man should gain his own consent to practise it. There are many men in this nation, now withering in the shade of popular disfavor, with whom in point of intellect and genius, he is not to be named, who would scorn to accept his political success upon the terms he employs to attain it.

Translated from the miserable diplomacy of the New York Regency to the charge of the Department of State at Washington, it was not to be expected that Mr. Van Buren should leave his favorite system of party tactics behind him. Nor did he. For it was scarcely known that he had reached the seat of the General Government, when the whole power of the National Executive was at once converted into a vast engine of party vengeance. Men were turned out of office by hundreds and thousands, and the immense patronage of the government employed without scruple, as the means of enlisting partisans, and of corrupting the press, for, in the general scramble for office, the editor of a scurrilous newspaper was an aspirant, upon whose approach all others retired with respectful deference.

To complete the work of organization, a secret, irresponsible, yet all-powerful cabal was formed at Washington, in the existence of which the nation immediately recognized all the odious and detestable features of the New York system. A junto more daring, and more base and profligate, never assumed to dictate the measures, the principles and opinions of any party in power. And yet to their decrees every functionary of the Government, from the highest to the lowest, was soon compelled to yield a ready acquiescence, or to give up his place. Through the machinations of this cabal, the Public, during the first term of the present Executive, were entertained at frequent intervals with a "blow up" at Washington, in which on some occasions, a whole batch of ministers, at other times a trio or pair of secretaries, were unceremoniously dismissed from office, and new setts called to fill their places.

In the various branches of the public service, particularly in the Post Office and in the Land Office, we have seen fraud, peculation, and corruption stalking abroad in open day, with none to rebuke, much less to punish them. The good old rule of selecting the best men for office is fairly exploded, and the highest stations of trust and profit reserved for those only who are ready to put on the collar and be harnessed to the car of faction.

These are the legitimate fruits of that cold, selfish, and sordid system of which Mr. Van Buren is the rightful inventer and sole patentee. I have seen enough of this gentleman to be well assured that no force of circumstances would ever confine him to a minority. The main purpose of his existence is to take care of himself, to find the strong side, and then hold on to it. The majority that could shake him off must not remain on the face of the earth—they would have to take wings and fly into the clouds.

The life of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison is the history of a gallant soldier, a diligent, enlightened, and useful citizen, a pure, upright, and good man. There is a beautiful simplicity pervading his whole life, character, and public services. Among all the distinguished men of our country now living there are none who present stronger claims upon the affection, gratitude, and admiration of the American people.

Passing through the usual course of academical education, he received from Gen. Washington, at the age of eighteen, the commission of a lieutenant in the army, was soon thereafter appointed an aid to General Anthony Wayne, and fought by the side of that distinguished hero in the bloody battle of the Miami. He was appointed Secretary of the North-western territory at the age of twenty-five; took his seat in Congress as the first delegate from that immense and fertile region at the age of twenty-six; was commissioned, at the unanimous solicitation of the north western people, the first governor at the age of twenty seven, by which appointment he became commander-in-chief of the militia, and held the selection of all magistrates, judges, and other civil officers of the Territory.

To the same distinguished and highly responsible station he was re-appointed by Mr. Jefferson in 1803, and in 1806, and again by Mr. Madison in 1809, being recommended in each instance by the general voice of the inhabitants of the Territory.—He fought the battle and achieved the victory of Tippecanoe in 1811, and in 1812 was invited by the Governor and Legislature of Kentucky to take the command of her brave troops, and to lead them to the frontier. In 1813 he sustained a siege of 13 days in Fort Meigs, during which period 1800 shells and balls were fired into that fortress. On the 5th of October, 1813, he came in view of Proctor's army, occupying a strong position on the river Thames, in Upper Canada, when, changing his order of battle on the instant, he charged the enemy with his mounted infantry at full speed, cut through their ranks until, reaching their rear, he wheeled, gave them a well directed volley of musketry, and the battle was ended. Six hundred prisoners, and property to the value of a million of dollars, fell into the hands of the victors. In 1816 he was elected to Congress from Ohio, and in 1824 received the appointment of Senator in Congress from the same state. He went to Columbia as Minister of the American Government in 1828, and is now clerk of a court in Cincinnati. During the course of his long, varied, and eventful career, millions upon millions have passed through his hands, and he is still a poor man, not a dollar of the People's money having ever been applied to his own use.

And where was Mr. Van Buren while the patriot hero was braving the rigors of a Northern clime, and leading the chivalry of the West to victory and renown? He was at home pacing his Brussels carpet, in his own comfortable parlor, contriving means of embarrassing President Madison in his prosecution of the war, and plotting mischief against his own countrymen in arms.

As to the stale and disgusting slanders with which the country is now inundated by the malignant harpies of a purchased and prostituted press, I pass them over in silence. But there is one allegation which is sometimes heard in more respectable quarters, and which, if true, would and ought to be conclusive against the pretensions of Gen. Harrison. It is this—that he is notoriously incompetent to discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate.

Of whom is it thus spoken. Of a man who, at the age of twenty-seven years, was selected by a bold, free, sturdy and jealous People, to be in his own person *their Government*, to be the sole depository of all political and military power, and to deal it out amongst them according to his own will and pleasure. Of a man who continued to exercise this vast authority during thirteen consecutive years, with a wisdom and foresight so unerring as to secure to himself the lasting respect, affection, and gratitude of the entire West. And to those powers vast as they were, is to be added that of superintendent of Indian affairs, in which capacity he negotiated alone, thirteen treaties with the different tribes, for extinguishing their titles to those lands which now constitute the fairest portions of the West.

Here I might pause and ask the question, where is the man of the age, who can adduce stronger proof of his capacity and general fitness for the exercise of civil responsibility and power? It would not be just however to General Harrison to break off at this point in the recital of his services.—We accompany him onward, therefore, from the exalted chair of a civil ruler, to the rougher scenes of bloodshed and war. Here we behold him, surrounded, at the dead hour of midnight, by the relentless fury of a savage foe, the tomahawk and rifle dealing death through his ranks; while clear above the din and noise of battle, we hear his voice cheering his troops and giving his commands, until the enemy are routed and driven from the field. Again we find him, face to face, in the open field, with the ablest of the British generals, and, by a bold and brilliant manœuvre, putting him almost to instant flight, and capturing the greater number of his troops. Thus we find the man who has proved himself to be pecutiarly fitted for civil rule, just as peculiarly fitted to be the leader of armies, against either a civilized or savage foe.

Moving further onward, we behold him in the halls of legislation, by the side of the greatest statesmen and orators of the republic and taking an equal part in all the great questions which came up for discussion during the period of his service in Congress.—I am to be told, then, that such a man, thus tried and trained from youth to age, is incompetant to fill the chair of Chief Magistrate?

Men there may be in this great nation of higher endowments and superior capacity to to General Harrison, but is Mr. Van Buren among the number? To those who answer yea, if any there be, I put the question, where is the proof of *his* statesmanship—the evidence of *his* ability? I aver, that to this day, I have never seen either. If he has made a speech in Congress, giving him any rank as a debater, let it be produced, and when that is done, I engage to produce a better speech of Geneoal Harrison's. If there be any production, either of the head or the pen of Mr. Van Buren, authorzing his pretensions to any eminence as a statesman, let it be named and produced, and then I will name and produce an abler production of General Harrison's.

Fellow citizens! on the first Monday of November you are to declare, through the ballot boxes, which of these two candidates is to be the man of your choice. On the one hand is the crafty politician, the cold, calculating intriguer, the man of mistery, whose whole life has been a series of plots, riddles, and stratagems. On the other is the open hearted soldier, the patriot without guile, one who has served his country with more fidelity than he has served his own family or or himself one who has had no secrets with his countrymen and who never suppressed a sentiment in his life. That the voice of Maryland is for the latter, is now an indisputable fact, and he can only lose her vote by the culpable supineness of his friends. Is there a man among us, who is unwilling to give one day out of three hundred and sixty-five to his country? I hope and trust there is not. Let that one day therefore be the first Monday in November. Let every man resolve within himself that, on that day, nothing short of sickness, or other inevitable calamity, shall prevent his going to the polls and all will be well. Very respectfully,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM PRICE.

October 13, 1836.

ALLEGANY TO THE RESCUE!

We received, by the mail last night, an Extra from the Cumberland Civilian, full of intelligence of the deepest interest and the highest importance to the people of Maryland. We regret that we cannot find room for the whole, but the following extracts will apprise our readers of the spirit with which the fell spirit of Revolution, Rebellion and Treason has been rebuked even by the patriotic Van Buren men of Allegany. The officers of the meeting were all, we believe, Van Buren men, except Messrs. Frost and Townsend, who are Whigs.

LARGE MEETING

Of the Citizens of Allegany county, at the Court House, in Cumberland, Oct. 17th, 1836.

In pursuance of public notice, an unusually large assemblage of the people of Allegany County, without distinction of party, convened at the Court House in the town of Cumberland, on Monday the 17th inst.—The meeting was organized by calling Wm. McMahon to the Chair, assisted by Meshack Frost and Joseph Dilley, and appointing John M. Buchanan Secretary, and Singleton Townshend assistant Secretary.

The object of the meeting, which was to take into consideration the present important crisis in our State affairs, was stated by B. S. Pigman.

James Dixon, (V. B.) of Frederick, having been called upon, addressed the meeting in an eloquent and forcible manner, repudiating, in the strongest terms, the conduct of the 18 recusant Senatorial Electors—denouncing the course recommended by them as leading directly to collision and ultimate bloodshed. On concluding his remarks, he was heartily and unanimously cheered by the meeting.

William Price, of Hagers-town, being next called upon, arose and addressed the meeting in his usual happy and eloquent manner, depicting the deplorable condition in which the state will be thrown by a perseverance in the course adopted by the recreant Electors. He sat down amidst the applause of the meeting.

The venerable chairman of the meeting—Wm. McMahon, *honest and true to the last*, next arose and implored the meeting in the name of God to pause and reflect before they took any step which could, by possibility, lead to a Revolution—that he hoped they would remain firm, and stand by and sustain the Laws and Constitution of the State. He seemed very much affected, and appeared like a father addressing his children, and in taking his seat was enthusiastically cheered.

Michael C. Sprigg, then offered a preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the meeting—(save the single dissenting voice of Mr. Daniel Blocher, the editor of the Advocate.)

The same paper contains a correspondence between Mr. Krebs, John James Graves and others, of the city of Baltimore, a Committee of the Revolutionists, and John M. Buchanan, Esq. one of the delegates elect from Alleghany county, a strong Van Buren man. The Revolutionists invoked Mr. Buchanan's aid to their rebellious projects, but he declines in a tone which must have suffused with shame and confusion the cheeks of the anarchist committee. Mr. Buchanan has covered himself with glory. We have room only for the annexed extract from his letter.—*Balt. Chron.*

"But inasmuch as I conscientiously believe that should the course recommended by the nineteen recusant electors be carried into effect, it will be destructive of the best interests of the state, and will inflict a stab upon our institutions, and present happy and prosperous condition as a state, which neither time nor the ingenuity of man will ever be able to heal, I cannot of course co-operate with you in carrying the proposed convention into effect.

"In thus refusing to lend you my aid, I trust I will not lay myself liable to the imputation of having changed my sentiments upon the all absorbing subject of state reform.

"Those who know me personally will not for a moment entertain such an idea. It is well understood here that I have been a principal pioneer in Allegany in propagating the principles of reform; but I never for an instant supposed that the good work was to be accomplished by means of a Revolution, and at the sacrifice of the honor of the state, and thereby bringing upon us all the calamities of a civil war, anarchy, confusion, bloodshed, and a train of evils too horrible to imagine. This is no ideal picture. Before the proposed project can be consummated we will be witnesses of the sad reality, and those who are foremost and loudest in advocating this nefarious scheme, will be the first to fall victims to their mad and ruinous indiscretion.

"I entreat you, gentlemen, by that love which I know you all entertain for your country, by the tender and endearing ties by which you are connected with your wives and children, to abandon your present wild and visionary scheme (to call it by no harsher name) and let us all, at this important crisis, unite, cordially and heartily, in one common effort to save the constitution of the state and her laws inviolate, from the perfidious hands of ambitious demagogues, and the machinations of wicked, corrupt and abandoned political knaves."

JOHN M. BUCHANAN.

LOOK ALOFT!

The corruptionists, so lately trembling under the apprehension of impending justice, revived by the recent news from deluded and duped Pennsylvania, again raise their heads, and pour forth the song of triumph. They have gained, at the late election, one State, (Pennsylvania,) which they *always* claimed, by a less majority than they ever claimed; and, by the clamor which they raise to keep their spirits up, one would suppose they had carried the General Election at which, in the next month, they may, as likely as not, lose the vote of that very State. On the other hand, they have lost, irrecoverably lost, another great State (Ohio) which, only one short week ago, was positively and unqualifiedly claimed by their highest authority, as *certain* for them.

We invoke the opponents of the present misrule, in every part of the country, to be firm, faithful, and fearless in the discharge of their duty as good citizens. Instead of looking down into the abyss beneath their feet, let them look aloft, with some confidence in themselves, but a great deal more in the beneficence of a wise Providence.

Hitherto, whilst they have not suffered themselves to be betrayed into a childish exultation by the almost ludicrous dismay of their oppenents at *their* defeats, let them not be depressed by results such as those in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, which were foreseen by most of the politicians who do not suffer their wishes to outrun their judgment.

With the proper resolution, and combined exertions, the defeat of the Spoilsmen is demonstrably within the power of their opponents, with, or without, Pennsylvania, which State we are willing to allow to be doubtful. With this allowance, however, instead of wincing and fretting because we have not carried every doubtful State, let us again cast up our account of probabilities, judged by the Elections as far as they have progressed, and be ruled by the demonstration of figures rather than by fears, the querulous utterance of which is calculated to unnerve the arms of our friends, and encourage the presumption of our antagonists.

How, then, now stands our account current of calculations, founded upon elections which have taken place this Fall? Here it is:

For Mr. Van Buren.

Illinois,	5
Missouri,	4
Arkansas,	3
Rhode Island,	4
Maine,	10
New Jersey,	8
Pennsylvania,	30

In all SIXTY FOUR.

Against Mr. Van Buren.

Louisiana,	5
Alabama,	7
North Carolina,	15
Kentucky,	15
Indiana,	9
Maryland,	10
Vermont,	7
Ohio,	21

In all, EIGHTY NINE.

So, that, give the Spoilsmen New Jersey and Pennsylvania—we should be very sorry to believe that they have bagged either the one or the other—and we still beat them *twenty five electoral votes*. And, as for the remaining ten States, the chances are at least equal in our favor. Look aloft, then, we say, and throw to the winds all vain regrets and needless apprehensions!

Aristocracy.—It is ridiculous to talk about aristocracy in a country like this, where scarce one man in a million can trace his ancestry up beyond his grandfather, without finding himself descended from a common laborer. Ninety-nine hundreths of the wealthy men in the United States, by their own industry and frugality, have made their own fortunes by hard work and saving.—Here and there an individual may be found who, by a lucky speculation, or some other fortunate achievement which depend neither upon talents, industry, nor personal worth has obtained an independent property at a stroke, for which most of the world labor during a large portion of their lives. But the sight is very rare. The rich in this country, in general, are those who by incessant labor, and by strict economy have accumulated the means whereby, in their latter years, they could live upon former earnings. There is no occupation that will not terminate in wealth by this course, whereas he who spends as he goes, lives well and dies poor. This constitutes the great distinction between the rich and poor in this country. There is no permanent division of classes. The poor sons of rich sires become the rich sires of poor sons; and so the wheel goes round. Any body who doubts these facts, would learn something by turning over the public records of any old town in New England.

He will find, with scarce an exception, that the descendants of the leading man of four generations back are the poor of the present day; while the rich and great of this time most commonly trace their origin to the haunts of humble labor and obscurity. These considerations should diminish the conceit of those who are made arrogant by the possession of wealth, and who imagine that they are set up above "the common people."—*Salem Register.*

A SMALL SOUL.

A biped, who has grown to the stature of a man, was addressed in the following manner, by a gentleman who had been transacting some business with him:

"*You* claim to be a *human* being! Why, sir, if you *have* a soul, ten thousand of its size would have more room in the shell of a mustard seed, than a frog in the Pacific ocean. Nay, more: ten thousand souls like yours might colonize on the point of a cambric needle, and live for fifty years, increasing in a ratio equal to the Irish peasantry, and should they then have a civil war, the vanquished party would have mountains and valleys to retreat to, ten days' journey off. Why, man, neighbor Gripes's soul is as much larger than yours as a saw mill log is larger than the thread of a spider's web; and his can hardly be discerned by the aid of a microscope that magnifies a million of times. Nonentity, where are thy children."

This same biped was a hatter, and actually tried the experiment of ascertaining how many beaver hats he could make from one mouse skin. It is said he would make two dandy hats from the skin of a good fat flea, and two boys' hats from the skin of a bed bug. This goes ahead of the steam doctor, who said he could make two young men out of an old one, and have enough left to make a Newfoundland dog. Wooden nutmegs and cucumber seeds, speak now, or forever after hold your peace.

The Mobile Register, one of the most violent Van Buren papers in the United States, says, in speaking of Mr. Dallas' letter, that *it proves the author insane.*

Self-conceit is a standing pool which exhibits other men to the eye, not only below us, but completely inverted.