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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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THE MANNERS OF THE QUAKERS.

BY HELEN ST. CLYDE.

All those outward deformers which Pride and Tyranny impose upon the weak, are odious to the Quakers, who wish neither masters or servants. They condemn high-sounding titles, as pride in those who usurp them, and servility in those who respect them. They recognize no distinction;—no "Excellence"—no "Eminence"—and with good reason; but they reject the mutual attentions designated Politeness; and here they are wrong. The name of Friend they say, they ought to refuse none, among citizens or Christians. Extreme reverence is both ridiculous and formal. To uncover the head in saluting is to abuse one's self to honor others. The magistrate even can obtain no exterior sign of consideration. Returning to the ancient dignity of the language, they "*thee and them*" every one, even kings themselves.

The austerity of their morals ennobles the singularity of their manners. To carry arms appears to them a crime; if it be for aggression, it is an offence against humanity; if in self-defence, a sin against Christianity. Their Gospel is universal peace. Smite the cheek of a Quaker, he will turn the other side; demand of him his cloak, he will give his coat also. Never do these just men need or require more wages than will enable them to live comfortably. To swear before a tribunal, even the truth, seems to them a prostitution of the Holy Name for miserable contests between beings weak and mortal.

The contempt which they have for the courtesies of civilized life, becomes hatred when applied to the ceremonious worship of the ecclesiastical order. The temples are in their eyes only the show-boxes of charlatanry; the repose of the Sabbath, a reprehensible indolence; the sacrament and baptism, ridiculous imitations. Neither do they wish a clergy. Each of the faithful receives, direct from the Holy Spirit, an illumination—a character much superior to the priesthood. When they meet, the first one that feels himself enlightened from Heaven, rises and reveals his inspirations. The women even are frequently endowed with this gift of prophecy.—Sometimes many of these Brethren in the Lord speak at the same time, but oftener a profound silence reigns throughout the whole assembly.

OAK GROVE.

Extracts from New Books.

MARYLAND COLONIAL HISTORY.

We have been favored with the following extract from a new work, now in preparation, descriptive of the ancient city of St. Mary's, the first settlement in the Province of Maryland.—Many attempts have been made to describe this interesting location, but we have seen none which indicates such a familiar acquaintance with the subject as this. The work, we understand, is entitled "Annals of St. Mary's," by RANDOLPH JONES, Esq., of St. Inegoes. We have no doubt it will prove a valuable addition to the Colonial History of Maryland.

Topography and Plan of the City of St. Mary's.

[Extract from Manuscript "Annals of St. Mary's."]

* * * * The configuration of the plan of "Old St. Mary's" may, for the purposes of description, be called a right angled triangle; Saint Inagoes creek, the first navigable tributary of the Saint Mary's river, on its eastern side, forming the base; the "heights of Saint Mary's," a spur from the spine which bisects the country longitudinally, forming the perpendicular, and the St. Mary's river itself, the hypothenuse of said triangle.

The regularity of the superficial area of the plan is broken by inlets and coves making into it from St. Inegoes creek on the south, and the windings and curvatures of the river on the west, which give to the panorama of the valley of the St. Mary's river its peculiar grace and beauty; two creeks, St. John's on the north and Brent's on the south, running east and west, emptying in the St. Mary's river, bounded respectively (1690) a peninsular plateau of land comprising about one hundred acres. Upon this plateau was build what history and tradition call the city of St. Mary's.

Equidistant between the mouths of St John's and Brent's creeks—(the latter is now a dry ravine and the bed of the former is covered by a mill-pond, communicating with the river by a superficial and tortuous mouth, meandering thro' the sand beach)—the peninsular plateau thus described and bounded, projecting into the river, so as to form its channel into two crescent shaped harbors. At this angle stood "Fort St. Mary's," which, beginning with the rude block-house erected by Leonard Calvert, in 1635, became in the course of time and succeeding administrations of the Calvert dynasty, a regular moated, bastioned and parapeted fortress, whose guns commanded all water approaches to the town and harbor.

In the rear of the "Fort" stood the "State House," built in the shape of a Maltese cross, erected by Leonard Calvert in 1639. At the head of St. John's creek, due east from the "State House," stood the Governor's house, called the "Castle." At the head of Brent's creek stood the Catholic chapel, and below it, equidistant between the head and mouth of said creek, stood "Brent's Forge," a patent having been issued to one Giles Brent, in 1638, by Leonard Calvert, for a lot whereupon to erect a forge, which in all probability gave its name to the creek.

We regret that it is not in our power to locate the Printing office which Sir Lyonel Copley established in the province in 1690. Tradition on that point only says that "Sir Lyonel brought over with him a commissary of the Bishop of London, to look after and into the ecclesiastical matters of the province, and a "boadside printer;" newspapers in those days were called "Broadsides," from the circumstance of there being printed only on one side.

St. Mary's, like all other English towns of that period, boasted of two substantial "Inns," or Hostelries, as they were then called, which, like the Coffee Houses of London, were the headquarters of antagonistic political parties or religious sects. The "Crown and Mitre," at the northern angle formed by the confluence of Brent's creek with the river, and the other called the "Thistle," on the southern angle of St. John's creek with the St. Mary's, the site of which is now occupied by the Academy stables. Both were significant, and sufficiently indicative of the political and religious bias of the parties who patronized them.

Between the solvent landmarks thus described, "along the broad lawn-like avenue which extended from the State House to the Castle," beneath the primeval oaks for which the English colonists entertained a Druidical reverence, there clustered the dwellings and shops of the towns-people which had passed through the various stages of architectural transition, from the Indian wigwam to the pioneer log hut, and from the frame building to the substantial brick edifice after the peculiar style of the times, many of which were afterwards taken down and transported to Annapolis.

St. Mary's, at this time, (1690) presented the appearance of one of those inland English villages which cluster around the castellated mansion of the manor lord, or lay beneath the spire of its Cathedral church, with nothing to indicate it as the metropolis of a province save its fort, shipping and harbor.

The lapse of years which witnessed the duration of the city of St. Mary's as the Capital of the Province of Maryland, unlike the same period of time in the present day, was unfavorable to the growth of the colonial cities of the American continent, however commanding their geographical or commercial position might have been.

The face of the Christian world was desolated by long and fierce wars of powers, interests and opinions—piracy under a powerful marine organization swept commerce from the seas; smuggling, which had become a fourth estate in the American colonies, defrauded the revenue, evaded and sometimes defied the laws of the land; agriculture did little more than feed the tillers of the soil; what political economists call "balance of trade" was against the colony. Tobacco, the sole staple of exportation, though sold in London at exhorbitant prices, was returned to the Province in articles of luxury, and consumption which added nothing to the permanent wealth of its inhabitants. The repeated parliamentary restrictions upon colonial trade were an emphatic announcement by the people of England that the colonies existed only for the consumptian of her manufactures and the production of the raw materials of trade by which the merchants of England laid the foundations of that manufacturing and commercial interest, which, in the course of three score and ten years allotted to the life of man, became the dominant power in the realm—thus the Colony of Maryland having within her limits the noblest bays, receiving the waters of the deepest of rivers, draining a vast extent of country teeming with agricultural and mineral wealth, remained until the close of the American Revolution in the same condition of undeveloped power as the Italian republics of the tenth century, or the South American States of the present day.

The ascendency of a political and sectarian influence transferred the proprietary capital of Maryland from the banks of the St. Mary's to the banks of the Severn—the colonial aristocracy, whose manor houses dotted the face of the country, disappeared with the metropolitan migration—the town land reverted back to the manor from which it was taken or reserved—builders quarried from the deserted brick edifices—the walls of the fort sank to the level of the earth, and its corroded guns, which once defended the town and harbor, may now be occasionally seen as land boundaries; with the exception of the State House, which was granted by the Legislature in 1698 to William and Mary parish for a church, the city of St. Mary's in a few years disappeared from the map of the country. But even that monument of Maryland's early history was taken down some years ago to furnish materials for the construction of the present church edifice, so that the only cotemporaneous survivor of old colony times is an enormous mulberry elm which stood within the enclosure of the fort; and there it stands looking down upon the graves of the generations of men who died beneath its shade—each typical of their peculiar race, creed, government and law; and if left to the natural process of decay, will stand when all men now living shall have passed away and their existence be forgotten.

A very cursory glance at the panorama of the valley of the St. Mary's must necessarily determine the fact that safety, facility of defence, and the beauty of its geographical and commercial position, induced Leonard Calvert, the pioneer Governor, to select that location as the site of a city which, under all the ordinary circumstances that direct the course of trade and foster the expansion of commerce, would have become the chief city of a rich and populous province, if not the commercial emporium of the Atlantic coast, connected as it is by the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay and Potomac river, with a vast extent of inland country measured by parallels of latitude and by the same waters with the outside world beyond the Atlantic.

The general topography of the plain of St. Mary's bears a marked resemblance, on a miniature scale, to the site of Constantinople as it is described by Polybius under the name of Byzantium before the Christian Era.

The St. Mary's river, after leaving the foot of the spine which divides the sources of the tributaries of the Chesapeake Bay from those of the Potomac, and sweeping around jutting headlands which heighten the charms they partially and occasionally conceal, forms the two crescent shaped harbors which may be called the "Golden Horn," and then expanding into a broad estuary sufficient to float the Navy of England, receives the waters of St. Inegoes creek, which, like the sea of Mormora, washes the base of the triangle, and would in Europe be called a river of no inconsiderable magnitude, finally mingles its stream with that of the Potomac to form a "Hellspont" with the Chesapeake Bay.

During the whole of this passage the wooded heights, from whose clay substratum springs its source, like the hills of Bythinia and Thrace; St. George's Island at the confluence of the St. Mary's; St. George's and the Potomac rivers, slumbering like the isle of Marmora upon the bosom of the water; and the dam closed like outlines of the Virginia land like the distant mountains of Asia Minor, may all be seen at one and the same time.

Bitter, therefore, must have been the sectarian strife—fierce the political struggle to have broken the columns of a capitol—consecrated by the hallowed memories of a heroic past—graced by the natural beauties of God's own handiwork, and enhanced by the prospective greatness of a commerce which would have poured the treasures of every clime at its feet.

Therefore, kind, forbearing and patient reader, for kind, forbearing and patient you will be, if you follow *us* through these annals, seat yourself, free from envy, care and strife, in the quaint old-fashioned poarch of the "Crown and Mitre," in the second year of the reign of our sovereign Lord and Lady, William and Mary of England, and in the first year of the administration of Sir Lyonel Copley, whom our Lord and Lady sent to reign over the province of Maryland in their stead, and bear with us while we, guided by the imperfect fragments of history, the obscure legends of tradition, and by the fixed and unalterable laws of human passion, the same in all ages and all climes, endeavoring to review the things that were done in the goodly city of St. Mary's during the few remaining years of its metropolitan existence.

A GOOD DOG STORY.—The *Ohio Statesman* has the following:

"A day or two since Mr. Case, of this city, having business at the house of an acquaintance, a short distance in the country, started out, accompanied by his dog—a large animal, crossed with Newfoundland and bull-dog. Upon arriving at the door he rang the bell, and was admitted by one of the inmates—leaving his dog on the portico. His visit was somewhat prolonged, and before he had completed his business the bell again rang. Supposing that another person was without, the gentleman of the house went to the door, when, to his utter surprise, he found the dog standing upon his hind feet, with the bell-knob in his mouth. This was the second opportunity the animal had had of witnessing the process by which his master had gained admittance into the house, and being tired of waiting for his return, he undertook, by the same means, to effect an entrance himself, or, perhaps, to bring his master forth.

Selected Poetry.

LINES BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster at more than one period of his life dallied with the muses. In 1825, he had the misfortune to lose a son, three years of age named Charles, represented to have possessed a singular attractiveness of mind and character even at that early age. On that occasion Mr. Webster enclosed the following effusion in a letter to his wife:

My son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kiss'd the laughing, kiss'd the weeping;
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou 'art with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff, on which my years should lean,
Is broken ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.

Thou rears't to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest;
Thou art my ancestor, my son;
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine,
Thou hast thy predecessor past;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before these eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
Bou thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And haste to partake thy bliss!
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel, thou art safe in Heaven;
No prayers for thee need more be made;
Oh! let thy prayers for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My Father; I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
My son! my father! guide me there.

Selected Miscellany.

Premature Matrimony.

Marriage is a divine and beautiful arrangement. It was designed by Providence not solely as a means of keeping up population, or as a mere social and economical convenience, but as the blending of two spirits into one—the masculine representing wisdom, and the feminine affection. When there is a true spiritual affinity between the two, then the design is accomplished.

Premature marriages are among the greatest evils of the times; and it would not be a bad idea in these days of reforms, if an anti-marrying-in-a-hurry society were instituted. Now-a-days, people leap into the magic life-circle, with no more consideration than they would patake of a dinner—little thinking that, when once in, they are there until their end comes. There is but little, sometimes no mutual analysis of disposition, and comparison of taste and affections. They seem to fancy that, if there be any discrepencies, the fatal Gordian knot, which can be seldom cut, and never united, will harmonize all.

The numbers who have felt this truth—the number still feeling it to their heart's core—are incalculable. They recognize it as the greatest mistake of their lives. The chain is not to them a silken one, but a cable of iron, that tightens around them more and more, crushing out all hope and energy, substituting hate for love, and eating out with its rust, the very inner life of the soul.

Boys and girls now marry to a greater extent than ever before, instead of waiting till they become full-grown men and women. The young dandy, as soon as he gets out of the short-jackets, and finds a little *furze* gathered on his upper lip—and the young miss as soon as she emerges from the nursery and abbreviated frocks, thinks they are qualified to assume the most solemn responsibilities of life. And so if "pa" and "ma" won't consent, they post off to some Gretna Green, and there take obligations that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will never cease bitterly to repent.

Marriage should never be the result of fancy. The ball-room and the evening party rarely develop real character. Under the exhilerating influence of the dance, the glare of lights, and the merry quib and joke, the dissolute young man may appear amiable, and the slatternly scold loveable. Matches made at such places, or under similar circumstances, are not of the class that originate in heaven. They more generally are conceived in the opposite place, and bring forth only iniquity. The true way to learn each other is to do it at home, in the parlor, in the kitchen, and on occasions that *test* the temper.—We see the result of these unions in the almost daily divorces that are taking place—in the running away of husbands; leaving their wives and children to starve—and in the elopement of wives. Not only this, but we witness it in broken-spirited men, made old in the prime of life, struggling on for mere food and clothing, and shelter! and in women, cross, dirty, sluttish, and wrinkled.

It would be quite impossible for us to depict faithfully, the multitude of physical and moral evils that result from these sinful alliances—for sinful they are. They ruin the body corrupt the morals, and stultify the mind. And the result does not stop with husband and wife. There are the children. They partake of the feebleness and vices of the parents, both physical and moral, and go out into the busy world, stunned and gnarled

We would not be understood as speaking against the institution of marriage. It is holy beautiful and beneficient. But let every one take his mate or none. Let not the brave eagle pair with the stupid owl, nor the gentle dove with the carrion crow. Like should have like. It is a glorious sight to see two old people, who have weathered the storms, and basked in the sunshine of life together, go hand in hand, lovingly and truthfully, down the gentle declivity of time, with no angers, jealousies, nor hatreds garnered up against each other, and looking with hope and joy to the everlasting youth of heaven, where they two shall be one forever. That is true marriage—for it is the marriage of spirit with spirit. Their love is woven into a woof of gold, that neither time, nor death, nor eternity can sever.—*The Electic.*

PRESERVES IN THE CASES.—The New Bedford Mercury learns that a lady residing in that city was badly poisoned a few days since, by eating a few spoonsfull of preserved whortleberries, which had been put up in a tin case. The liquid from the berries had formed verdigris on the surface of the metal. For several hours the lady above mentioned remained in a nearly insensible condition, and was with difficulty, brought to. The article was procured for the purpose of making pies. All preserves of this description should be put up and kept in glass.

"Sammy, my boy, what are you crying for?" "Bill throwed the Bibble at me and hit me on the head." "Well, you are the only one in my family on whom the Bible ever had any impression."

NOVELTY.—What we recover from oblivion.—We can fish little out of the river of Lethe that has not first been thrown into it.

Andre's Capture and Imprisonment.

We find in "Goodrich's Recollections of a Lifetime" the following interesting reminiscence in a letter written by General Joshua King. It is dated June 14, 1817, and speaks as follows of the capture of Major Andre:

"It was the first and only officer who had charge of him whilst at the head quarters of the second regiment light dragoons, which was then at Esquire Gilbert's, South Salem, Weschester county, New York. He was brought up by an adjutant and four men belonging to the Connecticut militia, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Jameson. He was on the lines in a character under the disguised name of John Anderson; he looked somewhat like a reduced gentleman; his small-clothes were nankeen, with handsome white-top boots; in part his dress was military, his coat purple, with gold lace, worn somewhat threadbare; he wore a small-brimmed, tarnished beaver on his head; he wore his hair in a queue with a long black band, and his clothes were somewhat dusty. In this garb I took charge of him to breakfast. My barber came to dress me, after which I requested him to undergo the same operation, which he did. When the ribbon was taken from his hair, I observed a fall of powder; this circumstance, with others that occurred, induced me to believe that I had no ordinary person in charge. He requested permission to take to the bed while his shirt and small-clothes could be washed; I told him it was needless, for a change was at his service, which he accepted.—We were close pent up in a bedroom, with a sentinel at the door and window; there was a spacious yard before the door, which he desired he might be permitted to walk in with me. I accordingly disposed of my guard in such manner as to prevent an escape, and while walking together he observed that he must make a confidant of somebody, and he knew not a more proper person than myself, as I had offered to befriend a stranger in distress. After settling the point between ourselves, he told me who he was, and gave me a short account of himself from the time he was taken at St. John's, in 1775, to that time. He requested pen and ink, and wrote immediately to General Washington, declaring who he was. About midnight the express returned, with orders from General Washington to Colonel Sheldon, to send Major Andre immediately to headquarters. I started with him, and before I got to North Salem meeting-house met another express, with a letter to the officer commanding the party who had Major Andre in charge; this letter directed a circuitous route to headquarters, for fear of a recapture, which order was complied with."

Born to good Luck.

The St. Louis *Leader* tells the following story:

Not over a dozen years ago, a merchant of this city, well known and highly respected, failed in business, and after settling up his affairs gave to his principal creditor a deed of trust on certain real estate, to secure the payment of $12,000.—At the time the property was barely valued at that, so the creditor put the deed in his safe, and there so far as he was concerned, the matter ended. The merchant broken down, disappointed, poor, but, yet enterprising, went South, visited California, Mexico, and South America, speculated, made half a dozen fortunes and lost them again. A few weeks since he returned to the city, sick, travel-worn, needy and disheartened.—By chance, he met his old lawyer, a gentleman high in his profession and who is deservedly respected. After the first greeting, the lawyer remarked, "I am glad to see you back, and as you seem to be in want of funds, the sale will be just in time."

The merchant looked hard at his friend, and finally said, "Sale! what sale? I've got nothing to sell."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, you are richer than you imagine. Don't you remember the deed of trust I drew up for you some 12 years ago?"

"I do, what of it?"

"Well at that time the property would not have realized the sum, so it was let lie, but it is now in the market, and I expect to close a contract for its sale this week.

"You amaze me;—what price do you expect to get?"

"I've asked $86,000! and shall get it too.—Your debt and interest will amount to $21,000 or thereabouts, so you'll have $65,000 to go upon."

The sensations of the party may be "more easily" imagined than described, as the penny-aliners have it, but one thing is certain, Mr. A. went home a happier man than he had been for ten years, at least.

Reader, what we have here related is simple fact, and more, the occurrence is not a week old."

THE DEAF AATOR.—Mr. F. H. Hodges communicates a good anecdote of old Deering, who, with his daughters, played at the Utica Museum a couple of years since. Deering was troubled with the unfortunate malady of deafness; so much so, indeed, that the only method he adopted of knowing when it was his turn to speak, was by watching the lips of his fellow actors, and noticing when they stopped. It so chanced that during the engagement of some celebrated star, "Old Deering," as he was commonly called, had to play a faithful old servant; and his master had to address him thus:

"My son, Geoge Harold, tell me, sir! is he living?"

To which the worthy Deering had to reply:—"He is, my lord, and at this moment taking breakfast with his uncle."

But the star, either throgh accident or design, put the question thus:

"My son, George Harold, oh! tell me, sir! is he dead?"

To which old Deering promptly replied, "He is, my lord, and is at this moment taking breakfast with his uncle."

NEW USE OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—The Scientific American states that a heavy wholesale house in New York has put up wires and established a direct telegraphic communication with one of the "mercantile agencies" of that city.—Every new customer presenting himself is duly endorsed by a favorable report through this medium before the sale is completed. It has required considerable time heretofore to send a clerk in person, but on the improved system, while one partner is showing off the goods, the other retires, clicks a few stroks, and learns—"owns a farm worth $8,000 clear, failed once five years ago, is good"—and returns to assist in bowing and assuring the stranger that he can have the goods on any terms he chooses.

THE TRUE FORCE.—There are two kinds of weapons. We have Paixen guns, Minnie rifles, and Sharp's rifles; but there is one thing that shoots further than all these. It is a shot from the type battery. It goes around the world—it circles cities and threads plains, it wends its way through woods; it rattles in the rigging of ships on the most distant seas; it is never spent when aimed high, but reaches, striking with fresh force every form of evil, dishonor and oppression.

The heroic Mrs. Pattent (the young wife who navigated the ship Neptune's Car from Cape Horn to San Francisco,) and her husband, have journeyed safely from New York to their home in New England. Col. Borden, agent to the line, gave the party a free pass to Boston. It is said that there is some hope that Captain Patten may yet recover, though his sight and hearing will never be returned.

The latest case is that of a loafer who went into a husband's house, and intending to kiss the child fell to kissing its mother. He did not discover his mistake until the young woman's husband entered the house and caused him to see stars.

National Affairs

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens: I appear before you this day to take the solemn oath "that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

In entering upon this great office, I must humbly invoke the God of our fathers for wisdom and firmness to execute its high and responsible duties in a manner as to restore harmony and ancient friendship among the people of the several States, and to preserve our free institutions throughout many generations. Convinced that I owe my election to the inherent love of the Constitution and the Union which still animates the hearts of the American people, let me earnestly ask their powerful support in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetrate these, the richest political blessings which Heaven has ever bestowed upon a nation. Having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the Government except the desire ably and faithfully to serve my country, and to live in the grateful memory of my countrymen.

We have recently passed through a presidential contest in which the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of deep and vital importance; but when the people proclaimed their will, the tempest at once subsided and all was calm.

The voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed. Our own country could alone have exhibited so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of man for self-government.

What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule—that the will of the majority shall govern—to the settlement of the question of domestic slavery in the territories! Congress is neither "to legislate slavery into any Territory or State nor exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." As a natural consequence, Congress has also prescribed that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State, it "shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission."

A different opinion has arisen in regard to the point of time when the people of a Territory shall decide the question for themselves.

This is, happily, a matter of but little practical importance. Besides, it is a judicial question which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit; whatever this may be, though it has ever been my individual opinion that under the Nebraska-Kansas act the appropriate period will be when the number of actual residents in the Territory shall justify the formation of a Constitution with a view to its admission as a State into the Union. But be this as it may, it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to every resident inhabitant the free and independent expression of his opinion by his vote. This sacred right of each individual must be preserved.—That being accomplished, nothing can be fairer than to leave the people of a Territory, free from all foreign interference, to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

The whole territorial question being then settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty—a principle as ancient as the Government itself—everything of a practical nature has been decided. No other question remains for adjustment; because all agree that, under the Constitution, slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power, except that of the respective States themselves wherein it exists. May we not then hope that the long agitation of this subject is approaching its end, and that the geographical parties to which it has given birth, so dreaded by the Father of his Country, will speedily become extinct! Most happy will it be for the country when the public mind shall be diverted from this question to others of more pressing and practical importance. Throughout the whole progress of this agitation, which has scarcely known any intermission for more than twenty years, whilst it has been productive of no positive good to any human being, it has been the prolific source of great evils to the master, to the slave and to the whole country. It has alienated and estranged the people of the sister States from each other, and has even seriously endangered the very existence of the Union.

Nor has the danger yet entirely ceased. Under our system there is a remedy for all mere political evils in the sound sense and sober judgment of the people. Time is a great corrective. Political subjects which but a few years ago excited and exasperated the public mind, have passed away and are now nearly forgotten. But this question of domestic slavery is of far graver importance than any mere political question, because, should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution exists. In that event no form of government, however admirable in itself, and however productive of material benefits, can compensate for the loss of peace and domestic security around the family altar. Let every Union-loving man, therefore, exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which, since the recent legislation of Congress, is without any legitimate object.

It is an evil omen of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union. Reasoned estimates have been presented of the pecuniary profits and local advantages which would result to different States and sections from its dissolution, and of the comparative injuries which such an event would inflict on other States and sections. Even descending to this low and narrow view of the mighty question, all such calculations are at fault. The bare reference to a single consideration will be conclusive on this point. We at present enjoy a free trade throughout our extensive and expanding country, such as the world never witnessed. The trade is conducted on railroads and canals—our noble rivers and arms of the sea—which bind together the North and the South, the East and the West of our confederacy.

Annihilate this trade, arrest its free progress by the geographical lines of jealous and hostile States, and you destroy the prosperity and onward march of the whole and every part, and involve all in one common ruin. But such considerations, important as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when we reflect on the terrific evils which would result from disunion to every portion of the confederacy—to the North not more than to the South, to the East not more than to the West. These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel an humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers' wisdom to frame the most perfect form of government and Union ever devised by man will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental, by its example, in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world.

Next in importance to the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, is the duty of preserving the Government from the taint, or even the suspicion, of corruption. Public virtue is the vital spirit of republics; and history proves that when this has decayed, and the love of money has usurped its place, although the forms of free government may remain for a season, the substance has departed forever.

Our present financial condition is without a parallel in history. No nation has ever before been embarrassed from too large a surplus in its treasury. This almost necessarily gives birth to extravagant legislation. It produces wild schemes of expenditure, and begets a race of speculators and jobbers, whose ingenuity is exerted in contriving and promoting expedients to obtain public money. The purity of official agents, whether rightfully or wrongfully, is suspected, and the character of the government suffers in the estimation of the people. This is in itself a very great evil.

The natural mode of relief from this embarrassment is to appropriate the surplus in the treasury to great national objects, for which a clear warrant can be found in the Constitution. Among these I might mention the extinguishment of the public debt, a reasonable increase of the navy, which is at present inadequate to the protection of our vast tonnage afloat, now greater than that of any other nation, as well as to the defense of our extended seacoast.

It is beyond all question the true principl that no more revenue ought to collected from the people than the amount necessary to defray the expenses of a wise, economical and efficient administration of the government. To reach this point it was necessary to resort to a modification of the tariff, and this has, I trust, been accomplished in such a manner as to do as little injury as may have been practicable to our domestic manufactures, especially those necessary to the defense of the country. Any discrimination against a particular branch, for the purpose of benefiting favored corporations, individualds, or interests, would have been unjust to the rest of the community, and inconsistent with that spirit of fairness and equality which ought to govern in the adjustment of a revenue tariff.

But the squandering of the public money sinks into comparative insignificance as a temptation to corruption when compared with the squandering of the public lands.

No nation in the tide of time has ever been blessed with so rich and noble inheritance as we enjoy in the public lands. In administering this important trust, whilst it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder, yet we should never forget that it is our cardinal policy to reserve these lands as much as may be for actual settlers, and this at modderate prices. We shall thus not only best promote the prosperity of the new States and Territories by furnishing them a hardy and independent race of honest and industrious citizens, but shall secure homes for our children and our children's children, as well as for those exiles from foreign shores who may seek in this country to improve their condition, and to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Such emigrants have done much to promote the growth and prosperity of the country. They have proved faithful, both in peace and in war. After becoming citizens, they are entitled, under the Constitution and laws, to be placed on a perfect equality with the native-born citizen; and in this character they should ever be kindly recognized.

The Federal Constitution is a grant from the States to Congress of certain specific powers; and the question whether this grant should be liberally or strictly construed, has, more or less, divided political parties from the beginning. Without entering into the argument, I desire to state, at the commencement of my administration, that long experience and observation has convinced me that a strict construction of the powers of the Government is the only true, as well as the only safe, theory of the Constitution. Whenever, in our past history, doubtful powers have been exercised by Congress, these have never failed to produce injurious and unhappy consequences.—Many such instances might be added, if this were the proper occasion. Neither is it necessary for the public service to strain the language of the Constitution; because all the great and useful powers required for a successful administration of the Government, both in peace and in war, have been granted either in express terms or by the plainest implication.

While deeply convinced of these truths, I yet consider it clear that, under the war-making power, Congress may appropriate money towards the construction of a military road, when this is absolutely necessary for the defence of any State or Territory of the Union against foreign invasion. Under the Constitution Congress has power "to declare war;" "to raise and support armies;" "to provide and maintain a navy;" and "to call forth the militia to repel invasion." Thus endowed in an ample manner with the war-making power, the corresponding duty is required that "the United States shall protect each of them [the States] against invasion." Now, how is it possible to afford protection to California and our Pacific possessions except by means of a military road through the Territories of the United States, over which men and munitions of war may be speedy transported from the Atlantic States to meet and to repel the invader? In the event of a war with a naval power much stronger than our own, we should then have no other available access to the Pacific coast; because such a power would instantly close the route across the Isthmus of Central America. It is impossible to conceive that, whilst the Constitution has expressly required Congress to defend all the States, it should yet deny to them, by any fair construction, the only possible means by which one of these States can be defended. Besides, the Government, ever since its origin, has been in the constant practice of constructing military roads.

It might also be wise to consider whether the love of the Union which now animates our fellow-citizens on the Pacific coast may not be impaired by our neglect or refusal to provide for them, in their remote and isolated condition, the only means by which the power of the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains can reach them in sufficient time to protect them against invasion. I forber, for the present, from expressing an opinion as to the wisest and most economical mode in which the Government can lend its atd in accomplishing this great and necessary work. I believe that many of the difficulties in the way which now appear most formidable will, in a great degree, vanish, as soon as the nearest and best route shall have been satisfactorily ascertained.

It may be proper that, on this occasion, I should make some brief remarks in regard to our rights and duties as a member of the great family of nations. In our intercourse with them there are some plain principles, approved by our own experience, from which we should never depart. We ought to cultivate peace, commerce and friendship with all nations; and this not merely as the best means of promoting our own material interests, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence towards our fellow men, wherever their lot may be cast. Our diplomacy should be direct and frank; neither seeking to obtain more nor accepting less than is our due. We ought to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of all nations, and never attempt to interfere in the domestic concerns of any, unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation.

To avoid entangling alliances has been a maxim of our policy ever since the days of Washington; and its wisdom no one will attempt to dispute. In short, we ought to do justice in a kindly spirit, to all nations, and require justice from them in return.

It is our glory that, whilst other nations have extended their dominions by the sword, we have never acquired any territory except by fair purchase, or, as in the case of Texas, by the voluntary determination of a brave, kindred and independent people to blend their destinies with our own. Even our acqisitions from Mexico form no exception. Unwilling to take advantage of the fortune of war against a sister Republic, we purchased these possessions, under the treaty of peace for a sum which was considered at the time a fair equivalent. Our past history forbids that we shall in the future acquire territory, unless this be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor.—Acting on this principle, no nation will have a right to interfere or to complain if, in the progress of events, we shall still further extend our possessions. Hitherto, in all our acquisitions, the people, under the protection of the American flag, have enjoyed civil and religious liberty as well as equal and just laws, and have been contented, prosperous and happy. Their trade with the rest of the world has rapidly increased, and thus every commercial nation has shared largely in their successful progress.

I shall now proceed to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, whilst humbly invoking the blessing of Divine Providence on this great republic.

POLITICAL PREACHING.—A number of members of the Presbyterian Church at Jerseyville, Ill., having become heartily disgusted with the political preaching which has been imposed upon them for a year or two past, met a few days ago, and adopted resolutions disclaiming all wish or intention of imposing any restriction whatever on subjects properly appertaining to ministerial duty yet still claiming for themselves the right to judge how far ministerial duty transcends its legitimate prerogative when it introduces into the church, as part of the worship of God, the subject of party politics; and declaring that while they were at all times ready and willing to contribute their full and reasonable share of material aid for the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, yet, for the preaching of any other gospel they held themselves in no way committed either for attendance or support. This is right action.

A gentlman of great wealth received from his nephew, who was his reputed heir, a splendid pheasant, to enjoy which he invited his friends to to partake. The dinner was gay, but at the desert one of the guests remarked that he had not tasted of the dainty bird.

"Ah," said the old gent. "ta tell the truth, I was fearful that it might be poisoned, coming from my heir."

Rose Bonheur, the French cattle painter, is putting on the canvass, in England, the fruits of some months' study in Scotland. This lady, only 34 years old, is also a sculptor, and scarcely surpassed by Landseer himself as an animal painter. One of her pictures has been placed in the Gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris—the highest French honor to living artist. Her "Horse Fair" was the gem of the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

It appears that there are only five real bona fide millionaires in New York, at the head of whom stands William B. Astor, worth $3,225,000; Peter Lorillard stands next, with $1,620,500; then Stephen Whiting, with $1,409,000; then James Lenox, with $1,338,875; and lastly, A. T. Stewart, with $1,089,00.

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA.—An intelligent correspondent of the Cassville (Ga.) *Standard* says:

"There is now living in Murray county, in this state, on the waters of Holley Creek, a Revolutionary veteran, who has attained the age of one hundred and thirty. His name is John Hames."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are not able to gratify the curiosity of our correspondent, who asks us to cite the lines beginning.

"At night he heard the lion roar."

In fact, this is the first time we ever had the pleasure of seeing them.—*Picayune.*

The high price of cotton has enhanced the value of negroes in all parts of Texas. The *Texas Issue* reports a sale recently made in La Grange, where one field hand was sold for $1,725, and another negro man for $1,650.