Geo. Cathup K.

EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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Lame goes communications to insure attention sholud be *post paid*

POETRY.

THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

The romantic story of Kate of Killarney is too well known to need repetition. It is said she cherished a visionary passion for O Donoyhue, an enchanted chieften. who haunts those beautiful Lakes, and to have died a victim "of folly, of love, and of madness."

Why doth the maiden turn away
From voice so sweet, and words so dear?
Why doth the maiden turn away
When love and flattery woo her ear?
And rarely that enchanted twain
Whisper in woman's ear in vain,
Why doth the maiden leave the hall?
No face is fair as her's is fair,
No step has such a fairy fall,
No azure eyes like her's are there.
The maiden seeks her lonely bower,
Although her father's guests are met;
She knows it is the midnight hour,
She knows the first pale star is set,
And now the silver moonbeams awake
The spirit of the haunted Lake
The waves take rain-bow hues, and now
The shining train are gliding by,
The chieftain lifts his glorious bow,
The maiden meets his lingering eye.
The glittering shapes melt into night;
Another look, their chief is gone,
And chill and gray comes morning's light,
And clear and cold the Lake flows on;
Close, close the casement, not for sleep,
Over such visions eyes but weep.
How many share such destiny,
How many, lured by fancy's beam,
Ask the imposible to be,
And pine, the victims of a dream.

HAPPINESS—A PICTURE

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER

A green vale, and an humble cot
Embowered in vines and spreading trees;
Before the door a verdant plot,
And flowers whose pefume loads the breeze;
Upon the grass, those flowers among,
Glad as the winds that thither stray
A group of children, fair and young,—
Their cheeks are flush'd with play!

Midway the two small rooms between,
(For only two hath cot like this,)
Spectator of the joyous scene,
And sharer of the heart-felt bliss,
A white-haired grandam;—on her knee
Her knitten lies neglected now;
She fairly strains her eyes to see,—
Her specs pushed to her brow!

A smile upon her withered cheeks,—
On each a glistening tear-drop lies;
Her lips apart—she thoughtless speaks,
And harder strains her filmy eyes.
An anguish'd cry!—she quickly sprung,—
The sufferer's head was on her breast;
A bee its tiny foot had stung,
On clover-blossom prest.

AN AMERICAN REBECCA.

The noble courage displayed by Scott's Rebacca, in his novel of Ivanhoe, when she stood upon the tower from which she declared she would precipitate herself if followed by the villain who desired to rob her of her honor, has been more than shaded by the sacrifice of a young girl, near Hartford, Conn.

The facts are given us by a gentleman, and are as follows.—The son of a respectable paper maker one day, a few weeks ago, finding the young girl alluded to, at the dinner hour in the upper room of the paper mill entered, and endeavored to accomplish his Tarquinian purpose, when the girl sprung from his grasp, and approached the edge of the scuttle which opened into two chambers beneath, a distance of thirty feet. The cowardly miscreant was about advancing to secure the heroine again, when she exclaimed—"Dare, sir, to advance one step toward me, and my death be on your head. I free myself by jumping down these falls." The villain approached but a step, the girl dashed herself forward, falling through the two stories and breaking her ribs in the most horrible manner. Such devotion should be immortalized—such an instance of self-sacrifice should be hailed with the highest admiration. It is perhaps needless to add that the young man paid dearly for his attempt, to the amount of $3000.—World.

The editor of the Boston Eglantine advertises for a convenient room in the almshouse for himself and publisher, till the subscribers get ready to "fork over."

The best way to deal with most slanderers is not to notice them; nine times out of ten they will die quicker than you can kill them.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVE, REVENGE, AND LOYALTY

Napoleon's brothers were fond of the fair sex. One of them had visited incog, the wife of a captain of the Imperial guard, when the husband unexpectedly came in and surprised the guilty pair. His jealousy overcoming his prudence, he drew his sword when the thoughtless waiting maid, who had given him admission and followed close to his heels, placed herself between the irritated husband and his victim, and not knowing how to parry the mortal blow, exclaimed, "Stay, this is the Emperor's brother!"

The announcement, confirmed by perceiving the physiognomy of——, who turned round, appalled the captain. He hesitated; his wife screamed out, people came in, and——escaped and shut himself up in another room. The new Vulcan rushed towards the door, and roared out to the embryo god of war—"You shall not quit this place until you have pledged your word of honor that you will give me satisfaction for this injury The Prince gallantly accepted the challenge, and it was settled that the meeting should take place next morning.

The report of this adventure was in an hour afterwards, transmitted to the private cabinet of the Minister of the Police. His Excellency ordered his carriage, and proceeded immediately to the Tuileries, and having obtained admittance to his Majesty, requested his commands as to what steps should be taken.

"Why," said Napoleon, "whosoever has drawn the wine must drink it. To insult a captain of my old guard—a surly fellow, too——I know the whole story. He is a very brave man."

"But, Sire, a brother of the Emperor cannot accept a challenge.

"Very true; but by all that is bad, why did he not address himself to the wife of one of our Generals?—Ninety out of a hundred would have said to him,—'Many thanks to you, Prince, when will your Imperial highness condescend to return? But an obscure captain does not understand matters in the same way as a courtier. Men of their class are supporters to the throne, but not the Prince's friends.....' Let the injured husband be ordered to attend me."

Then, as if regretting that he had indulged in so severe a sarcasm, he laid hold of the ministers buttonhole, and said to him in a bantering tone of voice, "When I spoke of those who would ask no better than to re-enact the part of Siear Baureau, of happy memory, I was wrong in only alluding to military men, I ought to have included my civil household; even the Council of State, and Ministers to boot."

The Minister of Police proceeded to execute his order. The captain presented himself with a pale and dejected countenance, bearing how ever the impress of inflexible severity.

"Captain," said Napoleon, "I sent for you [illegible] the girl chief [illegible] your old gen[illegible] the effects of repeated conf[illegible] up my soul."

"Ah, Sire, [illegible] all our [illegible] up my soul."

"I can well understand that blood only can wipe away so deep an injury; but you would have to slay the brother of Napoleon—of your soverign! This would not be allowed; neither would you go through the jugglery of cork balls. In short, you have been made to suffer what you formerly inflicted on some one else. —The law of reprisals bear with it."

"But, Sire——"

"But, captain you have understood me? I forbid the duel; and I in person demand the pardon of my brother; if this does not satisfy you—zounds, you will have to deal with me. Let us draw and settle the matter between us."

The officer burst into tears like a child, and fell at the feet of the Emperor, who hastened to raise him from the ground.

"Ah, Sire," said he, "though you do not repair my injured honor, you distinguish me above all earthly monarchs. I release your brother from his pledge: the Minister of War will please accept my resignation."

"Assuredly not, captain; he shall do no such thing; heroes such as you should only die in the field of battle."

Immediately after this conversation the captain departed to join his regiment. No mark of favor was granted him at the moment, but care was taken to promote him as soon as his right of seniority gave him a title to advancement. The Emperor was so solicitous on this subject, that the captain was in 1814 a colonel, and a commander of the Legion of Honor.

Napoleon then sent for his brother, whom he reprimanded, and at last said to him with a smile, "Men in your position should only court a woman with the previous consent of her husband."—*Cambaceres.*

BEAUTY.

The following is an extract from Dr. HOMES' address before the Boston Phrenological Society, and contains a beautiful idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully expressed:

"Most heartily do I agree with the sage who said, with a sigh—'Well, philosophers may argue and plain men may fret, but beauty will find its way to the human heart.' And it should be so, for so hath the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it. He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of perceiving beauty. He hath made the perception a source of delight to him, and he hath filled the earth, the sea, and the skies, with bright and beautiful objects, which he may contemplate and admire. Else, why is the earth, and every thing upon it, so varied of form, so full of beauty of outline? Why are not the hills, the rocks, the trees, all square? Why runneth not the river canal-like to the ocean? Why is not the grass black? Why cometh the green bud, the white blossom, the golden fruit, and the yellow leaf? Why is not firmament of a leaden changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of morning, the splendor of noon, the georgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever-turning kaleidescope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be answered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight and sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and, by so doing, he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw from so abundant a course."

REFORM.

There are many persons, who insist that no reform is necessary in the Judiciary of our State. But a short time has elapsed, since we exhibited a tabular statement showing that the Judiciary of our State, was more expensive in proportion to our population and territory, than that of any other State in the Union. This alone would be a sufficient cause, for reorganizing that branch of our Government, But there is to be added to this another cause. It appears that under the present system the Judges of Courts can vacate their seats for a time at pleasure, even in the midst of a Session of the Court, and without regard to the inconvenience or injury sustained, by persons having business in Court, the speedy completion of which depends upon the presence of a judge. They can also, it appears, hold two offices under the State Government and draw the salaries attached to each, when it is morally impossible, they can perform the duties of more than one.

We will illustrate this, by citing instances that have come to our knowledge premising that in mentioning names, we do it not for the purpose of attacking individuals, or from disrespect to the gentlemen, whose public acts we have a right to scan, but simply to prove the correctness of our allegations against a system that we honestly believe needs reform.

The Hon. John Ruchanan, as we have in another article stated, draws from the public annually $2,500, as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, and of one of the Judical Districts of the State. This we imagine would in any State of the Union be considered a liberal salary, even if all the time of the person employed was occupied with his public duties.—And it would naturally be expected that upon all occasions when the duties of the station required his presence, he would be found at his post. One of the duties of the Chief Judge of the highest tribunal in Maryland, is to preside over that Court, It is now in session, but the Chief Judge is absent, in virtue of another appointment by the Executive of State under which he is to receive $8000 while his salary as Chief Judge is continued without abatement. Is not this making the office of a Judge a sinecure temporarily at least, if not permanently? And is it not in direct violation of the spirit of our institutions which prohibits sinecures, and strives to prevent two offices being held by one person, lest in performing the duties of one, he should neglect those of the other, to the great loss and detriment of that public who employ, and pay him? The answer to the questions are simple, and the subject can be comprehended by every mind.

We have another instance to cite, which occurred during the session of our Court, to show, that under the present Judicial system, it is not incumbent on the Judges to attend to their duties when matters of private concern demand their attention, or at least is not so considered. The Hon. Thomas Buchanan, one of the associate Judges, some three or four days prior to the adjournment of the Court at this place, vacated his seat for the purpose of acting as an arbitrator, in some case in Harford county, in consequence of which we have been informed on good authority, several Chancery cases were compelled to be laid over to the next session of the Court. The Chief Judge being absent also, there was but one Judge on the bench,—the Hon. Abraham Shriver, who we believe is always at his post. It was contemplated no doubt by the framers of our Constitution, when establishing the present Judicial system, that justice should be administered without delay. But it will be discovered that in the case above cited, several persons were sent from Court, to await the laws delay for five months. Is there not something wrong in this matter? And will the people not attend to it? We feel assured they will.—*Frederick Citizen.*

EFFECTS OF HALLEY'S COMET.

This comet, although only of late celebrity, may be traced with every degree of probability to a period of 130 years before Christ, as being the first time it was observed. In 1220 its appearance was attended with the most extraordinary circumstances; during that year the heat was intense, with great inundations. In the spring of the following year the Mediterranean was frozen, and goods were conveyed across in carts. This comet so organized, the atmosphere, that a year or two afterwards there was thunder and lightning for 16 successive days. At its next return, in 1306, the Baltic Sea was frozen over for 14 weeks between the Danish and Sweedish Islands. In 1445, its next appearance, there was great rains, inundations, and the Baltic was covered with ice from Mecklenburg to Denmark during the following winter. Its next appearance was near the year 1531. Rome, Antwerp, and Lisbon suffered from inundations; and a flood is recorded to have taken place in England, extended from Somersetshire to Norfolk. The summer was intensely hot; yet on the 12th of June there was frost, and the succeeding winter intensely cold. We now approach the last appearance of the comet, and let philosophers judge if it has its effects or not on the atmosphere; the unusual cold temperature of the summer, and the exceedingly wet and stormy autumn, which has rendered the result of the latter harvest extremely doubtful, and has so organized the atmosphere that the approaching winter, I have no doubt, will be intensely cold.

Correspondent of the Caledonian Murcury 1836.

We get fond of the very defects of the woman we love, as we do of chocolate and tobacco, though horribly unpatable at first.

LOUIS PHILIPPE,—It may not be within the knowledge of all our readers says the Camden (N. J.) Mail, that Louis Phillippe, the citizen King of the French nation, was at one time a schoolmaster in Haddonfield, in this county.

A Roarer.—One of our up river friends, who sat down to supper at a tavern in Easton, a few evenings since, used up the following at a singles itting:

16 cups of coffee, 3 fip loaves of bread, a tolerable sized fried shad, the largest portion of a four pound steak, a saucer of beets, two large pickles, together with butter, salt, &c, and all for 25 cents! Really the way he kept it up was nobody's business but the land lord's!

P. S—No physician sent for during the night!—*Easton Argus.*

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Among those the most remarkable, was a venerable old man, whose bent figure, thin white hair, high wrinkled forehead, and withered complexion bespoke the extremity of age, yet his manners were firm, and he never forgot for a moment, the calm propriety of his demeanour. By his side stood a woman now no longer young; but retaining much of the former days. She stood erect, and supported without effort the arm of the old man, who leaned heavily upon hers. The other rested upon the neck of a fair young girl—a mere child—not apparently more than ten years old, whose tear swollen eyes were fixed on her mother's face, with sad and touching melancholy of childish grief. They spoke not much together; once, as the wagon stopped near where I stood, I heard the old man murmur words of patience and encouragement to his companion; as he spoke she turned her eyes towards the child—she gazed on that young fair face, and all a mother's love beamed in her eye—the trial was almost too great—her lip quivered—her face grew more deadly pale, but in a moment, by strong efforts, she banished from her look every appearance of weakness. She rasied her eyes to heaven,—her lips moved and then as if her prayer had been answered she turned a bright and smiling look on her little innocent, smoothed back the curling hair that clustered around that lovely forehead, and the mother imprinted one long fond kiss on the brow of her child.

The wagon passed on, and I inquired the name of the victim whose appearance had so interested me. It was Malesherbes—the honest and able minister—the undaunted advocate—the kind and true friend of Louis Capet—accompanied by his daughter the marchioness Rocambo, and her child, about to die upon the scaffold! But the child?—Surely they would not murder the child? And why not? The old man's crime was his innocence and purity of character,—how then could the child escape? The wagon was drawn before the guillotine, and all was soon ready for the first execution. Malesherbes stood nearest the steps, and was about to descend, when a savage voice cried out, 'the child first!' The old man would have remonstrated, but his child checked him—'tis but for a moment,'—she raised the child in her arms, and herself handed it to the executioner. The little creature, frightened by the savage looks of the man, cried out, 'don't leave me—come with me—don't leave me.' 'I will not leave you, my child—I will be with you in a moment.' The child was pacified, and the mother turned toward the aged parent and buried her face in his neck; he bent forward, until his white hair flowed over her shoulders. Thus they saw nothing—yet they were so near that they must have heard the jerk of the string that loosed the ponderous axe—and its clatter as it fell. A strong shudder shook the form of the mother; but when the executioner called out, 'Now for the woman,' she raised her placid face from her father's neck—kissed his cheek and 'For a brief moment, farewell my father' She stepped with a light firm tread from the wagon, mounted the scaffold, and in a moment she was with her child.

Malesherbes came next; he had summoned all his energies for the last scene in his life's drama, and played it nobly. Never in the proudest days of his power had the minister looked or moved with a loftier dignity. With a wave of the hand he repulsed the rude advance of one of the guard, who would have assisted his descent from the wagon. Self-sustained in body as in mind, he advanced slowly to the scaffold—even the fiends allowed the old man to place himself unassisted on the platform. They would have bound him, but he gave a forbidding look—it was enough; the executioner retired—the plank was pushed forward—and for a moment, the old man must have seen in the basket below, the heads of his children. The additional pang, if it was one, was short—the executioner jerked the string, and all was over.

ON THE QUALITY AND GROWTH OF WHEAT.

Colonel Le Counteur, of the 1st Regiment Royal Jersey Militia, has recently published a little work that proves the writer to have made, and to be making, a most exemplary use of the happy interruption of war, and to be promoting like an excellent citizen, the arts of peace and the means of internal support and strength. The work is "on the varieties, properties, and classification of wheat;" and the details are the results of the writer's own experiments on his own property. Circumstances led him to make a collection of wheats; and in the course of five years' close attention and research, it increased to upwards of 150 sorts. To show the importance of attending to the varieties of properties of wheat, Colonel Le Conteur mentions that among these varieties there are some that will thrive better than others in the particular soils and situations adapted to each, all over the kingdom; that one ear of a superior variety, sowed grain by grain and suffered to tiller apart, produced 4lbs. 4oz. of wheat; whereas another ear, of an inferior sort treated in the same manner, produced only 1lb. 10oz—a proof of the paramount importance of selecting the most productive and farinacious sorts for seeds, the profit of sowing one sort, and the loss resulting from the other, being manifest.

The writer remarks that his attention was directed to this important subject by professor La Gasca Curator of the Royal Gardens at Madrid; that five years since he accidentally saw about 80 distinct sorts of wheat growing in a nursery garden in Jersey, some 7 feet high, some only 4, the ears of some being three, others 6 inches long; and that the professors explained their nature to him. He requested the professor to visit his crops, considering them to be as pure and unmixed as those of his neighbours. To the writer's dismay the professor drew from three fields twenty three sorts—some white wheat, some red, some liver coloured, some spring wheat, some dead ripe, the corn shaking out, some ripe some half so, some in milky state, and some green. He thereupon became convinced that "no crop in that state could either produce the greatest weight of corn, give the largest quantity of flower, or make the best or lightest bread, such as would be produced from a field in an equal and perfect state of ripeness." He then selected the best and most productive sorts of wheat, and secured fourteen sorts which he afterwards cultivated with great care and success showing the great profit resulting from this care and selection, and arguing on the immense consequence to the country, if attention to this subject could be made a national object. The modes by which Colonel Le Conteur proceeded and succeeded occupy the remaining portions of the volume.

A fear is an oath in the sight of heaven, to repent and reform.

Physicians are the nut-crackers used by angels to get our souls out of the shell which surrounds them.

In Ohio there is every prospect of a plentiful harvest.

ANOTHER SUSPENSION.—The Emperor of China has issued a decree, forbidding any of his subjects to part with any *specie* in payment to a Barbarian for *opium* or other goods.

SOLITUDE SWEETENED—One of our ex change papers announces the marriage of Mr. James Sweet to Miss Julia Ann Solitude.

'MEASURES NOT MEN.'—Married, at Washington, Mr. Joseph Peck to Miss Amelia Bushel.

The Providence Journal supposes that a part of the next generation will be *half pecks* and *half bushels.*

The money market in New York is becoming easier, capitalists finding it difficult to find employment for their means in the discount of business paper, the quantity of which has diminished.

The amount of specie sent to Europe by the 1st of July packets is said not to be as large as usual.

A public meeting of the friends of Mr. WEBSTER, who are in favor of electing him to the office of President of the United States, is to be held in New York on Wednesday, "for the purpose of recommeding his nomination."

The Hon SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, of New Jersey, on Friday was unanimously elected President of the Morris Canal and Banking Company, to supply the place of Mr. McLane.

By baby by.—"I guess you mean to bring up that are young one to be pretty sharp at a bargain' said a fellow to a woman who was rocking and singing with all her might to a "little responsibility."

"Why?" said she: "Cause you keep howling *'by low* baby, *by low* baby,' into his ears, all the time."

A man will sometimes put his wife into a passion to make her appear more interesting, and smile at her tears, because they render her more beautiful.

MR. INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

We give the following extract from an address made by Mr. INGERSOLL, at a meeting of the people in the Third Congressional District, in which he is the private patron candidate of the democrats M. [illegible] acteristic of the [illegible] Centreville by 7 P M. distinguishes the mind of the speaker. The most common place and thread-bare topic always receives from the genius of Mr. Ingersoll some new and strong attraction.

The great absorbing topic of the day is that one thing needful—MONEY. There have been times to try men's souls, as we learn, but these are the times to try men's breeches pockets. The first thing I have to say of such a crisis, is to be of good cheer, not to be discouraged. The banks have shut up as much of our money as they could get hold of, and will not let us touch or see it. By so doing, they spread panic throughout the country, so that all the rest of the money (except that closeted by the banks) is tied away in the woolen stockings of all the old women of both sexes; and there eighty millions of good hard money vanish Then the banks and their partisans say, "there you see what your Jackson experiment has come to; all the specie has gone; your Benton humbug is all over." there is no hard money to be seen." To be sure there is not because, by locking up some, and securing away the rest, they have driven it all from circulation. "You are all ruined," say they; "Jackson and democracy have ruined us." My friends some of us here to night, such as General Duncan and others, have seen worse ruin than this, and yet the country survived it! The last bank suspension was in time of war, with the enemy at our doors. We were ruined then, just as now, and a great deal worse. Madison, since defied by some of those who, I am assured, will vote for Mr. Naylor, was then denounced by them as a tyrant, monster, to lot of Bonaparte All this is now said by those of Jackson, and a great deal more; yet that ruin came to great glory and prosperity. So will this ruin. I am no prophet, but venture to predict that two years hence those hard, dull times, will be looked upon as the happiest day in our lives; they are the overcast dawn of brighter and better days. We must not be discouraged. These ruins are not so bad as the ruin-makers describe them. There is a great deal of ruin in some things, but, as was said, they don't stay ruined. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies; the medicine is bitter, but health will come of it; we shall be well again, and much better for getting rid of these four humors.

Mr. Peltz spoke of our foreign debt, and stated it largely; but not so large as he might. The banks have involved us, besides the commercial debt of sixty millions he mentioned, in a stationary stock debt of not less than one hundred millions of dollars more to European creditors, mostly English. And who is to pay these enormous debts? Not those who contracted them. No. Not the merchants, bankers, speculators, and others of that terrible ten thousand who are to march from Wall street, all armed in buckram from Manchester, in Manchester buckram, under the command of a personage whose name reminds one of the Specie circular, and dethrone our little Van at Washington. Oh no. These are not the paymasters. These are the fighting men, the bloody silk stockings; the toplings of bank hours; the dragoons of discounts, the legion that always spend half a crown out of sixpence a day, and borrow the sixpence! These heroic patriots will pay nothing. They are above that. Their debts are to be paid by the work, the sweat, the sinewy arms, and the daily toil of the people, who never keep accounts at banks, never get discounts, never speculate—but labor, Yes, my friends, mother earth and father labor, American agriculture and American manufactures must pay these graceless foreign debts of the extravagant and dissipated children of what is called commerce, but is in fact wagering. The soil and the wages of day labor, the working men must pay for the idle men. I disclaim all unworthy and odious contrasts between any other classes. The speculators are not the rich, far from it They are poor in every thing like property, industry and patriotism. They run the community in debt, over head and ears in debt, and then threaten Government, that if it does not relieve them they will demolish it.

It was a glorious sound of the voice of the majesty of the people, when, without distinction of party, not politicians, working men, men with brawny arms and warm hearts—when such a voice issued from twenty thousand freemen at the meeting in Independence Square, declaring to all mobs of gentlemen that there are ten or ten thousand of the common people ready at a moment's warning—ten or ten thousand to one of the speculating gentry, always ready to maintain the peace, to uphold the laws, and to crush their disturbers. Ay, my friends, that cheering voice, as I gather from the country press, is resounding throughout this abused land, and its echoes, its mere echoes, will drown the ungenerous complaints of unfounded denunciations. Should the spotted Sun of York, in its transit over Philadelphia to Washington, there to eclipse the President, stop in the Northern Liberties with its discontent, no doubt the working men and democrats will look upon it as they would on any other strange sight, without dismay, and with becoming composure. Do not hurt them; I am sure you will not my friends. The worst that is done to naughty boys is to spank them a little, and send them home. Go where this gendamerie may, say what they will, after all, the one hundred and sixty millions of debts which they owe must be paid by their abused country, by its produce, by its handcraft, by labor and industry, not by banks; no, not even by money. Not even hard money will pay these debts. They must be worked out by time, frugality and hard work.

What is the matter with the banks? What is our present position? They have the *mania apotu*; stimulated too high, until they now lie sprawling on their backs, crying for mercy. And what should the people do? If you saw a man lying sick of intoxication, you would not cut his throat, trample on him, crush him to death as he lay. That would be wrong. But on the other hand, are we to be frightened by his cries? To be afraid to touch him? No! Let us handle the crisis without fear. We did not make it. It made itself. It has made itself most fortunately to our hands. The usurpers are down; they have fallen by their own excesses; by nothing of ours. There they lie, and we have, most providentially, an opportunity of righting ourselves, without destroying them. But shall we not deal with them, as Friends say, for their backslidings? Shall we not lecture them? Shall we not put them under proper restraints for the furture? Prevent their renewing their mischievous propensities. To be sure, take advantage of this fortunate disaster, (if I may so express it,) to work a tolerable evils. If we take up a drunkard in the streets, we do not license and encourage him to resume his career of dissipation, but do what we can to make him a temperate and useful citizen. The banks are so ground into our system that it is impossible, perhaps, without great public suffering, to root them out all at once. But we may and we should set their house in order, and ours too.

And how is this to be done? By another national discount bank? Such may be the decree of Wall street and Walnut street. But the people are against it. The President is pledged against it. It is impracticable, and it ought to be; for it would only make bad worse. For one, I desired its renewal. But it is defunct—by suicide, as I think, and there is an end of it. The State banks would be worse still, much worse. We must find remedies without any banks. We have had enough, and too much of that dose, and can bear no more of it. The States and their Union must be divorced from banks of discount and circulation altogether. They have had their day, as Acres in the play said of damns they have had *their* day. Hard money days are coming. Their are now eighty millions of it in the country; nearly three times as much as there was when the late Bank of the United States was most flourishing and powerful. All that is wanting to float these stranded eighty millions, is to launch them once more, to launch them on the clear waves of public confidence, not on the shallow and turbed pools, the stagnant, striking and poisonous waters of credit, the bubbles of muddy discounts, the fluctuating jects of artificial and insufficient ponds. No! the Federal Government gathers forty millions a year into its treasury. By the simplest process, the simpler the better, without any bank, discount or treasury bank, Congress can distribute the public dues, in coin or its unquestionable equivalents, without difficulty. We have been wedded to banks, and, like, many husbands, henpecked by these adulterous spouses. We must be divorced from them. Indeed we are; for they are, if not quite dead, at any rate so crippled by their own folly, by a lie of temptation, intoxication and extravagance, that we are free to do as we think proper without them. They will never be able to give us trouble again, if we take advantage of this lucky crisis to—what? put them to death? No, but put them where they ought to be, in their proper places. Do not let us hurt them. There they lie—there let them lie till they rise by their own means. No violent or harsh treatment on the one hand; no fears of these domestic tyrants on the other. Our course is plain: be just and fear not; that is all.

I cannot close without calling attention to the glorious, popular, majestic meeting in Independence Square; especially their resolution encouraging the new President to persevere in the hard money policy, with the assurance that the people will support him. Ay, will they, if he follows in that path, the noble footsteps of that illustrious pioneer, the President who went before him, and always carried the people with him. He said to me once, in the former crisis, that the towns might be against him; 'but the first cross road you come to, Mr. Ingersoll," said the old soldier, "as soon as you get among the yeomanry, my support begins, and it goes all through the country." Let Mr. Van Buren be encouraged with the same voice of populus, of hard working support, and act on it, with it, and for it, and all will soon be well.

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