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 appendage upon whose approach all others retired with respectful deference.

To complete the work of organization, a secret, irresponsible, yet all powerful cable 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 cable, the Public, during the first term of the present Executive, were entertained at frequent intervals with a 'shew 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 sents 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 cool, selfish, and sordid system of which Mr. Van Buren is the rightful inventor 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 Gen. Anthony Wayne, and fought by the side of that distinguished hero in the bloody battle of the Miami. He was appointed Secretary of the Northwestern 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 soon instructed, at the head of his brave troops, and to lead them to the frontier. In 1813 he sustained a seige of 13 days in Fort Meigs, during which period 1500 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 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 too old and 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, all their 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? I 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 examined 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 & 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 peculiarly 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. And I to be told, then, that such a man, thus tried and trained from youth to age, is incompetent to fill the chair of Chief Magistrate?

Men there may be in this great nation of higher endowments and superior capacity 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 General Harrison's—If there be any production, either of the head or the pen of Mr. Van Buren, authorizing his pretensions to any eminence as a statesman let it be named and produce, and then I will name and produce an abler production of General Harrison's.

I know 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 presented to you the crafty politician, the cold, calculating intriguer, the man of mystery whose whole life has been a series of plots, tricks, 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 himself. He 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 the three hundred and sixty-five to his country? I hope and trust there is not. Let that one day, therefore, be the first Monday of 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,
WM. PRICE.

October 13, 1836.

From the Harrisburg Chronicle a Van Buren paper.

In as much as the nineteen electors refused to meet the other twenty-one, for the express purpose of altering, as they say, the constitution, these nineteen have by so doing, violated the constitution of Maryland, which says, 'the electors shall meet,' &c. to perform the duties assigned them by that instrument. And in violating that instrument, they have done what no good citizen in any State should do, no matter what defects in the mode of legislation, so long as there is a constitutional remedy. We question whether there is a more glaring outrage of every thing like constitutional provision or total disregard of law and the consequent welfare of a civil community on record, since the revolution in France in 1816, than the course of the nineteen electors in Maryland. We regret exceedingly that party malignity is driving men to such measures. We would deplore this state of things in any party.—But that the party to which we belong—the party for which we have fought, and in the party of which we have gloried, should so far from its high standing—stoop and so degrade itself, wounds us to the very heart, and involuntarily draws from us the exclamation 'the mighty have fallen.'

The minority electors are revolutionists in principle, and jacobins in practice—nothing else can be made of them.—They have been elected under the constitution to perform certain duties, and these duties were known to them before their election. They have, therefore by refusing to comply with the requisitions of the constitution of Maryland, violated that instrument, and broken a promise most sacred, which they falsely made by contending to run for Electors.—Now, what under the sun can be made of men who do all this? Did Benedict Arnold do worse? Did Robespierre do worse? Did Marat advocate doctrines more dangerous to his dungeon journal? No. And he who sanctions the course taken by the minority Electors of Maryland, cannot disapprove of the conduct of those French revolutionists.

CENTRAL COURSE RACE.—*Second day.*—Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey were pitted against each other today. Capt. Stockton introduced Monmouth as his champion for the Craig Place,—and a most beautiful set of plate was it—Col. Johnson.—the great Johnson, the conqueror of a thousand fields whose name heads the Anti Van Buren Electoral ticket in Virginia,—Col Johnson introduced a filly, of beautiful form' called Gabriella, round whose brow no chaplets of victory were entwined, and who had not, so far, 'fulfilled the promise of her spring;'—Modest in demeanor she had still an eye wild as the gazelle's'—'now frightly bold, now bearing fully shy.' Col Garrison brought forward Virginia Graves who, with all his modesty and in view of her improvement in every respect, asked to be forgiven for an old trick she had, of winning the first heat and getting distanced the next, and claimed to be considered *somewhere* in the race.

Monmouth was the favorite at large odds, and was backed against the field 100 to 75, and in some instances 2 to 1. Virginia Graves had her admirers and Gabriella was counted upon by those who took the odds, more on account of the fame—*spirited fame*—of her owner than any thing else, except her extreme beauty.

The day was every thing that could be wished. A free breeze blowing and light clouds occasionally passing before the sun, gave to the course and country round a calm beauty, whilst it raised the hearts of all lighter and caused 'the young blood to run frolic through the veins.'

First Heat.—At one precisely, Mr Stevens, who had been appointed by the president chief judge, gave the word for the bugle to sound, & in a few moments the obedient grooms brought up their horses. 'Old Stanley' led up Virginia—a Jersey Blue brought up Monmouth, and a white haired son of the Old Dominion brought up Gabriella. [*Mem* Arthur Taylor, has defied his 'white cloth, and now sports one of the best covers, and was to-day, 'neat, trimly dressed,' and it was thought by the prognosticators to be a bad sign.] A tap of the drum—each rider rises in his stirrups and away they go! [That starting Gabriella with a horse whose name is not exactly the thing,'—see to it, Mr Taylor.] As they turn the corner, Monmouth breaks away from Virginia, and before they reach the top of the hill has taken the post in front, and under a steady pace reaches the turn for the run home. Where Virginia Graves made play at him and as they passed the judge's stand, went a few feet ahead. On the rise of the hill Monmouth shows her his heels and at a easy rein came round home, three lengths ahead of Virginia—Gabriella just in the hedging made no effort for the heats. Time now, 4m 14s. The track is very heavy, having been covered with rain just before the late rains, which soaked it and makes it in many places very soft.

The horses all cooled off well—and it was 100 to nothing, that Monmouth wins the money, and no takers.

Second heat—At the sound of the bugle they are all brought up, and, at the tap of the drum, with their noses all in a line, rush forward. A severe cut of the horse-whip sent Gabriella off at a killing pace, and before they leave the pickets she is clear of them all—the boy then took a steady pull on her and away she went, leaving the others twenty feet behind.—With a steady stride she passed round and, turning for home, is clear of them all. At this point, Virginia Graves tips Monmouth the wink, and they went at her—Gabriella going all the time at her ease, under no false impression of her superiority, but with a maidenish belief that Monmouth was too gallant to go before her, and that Virginia Graves could not stay there if she went. So they pass the stand, and as they go for the pickets, Virginia goes ahead and Monmouth manifests a disposition to do so too, at which Gabriella becomes 'miffed,' and in twenty yards she is clear of them all, Monmouth at her heels begging for a parley. He gives it up and Virginia tries what she can do, runs up to her girth and whispers the desire of Monmouth,—'Subtle she is and practised in the arts'—but in vain—Gabriella's maiden pride is wounded, and with unfaltering steps she passes the goal and wins the heat. Time 4 m. 3s. 'Better but still slow—'The track,' aye! 'the track!' breaks in upon the time!

Many an eye and mouth is opened with wonder and astonishment and the 'knowing ones' might pass for the direct descendants of the ancient family of Gapers,' so wide are their jaws thrown asunder. The 100 to 0 men are like Gendower's spirits—'you may call them but they wont come!' Bets are now offered 100 to 50—100 to 25 that Gabriella wins the money, and no takers, disposition to take.

Third heat—They are off again—Gabriella takes the lead and maintains it to the end; Virginia Graves made one ineffectual effort to pass—and then contented herself with saving her distance, and Monmouth with broken spirits feels himself and is distanced twice over—Time 4 m 12s.

We regret to say that the spectators today were few, but comprehensive index of the taste of the city. The wind yesterday has improved the course, and the number and character of the entries give assurance of *great* sport.

CENTRAL COURSE RACES.—*Fourth Day*—The Jockey Club Purse of $1000 was this day to be the reward of the winner.—The great son of Eclipse now on the turf, Mingo, aged five years, was the representative of Pennsylvania, & was entered by Gen Irvine. He has recently walked over the Long Island Course for the Jockey Club purse of $1000 having no competitor—Post Boy was entered not on the morning of the race, he was drawn in consequence, as the Spirit of the Times say, of *indisposition*.' Mingo's powers were acknowledged, and there are those who will take the odds that he beats Post Boy if they meet this week at Camden—*mais revenons* Mr. Garrison's chestnut filley, Gloryina, (formerly Miss Maynard) aged four years, was the representative of Maryland. She was raised in Anne Arundel by Mr. Stockett, and by her performance had tended much to increase the popularity of her sire Industry—Catharine Davis, the property of Mr. Goodwyn was this day to vindicate the fame of the Old Dominion, which she had recently, over the Tree Hill course, beat her half brother Argyle, the three mile day, in two heats, after a severe contest in 5 m. 55s. and 6m. 10s. and had afterwards over the same course, we believe, won the four mile purse against an excellent field in good time.

Never were two hounds more at fault than were the 'knowing ones.' On the evening before the race. Large sums were bet on Mingo against Gloryina; Mingo against the field; Catharine Davis against Gloryina; Catharine Davis against Mingo. The backers of Gloryina were very few, & the best informed of them took her willingly against either of the other. On the morning of the race, Mingo declined, and some of his friends were very anxious to 'hedge'—offering as much as 100 to 80 on the field against him and not taken—the 'item' was $500 to 400;—and when the bugle gave warning, that the hour was approaching, the betters were at a stand—nothing doing, and many of them who had been 'casting up' were seen casting up their book, to find how they would be affected by either horse winning.—The result of the 'casting up' was that if Mingo won, his friends would win slightly—if Gloryina won her friends would win largely—if she 'came out' second best, they would 'stand off,' and if Catharine Davis won, her friends would win largely, and the friends of Mingo have 'pockets to let.' Taking it all together, this was one of the largest betting races ever run over the Central course, and so completely was every 'point' made, that by possibility the least might be lost or won.—We state these particulars in illustration of the fact, that no one can tell which horse will win until the race is over.

First heat—Gloryina has the track, Mingo next and Catharine Davis outside. The rest off—a beautiful start!—and Catharine Davis, as they turn the corner, is ahead. There they go! Mingo with *the* Eclipse stride,' running second, and Gloryina ten feet in the rear.—Down the stretch they go, all seemingly hard in hand. Round they come, one after another, and on the extreme edge of the course they are running up the stretch home. Here they are! Catharine ahead! 'What was the time of that mile, Mr. S.?' '2m. 5s.' 'Very good, indeed, considering the track.' They're on the top of the hill, and, in the same order, are going down—now they turn the corner—now they are coming up—there! they are passed—Catharine still ahead. In the same way they run the next half mile, when Gloryina makes a disposition to increase the pace, to which Mingo agrees and the friends of Catharine Davis tremble for her safety. With accelerated pace she runs round and is coming by home, Mingo close on her, with Gloryina at his heels. They pass the stand—they pass the hill!—Alas for human hopes! Catharine Davis is done! Mingo has closed upon her and without waiting to say 'how do you do?' he passes! and in the same unceremonious manner Gloryina gives her the 'go by.' 'Two to one that Catharine Davis is distanced,' is in the mouth of every one, as the *daylight* increases between her and Mingo, who has given place to Gloryina, and who is chasing the daughter of Industry down the stretch at a killing pace. Mingo is closing on her—as they run round the turn he gains on her and as they come up the run home is pulling her by the three latch! She cant stand it—in vain are the persuaders used freely—in vain does her anxious rider shade her head—in vain do her backers cry to her 'go along'—the horse is up'—one more jump and he is ahead! The shouts of his admirers rend the air—the heat is his, and the chances are two to one that he wins the money. Catharine Davis is distanced. Time 8m. 25s—long—but recollect the state of the track, which forces the horses to run on the extreme edge, thus increasing the distance in four rounds, nearly a quarter of a mile.

Catharine Davis had disappointed every one, but doubtless on a better course would have left us to tell a different tale. The others are ready when the bugle sounds, and Mingo beats the earth with his hoof, impatient of delay."

Second heat—At the tap of the drum, Gloryina takes the lead and maintains it for three miles and a half; when Mingo, who had been following closely in her footsteps, went up to her, and after a short 'rally,' passed her.—The persuaders are freely used, but in vain. Hard in hand Mingo comes up, and with Gloryina at his saddle haunches, passes the stand—'the winner of the day'—as was the toast afterwards at the Club dinner. Time 8m 2s.

EXPRESS MAIL.—This mail will commence running on the 15th of November next.

Between New York and Philadelphia there will be two mails daily upon the railroads, running with the speed of the express, and carrying the entire mail matter, in consequence of which the additional postage will not be charged between those cities. The same policy will be pursued between Philadelphia and Baltimore, and further south, as soon as the Department by the aid of the railroads or other means can give the whole mail the same expedition as the express.

The Department will endeavor to make such arrangements, as will give the towns on the upper line through New Jersey, the same mail facilities they now enjoy, and expects shortly to improve them.

Annexed are the regulations formed by the Postmaster General in reference to the matter to be conveyed by this mail:—*Globe.*

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.
October 22 1836

Regulation for the Express Mail.

1. No letters will be sent by this mail, except such as have written upon them the words 'Express Mail.'

2. No free letters, nor letters containing money, nor letters exceeding half an ounce in weight, except public despatches, nor any newspapers or pamphlets, will be sent by this mail.

3. All letters bearing a frank, or containing money, or weighing more than half an ounce, be put into post offices marked 'Express Mail,' the postmasters will erase those words, and send them by the ordinary mail.

4. All letters & public despatches sent by this mail will be charged with triple the usual rates of postage

5. Letters marked 'Express Mail,' and put into post offices not on the line of the express, will be sent by that line when they reach it, and will be charged, where put in with triple postage for the whole distance.

6. Editors of newspapers have a right to receive free by this mail, slips from all newspapers which they may now receive free by the ordinary mail, but cannot receive the slips and the newspapers both, if both come to them, the postmasters will charge the newspapers with postage.

7. Slips from newspapers, and small parts of newspapers cut out, or strips specially printed by newspaper publishers, to convey the last news, foreign or domestic. But one slip can be received from the same newspaper; and in no case must it exceed in size two columns of such newspaper.

8. Newspaper slips must show on their face from what new-papers they come, and be put into the post office open with the name of the editor or newspaper for whom designed distinctly written upon them.

9. Postmasters will put all slips for the same place in a packet directed to that place.

NEW JERSEY.—The Whigs made so little pretensions of obtaining the vote of N. Jersey, as we stated previous to their election of last week, had allowed the State to go by default so long, it would be so difficult to bring them out again that we had no right to be sanguine. To our astonishment, and to the dismay of the Kinderhookers the Jersey blues in several of the counties *woke up* just on the eve of the election, and were actually surprised at their own strength. Had all the counties been roused in the same manner Van would have gone by the board. Middlesex and Burlington remained asleep, and the enemy walked over their course.—The *Express* remarks, 'our friends in Jersey did not know how strong they were, and, therefore did not wake up *all over* but only *in parts*. Somerset has turned a *somerset*, and come out Whig side up. Gloucester has turned a somerset too. The result, however, is highly cheering to the Whigs, and assures our friends of victory in November, if they will but wake up all over the State. Last year the Jackson majority was 22, but this year it is only 10. Last year the Council, which is the Senate of New Jersey, stood 5 (W.) 9 (V. B.) Now there is a tie in the Council.'

A fine field on the water.—On Saturday afternoon five of the fleetest steamboats in our waters left the city together for different places on the Sound. The Bunker Hill and Lexington for Hartford, New Haven for New Haven; & Cleopatra & Narragansett for Providence. They all went off, as the sporting phrase is, in fine style; and in passing through Hell gate were nearly neck and neck. To-morrow morning we shall hear which were the victors.—*N. Y. Amer.*

Sacrilege.—Late on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning some villains effected an entrance into Trinity Church. They carried off twelve yards of broadcloth, which was put over the pulpit for mourning; a box of candles, and a looking glass.—*N. Y. Express.*

THOMAS EWING.

The following admirable letter from Mr. Ewing, of the U. S. Senate, was addressed to the Working-Men of Cincinnati:—*Balt Pat.*

LANCASTER, Ohio, Oct 3, 1836.

Gentlemen:—I received your favor of the 27th ult. inviting me, in behalf of the Working Men of Cincinnati, to attend and address a meeting to be held by them on the 8th inst.

I would accept the invitation with pleasure, if my other engagements would permit, but unfortunately they do not.—*I* must therefore, deny myself the gratification which I should feel in meeting with so many of my fellow-citizens and joining with them in the discussion of subjects, important to the character of our State and to the safety of the pure republican institutions of our country. I should be the more gratified to be with them, as I am assured they are, what they profess to be, real *working men*—a portion of the hard-handed and sound hearted yeomen and mechanics of our country. Men on whose intelligence, integrity and patriotism, our republican constitution must rest as the surest and strongest pillar, which sustains and supports it.

You have been kind enough, in the letter which you wrote in their behalf, to speak in terms grateful to my feelings, of the taunts and sneers which have been cast out against me, for having once been a working man, and having laboured with my own hands for my support and advancement. Many false things have been said and written of me, but this is not one of them. This is true; I admit the charge to its full extent—and if the working man be unworthy to raise to the elevated stations in our Republic. Then I am unworthy. If wealthy parentage, tender nurture, and youth spent in ease, in indulgence or luxury, be essential to qualify a man for office in the Republic, then am I not qualified, for I have had none of those advantages. My father was poor, and lived a life of hardship & privation—when young, he was a subaltern officer, of the Revolution, and shared the fortune of many of the ardent youth of that day, who devoted themselves to the same glorious cause. At the close of the war, he was cast upon the world without property, or the habit or means of acquiring it. He left his native State and sought a home in the frontier settlements, in the then 'far West,' where I was born in a very humble shed, and reared, not surely, in the lap of luxury. With my mental and physical powers as my only inheritance, *I* was brought up a working man, or rather a working boy—among the people, and *truly* one of them—and I have no regret that my lot was so cast. I have seen and known and felt, how much of manly sense, shrewdness of observation, sterling worth and generous feeling, are concealed beneath the rough exterior of the plain working men of our country. I know them well, for I have been an inmate of their homes, a guest at their tables, and one amid the social circle around their firesides; and I look back to those scenes, not ohly with pleasure, but with pride.

I am proud to feel that I carry with me something of the true character and spirit of the American working man. I was early imbued with that spirit—imbibed it in infancy—I grew up with it to manhood, and I hope I shall retain it to the latest period of my life. And if to these characteristics, which I claim with them as our common heritage—If to their sound good sense, just moral feeling, patriotic devotion & firmness in support of the right, I have been able to add that knowledge which is the fruit of long and laborious study—that facility for business which springs from habit—some thing of literary taste, and a talent for public speaking, which enables me to bring the powers of my mind and my stores of knowledge into use, when I claim, that event without the advantage of high birth & early fortune, I am fit to stand forth in the presence of the nation as the true representative of the people of my State.

In the elevated station to which their partiality has called me, I have still been a working man. I have not wasted my time in idleness, nor my energies in the haunts of dissipation—but have devoted myself fully and entirely to my effective duties—the service of my State and the Union. I am now assailed with a virulence, heretofore unknown in the annals of our political warfare—those who had fixed their eyes on the revenues of the General Post Office, the public Treasury, and the Public Lands, and marked them as their plunder and their spoils, now rage with fury against me.—I am not surprised at it. I stand in their path, and they have been so long kept back from the tempting bait, that they are now hungry and fierce for their prey. If I had been dull and inefficient—if I had slept upon my post—or especially, if I had connived at the villainy which I saw practiced, I might have been permitted to pass without reproach, and probably received as a favorite by those who now assail me.

But I did, not, for my very nature forbade it—I did not calculate chances, or weigh the advantage, which one course of conduct would bring, or the dangers to which another would expose me. A sentinel on the watch-tower, I had no choice, but to give warning of danger when *I* saw it approaching. Placed in the breach, I must defend my post, until the people could rally and come to the rescue. And, whether I be now sustained by their cheering voice, or borne down by the multitude, and the malice of my enemies, I regret nothing of my course, and shall never wish that I had changed it. One of its consequences only, I look to with anxiety and pain—it

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11031-0043.jpg