THE EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly,
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood-robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew;
Starlight unimpassioned;
Dawn's most tender hue;
And scented by the woods, that gathered sweets for you.

Fairest and most lonely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only,
Veiled from Nature's heart,
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And dwell in the dear woods where my lost childhood played.

Specimen of Russian Justice.

AMONG the French prisoners taken at the battle of Vitebsk, during Napoleon's disasterous retreat in Russia, was a French general, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Being badly wounded, he was removed to the military hospital; but the ladies were received into the private house of Madame Strognof, whose husband held at that time, a subordinate appointment under the Russian Government.

A certain Botwinko was then Procureur at Vitebsk. Without the Procureur's sanction nothing can be done in his department; for he represents the Emperor himself and is usually called the "eye of His Majesty." His salary is only about twenty-five pounds a-year; but he makes, usually, a good income by receiving bribes. Among other duties, he had to visit the hospitals daily and report upon the condition of the prisoner patients. He paid great attention to the unhappy General, who required every consolation; for despite of his own deplorable condition, it was decreed that he should outlive his wife. That lady caught a contagious fever, which was raging at that time at Vitebsk, and died in a few hours. This event so distressed the General that he soon departed this world, with the only consolation that Procureur Botwinko, a married, but childless man, would adopt his daughter. This promise was actually fulfilled, and the little orphan was taken from Madame Strognof, and established under the Procureur's roof. Her parent's property—consisting of a carriage, horses, jewelry, and no small sum of ready money—was also taken possession of by Botwinko in quality of guardian to the little orphan.

As the girl—whom they called "Sophie"—grew up, she became very engaging, and was kindly treated by Mr. and Madame Botwinko. She never lost an opportunity, when any visitors were in the Procureur's house, of praising her protectors for her kindness to her; and this, connected with other circumstances, contributed to the promotion of Mr. Botwinko; who obtained the more profitable situation of Procureur-General at Vilna, the capital of Lithuania.

Removal from their old connections, and from those who knew all the circumstances of little Sophie's history, produced a change in the treatment of the new Procureur-General and his wife toward the child. Their kindness rapidly diminished. Sophie was not allowed to appear in the drawing rooms, in this new residence at Vilna. They incessantly found fault with her; and ultimately, she was not only sent to the kitchen under the control of the cook; but, on the census of the population being taken, in 1816, her name was inscribed on the books as that of a serf.

As the poor girl grew up she became used to the duties imposed upon her. Associating constantly with the servants, they considered her their equal, and taunted her when—relying on her infantine recollections, she laid claim to noble descent—by calling her in derison "Mademoiselle French General." She knew full well that she was entitled to better treatment; and, that in the absence of parental authority, she had the right of disposing of herself according to her own will. A strong inducement to alter her condition was presented in the person of a young clerk in a government office, whose duty sometimes brought him with papers to the Procureur for signature. While Botwinko was engaged with his breakfast and the perusal of papers, this clerk was sometimes kept dangling for hours in the antechamber. After a time, these hours were agreeably spent in the society of Sophie; to whom he eventually made a proposal of marriage. She consented; but unwilling to leave her guardian like a fugitive, she apprised him of her determination, and humbly requested an account of the property which she had been informed he had taken charge of at her parent's death.

The Procureur-General at first excused himself from giving her an immediate answer. The next day he presented himself at the police office, the whole of whose functionaries were under his control—What he said or did is not known, but the result was that Sophie was taken into custody by police, and committed to jail.

Many months elapsed before her fate was known at home. It was stated that she absconded. The clerk, banished the Procureurs' house, could not discover the cause of the girl's disappearance; and as all Russian criminal proceedings are conducted with great secrecy, he only ascertained by a mere accident that the girl had been sentenced, by a superior court, to receive a certain number of lashes by the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. The crime of which they accused her was that of attempting to poison her master and mistress.

Alarmed at this information, the young man, without waiting for more particulars, addressed a petition to the war governor of Vilna, the old General Korsakoi; whose power in that province was almost omnipotent, and if not misdirected, was very often beneficial to the inhabitants. The petitioner requested the General's interference, and an investigation of the case; assuring him that the girl was innocent, and that the legal authorities who condemned her had been corrupted.

The General was accustomed to decide *en militaire*. He had received from the police court an unfavorable opinion of the petitioner's character, which was described as "restless;" and was, moreover, rather offended at his authority having been appealed to by a subordinate. He therefore settled the business summarily, by sending the young petitioner to the military service for life, in virtue of the vagrant act.

Still the young man's petition produced a good effect; the poor girl was not flogged, lest that might have provoked some disturbance in the town. She was merely dressed in convict's apparel and sent off to Siberia.

The transport of Russian convicts costs the Government but very little. They go on foot, sleep in *etapes* or barracks; and the daily allowance for their subsistence amounts only to five kopecks, equal to a half-penny in English money. This they, as well as the poor old soldiers who escort them, have to eke out by charity.—For that purpose the most attractive person of each party of exiles is delegated—box in hand, but an armed soldier behind—to beg alms of the benevolent; and Sophie was appointed to be the suppliant for the rest of her wretched companions.

The road from Vilna to Siberia passes through Vitebsk. The convicts had not been long in the town before Sophie encountered Madame Strognof, who recognized the girl from her very great likeness to her mother, who died in that lady's house. When she learned that Sophie had been living with the Botwinkos, she had no longer a doubt.

The girl asserted her innocence of the pretended crime for which she was on her way to Siberia, with tearful energy, and the good Madame S. believed her; but her husband who was at that time the Vice-Governor of Vitebsk, to disabuse his wife's romantic dreams, as he called them, sent for the officer escorting the prisoners, and showed her the list of prisoners, which contained a full record, not only of the crime imputed to the orphan girl, but also of the punishment to which she had been condemned.

In the face of an official document which appeared to be regular, and which detailed the girl's presumed offense with circumstantial consistency, Madame Strognof began to waver in her belief of Sophie's protestations; but the unfortunate girl asserted her innocence so strongly and incessantly, that the Vice-Governor himself was at length induced to look into the facts. The first suspicion that entered his mind was derived from the circustance of the document stating that the culprit had been punished with the knout; while, it was evident from her appearance, that that dreadful torture had not been inflicted. He caused a medical man to examine her, who testified that not a scar appeared; yet the knout leaves ineffaceable traces for life.

In consequence of this discrepancy, Sophie was allowed to remain for some time at Vitebsk under the plea of illness; which, at the request of the Vice-Governor, was readily certified by an official surgeon.—After some delay, a memorial was forwarded by the unfortunate sufferer to the late Emperor Alexander, in consequence of which a court messenger was sent immediately to Vilna. This gentleman brought back to St. Petersburg an enormous volume, containing the so-called depositions taken at the pseudo trial. After inspection of them the Emperor decided that they proved the legality of the proceedings. So artfully were these depositions framed, that among them appeared the formula of a chemical analysis of the poison which the girl was accused of administering, and a full confession, to which the culprit's signature was forged.

The answer, therefore, from the throne was not only unfavorable, but the authorities of Vitebsk were reprimanded for allowing the girl to importune his Majesty without sufficient grounds.

Notwithstanding Madame Strognof was not discouraged; and to the great alarm of her husband had another petition drawn up and forwarded with a suitable memorial to the Princess Maria Fedorowna, the Emperor's mother, who was known to all the country as a pious charitable lady.—This petition presented to his majesty by his own mother, had so great an influence over him, that he ordered the girl to be brought to St. Petersburg. He felt convinced that some unaccountable mystery was involved in the case.

In due time Sophie arrived at St. Petersburg; and underwent a rigid examination. She asseverated with the most earnest truthfulness, that all the depositions were ficticious; that the chemical analysis was a wicked invention; and that the signature to her fabricated confession was a forgery. She also denied that any trial had taken place, or that she had been examined in any court whatever. Upon this, the Emperor appointed Mr. Getzewicz, the Governor of Minsk—who was known as a trustworthy man—to go to Vilna, to investigate the case, and report the result. For this purpose the papers and the girl were forwarded back to Vilna.

The mission of Mr. Getzewicz was by no means an easy or pleasant one: he had to contend with a swarm of official insects; which, like Canadian mosquitoes when disturbed, attack the new-comer from every side. However, Getzewicz stood his ground firmly. He soon discovered that the secretary of the police court who had drawn up the depositions was a convict, sentenced for life to Siberia for having been associated with highway robbers.—He had escaped, and was retained in his situation by merely changing his Christian name, and by being reported dead by Mr. Botwinko. The components of the rest of the court were no less suspicious. In Russia, the police and Sheriff courts, and even the provincial senate itself are the asylums for military veterans; who, during their long service, had never been trained up to the law. The secretaries draw documents for them, which they sign—very often without reading; that task being tiresome, and often incomprehensible to them.

The court which had promoted and confirmed Sophie's prosecution, consisted of illiterate worn-out officers, who had no scruple in committing the Procureur-General's victim for trial to the First Criminal Court, (Sond Grodoski.)

But how was the deception carried on before the higher tribunals? This would puzzle the most ingenious rascality to guess. But Botwinko was a genius in his way:—he actually brought before that court, as well as before the highest tribunal, another young woman, who represented herself to be the girl in question, and confessed her supposed guilt with all the desired particulars. The extraordinary intrigue was the more easily accomplished from the secrecy with which criminal investigations in Russia are conducted.—Whenever the culprit acknowledged his crime, the sentence follows without farther inquiry; and, the jail being under the control of the police office, and the judges of the criminal courts not knowing the prisoner personally, they were obliged to receive in this instance the confessions of any girl whom the police thought proper to send to them.

When the trial was over, the Procureur paid his hireling well, dismissed her, and drew forth his victim from her cell; substituted her for the wretch who had stood at the bar, and sent her to Siberia. Villainy, however, be it ever so cunning, seldom half does its work of deception.—If Botwinko had had the whole sentence carried into effect, and poor Sophie knouted, he would not, perhaps, have been discovered by his colleagues at Vitebsk; and he might have lived a respected public officer to his day; for of such characters does the Russian system admit the prosperous existence. As it was, however, on the report of Mr. Getzewicz, Botwinko, the secretary of the police, and many of his superiors were thrown into prison.

The end of this dreadful story is melancholy, for in the end guilt triumphed.—The Procureur General, having several partners in his guilty practices, had, if one may so abuse the expression, many friends. At first they tried most ingeniously to bribe Mr. Getzewicz, and induce him to give up further proceedings, but, finding him inflexible, they put a stop to all that business by administering poison to the unfortunate Sophie. They even threatened the Governor of Minsk himself, in an anonymous letter, to do the same for him.

That threat, it seems, produced the desired effect on the honest but weak-minded man. Seeing with what desperate people he had to contend—so much so, that his own life was in danger—he sent his final report to the (at that that time) lingering Emperor Alexander, with a request for further instructions. In the mean time he returned to his own residence at Minsk leaving the illustrious Vilna officials in their own prison.

Shortly afterwards, the Emperor died at Taganrog. His second brother, the present Emperor, Nicholas I.—greeted on his accession to the throne, with a formidable insurrection at St. Petersburg, and with alarming conspiracies and political intrigues in the army—had no time to direct his attention to so trifling an affair as that of our heroine. Political prisoners were to be punished first, in order to spread terror among those who were not discovered as yet. The stability of the throne would not allow him to alarm the administrative servants and other criminals who never thought of subverting Romanoff's dynasty. Hence, with the exception of the political offenders, all others, whose actions were pending in different courts of justice, but not yet adjudicated, were amnestied by the Emperor on the occasion of his coronation, in 1826, at Moscow.

Thus, the Procureur and his associates were released from prison, losing nothing but their former situations. The Procureur, having scraped together a fortune by his bribes and graspings, did not care much at becoming an independent gentleman.

What became of Sophie's lover—the unfortunate clerk, who was sent to the army, for his honest but untimely application—could not be learned. He may now think that his punishment was deserved, and that the girl was really guilty; but it is more than propable that he will never again interfere to restrain the grossest injustice.

And here ends our melancholy tale, which the censorship of the press in Russia prevented from ever before being publicly related. Corroboration can, however, be derived from the inhabitants of Vilna, who lived there from 1816 to 1826 and from the archives of criminal courts.

SIGNOR BLITZ AT A NEGRO MEETING.

The naughtiest thing that Blitz ever did was to disturb a negro meeting some years ago, in Belknap street, Boston. The story is not generally known, as it would perhaps have led to some personal trouble to him, had it been represented to the authorities.

All Boston knows, or has heard, of the negro preacher, Father Snowden, who held forth to his "cullered bredren, "in Belknap street for so many years. It was a quiet summer's afternoon when the house was pretty well filled, there being a revival of religion going on among the "gemmen ob color"—When Blitz with some other white persons (albeit he is himself as dark as a mulatto, and has "curly hair" to boot) entered the house. It was pretty warm weather, and consequently the effluvia was not a little offensive to senses polite, but things went on nicely enough until the minister had got warmed up in his subject, and was using words almost too long for a common sized dictionary when Blitz thought it was about time to do something

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Bow-wow-wow? came apparently from behind the speaker.

The congregation looked each other in the face with countenances darker than ever; while the minister, after looking under his feet and behind him, seemed to come to the conclusion that the noise had proceeded from the street and so he commenced again.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Stand from under?" cried a voice apparently at the top of the house.

The startled congregation rolled up the whites of their eyes to the ceiling in amazement, while the minister drew suddenly one side, expecting something was coming down. But after a moment's pause all seemed quiet, and so Mr. Snowden resumed.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Aint you ashamed of yourself?—take your hands off of me!" said a voice proceeding apparently from every neat mulatto girl, who sat in the front pew, and upon whom all eyes were now turned.

"I didn't touch yea," said the man next to her in amazement.

Some smiled and said, "Sam Johnsing ought to be ashamed of hisself to act so in meeting, and the minister frowned upon him in a way that would have thawed a snow ball outright, after which Mr. Snowden attempted once more to resume his remarks.

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Well, what did he say," came, seemingly from the big lips of an attentive listener in the side aisle.

The minister was astounded. He looked at the man as though his boldness had electrified him, while some of the congregation began to think that, under the circumstances, the inquiry was a very natural and appropriate one. As to the minister himself, he was a little vexed now, and repeated with emphasis:

"And the Lord said unto Moses—"

"Fire, fire!" roared a voice, which seemed to come from the entrance of the house; with startling earnestness.

This was too much to bear tamely.—Even the minister rushed to the door, and the affrighted women screamed like mad, as they huddled and pushed each other out of the pews and down the aisles—Bonnets suffered some on the occasion, and when all had got fairly out, they looked up to the top of the meeting house patiently awaiting to see the flames burst through the slated roof!

And there Blitz left them standing, their eyes rolled heavenward, and parson Snowden in a brown study!—*Flag of our Union.*

THE AMERICAN DISPLAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—Another lengthy and interesting letter appears in the Washington Intelligencer of Friday, from Mr. Edward Riddle, agent of the American Commission to the World's Fair. With regard to the American part of the exhibition, Mr. Riddle says that although we have not done as well as we might have done, yet we will appear decidedly *well*, that our contributions are national, characteristic, and unique. They are abundant enough to give some idea of our resources, ingenious enough to show our skill, and superior enough in quality to prove our capabilities. We have a better specimen of machinery than any other country—we excel England in Agricultural implements; our cutlery is equal to Sheffield's thousand specimens. In paper-hangings, chemicals, or specimens of book-bindery, or dentist's work, or hats, or needle-work, or harness, there are none that will compare with those we display upon our counters. Our pianoes will be unsurpassed.—We have scores of barrels of flour altogether unequalled, as well as all the varieties of agricultural produce. Mr. Riddle had not yet appointed the jurors from the United States, having delayed the appointment of our proportion until some of our scientific men shall arrive.

With regard to Power's first statute of the Greek Slave having been added to the American collection by Mr. Grant, whose studio, in London, it has so long adorned, he says:

"Elevated upon a proper pedestal, standing in the great central avenue heading more than a hundred works of the chisel, and fronting the main east entrance of the crystal palace, the first object to greet the incoming spectator, the last of all to pass from his sight as he leaves the glorious nave, the Greek Slave will be seen, appreciated, and enjoyed, as it never has been before."

In view of having fully arranged the Americen portion of the Exhibition three days before the opening, and France being greatly behindhand, it was his intention to offer the services of the corps of the American Commission to the World's Fair. With regard to the American part of the exhibition, Mr. Riddle says that although we have not done as well as we might have done, yet we will appear decidedly *well*, that our contributions are national, characteristic, and unique. They are abundant enough to give some idea of our resources, ingenious enough to show our skill, and superior enough in quality to prove our capabilities. We have a better specimen of machinery than any other country—we excel England in Agricultural implements; our cutlery is equal to Sheffield's thousand specimens. In paper-hangings, chemicals, or specimens of book-bindery, or dentist's work, or hats, or needle-work, or harness, there are none that will compare with those we display upon our counters. Our pianoes will be unsurpassed.—We have scores of barrels of flour altogether unequalled, as well as all the varieties of agricultural produce. Mr. Riddle had not yet appointed the jurors from the United States, having delayed the appointment of our proportion until some of our scientific men shall arrive.

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"Between us and every foreign nation, as between us and the British, there is the utmost harmony, and I have reason to believe that a proposition of this kind would be most gladly received."

CHASE—DIX—RANTOUL.

In order to prove the entire nationality of the Democratic party, and the practicability of their uniting on the same platform, the *Union* relies on the efficacy of three words, which it repeats every morning, and in almost every article. These are Wade, Seward, and Sumner. Now, why does not the *Union* vary these with Chase, Dix, and Rantoul? Just make this change, and it is a very small and reasonable change, and then, by substituting Whig for Democrat, its compromise articles would answer as well for the Whig as for the Democratic side of the question.

It is really ludicrous, this attempt of the *Union* to claim peculiar nationality for the Democratic party in the northern States.—Senator Wade, of Ohio, is opposed to the Fugitive law, and he was elected by Whig votes. Well, Senator Chase, of Ohio, is opposed to the Fugitive law, and is rather inclined to go into rebellion and revolution to resist it; and how was Senator Chase elected? By Democratic votes. He was elected by the same votes that elected Tappan and Morris, of Ohio, to the Senate, both Democrats, and both Abolitionists of the worst kind. The bargain and sale by which Chase was elected in Ohio was quite as notorious and quite as disgraceful as that in Sumner's case; and Chase was a professed, out and out Abolitionist, and elected as such by the Democrats. When the *Union*, therefore, proposes to extract the unction of nationality from the history of Ohio, to soothe the asperities of the Democratic party, we beg that it will mention Tappan, Morris, and Chase, in connection with Senator Wade.

And when it has occasion to speak of Senator Seward and New York, it will be much more candid and just if, instead of claiming for the Democracy of the Empire State an exclusive title to all the nationality, it will place the name of Senator Dix alongside that of Mr. Seward. Still more true to history will it be if it should state that it was to the action of the Democratic Van Burens, Butlers, and Kings that the Abolition party owes all its consequence in the State of New York. In 1844 it was large enough to defeat the Whigs and Mr. Clay, but then it numbered a comparatively small number of voters. It was not till B. F. Butler and Joshua R. Giddings indulged in that long, fond embrace on the platform at Buffalo; and till John Van Buren took to the stump to show that the Democratic party was the party of freedom; and till Martin Van Buren became the candidate of that party for the Presidency, that the united Abolition and Free-soil party became under Democratic auspices the formidable power that it turned out to be in the last Presidential election. The *Union*, therefore, is unjust to its Democratic friends when it holds up Mr. Seward as the sole representative of the Free-soil sentiment in New York, and ignores the existence of the Democratic Abolition leaders whose names have figured so extensively in the party history of the last twenty years.

Least of all, can the *Union* claim with any propriety the "nationality" that it assumes for its Democratic friends in Massachusetts. It throws up the name of Sumner, and charges that Sumner was a Whig, and forthwith the responsibility is shifted from the Democrats, who elected him, to the Whigs, who have consistently opposed him from the start, and *never* made him their candidate even for the humblest office in their gift. The two leading Democrats in Massachusetts for many years have been Marcus Morton and Robert Rantoul, jr. They are both now on the Free-soil Abolition track. Rantoul was elected Senator by the same Democratic Abolition combination that elected Sumner. In all the vacant Congressional districts in the State the Locofocos and Abolitionists have united to return Abolitionists. And, in the face of all these facts, the *Union* labors to convince itself and its readers that the Democratic party of the North is all sound on the slavery question in Massachusetts, and that the Whigs alone are responsible for its agitation!—*Washington Republic.*

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH IN NEW YORK—*Harmony of the Cabinet.*—The applause which followed the brief remarks of the President, in reply to the Mayor of New York, on Tuesday, having subsided, loud calls were made for Mr. Webster, who at once came forward, and spoke as follows:

Fellow-citizens of New York, under the circumstances in which I meet you, it will be proper for me to detain you with but very few remarks. You have assembled here, and given a cordial welcome to the Chief Magistrate of the country; and you have been pleased to include in your invitation these others who are heads of departments, who have assisted him in the discharge of the duties of his station. It would not be grateful nor decorous, gentlemen, that I should speak of him—of his merits, of his deserts, of his devotion to the Union, and of that single-heartedness with which he pursues whatever he thinks to be for the honor of the country. (Cheers.) But to us, gentlemen, who have assisted him, perhaps I may venture to say that on all great national questions, and especially touching the harmony and welfare of the country, and the stability and perpetuity of the Union—there never has been between him and one of us the slightest difference. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, in making progress to Lake Erie, from the South, we come, as everybody must come, who is bound to the North or to the East—to the city of New York—for it is very difficult, gentlemen, for anybody to travel from Mason and Dixon's line to New England, without going through this city. (Laughter.) Here she lies right in our way, and we must come to it and pass through it; we must breathe her air; and for my part, gentlemen, for many months it has been an air that I delighted to breathe—it's a patriotic atmosphere—constitutional breezes fan it every day, (cheers) and the broad sun of the Union warms and purifies it; and ten thousand flowers of national feeling, of patriotic glow, of common hopes and purposes, give it fragrance and perfume.

Everybody that loves the Union, loves to come here. In that respect your great and magnificent city is a load-star, and its breath a sweet, a fragrant air; and so may it ever be, and may this vast metropolis long continue to maintain that character which she so deservedly enjoys. And, gentlemen, I wish that those unhappy spirits who may be dissatisfied with our country, and our glorious Union, would come here and see this scene of industry, and of activity, and of generous feeling and patriotic glow. I think they would be benefitted by it most essentially. I think they would find it a *scene* to excommunicate the *spleen*. (Laughter.) I believe, gentlemen, that those who think that everything goes wrong North and South—who think it is not a country worth living in—if they would come here it would cause a smile of complacency to come over the sourest visages. Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention; I cannot thank you half enough—not only for this instance of your kindness, but for those innumerable expressions of confidence and regard which this community has seen fit to tender to me, so far above all my merits or my hopes. Gentlemen, I thank you, and, through you, I most cordially thank the citizens of New York, of whatever sentiments of whatever party or denomination, who are attached to the Union of the States and the perpetuity of the Constitution, with all its blessings, which their fathers bequeathed to them—to them all I tender my most cordial regards, and, gentlemen, bid you fareweil.

THE UNION TICKET IN MISSISSIPPI.—A convention of two hundred members, composed of leading democrats and whigs, last week assembled in Jackson. They nominated, by a unanimous vote, Gen. Foote for Governor; Gen. Clarke, of Hinds, for Treasurer; Dr Russell, of Carroll, for Auditor; Mr. Howe, of Jasper, for Secretary of State. Gen. Foote accepted the nomination, and his friends have presented him with a pair of horses and a carriage, with which to make his campaign.

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