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C H A R L E S A . S U M N E R ,

Delivered at a Republican Mass Meeting

A T
S A C R A M E N T O ,

On Friday Evening, September 7th, 1860.

On the evening above named, the spacious hall of the Republican Central Club was crowded by an intelligent and attentive audience.

Mr. BARTON, President of the Club, introduced Mr. C. A. SUMNER, of San Francisco.

Mr. SUMNER said :

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: From the midst of duties the most imperative and exacting, suffering under a temporary indisposition of a nature peculiarly calculated to unfit one for the proper discharge of those obligations which a speaker owes to the community of citizens before whom he has been formally announced to appear, I come to you, this evening, apprehending that throughout my remarks I shall have constant occasion for the exercise of your kind indulgence. But I will not allow myself to be introduced to you merely as a man generally absorbed in other pursuits than those of a political nature, or as one who, being afflicted for the time present with physical ailing, cannot borrow inspiration and vitalizing strength from the principles of the party we are here to advocate and to sustain.

I am glad of the opportunity that brings me here, with you, to-night. I am proud to have the honor of addressing so large and respectable a gathering of the people of the city and county in which I once resided, in which I now frequently sojourn and follow the business of my profession; and for whose interests I have entertained and hope continually to hold the highest and most careful regard. As I rose to speak a most pleasing assurance sprang from the retrospect which opened to my view. Three or four years ago—a short period in the ordinary history of States and of individuals, but O! how long and important in the birth of great events for California—three or four years ago the entire Republican strength of this county was to be numbered by a few hundreds. About that distance of time from us, in the past, I was honored by a nomination at the hands of the Republican party of Sacramento for an office of large emoluments with little labor; and I received some four or five hundred votes out of thousands which were cast at that election. Subsequent to that date, I was engaged in editing and publishing a Republican daily in this city, which, though liberally encouraged by a few men in our ranks, never returned to those immediately employed in its

conduct a very heavy pecuniary compensation. But let this meeting, so considerable in numbers and so enthusiastic in spirit, called at such a brief and imperfect notice, having the single attraction of such a plain talk as your humble servant can afford on matters political, be recorded in unimpeachable evidence of the growing favor of our cause and the definite prosperity of our party.

And I rejoice exceedingly in this certain indication of our numerically increasing force. I rejoice for the sake of our cause and for the sake of the people. It is a most comfortable reflection, that after years of service in a political organization, after undergoing much of positive toil and loss, and struggling with vexation of spirit under the cloud of popular reproach, we are enabled to feel the power of the general voice in our behalf. I am glad of this, since I know that there are many among the floating classes of our population who cannot recognize and appreciate and who will not practically acknowledge the truth of our principles unless they are inscribed upon banners borne by an army having the prestige and promise of victory. And, fellow-citizens, that promise is now with us; and we may hope for and expect daily valuable accessions to our ranks. And be our proclamation—Let the recruits come in!—on the one hand, unawed by threats of political proscription, and, on the other hand, welcomed by the most unaffected and sincere expressions of a desire for future political fellowship. Let there be no article illegitimately interpolated in our national creed which shall not comport with the characteristic our platform of Faith now holds, above that of any other party in the land—that of an impartial and strict regard for the rights and the welfare of all citizens, irrespective of their nationalities, trades, professions and abilities.

Mr. President and fellow-citizens: The day in which indifference to our political condition was excusable on the part of any citizen—if, indeed, such a period can be proven ever to have existed in the history of our country—has, assuredly, passed away. The whole mind of the people has been aroused by the wicked accomplishments and the still more infamous tendencies of our present administered Federal Government, now, we rejoice to remember, in the closing year of its existence. If the deeds actually done in the body and by the authority of this administration have not been of such a nature and magnitude as in themselves to startle and shock the universal sentiment of truth, justice and decency, its bold and base though fruitless endeavors, its flagrant omissions, its promises, flauntingly held out for itself and its possible successor, adopting the same line of policy, ought to have touched every citizen who loves his country with a fear for the perpetuity of its institutions, inspired the heart and nerved the arm of every patriot with an unalterable determination to secure a decided and immediate change in the conduct of Federal affairs. It is a safe and certain appeal, then, which a citizen may make at this time in addressing a promiscuous assemblage on matters political, to a general, although in degree very unequal and in quality, perhaps, very dissimilar sense and appreciation of the corrupting and destroying elements which have been cautiously and secretly introduced, but which have in recent years been shamelessly exhibited in our National Rule.

I assume then that the members of the Republican party stand, at the outset, not so much the advocates of precise and normal progress, as the averters of impending ruin and overwhelming catastrophe. Or, if it be "progress" which the platform of our political organization declares we are seeking—if that term, with its blessed significations and associations of old, and its sad perversions by the moral and political schools of this generation, is deemed the most fit and exact to tell of our aims and actions; then we are attempting an advance, a progress, up the grade from the low level to which the demagogue chiefs of the still-denominated Democratic party have reduced our once glorious Federal government.

And, fellow-citizens, no sensible, reading, honest man will challenge these assertions as mere sensation periods, unfounded in any firmer basis than a miserable hope for a morbid and temporary excitement. For, reflections such as these are substantially the burden of hourly conversations on the public highway, in the hotel, the workshop and at the fireside. Indeed, as we pass through community, as we receive and return the ordinary salutations of neighbors and friends, as we catch from every quarter those incidental, unpretending phrases, bearing opinions upon politicians and political measures and records seemingly so long entertained and so often expressed as to be considered by their authors hardly worth a repetition—the words of casual comment and censure which can only spring from a wide-spread information and deep-rooted conviction in regard questions of Representation and Law—we are excited to an astonishment unspeakable at the realization of the fact that there are any, no matter how few, who are so weak as to do homage to the rulers by whose hands the sceptre of power is now convulsively and precariously clutched, or so deficient in manly intelligence and so puffed up with the conceit of sycophancy as to attempt to extenuatingly explain or directly defend the administration of James Buchanan. We may look for and we can abide a strenuous endeavor on the part of the rulers themselves to support their position in office by speeches abounding in prevarications and misstatements—although even their impertinence sometimes forces from us the blush of mortification; but for those claiming entire disinterestedness to make efforts for the help of the Federal governors of to-day is, really, a performance passing common understanding.

And in this connection there are to be enumerated some of the most remarkable facts ever developed in the history of any political canvass since the organization of our Republican system of general command and private security. We appear to ascend into a temple of wonder as we proceed to rehearse them.

A large portion of the once compact and victorious Democracy—the equal if not the major portion of that organization—seek to unshoulder every particle of the odium and curse which, as they acknowledge, justly falls upon the political body truly responsible for the mal-administration of Federal affairs for the last four or eight years. And what is the plea set up for this escape? We do not forget that until within two or three years there has not been the slightest difference of opinion between the now divided sections of the Democracy. No. But one wing of that party now has the effrontery to claim and assert that it is entirely and absolutely free from any of the censure which may be righteously attached to James Buchanan's rule, because, forsooth, their leader and candidate once *dared*—and the vocabularies of our own living and of two dead languages have been exhausted in the search for terms wherein to herald the moral courage said to be evinced in this one act—because their candidate and leader *dared* (give them the implying benefit of the word) to differ on an abstract question of political rights with the occupant of the White House. Because Stephen A. Douglas once assumed a partially antagonistic position towards this administration on the subject of Popular Sovereignty, in a series of discussions full of loose language and meaningless babble, the pretense is set up that this Popular Sovereignty portion of the Democracy, so-called, is not in any degree to be held accountable for the past four years of national mismanagement. Mark you! Stephen A. Douglas never opposed a single rotten proposition of this administration, having relation to matters within the various States or in any one of them, except in a single instance where his personal feelings and support were deeply involved—I refer now to the confirmation of the present Chicago Postmaster;—and yet, because he differed on a single occasion and, as we easily demonstrate, on a point of small significance and no practical value, with the President of these United States, both he and his followers—the most active and efficient workers for the election of James Buchanan—are not to be summoned on the enlarging record of administrative iniquity. Nay,

more. There is another pinnacle of wonder remaining. Because Stephen A. Douglas *dared* to differ with the President of these United States on an abstract question of political rights, and because, from the date of that difference, the President sought to ostracize the Illinois Senator and his friends, therefore, pre-eminently—so runs the argument—pre-eminently, Mr. Douglas and his friends are entitled to undertake the work and receive the honor of constituting and composing prosecuting attorneys, judges and jurors in the grand national case of the People of the United States *vs.* the “Old Public Functionary.”

The splendid and superlative audacity evinced in this assumption can hardly be contemplated with any kind or degree of complacency. I make but a passing allusion to it; not for the purpose of directly attacking Mr. Douglas and his peculiar adherents, but as illustrative of the very widespread sentiment of dislike and detestation towards our present high counselors at Washington; and I submit to you, fellow-citizens, very general and very unanimous must be the hatred of a people towards a President and his conduct, when such a flimsy and pitiful shift for excuse as this which I have described is resorted to by a portion of the party securing his elevation, and with but few exceptions and until within a short period, sustaining his dishonest domestic policy.

But, says one, if it be true that such is the popular regard, why trouble us with talk about the matter? Why not keep a judicious silence? Why is not silence most judicious? Why waste time and breath arguing questions or relating facts? If all the people, or nearly all the people, entertain such views as you have presented, what is the use or sense in haranguing upon the past and existing position of political affairs? Alas! my friends, the experience of the world has demonstrated in many a burning record, that it is one thing to possess a general feeling of disapprobation and disgust, and quite another to hold definite information and ideas in regard to the origin of such feelings and to be enabled correctly to ACT in view of a coming movement for a change or continuance of administration. It is necessary that the history of the past four years should be gone over with again and again before the masses of the people; not in a tone of monotony, not in mere recitative form and manner, but with each feature of official vice noted with the emphasis of proof and warning; so that the people may thoroughly comprehend the workings of that political party with which, in affection and by ballot, a majority of them have for a long time been connected. And the former and present position of the great Lights and Leaders of the Democracy as it once was, must be exhibited to the inquiring sovereigns of this Republic. Otherwise—perceiving that the last Democratic Convention which nominated John C. Breckinridge for the Presidency, refused to formally endorse the administration of James Buchanan; hearing from the desperate demagogues of the Douglas school and the smoothly-shaven, store-clothed, flambeau-cravatted, gold-fobbed, big-bellied “respectabilities” of the Bell and Everett fraternity the pretense that they are equally opposed with us to sectionalism and misrule—the people may be cajoled into such a course of action as will lead to the re-establishment of the slave oligarchy in another term of office. As sincerity is no equivalent for truth, so the universal conviction of the existence of an evil is by no means a guarantee of its speedy and complete removal.

Moreover, it becomes us, who in one form or another and without undue ostentation attempt, not to be “leaders of the multitude,” but the exercisers of a fair and legitimate degree of influence over our neighbors and friends, to carefully study the record of our opponents, expose their short-comings, their abuses of authority, their official profligacy, their willful neglects of public interests while criminally engaged in fostering private speculations, and indicate the direction which, in our opinion, the party with which we are connected should take, in order to secure the best reformatory results.

Fellow-citizens, in my remarks this evening I shall not enter into any speculative argument on the subject of Popular Sovereignty, or seek to define the just property rights of the people in either section of the Union, emigrating from a State to a Territory. I might assign as a reason for this, that there are other subjects of more interest to me, as I think they deserve a relatively higher consideration from us all; and the one which I shall refrain from touching in any but the briefest manner has been made familiar to you, and will continually be brought to your notice by older and much wiser speakers upon technically legal or constitutional matters than I profess to be. Besides, I hasten at this point to make the confession, I am heartily sick of this everlasting talk—usually lugged in when territorial forms of government are discussed—about negroes, and the peculiar oppressions under which it is reported they occasionally suffer, and the peculiar rights which it is asserted they ought always to enjoy. I am not here to expend my energies or vacate your time and patience by bravely decrying the peculiar institutions of my brethren in distant States. I shall, perhaps, refer to the facts properly associated in a fair discussion of this subject, as they are, or may be, illustrative of this administration's history; but I shall not stop to dwell upon them.

Those who assert or imagine that a negro is the corner stone of the Republican party edifice are as much at fault as is the distinguished Senator from Virginia, when he announces that the blackman, or the institution of slavery, is the key-stone of the Federal arch. Nothing is more injurious to our advance as a political organization than this idea which our opponents attempt to force upon us—that of making a morbid sympathy for an inferior race the foundation for a national party. Our platform and the records of our leading men give the lie to this accusation, this miserable doctrine put forward by enemies from without our organization and only encouraged from within by a very few fanatical and irresponsible men. We are of the opinion that slavery is detrimental to the best good of the white race; we oppose its extension into new territories on that ground; we oppose it by constitutional means. We will respect all State laws on this subject, within the legal sphere of their operation. With our candidate, Abe Lincoln, we are opposed to a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. We cling to the union of these States forever, whether there be one slave or a hundred million of slaves in any or every section thereof. You cannot show the contrary of these statements, by exposing any platform-article or record within our party since it has been in recognized existence.

Only, now, let me say that this "constitutional question," which has been so savagely mooted in connection with this discussion on property rights in the Territories, appears to me to be neither complex nor difficult. All questions in which an interpretation of the Constitution of the United States is involved are, in my opinion, simple and easily to be understood. No less a man than Judge Story said: "A constitution of government is addressed to the common sense of the people, and never was designed for trials of logical skill or visionary speculation." Mr. Douglas has attempted to confuse the public mind with subtle intricacies of speech on this subject, and has succeeded in inculcating a large number of followers, who are without his reasoning powers and his dishonesty of purpose, with his contradictory doctrines of Sovereignty. I am inclined to believe that after the thorough sifting which his sophistries have received at the hands of such keen and true men as Abraham Lincoln and Lyman Trumbull, we are paying too high a compliment to the mere tricky ingenuity of the "Little Giant" by extending the exposure of his unstable political theories.

My friends, when James Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency, the world in general labored under the impression that he was a great man. By the time he had arrived at the conclusion of the delivery of his inaugural address, the world was ready to concede, that without considering his advance in life, he was a man of great promise. He promised whatever was asked of him without stint or grudging, and he volunteered pledges without punc-

tuation. His promises, political and personal, came so thick and fast that they oftentimes ran into each other on the same line; sometimes overlaid one another; frequently contradicted each other. But their inconsistencies, at least, were not seen until after the first month of his occupancy of the Executive Chair. His mouth was like a golden-throated pitcher, from which there was poured out the very essential oil of national beneficence, good will and charity.

1. He promised us a Pacific Railroad. Has he fulfilled or endeavored to fulfill that promise? We shall see.

2. He promised peace on the slavery question. How has he abided by that pledge?

3. He promised protection to American industry. He is supposed by some of his adherents to have fulfilled that promise by recommending to Congress a slight qualification in our tariff rates, just prior to an important election in his native State.

4. He promised a just and honorable settlement of our difficulties with foreign nations. On this point he was very emphatic—intimating that his large acquaintance and experience in diplomatic circles would eminently qualify him for the "Foreign Relation business," which he would carry on with consummate skill and advantage. So he said. We will come to a candid consideration of his wonderful accomplishments in this line, by and by.

Of course, it would be impossible for us to enumerate all the good things assured unto us as a people, by the electioneering word of the "Old Public Functionary." But do not let us omit to set down in order, as

5. He denounced corruption in high places, in official stations; impliedly and vehemently promising that nothing of the kind should be tolerated during his reign and under his executive vision. I will not insult your intelligence by anxiously seeking your opinion on this point.

The Pacific Railroad now signifies a want which has been thoroughly individualized by every citizen on these shores. I will not dwell upon its palpable advantages. James Buchanan well understood its importance in fact to the whole country, and the first estimation in which it was held by our people. He signified that understanding by the last formal announcement he made of his purpose to secure the early commencement of such a work. He definitely pledged himself to the furtherance of this national undertaking, when, in his letter accepting the Presidential nomination, he subscribed to the Railroad Resolution—(a "Ready Relief" for skittish North-Western Democrats;) he pledged himself to this great measure in the following terms, to be found in his just-before-election letter to Ben Washington, of San Francisco:

TO B. F. WASHINGTON, San Francisco—SIR: I have received numerous communications from sources in California, entitled to high regard, in reference to the proposed Pacific Rail Road. As it would be impossible for me to answer them all, I deem it most proper and respectful to address you a general answer in your official capacity [Chairman Democratic State Central Committee.] In performing this duty to the citizens of California, I act in perfect consistency with the self-imposed restriction contained in my letter, accepting the nomination for the Presidency, and not to answer interrogatories, raising new and different issues from those presented by the Cincinnati Convention; because, that Convention has itself adopted a resolution in favor of this great work, and I then desire to state briefly, that, concurring with the Convention, I am decidedly favorable to the construction of the Pacific Rail Road; and I derive the authority to do this, from the Constitutional power "to declare war," and the Constitutional duty "to repel invasions." In my judgment, Congress possesses the same power to make appropriations for the construction of this road, strictly for the purpose of national defence, that they have to erect fortifications at the mouth of the Harbor of San Francisco. Indeed, the necessity, with a view to repel foreign invasion from California, is as great in the one case as in the other. Neither will there be danger from the precedent; for it is almost impossible to conceive that any case, attended by such extraordinary and unprecedented circumstances, can ever again occur in our history.

Yours very Respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

You know that this letter slept in Benjamin's capacious breast coat pocket until such an hour as he could conveniently draw it upon the people of this coast, without venture of its finding printed sight in the Atlantic States before the great ballot-day in November, 1856. You are probably aware of the fact that it was denounced at the time of its appearance in the *Globe*, of San Francisco, as a forgery; and you will all probably agree with me to-night in declaring that it were better for all the parties concerned in its influencing publication, that it should have been proven a forgery on the part of some tide-waiter expectant, than that it should have been ultimately sealed, as it has been, a willful and deliberate lie on the part of him whose name was authoritatively appended.

It may be urged that James Buchanan has not had any opportunity to evince an honest will in compliance with his agreement with the people of this coast. There are numerous ways in which a President can manifest a sincere regard for any particular proposition calculated to enhance the glory and prosperity of his country and the value of his own name. He cannot want for such opportunity, and his sincerity cannot fail of trial, as daily occasions in which he might develop with great effect his real desires in the premises multiply and pass away improved or neglected. Let me reduce this whole matter to a simple inquiry. Do you suppose for one moment, does any intelligent citizen imagine, that if James Buchanan had his heart and head rightly exercised in favor of the building of a Pacific Railroad, the work would not now be well under way, the iron horse would not already be sounding his shrill note for advancing civilization, on a track laid on the Central Line across the continent, and reaching to within a short distance of the City of Salt Lake? Those of us who are familiar with the influence which covertly descends from the White House Functionary upon the weak brethren in either Hall of Congress, can answer this question with instant emphasis. Fellow-citizens, if James Buchanan had been a consistent friend of the Central Pacific Railroad measures, if he had spoken in his levee and dinner conversations, immediately to serviceable Congressmen, as he made a virtue and profit of speaking in his public documents, the measure would long since have been a practical, operating law of the United States. Who doubts it? We do not accuse him of a wicked neglect of our interests in not using for the practicable Railroad bills the same influences which he exerted to consummate the Lecompton swindle; but we do say, and make it known unto all men, that instead of using his legitimate influence for our good in this respect, he eat his messages in his parlors, and to his menial creatures in Congress gave a word of warning against any help for the grand project of the age, whenever such aid might have the prospect of securing the end ostensibly in view. Hence we have the mutilating amendments, the tedious and frivolous debate over insignificant sections, the pitiful delays,—all produced by those boasting of friendship for the project, and all by the mere implements of an Executive who could convert their low and defeating cunning into real service for the measure, if he so willed it. We have had an abundance, aye, a surfeit of preliminary investigation on this subject, the result and amount of which has been to confirm the eminent superiority of the great central route of emigration; the route which that glorious champion of the true Democracy, Tom Benton, sagaciously remarked, "was mapped out by the Almighty, and directly pioneered for man by the buffalo." Our last two Democratic administrations have been willing to squander money in such Railroad plans as placed *the thing itself* in the dim unknown; but, as Broderick has frequently said to me, they exposed their actual hostility to a trans-continental iron track whenever a bill granting effectual aid therefor had any likelihood of a passage, by calling the roll of Congressional dough-faces and destroying the feasible scheme by "cutting it, sir, hacking it, sir, killing it like assassins, sir, like assassins."

Then, as we all very well understand, established overland mail routes are the forerunners, so to speak, of the iron rails. And if it be objected that

the proof of the President's duplicity in regard to the Railroad question, which we have just afforded, is too much of the inferential order, not sufficient of itself to convict, we have here close and damning evidence of his utter lack of good faith, of his entire recklessness in full view of the most stringent pledges, of his total and terrible subserviency to the masters in niggerdom. A contract involving an expenditure of \$600,000 per annum, entered into with competent and energetic parties, is so warped from its original liberty of terms as to compel the contractors to adopt that which is familiarly known as the "Rainbow" or "Horse-shoe route"—a route which may be fairly described, in contrast, without indicating all its inconveniences and improprieties, as making nearly a thousand of miles of unnecessary travel, with occasional natural facilities for securing food and drink for man and beast; while the Central Route abounds in the best of station-halts of Providence's own manufacture. Not content with establishing this round-about mail route across the continent in preference to the one which the God of nature, the buffalo, common immigration, the requirements of civilization, Tom Benton and John C. Fremont had all, in larger or more humble form pointed out, a decided deadly indisposition, an open sectional animosity is shown by James Buchanan and his cabinet against the path which has Salt Lake City for its intermediate post, and St. Joseph and Placerville for its actual either terminus. A bill shortening the schedule time on this central road is defeated by retention at the White House until after the adjournment of Congress, and the singular insolvent breaking up of Chorpening & Co., the contractors for the central route, is not covered by the issue of new bids and the signing of fresh agreements with competent parties.

Even the proposition for a Telegraph Line across the plains meets with audacious disfavor at the hand of the "Old Public Functionary." The torturing limbs of the lobby are gladly brought into requisition, and the sensible and practicable measure upon which the powerful Telegraph Companies of the East, after much and candid consultation settle, is emasculated and finally absolutely defeated by the wire-pullers in the galleries and out halls,—who receive, as they certainly merit, the applause of Buchanan and Holt and the execration of an inconvenienced people. "A sort of a plan"—so it has been described by an observing Statesman—not a telegraph line stockholder—"a sort of a plan," received bill-shape, and having passed both Houses of Congress, obtained the miraculously gracious assent of the President. We are certain of one use in it—it materially defers progressive labor on the Central Line; and in these matters, how not to do it, is the grand idea. Another batch of lacradaisical lads, graduated from that finely renowned institution, West Point Academy, will probably be sent forth during the coming year to perambulate between St. Louis and Guaymas; gathering, at an enormous expense, materials for another "Pacific Rail Road book;" in which the habits of the angle-worms discovered on the western bank of the Mississippi, will be compared, in a masterly array of scientific terms, with the daily avocations of a new style of pismire unearthed near the eastern bank of the Gulf of California.

It is indisputable that not only direct Rail Road propositions have met with Executive disfavor, and through such disapprobation, defeat, but every plan for trans-continental mail or passenger carriage which squinted toward the sometime initiation of a substantial Rail Road project, has been "frowned down" with an implacable wickedness.

Now upon what footing have our foreign relations been placed by this administration? How stand we in the eyes of the world outside, from the conduct of our administration in the great diplomatic trials through which it has necessarily had to pass? I will speak briefly of two of our administration achievements in this line.

Fellow citizens, the history of the administration of James Buchanan is not entirely made up of serious wrongs, unenlivened by any pleasing incidents. A governmental Rule abounding in deliberate-studied crimes, could not but

have its record-pages illustrated with engravings representing scenes wherein blundering stupidity made up, or marred a plot with eccentric effects.

Fellow citizens, I do not intend or wish to excite personal envy in the breast of any one of you, but the man who stands before you has enjoyed the tremendous honor of shaking hands with ex-Paraguay Commissioner, Jim Bowlin. At the time when we crossed palms he had not covered his brow with the transcendently glorious laurels which now crown his frontispiece. But he bore high titles even then. O, yes. Don't be mistaken. He has been a distinguished character for many a long year. He had then been a Judge; I am confident of that, for he was called "The Rubicon Judge" in those days. He it was,—it should ever be borne in mind—who welcomed Martin Van Buren to the Mississippi Valley "as the first President who had ever crossed the Rubicon; and who had retired with the universal consent of the American people." A good hearted, plainly bred clever fellow, an average representative of a half-way adopted son of Pike, is Jim Bowlin; at least such he was when I had the satisfaction of greeting him, and I do not believe that his recent triumphs in the diplomatic world have converted him into any other species of humanity. I am under the impression that his social qualities were familiarly indicated by another popular title, springing undoubtedly from his frequent words of invitation: "Take-a-drink Bowlin."

I heard a distinguished Divine, a few Sabbath evenings since—the Rev. Dr. Scott of San Francisco—preach an interesting discourse on the Prophet Jonah. He said that neither he nor any other commentator could determine precisely why it was that the Lord selected Jonah for the Nineveh commission. I thought at the time that it might be profitably suggested to the Dr., that it was because Jonah was a small man, of size convenient for the big fish to swallow. But the preacher continued by saying that we could not tell why it was that Wellington, or Napoleon, or Washington were selected for the work which they performed. It was the will of the omnipotent director of all things that they should occupy the positions which they did. In like spirit I may say to you, my friends, I cannot possibly attempt to assign the reasons which actuated the Old Public Functionary, when he selected Jim Bowlin, the Rubicon Judge, for the Paraguay Commission. All we can say is, Jonah traversed the raging sea in ship and in the whale's belly, and finally did the work given unto him in a manner which brought a rebellious people to their repenting senses and obedience; Napoleon and Wellington fulfilled, each in his own splendidly appointed sphere, the terms of their foreordination; Washington—in whatever connection we use that name let us invoke an immortal blessed memory—Washington showed himself a well chosen man for his station and his country; and Jim Bowlin—honored by me, I trust, in this association with prophets and warriors and statesmen—acquitted himself with unexpected and masterly diplomatic skill; he modestly received his broad-sealed parchment; ascending the Paraguayan Rubicon, without the firing of a gun or the shedding of a drop of blood he secured \$10,000 and an amicable "arbitration;" he returned to his own country covered with glory, and casting his dispatches at the feet of the Executive of the nation, he retired from diplomatic life with the universal consent of the American people.

A peevish, petulant, overbearing man by the name of Hopkins, obtained the Paraguay Consulship from our government for the purpose of "dignifying his cigar business." He provoked a quarrel with President Lopez by insisting upon having himself called, in the papers of his company's charter, a "general agent," instead of "agent," simply. The result was that the Rhode Island Cigar Co., of which Hopkins was the general agent, were compelled to suspend work, and their hands left the country and returned to the States. Then, in direct opposition to a formal and legitimately issued decree by Lopez, Captain Page sent the Waterwitch into the Parana. They were fired at from Fort Itapira, three blank cartridges being followed by a shot which pierced the after port, cut away the wheel and killed the helmsman.

This fire was returned from the Waterwitch so effectively as to result in the killing of fifteen of the Itapira fortmen. Subsequently it was ascertained that this firing from the fort was intended to "pass ahead" of the American vessel and bring her to. And it was further established that even the order for this "firing ahead" was countermanded by the President, but not in time to prevent the disastrous shot. It is now conceded that there was on hand an abundant force for the purpose of immediately asserting our rights and promptly demanding a proper acknowledgment or restitution. Capt. Page tells the world that if he had had two extra guns on board his steamer, he would have pledged his life for a successful attack upon Fort Itapira. At Montevideo Commodore Salter was stationed with the Germantown and the Savannah flag-ship. Then there were at the mouth of the river three vessels, and for the smaller one of these, the Captain in command required but two shell guns to enable him to answer with his reputation and life for an effort to batter down all of Lopez's defences. But this Old Public Functionary thinks it wise and proper to make an *economical* demand for satisfaction, by fitting out a fleet of fifteen vessels of war at an expense of millions of dollars; and a fleet of war vessels was expressly prepared for this service of reparation or revenge. But grim-visaged war had no horrid front; for in the van, well tucked up in the finest cabin, on the fastest steamer, was that choice Olive Branch of our nation, that delightful dove of diplomacy, Jim Bowlin, of Pike. Reposing on his downy pillow, as he turned about his head, heavy with the weight of mighty verbal instructions from the Old Public Functionary, he could catch the charming crackle of his authorizing parchment. Just at those moments he may have been described—

Jim Bowlin is a rolin' on the ocean;
I've a notion, that tho motion makes him sick,

Hi ho!

If it does he'll throw up, with a terrible hiccup,
The things that he's eat—not his parchment—you bet!

Oh, no!

Jim arrived at the mouth of the great river of the Paraguay, and there he effected a landing, and commenced his extraordinary career of molification. At first the native Generals were rather shy of him—but, Lord bless you! Jim had such winsome ways, who could withstand him! At least, General Urquiza could not keep his stern temper in the presence of such a lovable commissioner. According to Jim's account, the Gen. first feared and distrusted the commissioner, then he "softened" to an attentive ear, then he experienced a loosening of his benevolent and social faculties, and finally he actually fell into the hugging business.

"Like torrents from a mountain's source,
They rushed into each others arms."

And all these stupendous facts we glean from Jim's official dispatch. Whether, as on the memorable occasion, when our junior Senator embraced one of our Republican electors, there was any kissing in this grand ceremony of recovered amity, Jim's dispatch, very unfortunately, don't say. We are all entitled to our surmises on that point, which we can predicate on our knowledge, be it more or less, of the customs of the inhabitants of the South American nations. I am ready at any moment to state my belief in the premises.

Well, James ascended the river to the capital city, Ascuncion. How secure of the happy and bloodless accomplishment of this mission was James Bowlin. The war vessel had only six rounds of ammunition in the magazine. Here, again, an improvising Laureate might have sung:—

Jim Bowlin reached his port, ammunition rather short;
Only hundred pounds of powder for his pounders,

But that was little matter ; he hadn't come to batter
Down the walls of a city—that would be a devilish pity ;
'T would so.

Jim had come all dressed for Court ; not to thunder down a fort :
Such a fashion of retort, wasn't his sort, or his forte
No, no.

What for should he be lugging balls and powder, when his hugging
Was the way to sway the chief's of Paraguay ?
Jes so.

No sooner does Jim reach the seat of Empire than his embracing triumphs are renewed, and find their everlasting crown in the weakening of President Lopez ; and all this, mark you, we learn from the commissioner's official dispatches.

But is the business of a foreign missioner miserably restricted within the narrow bounds of the formal specifications nominated in his authorizing bond, nay ; let the history of this mission teach otherwise. If it ever be meanly insinuated that Bowlin's mission was not conducted, so far as the main object was held in view, with the most profound wisdom, let it be replied that no one can dispute the value of Jim's personal observations in regard to the Ascuncion femines. Or for the sake of felicity of expression, the answer may be made in this form :

Like the messenger of Noah, Jim went out his cabin door
From the Ark in which he'd been a sailing ;
All spangled o'er with stars—not marked with ugly scars,—
The President he greeted, overcame him and was feted,
By Lopez—so he says ;—
All trouble past bewailing.

Then, attended by an aid, Jim took a promenade
Through the markets of the city of the nation.
And he saw such a sight ! women dressed in cleanest white,
Walking boldly through the street with nothing on their feet ;
With baskets on their arms, with faces full of charms—
This is Jim's own narration.

And very soon he spies, lots of " beautiful bright eyes"—
" Handsome women" to be seen " all day, nearly."
But what was very puzzling, they were clad in cheap Swiss muslin,
Thickly flouncing from the waist, in the neatest kind of taste,
Down to the very feet that went naked through the street—
Jim would like to be commissioner, once, yearly.

The soil was very sandy and the ladies say, 'tis handy
To walk without their shoes ; hence naked feet they chose.
Now all this is Bowlin's truthful story ;
Which with form and seal official prefixed to his initial,
He regularly sent to our ancient President—
To stand as eternal record of his glory.

Now the mighty " arbitration," of Jim Bowlin's own creation,
Has resulted in the singular decision
That Jim acted " like a tafe" with the Paraguayan chief,
When by magnetising pranks he " hugged" 50,000 francs—
As officially he says—from the coffers of Lopez ;
And his Mission has been treated with derision.

Not so, we must protest ; no doubt he did his best
To cover all the purpose of his station.
Build another fleet and arm her, to take the wondrous charmer
With the dollars he confesses he gained by his addresses,
Back on the briny way to the land of Paraguay ;
There to make due reparation.

Let the Rubicon Judge unfold the bright stars,
 Without invocation to Jove or to Mars,
 Return to the Paraguay regions again,
 With a fleet to convoy; that the world may enjoy
 A second chance to ponder o'er this artful anaconda,
 Who will be able to efface, with another fond embrace
 All the evils of the past in which Bowlin brave was cast,
 And close with satisfaction the most splendid Foreign Action
 Of James Buchanan's reign.

I have time to but very briefly allude to recent events connected with the condition of authority in the Island of San Juan. Fellow citizens, we ought to securely and definitely hold our own, before we think of reaching for new territory. We ought to protect our citizens on our own soil before we seek to establish a protectorate over Mexico. The Island of San Juan is as surely our own property—one of our finest national treasures,—as Cuba is the property of the Kingdom of Spain; and I submit, before we steal the latter, let us honorably assert our rights to the former. By fraud, by the boldest lying, our Senate and President, in Polk's reign—(old Buck was in the Chair of Secretary of State then)—were deceived into a species of compromise arrangement on this question of northern boundary, by which the rich and beautiful Island of San Juan passed or was confirmed, nominally, under British dominion. In 1859, General Harney, as brave an officer as ever drew sword or pulled trigger, had occasion to assert, though in a mild form, the sleeping claim of the United States to that Island. Instantly, there was a great stir. Buchanan was in a fever of excitement. Cass, with the recollection of a broken sword, was in a cheerful glow of enthusiasm. Buchanan's cowardice, however, made him imperative in the Cabinet, and Lieut. Genl. Scott came hither as the Pacificator. There has never been any exact revelation of matters connected with this mission. Harney went home, however, and our latest intelligence from Washington brings intimations of a coming trial by Court Martial of this scarred and faithful veteran for his action in this very matter. And this is the manner in which our dearest national possessory rights are treated. At the best, England is gaining upon us by a complete colonization on the Island; and a temporary and for the British Lion, a convenient peace is obtained by a gracious permit to our Government to land a few soldiers, and occasionally—in stress of weather or for some other ostensibly compelling cause—occasionally, quarter them on the beach.

And all this time, the Old Public Functionary is importuning Congress for a \$30,000,000 secret fund wherewith to buy Cuba, or start negotiations for such a purchase. All this time—think of it citizens, and, particularly, you adopted citizens from Great Britain and Continental Europe—all this time, James Buchanan, the President of these United States, is endeavoring to cajole Congress into giving him a \$30,000,000 secret fund, by quoting to the representative of a free Republican form of government the established precedent of the Monarchies of the East! This is his plea; and, in connection with his outrageous neglect of our interests in the Island to our North-West, it thoroughly indicates his Southern sectionalism and his tyrannical disposition.

And before I leave these subjects, I will express to one man in an opposing political party, the thanks of a grateful citizen. During the excitement attendant on the outbreak of difficulties on our North-West, there was but one paper and one man in the State of California, or on the Pacific coast, speaking out clearly, intelligently and boldly in favor of the maintenance of our national rights in the Island of San Juan. That paper was the San Francisco *Herald*, and John Nugent was then its editor. As a native of the Old Bay State, where British aggression received its first severe blows of check and retaliation, as one who has fixed his home within this glorious sovereignty on the Pacific, as one who seeks to understand and value aright the institutions of our whole country, I step out of my prescribed line

of remark and over something of personal antipathy, to pay my highest honor, for his patriotic course on this important subject, to our Irish fellow-citizen, John Nugent.

Stay one moment. Let me not presume to dismiss this subject of "Foreign Relations" without noticing one administrative "mission" yet to be engrafted in the history of the reign of James Buchanan. It is a mission which is to be; and which is to be known as both foreign and domestic. It is a mission of foreign invitation and domestic reception. The President of the United States has sent a *billet doux* invitation to the Prince of Wales. To the Prince of Wales, did I say? Ah! I made a slight mistake. The Public Functionary has sent an invitation to the Prince of Wales' mamma, begging that she will let her darling boy come and see the old man before he retires to the shades of Wheatland. What splendid ceremonies we may expect. How we hope that the young Prince, who comes among us at the special request preferred by James Buchanan to good Queen Victoria, will not be afflicted with the importunities to which "Tommy" had to submit. And what a crowning and consistent glory to this administration this "mission" will be, if the President will only appoint Jim Bowlin a reception committee of one.

Already we hear the echo of the Prince's footsteps on our shores. We hope that he may not be prejudiced against our institutions and people from the sycophant obsequiousness of the Old Public Functionary. Let him abide with us until the 4th of March next, and he shall then make an official interchange of friendly salutations with a Republican Executive, fit to be our President because of the people, and fit to sit with English Princes and Kings because he will be honest and firm in the vindication of the individual rights of every American citizen on every soil.

It is not possible, my foreign born fellow-citizens, that you have forgotten the conduct of this administration on the question of personal security for naturalized citizens in distant and foreign lands. The position of the Cabinet was distinct and unmistakable, and it never has been revoked. You men from Great Britain and Continental Europe, how have you cherished democratic fellowship since the day when a democratic administration repudiated your claims to protection under the flag you had sworn to adopt and fight for as your own. At this moment, the Regular Democracy are howling about the "equality of the States." What does all this cry mean? Simply and purely, protection for "property rights," so called, of a white man in such negroes as he may see fit to carry into free territory. Oh yes; oh yes; they'll break up this Union if the negro market is not established in the Territories of the West. But you may be enslaved and even murdered by your ancient rulers, and not a muscle of this great nation shall he taughened for your relief or to avenge your fate; not a nerve shall feel the injury thus inflicted on the great body of the Federal commonwealth; not a pulsation of the national heart shall respond to your appeal for sympathy, or the call of your friends for avenging recollections of your persecutors! Millions to capture and re-dungeon a nigger, but not one cent for the protection of a white male citizen in foreign lands. Disunion and anarchy for an "equality," extending the area of black bondage, but not a ripple on the surface of Federal life while you feel the lash and sink to an ignominious grave under the cruel and illegal force of an European despot. Think of that, foreign born citizens! Think of that. England and France, and even Russia will scour all lands, and take all hazards to secure the personal rights of their citizens, or subjects; but should you return to your native country and be seized for service therein, the stars and stripes would float over you with nothing of protective or rescuing significance. The President of these United States need not tell the Queen of England that her son is safe with us. There is a higher protection for the young Prince than Buchanan's word can afford. But the meanest child of the coal pit, the poorest straggler hitherward from the sterile Hebrides, would call for the same o'ershielding authority from the British

throne that might be claimed by Alfred, Prince of Wales and future King of England. And now, can your minds be led astray from the record of this rule, which has explicitly denied to you the feeblest effort for individual liberty in a foreign land, to an anxious consideration about that species of internal "equality" which seeks to plant the representative of an inferior and shackled race in daily and painful contact and competition with your honest labor? Pray God, never! never!

Fellow citizens, when a man past his three score and ten undertakes to become his own sponsor in second baptism it is not always right to gainsay his assumptions. James Buchanan in the midst of his official documents, at whose beginning and ending stands an everlasting invocation of the blessing of Almighty God—first upon himself and secondly upon the nation over which he presides, Executive—has chosen to christen himself, a venerable Public Functionary. I, for one, am reasonably disposed to accept this after-birth title with more of sincere gratitude than heart-felt respect. There is an excellent truth in the appellation, which must be apparent after a moments reflection. We know that at best, man is but a vapor which appeareth for a little and then vanisheth away. But when a man has reached the years of acknowledged maturity, certainly when a man has come to the age and enjoyed the experience in public life so often boasted by and for James Buchanan, he is generally credited with having gained something of that organic stability which the world has agreed to call Character. None of this has James Buchanan. All his emotions and acts are functional, belonging to no system educated and regulated by voluntary habits of mind and body. His purposes, passions and principles are of the order cutaneous, skin deep—nothing more. He is the subservient creature of Southern disunion jail-birds, who congregate Congressionally at Washington and whisper their mandates to the ear of his craven spirit. Before he was named for the Presidency his public life had been a long course of diplomatic dotage. But he was chosen by men who knew his original mold as well as his particular antecedents; and on the strength of that knowledge he was selected for the service he has performed with infamous concession and humility. Let no one undertake to re-immersé the Old Public Functionary.

Fellow citizens, Like other States in the Union we are represented by, perhaps I should say we are favored with, two United States Senators. For them I have but a passing reference. Our senior Senator has long been renowned for holding a very peculiar position towards his constituency; both of our Senators are now famous for their anomolous positions towards each other. Mr. Latham was elected as a man having Douglas proclivities—distinctly enunciated—both political and personal. He goes to Washington and at every important juncture he votes squarely with the old Lime Pointer and the sectional chivalry. In particular we notice, Senator Latham supports in a long harangue, abounding in fustian flourishes about Northern Necessities and Southern Resources and Capabilities, the most arrogant and indecent demands of the secession wing of the Democracy. In this species of negro rhetoric he even outvies Dr. Gwin; with whom, however, this effort places Latham in the closest political fellowship.

Senator Latham comes home, and, after much solicitation, he makes the important and astounding announcement that he is against Gwin, "all the time!" In the same speech in which this tremendous personal declamation of antipathy has its being, we discover a *quasi* defence of the Lime Point swindle upon grounds which indicate a slight regard for the moral code in cases where demagogue appeals and advantages are to be gained. He seems to concede the iniquity of the purchase and appropriation; while he boldly talks of its being a "good thing" for the mechanics who may receive employment on the Government works to be established on this barren tract of land. Then he takes pride in standing up as the defender and advocate of the Southern States of this Republic; flatly abusing his constituency with the

intimation that they are disposed wilfully or through ignorance to trample upon the constitutional rights of the people of any section of the nation.

Gwin favors us, presently, with a lengthy speech, delivered in the vicinity of the State mad-house, but uninterrupted by a single insane demonstration of favor. In this address, recited after a cool interval from the date of Latham's letter and speech, there is no retort to the ostensible attack upon and repudiation of himself by his junior associate. My friends, what conclusion are we to deduce from all this chatter; this local mouth-heat on the part of Latham and this calm indifference of speech on the part of the Dr? I can perhaps, best express to you my opinion in the premises by telling you a story. It may be illustrative of Latham's evidence and feelings against Gwin.

A worthy old gentleman, a resident of one of the New England States, was maliciously prosecuted for an alleged assault upon a man whose character for truth and honesty was somewhat below the average standard. In his annoyance, the party charged with the crime named bethought himself of applying to the next door neighbor of his accuser, for testimony in impeachment of the latter's reputation. With this purpose in view he made the next neighbor a visit; and the following conversation took place: "Mr. A., you know that I have been wrongfully charged with beating your near neighbor Dr C—s." "I know that such a charge has been preferred against you by the Dr." "You don't believe that there is any real foundation for the complaint?" "No." "You know of your own positive acquaintance that Dr. C. is a man of bad character for veracity?" "Well, I would not believe him if he should tell me anything that could possibly require confirmation." "You are not on good terms with him?" "No, sir, I would not willingly associate with such a man as he has proved himself to be." "He is an evil, untruthful speaking man, isn't he?" "Most people who have had dealings with him call him so." "Do you know that he is a very dishonest and corrupt man?" "I have a very decided opinion on that subject." "Which opinion is such as to exclude your open association with him?" "Precisely." "Didn't you see him take money from the till of your store the other day, without leave or license?" "I did." "Didn't he try to conceal the money when your partner pursued him?" "He did." "Then he is a thief, a liar, is he not?" "I dont know." "You dont know?" "No." "Why dont you know?" "He said that he only intended to borrow the money to pay some of the laborers on his new house." "How much did he owe his laborers?" "\$20." "How much did he take from your drawer?" "\$65." "Then he didn't want all the money to pay his laborers?" "No." "What did he do, or what was he to do with the balance?" "He didn't tell me." "Have you ever got any of that money back?" "No." "Did he ever agree to pay any of it back?" "No." "Do you expect ever to get any of it back again?" "No." "Would you believe him if he'd tell you, that he'd pay any of it back?" "No." "Has he paid the laborers the amount that he owed them?" "He said he did but I did not believe him." "Then you can, most assuredly, swear to his bad character?" "No." "No?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, to tell you the whole and the exact truth my dear friend—to be quite candid with you: my neighbor Dr. C., is a man with whom I do not wish to associate or conduct myself in a kind neighborly way or in any form; for his welfare I have very little concern; in fact I am free to state that I hope that he will meet with the punishment in this world and in the world to come which a bad man like him certainly merits; but he is a much bigger man than I am, his fortunes are adhered to by a good many of my best patrons,—and—well, the fact is, we get our grists ground at the same mill, where I have to meet him every week, and if I should absolutely swear away his character, or tell the truth about his real character, he'd thrash me like the very devil."

I come, fellow citizens, to speak of candidates, parties and prominent politicians in the ranks. And first in order we have the Breckinridge wing of the Democracy. I meet their platforms and proclamaations and their

leading men with something of positive pleasurable emotions. They are bold, unscrupulously so, in their manifestoes, and we know precisely the positions they assume. They do not wait and work in ambush. They do not tell any respectable white lies. We are not confined to suspicions about their intentions; they inform us clearly and in short space.

Breckinridge is an ordinary man of extraordinary political education. Younger, and with more of native ability than Mr. Buchanan, he is falling into the same road of service. He is, however, more legitimately a creature of the Southern secessionists, born and bred, as he has been, in a slave State. He is a slave on his own manor. He has exhibited a natural disposition to be free from the trammels of sectional position and relations; but he had not the brave spirit which could face the stern commands of the Yanceys and Toombs and Slidells of the disunion oligarchy. He managed to temporize a little by securing the election of Douglas; but now between the Little Giant, even, and the Presidential candidate of the secessionists there is apparently a wide gulf of separation. Personally, many complimentary things are yet to be said in candor of John C. Breckinridge; politically he is thoroughly demoralized.

But who have we on the ticket for Vice President? He is recommended as a man who fights well, drinks heartily, sells wood with fair measure and spells the various familiar titles of the Creator and Saviour with a proud contempt for capitals. It is certain that his literary accomplishments are not represented as brilliant. His Presidential letters have not been ambitious; simply of the "fell" and "stand" order—he stands now where he fell on a former occasion. I am not sneering at any defects which Joe Lane exhibits in his grammatical education—by no means. Should I do so I might well fear that his friends would retort in the language of Dogberry: "God has blessed *Joe* with a good name: to be well favored is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." Nay, I stand here to confess, in this connection, it is not absolutely necessary that a man be a fine or even an ordinary scholar in order to be accepted as fit for the Presidency or the Vice Presidency. Old Buck has had very little original writing to do since he has been in the Chair of State, and Joe can employ an amanuensis and an idea-man as well as Buck,—there are very many competent men who will hasten to undertake the job for him. Joe can certainly soon learn to write "God bless us" as frequently and in as elegantly capitalized style as the Old Public Functionary; and he can eat quite as much dirt as J. B., if he does persist in crossing a superfluity of *t's* whenever he attempts to spell the vulgar term. Who taunts? I rather like Joe's original autography, since he is usually sound on alphabetical supplies—always up to the legitimate demand for consonants. It may be a long spell however before Joe gets into office as Chief or aiding Executive; and perhaps we would do rightly in awaiting his hour of elevation before we indulge in further comment on the peculiar abilities, qualities and acquirements which fit him for the position.

The great question now agitated between the two factions of the Democracy is touching the point of regularity. I am inclined, strange as my Douglas friends may think it, to credit the Breckinridge wing with the favor of superior formality. Let me tell you in what manner, with what understanding that concession is made, and then you can answer as to whether there exists any qualifications in the credit. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, left the Presidency of the fully organized, universally recognized Convention of the entire Democracy, that he might receive the honor of presiding over the fractional body which nominated Breckinridge and Lane. In my opinion he carried regularity with him. I will tell you why. It all comes out in a story.

In the South-Western part of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, is an old town called Tyringham. Somewhere about the year 1848, this town was divided; a new township was erected out of the Southern section and called,

in honor of one of the famous battle scenes of the Mexican War, "Monterey." In the upper portion of Tyringham, as it once was in its unbroken lines, stood an old "meetin' house." I remember it well, for tradition had it that some of my ancestral relations sat piously within it for years of Sundays, and listened to and trembled at the foreordination preaching there shed abroad; often times, meanwhile, listening to and shivering with the fierce wintery winds that were not irreligiously tempered by the introduction of warming apparatus within the consecrated edifice. The services at this church were in 1848 principally sustained by a fund long since established by the saintly men and women of former generations. Immediately on the division of the old town followed the erection of a new church building in a locality most convenient for the Monterey go-to-meeting folks. As the members of the new church constituted a large proportion of the old parish, they thought themselves entitled to the revenues of the ancient communion. Then, boldly and bodily, they snatched away the papers and plate of the Tyringham Church; and the right to the same was raised in a court of law. John Branning was the name of the lawyer who took charge of the suit for the new parish. The burden of his argument to the jury was that the majority of a parish should designate the use of the common fund. At the close of the delivery of his plea he came outside the bar of the court-room, and was fiercely accosted by an eccentric Monterey Church man, by the name of Height, who thus spoke: "Confound it, John Branning, you have not touched the best point in our case; you've omitted the most effective point." "What on earth is that?" exclaimed Branning, in the tone and emphasis of a man who conceives that he has done splendid service, and is horribly shocked at hearing a whisper of dissatisfaction or complaint. "You didn't set out the most telling thing on our side." "Name it," said Branning, with an air of mingled mortification and disgust. "You didn't mention that Ebenezer Fairfield had joined our church." "Well, what of that? He's only one man; and I dwelt upon the evidence that showed that we represented the wealthiest and most numerous portion of the old parish." "Only one man! Confound it, don't you know that Ebenezer Fairfield has just come over to our side and been chosen moderator; and don't you know that he is, by all odds, the biggest liar in our community, that he has back-slid from grace more'n anyo ther brother in the congregation; and hasn't he served us for a long time as deputy pound driver, and got more cattle into the pen than any other man in the parish?"

On a similar recitation, I base the regularity of Caleb Cushing's church; for of all political back-sliders and liars he is indubitably the greatest; and of all the gatherers of human cattle voters he has done preeminent service in the State of Massachusetts.

And we have the "Bell and Everett Party;" specially known as the party of Old Respectables. In their titles they must necessarily, it would seem, adhere to the surnames of their candidates, since of principles they are utterly devoid. The only thing they put forward in the shape of a platform consists of a couple of little resolutions, or of a preamble and resolution; in which they undoubtedly attempt to *Whereas* out of credit and fashion all time honored party usages, on the plea of occasional abuse, and *Resolve* themselves into the good graces of the few men of the land (as they intimate) who favor the Constitution, the Union, and the laws. And the calm modesty of the captains of this host finds its Ararat when they call themselves the "Union party." As they do not wish to "mislead or deceive" the people, they deal in general references to our glorious institutions and their glorious party purposes; having nothing specific in their "Platform" except their sneers at all other parties, which, in their estimation, are horribly "geographical and sectional." What does such a "Platform" as this amount to? Except as proof of the tremendous arrogance of the Old Respectables, it aggregates in nothing. Besides, if we can bring ourselves to any degree of diligent reflection upon the manifesto of such a political organization as is

this, we shall see that they greatly misrepresent and mistake the past and misinterpret the future. It is not true that partisan platforms have generally had the effect to mislead and deceive the people; on the contrary, "experience has demonstrated," that parties without platforms in the political and the religious world have continually been guilty of such crimes. These creedless conservatives occupy the position of that class of panacea reformers in the religious world who throw aside all formulas of opinion, sanctioned by the agreement of the wise men of many ages, and thrusting forward the Bible as *their* Platform, deduce therefrom for themselves, the most empty and peurile pretense about Apostolic saintliness and Abrahamic faith. "The Constitution and the Union," shout the Bellites; "all but ourselves seek to subvert the one and destroy the other!" Who does not know that this is a falsehood? What intelligent man does not well understand, that excepting the few fanatics gathered under Yancey and Garrison, in either section of the Union, the masses of the people composing the Republican and Democratic parties are loyal in heart to the Constitution and the Union?

I know that a great deal has been said in ridicule of the Bellites, on account of their large swell on shape and broadcloth. I cannot heartily join in this diversion. For my part I wish that every honest Republican could sport as good store clothes, and sprinkle himself—if his tastes were depraved in that direction—with as much eau de cologne as any of the high priests in this peculiar school of respectability. The finest apparel is not a disgrace to any man; nor is the wearing of it offensive to the public generally.

I know that the members of this party take bold pride in the "Respectable" title which has been prefixed to their own names, or mixed with the ordinary observations concerning them. I was reminded of these claims as I came up with a boat-load of their representatives from San Francisco a few evenings since. I imagined that the blustering talk of some of their delegation leaders on that occasion, comported about as handsomely with their "personal respectability" conceit, as their single resolution agrees with their real political character and purposes. Of course, they had a General for a Chieftain; and he told the nastiest stories and indulged in the smuttiest imaginable witticisms, while his subordinates in the ranks of his delegation chorused his filthy sallies with the coarsest guffaws. He launched into my friend Love, with great savageness, until the latter was forced to enquire what more indecent sentences or phrases it was possible for the General to utter. The General replied, that he thought he could put the cap-sheaf on his dirty talk by quoting from some "Black Republican speech." I agreed with him; the probabilities had been shown to be that the more respectable, sober and sacred the text selected, the more indecent it would appear as delivered in the General's cleanest style.

And all the members of the Fraternity had broad ribbon badges on their coat lappel, imitative of little children at a Sunday school picnic; but I had an opportunity of hearing, from a reliable source, that a majority of them took their brandy cocktails with as much avidity, regularity and relish, as did the constituents of the Douglas crowd.

In fact, late in the evening one of the ribboned representatives got a little out of his soundings on the sea of how-come-you-so? He grew uproarious on the "Great necessity of having literary men in the chief offices of the Government." On this point he was in the midst of a vehement discourse to a small knot of friends, who were half humoring, half restraining his folly, when he chanced to say, "I tell you in the language which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Jack Cade." "Beg your pardon," exclaimed a Douglas interloper in the choice assemblage, "Shakspeare didn't write Jack Cade." "Well if he didn't, he isn't the literary man I took him to be." And this bright youth, who ably represented the learned portion of the delegation, was moved bed-ward by his considerate friends.

When we examine the pretensions of this party we find no real basis of favor except it be proven to exist in their candidates. Mr. Thomas H. Watts has enquired into the significance of Mr. Bell's Congressional record, and he distinctly announces the following propositions :

- "1. A distinct repudiation of Wilmot Provisoism.
- "2. A distinct repudiation of 'squatter sovereignty' as long ago as 1848.
- "3. A distinct announcement that the Territories are the common property of the States composing the Union ; and that the citizens of each State have the right to go into such Territories, with their property of every description, and while there, to have protection to property and persons.
- "4. That Slavery, as it exists among us, is civilly, morally, and religiously right ; sanctioned by the Constitution of the United States, by the Bible, and by the practice of men in all ages, and that it ought to be extended."

This is the extreme of the demands of the party which has for its single idea the propagation of slavery. Mr. Bell endorsed and forwarded to Mr. Watts, within the past three months, the documents upon which this ultra pro-slavery platform is based.

A strenuous endeavor is being made to rally the old Clay Whigs under the Respectable's banner ; and for the edification of the men upon whom this imposition is sought to be practiced, let me quote from one of Mr. Clay's speeches, delivered in Congress, in 1850, on the celebrated compromise measures of that year :

"And now, sir, coming from a Slave State, as I do, I owe it to myself, I owe it to the subject, to say that no earthly power could induce me to vote for a specific measure for the introduction of Slavery where it had not before existed, either South or North of that line. Coming, as I do, from a Slave State, it is my solemn, deliberate, and well-matured determination that no power shall compel me to vote for the positive introduction of Slavery either South or North of that (Missouri Compromise) line. Sir, while we reproach, and justly too, our British ancestors for the introduction of this institution upon the continent of America, I am, for one, unwilling that the posterity of the present inhabitants of California and of New Mexico shall reproach us for having just what we reproach Great Britain for doing for us."

Again he said :—

"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, never, by word or thought, by mind or will, aid in admitting one rood of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage."

And, in this connection, let us remind the old Benton Democrats—who are also pathetically appealed to by the badge and belly party—that Thos. H. Benton in a St. Louis speech declared that he envied Mr. Clay for the utterance we have last quoted ; that since he was not able to claim the original authorship of such noble expressions he was proud to adopt them, as embodying his own sentiments on the vexing question of the day. So much for Mr. Bell,—his political record and the conclusions fairly to be deduced from the endorsed copy thereof ; and so much for the legitimacy of the calls of his adherents on the true Union men, of Clay Whig and Benton Democratic antecedents.

But upon his associate the Respectables in California and throughout the North lay the eminent emphasis of eulogium. Edward Everett is their great political Deity.

Fellow citizens, I am a native of Massachusetts. I am very proud of the history and I love the institutions of that glorious old Commonwealth. And I am proud too of her long line of distinguished sons, who did patriotic service on every important battle-field of the Revolution, and whose voices are audible to the world from every council chamber of this nation, whence the wisest and most beneficent measures for the general welfare and progress of the country have proceeded. I am proud of her political, social and industrial position, and of the true and strong men who rule within her borders to-day. But I am not proud of Edward Everett. I assume, that with as much

gratitude as any man, I can recognize his services in redeeming from sacrilegious use the tomb and home of Washington. I acknowledge his learning as great, his rhetoric as exceedingly beautiful, his delivery speech as marvelously elegant and fascinating; though I conceive that in every one of these scholarly acquirements he has been somewhat over estimated. There are a considerable number of distinguished sons of New England who are his superior in the particulars of which mention has been made; whilst—thank God for it—there are thousands upon thousands who stand before him on the record for independent manliness and firmness of character. Edward Everett is a whispered, cloister vowel; there are no stalwart consonants in his composition. He is a lute for a lady's chamber; not a bugle for the place of command among men. He is a delicate geranium, flowering and sweet scented; not an oak, lifting strong and stern and protectfully to the heavens. In *belles lettres*, he may be accounted a royal Bengal tiger, but in politics he is a poodle. He may be called popular; but there can be no hearty liking for such a man outside the parlors of an effeminate aristocracy, or the dwellings of those who exhibit a mushroom avidity for shouting praise to men whom they suspect the social lords they imitate regard with admiration.

I am ashamed of Edward Everett. Our people made him Governor. Then he was a Whig among thousands, and the moderate temperature of the exigencies he was called upon to meet kept him of a quiet mind. He was elected as President of our University, and so far as he served in that capacity, he obtained just renown. But our Legislature made him United States' Senator, and he was an invalid at once. He had held a seat in Congress before this high selection, and had received a terrible spearing from John Randolph of Roanoke. And now, when a better, a truer course was hoped from him by a constituency anxious to see him ascend honorably to the greatest post, he fell mortal sick. He unwittingly tutored the Little Giant in the finest dodge of a dough-face. According to the telegraphic dispatches we were forced to believe that he had local diseases all over him in one spot, and each afflicted organ was under the heroic treatment of a special physician. One disease caused him cruel pain when he sat down, and a spinal affection of an original type required a plantation surgeon to exsect every third vertebrae.

Edward Everett was in the United States' Senate when the Nebraska Bill was introduced for discussion and action. Three thousand of the clergymen of New England sent in a solemn protest against the destroying of the time honored Missouri Compromise. Its introduction in the United States' Senate was the signal for the raising of a storm of vile abuse, directed against the Christian ministers who affixed their signatures to this paper. Butler of South Carolina, Adams of Mississippi, and the Little Giant from Illinois, howled and foamed in their mighty rage, their righteous indignation, at the miserable 3,000 men who said, "In the name of Almighty God, we protest." Butler rushed up and down the Senate chamber, combing up his white hair with his fingers, to cool his brow from whence issued the perspiration generated by the glowingly heated mental furnace beneath, in the which—according to the best of his imaginings—he was rolling the poor parsons of the North-Eastern section of the country. Dirty Douglas resaturated his bloated carcass with Jamaica rum, that he might stimulate every nasty nerve of his nature to the work of licentious defamation, and pour through his putrid throat upon the clerical offenders the verbalized juices of an infernal malignity. And Edward Everett had not one bold word to utter in defence of the brethren in his own profession and native State which he was representing. Like a craven coward—and such he exhibited himself—he submitted tamely to every indignity, and dared no retort. My friends, if he did not then actually deny the great Lord and Master of us all, he dishonored and disgraced the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He responded to Douglas' tirade of abuse by apologetically stating that he had not read the protest; that it was too long for him to carefully examine and too heavy for him to

carry to the Secretary's desk. He was opposed to its presentation in the Senate at that time, and desired to state that he had secured the transfer of similar documents from the door of the chamber of that body to the portals of the lower House. Without this enumeration, the nerveless character of his reply could be thoroughly gleaned from observing the considerate treatment he receives at the hands of Douglas when the latter renews his filthy denunciatory speech: Douglas then has "no reproach to cast upon the Senator from Massachusetts, who is generally very proper in his conduct as a Senator. *His explanation has set him right!*" Of what degrading significance was such a gracious admission at the hour of its utterance. Edward Everett, who laid broad and saintly foundations for a great public reputation by delivering the most elegant prayers ever offered to a Boston congregation, closes his political career by doing obeisance to, and receiving and rejoicing in the exceptional complacency of the pigmy pole-cat of "Popular Sovereignty." And the three thousand protesting clergymen, and all the true sons of New England, humiliated in soul at the pusillanimity of their accredited representative in the Senate chamber of these United States, whose peculiar province and duty it then was to have defended and asserted their rights, were forced to direct their sentiments of gratitude and honor, for an ample and brave vindication on this occasion, to the old hero of San Jacinto, Sam. Houston, and the sage of Auburn, William H. Seward.

The positions of Douglas and Johnson in opposition to and in association with each other are somewhat analogous to the mutual relations of Gwin and Latham. Of course there is an apparently open cordiality of sentiment between them now; but we have the record to indicate that as the presiding officer of the United States' Senate, Herschel V. Johnson would give his casting vote for the most extreme measures of the secessionists; while we have some thin shadows of reason to hope that Stephen A. Douglas would not, as President, agree to the same. Indeed, it is urged by that class of "independent" papers who espouse the cause of Mr. Douglas, that his associate is properly and judiciously placed upon the ticket; since the latter is known to entertain political opinions utterly at variance with the occasional and now prominent declarations of the Little Giant. On this account—runs the reasoning—men of every sort of opinion, from the upholders of the pith of the Freeport speech to the endorsers of the John C. Calhoun scheme for a double-headed Presidency, can gather under the shelter of his banner.

In some of the expressive chiselings found among the ruins of an ancient city, recently discovered and explored, is a slab of stone the face of which is wrought into the representation of a race-course, on which stand two horses harnessed with their heads in opposite directions. Speculations as to the exact signification of this flinty picture have struck fire from many learned and ingenious antiquarian quarters, but the prevailing conclusion has been—one of the animals being much larger than the other—that this told of an attempt to teach a small steed to run backwards. That such an attempt proved abortive, we need not criticisingly examine any ancient sculpture to ascertain. And the experiment would seem to be now in process of renewal before our own eyes, in the opposite hitchings in political traces of Douglas and Johnson. We will not stop to consider which is the smaller nag.

You must be aware of the fact that the Marshals of the different States and their deputies are engaged in taking the census of the nation. From present indications it is suspected that we number about 30,000,000 souls. I have a curious friend who employs a portion of his time in examining files of eastern Douglas papers, and cutting therefrom the telegraphic numerical returns from Douglas meetings. He already feels competent to declare that the census agents are dreadfully negligent in their business, as he feels confident that he has the never lying figures to prove that in New England and Pennsylvania alone there are at least 5,000,000 Douglas Democrats!

If the Respectables can alone accurately define their party by the employment of generic titles, the followers of the Little Giant act under still

greater compelling force when they call themselves "Douglas-men." Douglas is not merely their candidate and representative; he is, strictly speaking, the sole embodiment of their party. Their beginning and ending is in him. He is the Alpha and Omega of their political schedule. Can they claim any principles? They ascribe their origin to Douglas. Do they specify any great party purposes? They quote from a Douglas phillipic. Do they guarantee the fulfillment of any promise contained in their platform? Only by reciting Douglas affirmations. Mark the contrast which we present. They had but one choice for a candidate. We had a hundred men from among whom we made our selection. Instead of the vague and uncertain record of a very vacillating specimen of humanity, we give to the world the clear, united action of an army of leaders. Instead of the occasional, fitful, inconsistent dottings of a demagogue from which to form a political alphabet, we present the record of a large school of statesmen, working in perfect harmony in the councils of the nation for five years past, with particular reference to the disposition of the main issues now before us. They strive to convince men of the good results which are to flow from the elevation of their chieftain to the Executive Chair, by pointing out his correct votes in favor of beneficial measures, on the taking of the final question thereon — carefully concealing his tricky action, his delaying ballots while such bills are occupying a promising consideration in the early part of a session; we offer a solid front of between one and two hundred Congressional records, at all times and in every stage and exigency of the process of consideration, favorable to an honest and liberal Homestead Bill, a Pacific Railroad on the Central Route, daily trans-continental mails, the abolition of the franking privilege, and the amendment of the corrupt mileage system. There can be no mistaking our position, there can be no challenging our sincerity; while the Douglas men are all in a sea of doubt and uncertainty, sculling their frail barks constantly around a dough-face decoy duck, ever shifting its anchorage and frequently diving dexterously and long remaining under the water. There might be elements of grandeur and positive power in the very isolation which Douglas holds, could he insure his place; but the man who gains a conspicuous and exclusive individuality in a political party, and before the country, by perpetually dealing in compromises between natural emotions which are evil, an overweening ambition educated in the small arts, and a periodical sense of the will of the majority and the great right, cannot, when harshly assailed, count up a sum total of character which will entitle him to the sympathy, much less command the admiration of the intelligent people of a free country.

But I wish to come to matters nearer home when I speak of the Douglas party.

Fellow-citizens, I was in attendance upon the Douglas Convention which held its sittings in one of your churches a few days since. Of what was it composed? It was a beautiful compound; a bottle of all-sorts. No one can disguise or successfully attempt to controvert the fact that the preponderating influence in that Convention was exerted by men who but one short year ago were the strongest adherents to the administrative fortunes of James Buchanan. The men of ancient Douglas faith were permitted a small voice in the deliberations; but only one genuine consistent Douglasite found a place on the electoral ticket.

The Douglas Convention was presided over by a gentleman for whom I have much respect, a man admirably adapted from his experiences to occupy the position which he was chosen to fill. Mr. I. N. Quinn, of Tuolumne, has presided over the deliberations of the State Senate, and is, consequently, familiar with parliamentary rules. I do not say that he had enjoyed a higher discipline, fitting him for the place of President of the Douglas Convention, but he was fresh from his recently assumed superintendence of the State Prison.

The President was surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of statesmen.

There was that active, eloquent, huge-thighed apostle of liberty, that splendid knight of the trencher, that political Wandering Jew and Wilkins Micawber—Gen. J. W. Denver. This cosmopolitan cormorant has been induced, by great solicitation, to retain his carpet-bag in this State a few months longer, in order that he and his friends may count the last small chances of his “turning up” in the United States’ Senate. There, pompously, he sprawled in all his physical greatness; there he shone in all his silent oratory.

The huge-thighed had one beside him whom, I must confess, I was sorry to see in such queer company—a man in whom our late Senator reposed much confidence and reliance. There sat General Reddington, as large as the Chrysolopolis, with all her streamers floating on the breeze. He had his big stick firmly grasped in both hands, and, at the wink from Gen. Denver, he pummeled plaudits with the intensest vigor. It was indeed a sad sight to see such a man in such business, in such a place.

And there was Joe Scoby, of Placer, secretary—the excellent youth who gratuitously and without petition, obtained an indefinite leave of absence from our State Legislature, which for years, and during the majority of all sections of the Democracy, he has graciously favored with his disinterested presence.

And there sat Terence Foley—that brave old remnant of the Irish Democracy; looking a little strangely about him as though he felt something unpleasant in his rear; and no wonder, for immediately behind him sat

Dr. Powell, of this city—familiarly known as “Cheer Powell.” It was inevitably remarked that the Cheer now allows his locks to show their genuine silver color; having escaped the business of initiation in the dark lantern camp, where it was necessary for him to dye his hair in order to properly attend to the mysterious ceremonies connected with the solemn pledging of novitiates to vote against all men of foreign birth and Roman Catholic religion. Let me not be misunderstood. I would not cast a grieving reflection on the evidences of age—far from it. Furthermore, I do not believe that the Cheer is capable of going into the hair-dyeing business with such questionable purposes in view as have been credited to a pioneer member of the Custom House in San Francisco, who blacked his hirsute coverings that he might enter the County Hospital in disguise and secure therefrom invalid voters for a Lecompton primary election.

And there was Jim Coffroth, ready and happy to boast of his ancient Know-Nothing affiliations, but not in a hurry to relate his political experience within a year’s record.

And there was Billy Long, that fine little coagulated bunch of self-conceit, almost yearly on the county race-track for office, and almost invariably fortunate in “living to fight another day.”

And these two latter gentlemen are elegant representatives of a new school of men which has arisen in the present Douglas party. From their frequent gyrations and their novel speech and habit of to-day, they may be called the turn-spits of that party. They spit upon the Douglas platform and upon Douglas’ self, but believing that he has the inside row of Breckinridge on the White House course, they enroll themselves in the ranks of his followers. They expectorate their phlegm on the head of the Little Giant, while, at the same time, they manage to take a good square hold of his coat tails. Of course, if Douglas should be elected, they will sail into some fat office under his administration in a foaming sea of saliva!

But how can I finish the pencilling of such a picture?

Do not let me forget or neglect to mention the presence of the Little Giant from El Dorado, John Conness. In subdued and plaintive tones his voice was occasionally heard as he rose to submit a “few suggestions” to the Convention. He undoubtedly felt that he was in a motley gathering: among a crew not at all of his ilk. He was now and then graciously permitted to pipe a few tame phrases, and then his re-seating was the signal for “an ominous

drawn silence," which seemed to speak from the great majority of the Convention: "So much endurance of Little John Conness."

But here a compunctious thought comes over me. Here am I overwhelmed by recollections which I have no spirit to interpret. There was one name which could not be decently pronounced in that Convention; no member dared to breathe it in grateful memory or honoring testimonial. Nor will I abuse the sleep of him, who in a brief life

"bore that name
Nobly up the paths of Fame,"

by presuming to speak it in this immediate connection. Ah! they knew full well, that if he had been suffered to live until this time his voice would not have been raised in their midst. They felt that if he was permitted to view their actions from the unseen world, he looked upon those associated in that body who had once been his soldiers in the great battle for political equality, with unfeigned sorrow and unmitigated contempt.

But I have no heart to talk of these things. Yet there is one incident in the proceedings of that Convention which I am compelled to notice. I remember the only testament made by the late Senator, which has ever been proven on earth or in heaven: "Protect my honor."

While Mr. Broderick was traveling over this State during the last campaign he encountered many "dirty dogs," who took advantage of his bold and generous invitation for a public discussion on Federal and State politics, by mounting the stand and indulging in low scurrilous personalities. At least three of those creatures were delegated to the late Douglas State Convention; and of that number not one has a worse record in this particular than a delegate from a Southern county in this State. When Broderick died he received many eulogiums; but none more loud, unqualified, and apparently sincere than that given by an old friend from the county of El Dorado. In Central Committee meetings, at private conversations, John Conness of El Dorado, spoke in terms and tears of anguish of the fate of David C. Broderick. But when John Conness finds that he is allowed to repeat a few words in the recent Douglas Convention, what says he? He voluntarily rises in his place, and, for his longest speech, pronounces a eulogy on the man who had most bitterly slandered the late Senator; elevating to the skies the man whom Broderick denounced as treacherous and untruthful.

[A voice: "Name him."]

T. C. Ryland, of San Jose. Upon this man did Conness seek to throw the mantle of honor, by heaping up laudatory adjectives in his behalf. Why, fellow citizens, this Ryland had the temerity to mount the rostrum in San Jose, from which our Senator had just been speaking, and declare that the latter had not shown himself a friend of the overland mail bills! Mr. Broderick in reply, and in Ryland's face, said: "The moment he took the stand he commenced making false charges." And again, "A man who in one week changed from Know-Nothingism to Catholicism, is not to be trusted—ought to be carefully watched." And this is the man whom John Conness now praises to the limit of his faculties as "an honorable young man," "a man who would be a credit to any party,"—"a trustworthy man is young Ryland of San Jose."

My friends, it has occurred to me that the name and the scenes attendant upon the death of Mr. Broderick have been recited on too frivolous occasions, and by those unqualified from personal acquaintance and deficient in ability and taste for the delicate task. I think it unseemly in those who were entire strangers to him to attempt to arouse by personal reference the indignation of those who both knew him intimately and labored with him harmoniously, while he strove for the political redemption of California. For my part, I assume nothing, either on account of my connection with him or my definite knowledge of the grief and purposes of his true friends. But I will undertake, here and everywhere, to expose to every honest man's contempt,

the hypocritical summer friends of David C. Broderick ; who wept immediately at his fall, but who now seek to crawl into political affiliation with his constant, bitterest and most unscrupulous enemies, by practically and directly denying the virtue of the burning words of condemnation which those opponents received from the mouth and heart of the Senator now sleeping. Let them not contribute to raise a marble monument to his memory, while they pollute that memory with sycophant homage to the creatures who joined in the howl that hunted him down.

Fellow-citizens, the public acts and the parting injunctions of a great and good man are the choice property of the nation he has served. "Protect my honor ;"—protect from indignities the memory of a man who, while living, exerted all his energies to sustain the honor and enhance the interests of California. We have before us his image, surrounded by the drapery of mourning. It is in a fit place, among the real protectors of his honor. If we did not, all of us, realize his worth upon our side of the great contest, while he was living, we do appreciate it now he is dead. If we had anything of personal or political antipathy then, we have only reverence now, and a fixed resolution to avenge his fall. His honor we now protect ; and all honor we pay to him for his faithful public service. And as a party we will prove our sincerity in this, when, on the first or second day of the coming legislative session, resolutions will be introduced into the Assembly, expunging from the record the false and disgraceful resignation-request passed and dispatched to Mr. Broderick by the Legislature of '59, under the corrupt compelling influence of the Custom House.

I have the assurance that had Mr. Broderick lived to this time, he would have been one of the great leaders, if not one of the candidates of the national Republican party. He never could have supported Stephen A. Douglas. Over and over again he expressed to me his sentiments of scorn and detestation for the Little Giant. Over and over again he repeated the story of Douglas' timidity and attempted treachery on the introduction of the English swindle ; denouncing him as a political coward and charlatan.

Said Mr. Broderick to the Hon. Wm. J. Shaw, of San Francisco, when, some years since, the latter intimated his purpose of joining the Republican ranks, "Wait, Mr. Shaw, wait a little longer, until we can all go over together."

But, fellow-citizens, one would have thought that some of the more sensible men of the old anti-Lecompton ranks, would have been exercised with emotions of disgust at their new bedded political associations in the recent Douglas State Convention. Might we not lawfully be led to suppose that as they looked carefully over that heterogeneous gathering, they might have been constrained to repeat the language of an ancient poet, on an occasion of great similarity :

The old man had been suffering for a long time from diseases which were the direct legacies of a life of dissipation and debauchery. He was rejoiced on being told, one evening, by his physician, that he would find by his bed-side the next morning a preparation which, if well stirred and taken, would produce his sure return to health and vigor. On waking the next day, he discovered on the stand by the side of his couch a large goblet, filled with a many patch-colored fluid. He reached out his emaciated hand and with a spoon stirred the compound. While the liquid was in motion it entirely assumed an indiscribable unity of shade ; but as soon as the motion ceased the elements retired to their related particles, and the large globules comprising the separate doses, thus placed together, were distinctly visible. The old man leaned over and smelt the stuff. He sneezed from the offensiveness of the odor. Then raising himself in bed he took up the goblet and held it between his organs of vision and the window. He might as well have essayed to look through a stone wall. Then he courageously ventured on a sip. A terrible contortion of countenance followed on the taste. He returned the vessel to the stand and folding his arms he contemplated it for some time in silence. At last he broke forth in the following strain :

That I am sick there is no doubt;
 My swollen limbs denote the gout.
 I cannot run, I cannot walk
 With ease, I cannot even talk.
 My heart beats low, my head is sore,
 There's painful sweat from every pore.
 It seems as if my blood was gone,
 My back's not stiffened by a bone,
 I could not think, I did not know
 That ever I so ill could grow.
 But now, alas! I must declare
 I stand upon the brink Despair!
 All I've on earth I'd give to save
 My nervless carcass from the grave.
 But Oh, my God! and can it be
 That such a mixture's left for me!

During the sittings of the Douglas State Convention you enjoyed a Douglas ratification meeting. I had also the pleasure of being in attendance upon that gathering. The big gun of the evening was Joseph P. Hoge, late chairman of the Lecompton Democratic Central Committee. He was as funny and gracious and confused and pointless in his remarks as if he was arguing before the Supreme Court in favor of the Peter Smith titles, or some other swindling land claims. He opened his speech by saying that he felt like an exhorter at an old-fashioned Love-feast. Then he showed his appreciation of a religious stand point by regaling his congregation with all the newly coined slang phrases, now fresh in market. Joseph was excessively polite on all sides; and I should do him great injustice if I did not remind you that he declared that, from an intimate acquaintance with our Presidential candidate, he could make oath that Abraham Lincoln, if elected to the Executive seat, would not take any evil steps calculated to irritate our Southern brethren and precipitate a dissolution of the Union. But if Joseph was clever toward us and our candidate, he was decidedly sweet on the Respectables. He waved his fingers in a handsome arc from his mouth towards the "Methodist Church, South," in which the Bellites were assembled—like a lady throwing a kiss to her lover from an upper story lattice. He was sure that the Respectables would yet regard it as judicious, to cast their ballots for the Little Giant. Then, again and again, came round a reference to the "Love-feast" character of the audience. An impression began to settle upon my mind that, in some manner, I had encountered the story of the origin of this familiar idea of a Love-feast, in the mind of the speaker. Before he had concluded his remarks my memory had revived a conversation, of the pertinence of which you can judge after a brief repetition.

In the spring of 1857, as the correspondent of one of your city journals, I was travelling through Carson Valley. In the course of my journeyings I met an old Mormon recently from Salt Lake, still earlier from Illinois, and a native of Yorkshire, England. He was quite an entertaining old chap, in his way and with his saintly experiences which he related with the relish of a prophet. In the course of our talk he mentioned in some important connection the name of Joe Hoge. "Who?" enquired I. The name was repeated, with the additional sentence—"Don't you know Jo-ah Ho-ag." "I do not, indeed," replied I. "What! not know Jo-ah Ho-ag! And you be a paper-mon and live in California and dun know Jo-ah Ho-ag?" "That's the fact," said I, "however much it may astonish you." The man looked at me with an expression not of doubt but of decided unbelief. "I have not been long in the State," I remarked, in an explanatory manner, "and I have no doubt but that there are many distinguished men in the country with whom, as yet, I have no acquaintance." "Dang it, tho', I thot you must be a green 'un, not to know Jo-ah Ho-ag." "I must judge from your remarks that you are very familiar with Mr. Hoge?" "Know 'im! I know 'im! Ha! know Jo-ah Hoag! Should think we did some"—and my Mormon friend leaned back and indulged in a terrific roar of laughter. "You lived with

him—in the same State?" "In the same State, mon; in the same district we was." "You were intimate with him?" "For mony a year he was the most intimate mon in my family, 'cept mysel." "Ah, ha!" "Why yes. Why our family 'lected him to Congress wuns?" "Your family elected him to Congress! How's that? Oh, I suppose you had a large number of sons, and Mr. Hoge was elected by so small a majority that had you counted against him at the polls he would have been defeated?" "Ne'er a boy has the Lord blessed me with, tho' I've had risn' of a duzen dorters in my time." "Your vote alone did not turn the scale, did it?" "Stranger, I say that our family 'lected Jo-ah Ho-ag to Congress wuns, and *that* nobody disputed in our parts. I was powerful rich in those days; I've got powerful poor since." "You dont mean to say that you *bought* your friend Hoge's way into Congress?" "Do you mean to insult me, stranger?" "By no means." "We be honest folks in those parts in them days." "I don't doubt it. Won't you be kind enough to tell me how your family elected Joe Hoge to Congress?" "Why in those days, I had seven wives and ten grown up dorters; and just the night 'afore 'lection, Jo-ah Ho-ag come down to our parts and paid for a regular jollification Love-feast, which didn't break up 'til morning; and then we went up, all on us, women and all—and the women and men folks in the neighborhood who we stirred up to it—and voted Jo-ah Ho-ag square into Congress."

Fellow-citizens, we have a fair prospect, at least an "even chance" of carrying this State this fall. At all events, if we secure a national triumph in November next, California is certainly ours in '61. It becomes us, then, to commence the distinct mapping of our intended domestic policy. I propose to devote the very brief space of time remaining for my remarks, in referring to such measures as I think it our eminent interest to advocate and adopt.

We must frame a system of laws by which the abominable Coolie importation shall be stopped. Some years ago, when a comparative stranger to the condition of the Chinese population in our mining regions, I held opinions somewhat at variance with those I now proclaim as the product of my deliberate judgment. The cupidity of the shipping masters and agents is battling with our rights and our principles. Slavery, in one of its vilest forms, is being introduced into our land; a species of slavery ten-fold more impoverishing than that recognized in South Carolina, is gaining a strong foothold in California. We must put a veto on its continuance and spread now, or it will soon be too late for such action. I have no doubt but that it is within the scope of our Legislature to enact such constitutional laws as will effectually end this business of importing and working Asiatic slaves. The Douglas State Convention flatly refused to pass a resolution introduced by Mr. Evans, of Tuolumne, pledging the party to hostility to this infamous trade in Mongolian implements; thus ruling their ranks into harmony with the Chivalry Democracy on this important issue. No doubt in their local conventions in the mountain counties, they will pass stringent resolutions on this subject; but I sincerely regret to believe that their action in State Convention places them in antagonism to the highest welfare of the white laborer. Let there be no mistake about our position as a party in relation to this matter.

A series of wholesome and stringent laws relative to the conducting of our "Injun wars," are imperatively demanded. We have now quartered upon the State one or two greasy officials who render no consideration for their large salaries save such as may consist in the originating and conducting of "Injun campaigns," fruitless of good to the State, and only productive of enormous bills of expense. And these Indian war bills are lobbied through the Legislature every winter, dragging in their train a score of outside accounts, less in magnitude, but similar in character—thus corrupting the whole process of legislation for the season.

The State should attempt something practical and direct towards the

commencement of the work on the great trans-continental Railroad. For this one enterprise we can afford to drop all disputing about the ancient Whig and Democratic doctrines concerning internal improvements by Government direction or aid.

Our school system is by no means what it ought to be. In our larger towns and in our cities, the common instruction is unquestionably ample and excellent; but in our sparsely populated districts, little or no attention of a useful character is obtained from our educational officers. We should insist upon a law which will call for something more than a few columns of statistics, and a long trite essay on the occupation and benefits of teaching, from our superintendents. We want a State Superintendent of Schools, who will condescend to visit every village and camp in the State, and who has the practical energy and experience which will enable him to plant there a tree of knowledge. Why, fellow-citizens, we have towns in this State where there are Odd Fellow and Masonic and Temperance Halls and Lodges, and not a sign of a Common School.

And, if immediate steps are not taken to care for its direction, a considerable portion of the revenue to be derived from the lands donated to us by Congress for educational purposes, is in danger of being misapplied and squandered. We owe to our Douglas Governor, Downey, the cowardly killing of the most just and beneficent law in relation to school lands which has ever passed our Legislature. While he was receiving general commendation for his veto of the Bulkhead Bill, he held in his pocket a bill providing for an equal distribution throughout the State, according to average school attendance, of the funds arising from the sale of the lands which Congress gave to California for the greatest educational good to the greatest number. He thus, in his Gubernatorial discretion, perpetrated a great wrong in a contemptible manner.

I understand that we will seek the adoption of the most liberal policy in regard to naturalization laws, and touching subjects in which the conscientious scruples of any class of citizens are involved.

One of the most excellent elements in our Western population is composed of our citizens of German birth and extraction. They have their peculiar customs for entertainment's sake, their remarkably fine habits of gymnastic exercise and display, which they choose to conduct on the first day of the week. We should set our platforms and our votes against any attempts to abridge their present privileges in this particular. Such, I am confident, is the general sentiment and purpose of the Republican organization within this State.

It is evident, that in this connection, and with reference also to the Coolie importation question, I cannot forbear mentioning that the Republican party of California has been sadly misrepresented in our Legislature since the last Presidential election. It should be known that this has arisen from the fact that a coalition has been formed in San Francisco, and kept in successful operation for the past three or four years, between the Chivs who, unable to get into the Custom House, itch for local pap, and the officers who preside in day-time over the labor of the chain-gang and nightly roost amid the stench of the station-house. This compound has been enabled thus far to betray a sufficient number of Republicans into its support to secure its triumph at the polls; but I am of the opinion that its day is about over. Under its reign, primary election ballot-boxes have been stuffed in a manner to force a blush from the days of Mulligan and Casey. The "People's Party" and the "Reform Party," have been their catch cognomens; and with these they have obtained aid from a class of easily-duped honest folks. Well, this mongrel political club has secured the election of such men to the County Conventions of our party as they saw fit; and those conventions have nominated "Republicans," so called, who, having two masters, and feeling really irresponsible, or least responsible to the Republican party, have come up to the capital and voted for Sunday blue laws, and against anti-Coolie importa-

tation laws ; and even against a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to investigate into the possibility and expediency of framing and passing a clearly constitutional enactment in destruction of this pernicious commerce. And, in addition to this, I ought to say that this Representation have done all in their power to impair the efficiency and defeat the great objects of the San Francisco Consolidation bill—which alone procured reformatory results in the metropolis.

And this illustrates the necessity of clean Republican tickets in every district and municipality. The Republican party is a party for government, in every section and division of the country. It has its claims to be a true People's and Reform party, and it cannot afford to negative these for the poor and improper purpose of keeping a set of smart Chivs in local offices, and sending a pack of weak brethren to the law-making councils of the State.

Our State policy must necessarily have its chief exposition through legislative enactment, and we need in the Senate and Assembly wise, true and unfettered representatives. To secure this, we appeal to the people with a clear, honest and liberal creed. We do not insult the people by confining our address to the "heavy tax-payers"—as is the aristocratic fashion of the People's Party organ in San Francisco. We profess to be followers of Jefferson, who said : "Any appeal or measure calculated to place the capitalist above the laborer in the enjoyment of the right of suffrage, is to be frowned upon as a direct and positive advance towards the establishment of an oppressive political aristocracy." And, again, one of our beloved political fathers writes : "It is a great mistake to ascribe to the tax-payers alone—the men who pay tithes—the support of a government. One patriotic soul, one well informed mind, one invincible will may prove, in probable emergencies, to be worth thousands of dollars in government revenue. In men and not in money, is our hope for the perpetuity of a Republican form of government," Again : "In a free government, like our own, all men have an equal right to participate in the duties of citizenship, and hence, all are equally responsible for the care, the prosperous or diseased condition of government." Again : "When government is illy administered, it is the poor and not the rich who suffer the most disastrous consequences." "The financial condition of any government affects the wages of the common laboring classes in a very sensible degree ; and hence, it is oftentimes the case, the poorer the citizen the greater the tax-payer."

Fellow-citizens, in the contest in which we are now engaged we have many encouragements. The present broken condition of the old Democratic party, and the disguising pretensions of an ephemeral organization without platform or principles, largely contribute to open for us a sure path of triumph. In making allowances for the infirmities of human nature, we have had to consider the education and fixed habits of men who have neither the time, the energy nor the disposition to devote themselves to such a study of political affairs as would induce them to forego party names for the sake of practically enunciating true political doctrines. The old party ruts have been destroyed, the old party hacks have been deserted, and popular political reflections, thoroughly loosened from the thralldom of mere party prejudice, are stimulated to the most careful and catholic exercise.

We have obtained a discipline in defeat well adapted not only to unite us in the ranks, but to render more liberal and national and deep-founded the basis of our organization.

It was a part of the tactics of a celebrated European General, never to send a Colonel or a company who had met with frequent defeat into a critical portion of a battle field. We find that under a similar discretion our campaign duties have been distributed. We find that the most active men in our National Executive Committee are old line democrats ; and at their head stands that indefatigable democratic General, Preston King, of New York. And throughout the country we find prominent and earnest in our cause, heading our legions, the bravest and choicest spirits of the ancient

Democratic camp—men inured to toils and hardships, and accustomed to victory.

There is Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Lyman Trumbull, and N. P. Banks, of Illinois; John Hickman, and Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, "old man Blair" of Missouri—the man famous for having manufactured Gen'l Jackson's thunder, and seasoned it with lightning; Frank Blair, of the same State—all these old line Democrats stand in the van of our army. And, here in California we have upon our electoral ticket, that old Suwarrow of the democracy, William H. Weeks. In San Francisco, we have such ancient Democrats as Fletcher M. Haight, and W. J. Shaw; and Thos. Gray of whom Thomas H. Benton said, a short time before his death, "I never would have been beaten in Missouri if Captain Gray had remained in St. Louis." These men have often triumphed, and they know the path and are animated by the true spirit of political SUCCESS.

And among the prominent signs of the times let us not forget to mention the ready formation and efficient action of such organizations as are represented here to-night. How significant is the announcement that with a single evening's notice you have gathered in a Wide Awake Club in this capital city, nearly one hundred gallant soldiers—thus heartily enlisted for the fight. In San Francisco we have between two and three hundred Wide Awakes, and large accessions are daily made to our ranks by their popular influence.

Fellow citizens, whom have we for a candidate for President of these United States? Let us not indulge in eulogies; let us speak with simplicity; let us call for the words of censure and disparagement, if there be any, which are presented against Abraham Lincoln. His occupations in early life are sought to be made the subject of ridicule among his opponents. Did you ever hear a Republican sneer at the mechanical laboring class of which Douglas in his youth was a member? What must be the meanness of temper and the extremity of position of that political party which finds itself compelled and willing to ridicule the honest laborer, of any name. The personal character of Abraham Lincoln is never called in question. His uprightness and firmness is never disputed.

Sometimes Lincoln's ability has been questioned, but those who permit themselves to attempt thus to detract from his high repute dare not test the matter by a candid examination of the discussion between him and Douglas in the memorable Illinois Senatorial canvass of 1858. In fact, we have no *personal* labor in the support of our candidate. It is generally acknowledged that he is a qualified man for the Presidency. Even the leading men in the old gentleman's party, captious and censorious as they are determined to be, concede him talent, great energy, unimpeachable honesty and inflexibility of purpose. More than and above all this, the working men of the country, the bone and sinew of the land, are beginning to discover the virtue of this man; who without adventitious aids, without the employment of any of the arts of the demagogue, sufficiently mingling in the political arena to constantly apprehend the great political issues and yet sufficiently reserved in private life to keep his mind untrammelled from party prejudice and his heart pure from party stains, has risen from the place of the humblest laborer to the proud position which he has been called upon to assume. And, to-day, every flat-boatman who guides his rude craft down the Mississippi, every blacksmith who swings the sledge over the sounding anvil, every farmer who, in this harvest time, plies the sickle or throws the flail in the fertile valley of the Sange-mon, every pioneer settler in the mighty forests of the West, whose axe-blade gleams amid the thicket, or descending upon some huge bodied hickory, begets the echoing notes of an advancing civilization, repeat in their bronzing toil the grand chapters in the disciplining life of Abraham Lincoln. And ignorant of, or treacherous to their highest interests will they be, if they

refuse their cheerful and effective support, in November next, at the Freeman's ballot-box, to such a man as "Honest old Abe."

Of this we are certain: if Abraham Lincoln is elected President he will do justice to the requirements of that great station; and that is all that ought to be asked of mortal man. He will have the various departments of government conducted in proper order and each within constitutional limits. He will attend to his own immediate duties with conscientious faithfulness.

We hope for his election. For that result we labor. If he shall be elected we will sustain him heartily in his honest efforts for reform and a righteous rule. And among those who are to hail his success with hands, heads and hearts well exercised in the work required for his elevation, let there be none more justly proud and enthusiastic than the Republicans of the city and county of Sacramento.

YOUNG MEN'S
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OF THE
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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