

Benton's Speech.

We have filled a large share of our space to-day with Benton's speech at St. Louis. We have no apology to make for it. Indeed, we could not well find better matter. Read it every body; read it twice, and then get your neighbors to read it. It is all sound, excepting what he says about Buchanan, and that of course is all gammon—mere bait on his trap to catch votes. At least this is what we think.

The War Debt.

We notice a great deal of correspondence and editorial in the papers of Oregon in reference to the payment of the war debt. Many people seem to be laboring under rather a weak idea, we think, that newspaper discussion here will affect the matter in Washington. The fact is that the evidence which comprises the whole history of the war, has already been transmitted to Congress, in the shape of official reports. Nothing outside of that can be brought to bear as evidence. We have no doubt that the debt will be paid by the U. S. Government. The volunteers will be paid the prices agreed upon, and a reasonable price will be paid for property furnished by our citizens. Those men who have put in horses at four and five hundred dollars each ought not to be disappointed if they get but about two hundred. We have no idea that the appropriation will be made this session, but it possibly may. Provision will be made by the General Government for having the vouchers rigidly scrutinized before they are approved. The money must come from some source, and if the U. S. Government refuse to pay the debt, the Territory of Oregon must pay it, as our last Legislature assumed the debt. If the money is raised by taxation, our people will probably be anxious to know what went with the money which has been lately taken in at the "cash sales" of government property.

We do not wish to be unreasonable, and we shall wait a while before we charge Mr. Drew with wrong intentions in reference to this money; but it does look, even to a man in the bottom of a well, as though the property should have been sold for the same currency that bought it, and that the people who furnished the same ought to have had the preference to moneyed capitalists in bidding it in. This we know is not according to the creed of Oregon, or black democracy, but it is the kind of democracy we advocate, and the kind the people ought to vote.

Confusion worse Confounded.

C. H. Mattson has nearly a column devoted to clearing up the four charges we made against him. His effort is fully as lucid as the one in reference to our seeing his bid for printing. His charge that we called the publishers of the Advocate "rummies" he acknowledges he can't exactly prove, but anybody else could make it out "in substance," by ransacking an old file of the Argus and attentively reading our correspondence (!) and our own "remarks." Just as definite and conclusive as we expected; make your bow, and you can go.

He next says somebody told him that we had been "expelled from one college [Knox] and disgraced in another," [Bethany].—He also says that he has seen that somebody, and he tells him he "was not mistaken." In a few sentences more he tells us that the same somebody told him he was mistaken, in reference to the whole matter at Bethany, and that we left "because we had sore eyes." He also goes on to tell a cock-and-bull story, which he says he got from somebody, a Reformer, a very respectable man, from the vicinity of Galesburg, to the effect that we offended one of the professors in college, by persistently rendering the word *lapsus immerse*, and that on account of this, a composition we wrote, read, or recited, reviewing something the president had preached, we were either expelled, or left as a sort of a compromise to escape being expelled, and we went off to Virginia with one Royal Payne. Well, well, what a fizzle! If there was ever a Royal Payne in Galesburg, or any where else, we never got a glimpse of him. Every iota of the statements in reference to the other parts of the story are false in toto. We charge that nobody ever gave you this story. If so, please get the signature of that somebody, appended to your statement. We rather think you will ride some time before you will find somebody that would like to sign. The whole concern is patched, botched, and tinkered up, out of the odds and ends of the history of a matter concerning another person, which has got into this tangled shape in passing through your cracked and hollow cocoanut. If your readers ever expect to get to Heaven by your directions, they will find themselves, (we fear) mightily tangled in the brush. If you have the love of God in you, Mattson, or any regard for souls, do throw down your pen, and take up the grubbing hoe.

If every falsehood your three last papers contain had been a live thing, the Expositor would crawl like maggoty cheese. You are certainly almost equal to your brother Bush. Some of the Baptists here think you are fully equal.

From Chicago to N. Y. in 36 hours by railroad.

peace has been long made. Russia and England are friends, and we must pick a quarrel with England on account of Russia—Russia herself having no quarrel with Great Britain, and no complaint against us. That was the only harm apprehended, and it never occurred. As for taking such people away as she was endeavoring to get, I should hold their loss no damage to us; and that irrespective of their foreign birth. I hold that any man, native born or foreign, who would quit the United States—where good wages, comfortable living, and independence are in the reach of all—and go 6000 miles to the Crimea to lead the life of a British soldier for sixpence a day; I hold that the loss of any such men would be no damage to our country, so many of them as might. For this, Mr. Crampton is dismissed. No, not Mr. Crampton, but the British government. For he only did what his government directed, and what it has justified and assumed. This is very different from dismissing a Minister for an act of his own; it is an insult to the British government; it is a challenge and defiance to it. It is just cause of resentment, but the danger is passed.

The Administration which dismissed Mr. Crampton, have themselves been dismissed; ungraciously so! by their own party—that is to say, the sound men of their own party, and the whole power of the country. The whole country has dismissed that Administration. They have no party, no adherents, no support. Their own janitary guard—the venal office-holders—have deserted them—"from their ruined fortunes sunk all away"—and crouched at the feet of the conqueror. And to finish this universal disaster, they have deserted themselves—fled from their own solitude—and given in their adhesion to the people that whipped them. This must satisfy Great Britain, and restrain her feelings, until the new Administration can restore peace and friendship with her. She has been greatly outraged, not only in the act of dismissing Mr. Crampton, just done in the nick of time for the Cincinnati Convention, where (maugre the presence of the two Administration champions, Captain Rynders and Tom Hoyer.) it had a contrary effect; besides this act, the official papers, even including the President's messages to Congress, all contained insulting expressions toward Mr. Crampton and his government—all dictated by Cushing. Shame that such a man should have been placed in a situation to insult a gentleman, much less to pick a quarrel with a great nation, and undertake to play off here his tactics of the Chinese mission.

Citizens: I have told you of the attempt to kill Mr. Buchanan in the convention under the two-thirds rule; there was another attempt, of a different kind, to do the same thing. It was with platform—a pulchritudinous structure—with a rope over the head and a trap-door under the feet—and so contrived that if he got on it, he was strung up in the North—if not, he was laid out in the South.—His friends found out the game, and determined to mount it, be it what it might. They said the President does not swear to platforms, but to the Constitution, and besides, it is lawful to fight fire with fire. It was concocted by the old janitaries, and produced at the moment the hallooing was to give these platforms, with a view to kick the trick pulled. It was received in a tempest of emulous applause, and extolled to the skies. I asked one of the most vociferous of these applauders, how he could swallow such stuff? He answered promptly, "as I do peaches: to puke it up again." It was a New Yorker, of course, who gave that naive answer; and I am sure his stomach would feel the cleaner after the relief.

Citizens: This business of making platforms is a new invention, unknown to the old Democracy, who had no platform but the Constitution—no aim but the public good; and they are generally the work of demagogues who have no thought of the Constitution—no thought of the country—no thought of anything but to get office, and keep it, changing for that purpose with every change of administration, and swearing to every creed that runs an hour. It has been my prerogative to kick over these platforms. I was bred in a political school in which they were unknown. The Constitution was the only platform known in my school, and the only one to which I swear. If one is made beyond the Constitution, it is surplusage; if short of the Constitution, it is defective; if different from the Constitution, it is void; if the same, it is superfluous. In any event, then, these platforms are, to me, useless; so many, positive; so many, as to make disorder in the ranks; and by the trick pulled, and extolled to the skies. I have one more accusation to make against this Administration. It has broken up all political parties founded on principle; it is the author of the fractional parties which now spangle our political firmament like those fragments of a burst planet to which the astronomer gives the name of asteroid. It is the author of the in all, and finds retributive justice in the scores with which they all treat it.—It is unnecessary for me to speak of these parties; I adhere to my own, and support it, and let the exclusion of all the rest. One only I allude to—so to speak, the name of a member of my family is connected, and in reference to which some persons who judge me by themselves, (a favor which I most earnestly decline,) attribute to me a sinister connexion. I will not answer such insinuations by words, but by conduct. (Great applause.) Now, when has it ever happened that I have been influenced by family connexion, or even by my own interest? What office have I ever got for one of my family? What appointment have I ever got for myself? No, citizens, I am above such considerations. I am above family, and above self, when the good of the Union is concerned.

From first to last I have been for my country, and mean to continue for it. I have made many sacrifices for it, and am making a great one now in standing this canvas. The good of the Union alone brings me out. Clouds overhang our foreign relations; sectional hate prevails at home; our own State is the theater of commotion which disturbs us at home, and injures our character abroad. Peace is my object—the sunshine of peace for the State and for the Union—and the aid of all good men is solicited in obtaining it.—We have a fair nomination for the Presidency, a man who can be nationally elected, and whose aims must be national. He will need support, he is not going to repose on a bed of roses, but rather on the thorny pillow. Our country is in a deplorable condition. Fraternal affection gone—sectional hate engendered—extreme parties in the ascendant. Violence overpreads the land; we open no paper without seeing blood. The whole country seems to be without government and the Territories are so: Kansas in civil war; Utah in revolt; New Mexico worse off than under the Spanish yoke; Oregon carrying on Indian war for itself, and voluntarily a State—California, driven to the recourse of voluntary associations of citizens for the protection of life, liberty and property. The present administration, in violating sacred compromises, is the author of all the violence and disorder which overpreads the land. It has been an, and foretold it at the time; and striven against it. Prevention was my remedy; that having failed, a cure of the disease must be attempted. The people have rightly judged, and the authors of the disease are not the physicians to cure it. They have called in a new doctor, and we must help him in the application of all the remedies he shall prescribe.

Citizens: The eyes of Europe and America are upon this election, not as it concerns men, but as it concerns the great questions which alarm and agitate the country. I represent the principle of peace—of order, law and justice, at home and abroad. Europe and America know that fact, and as the election goes, so must be their opinion of the continuance, or cessation, of the present deplorable state of things.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and her constant companion is humility.

chance, a lot decision—a proper subject to be decided by the air, by tossing a quarter of a dollar into the lot with the cry, "Heads you win—tails I lose;" for it is a case I think in which the loser will be the winner, especially if we should be the loser. This is one of the causes of the cherished war. Then come the Bay of Islands, the Ruatan Island, and the Mosquito coast. They are a bone of contention. The British have them, and we propose to drive the British out. What for? To take them ourselves? I hope not. With respect to the Mosquito coast, God knows we have mosquitoes enough in our country, without annexing a whole kingdom of them. And as for Ruatan and the Bay Islands, who but a good geographer can tell where they are? All I know about them is, that they are out toward the equator, the other side of Cuba, and might furnish a point d'appui to a filibuster invasion of that island. Now, I am against filibustering and annexing, and am willing that the British should remain forever in these places. They were once the haunt of pirates, and might become so again if the British were to leave them.

But the canal of Nicaragua—the ship canal across the continent at that point—will be the construction and protection of which forms the staple of the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, and subsidiary to which is the whole quarrel about Central America.—Now the canal in itself is a good thing, and very desirable to be made, but by any power in preference to ourselves. When made, it is for public use, and the makers will have its care and expense, and no more use of it than others. I would not own it, —no more than I would own the Straits of Gibraltar, or the Isthmus of Suez. I have two special objections to our ownership, or guardian over that canal. It would be a foreign war, requiring a fleet at each end to guard it; and forts at each end to shelter the ships; and troops at each end to protect the forts. Two powerful fleets, each strong enough to fight Great Britain, (for that is the object;) two sets of forts to shelter great fleets, and two powerful armies to man the forts; such is the expense-point of view of this protectorate and guardianship over the ship canal in Nicaragua. I am against meddling with it. Let others make it. We shall have the use of it in time of peace, without the cost of its care in time of war. But I am against our meddling with it for another reason. That ship canal is the antagonist of our own road to the Pacific! It is the antagonist of a national road through our own land to our own California. It is the antagonist of that road, and intended to make the high seas the only, and the perpetual, line of communication with California—to make the Atlantic ports continue to be forever what they now are—the entrepots of California trade and travel—the sole points of departure and return for all trade and travel between the two sides of our continent—between the thirty States on the Atlantic and in the valley of the Mississippi and the golden State of California.

Now, I am against all that monopoly. Fair play is greatly play. Let the Atlantic States have all the advantage which the sea gives them: let them continue to go to California by sea, on any route they please,—by Panama, by Cape Horn, by the Nicaragua lake, and the ship canal when it is made. Let them use all these routes, and have prosperous voyages on all the routes. But let us who live inland, and own land all the way to California, and are almost half way there—let us have a road on the land; and not for ourselves only, but for all—for the Atlantic cities as well as for the interior—for the North and South as well as for the center; for a central road suits. The present Administration is the deadly enemy of this central route. It is for anything in preference to this route—for an outside road North, along the frozen latitude of 49; for an outside road South, along the burning sands of Sonora and Sinaloa; for a foreign water route through Central America, seven thousand miles round; and it is for this foreign route that we have all the quarrel with England about the Bulwer-Clayton treaty, the Mosquito coast, the Bay of Islands, the Ruatan Island, the Nicaragua canal, the recruitment question, the dismissal of Mr. Crampton. Heavens, what a list!—and all the product of a few months, in a season of profound peace. The details of these quarrels is too tedious to be gone over, but a notice of the most prominent will show the folly and insignificance of the whole. And first, of the Monroe doctrine, so incessantly quoted, and so ignorantly and mischievously applied. It is assumed to be a doctrine by virtue of which the United States are bound to stand guard over the two Americas, from Canada to Patagonia, and repulse all intruding colonies from the boundaries of each power. It is assumed to be a doctrine of forcible protection, and the United States the protector. The individual must know but little of Mr. Monroe, or his Cabinet, to suppose such a doctrine could come from them. Not they were the men to meddle with other nations' affairs;—not the Quixottes to regulate their neighbor's concerns by force of arms. They were men of reason, peace and justice. They laid down the Monroe doctrine for themselves, and invited other American States of Spanish origin to adopt it each for itself, and to maintain it, each by itself, and by its own means, within its own limits. This was the doctrine, as laid down by Mr. Adams, in his instructions to our Panama ministers, as may be seen in the first volume of the Thirty Years' View. Far from standing guard over these American States, and protecting them with our arms, they were not even allowed to expect assistance from us, and every assertion of the doctrine to the contrary, is a libel upon Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet; and, besides, is an ignorance of our Constitution, which would not have allowed them to bind us to the waging of such wars, even if they had been willing enough to attempt it, which they were not.

Well, it is by virtue of this doctrine, that converted into an armed protectorate over the two Americas, that we must fight Great Britain in Central America. And for what? Why, for the meaning of a word in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which its authors cannot agree about. The English proposed to leave it to arbitration; our Administration refused, on the ground that no impartial arbitrator could be found. Then the English offer to leave the choice to ourselves, binding themselves to abide absolutely the decision of our own arbitrator, be it what it might. To this offer they had returned no answer at the last accounts. This is one of the causes of war—not only a fit subject for arbitration in itself, but even for

of it, and learnt this alarm was founded upon some words of his in Parliament in relation to some unity of action between England and France in the Crimea, and in some mutual complaint against Buenos Ayres. He made the statement over again, and declared he was not thinking about the United States, or Spain, or Cuba, at the time; and so this terrible Africanization of Cuba, and the Russian alliance, followed the melancholy fate of the Black Warrior catastrophe, and died the death of the ridiculous. Then came the Ostend Conference in which the three United States Ministers were sent to make a platform in relation to Cuba, which was that the United States must take her if Spain would not sell her—which it was known she would not. But that was going it too strong; and the Administration who sent them to make it, disapproved the work, while approving their conduct in doing it. By that time, the chances for a war with Spain had run out, and seemed to be lost forever, when the chaparral government of Walker offered a new prospect more encouraging than the other. It was simply to acknowledge the government in the chaparral, let aid flow to Walker, a foothold be established in Nicaragua, and the invasion and conquest of Cuba be made by the United States citizens under the chaparral flag. That play was just commencing when the nomination at Cincinnati extinguished the political life of its authors.

In the meanwhile a quarrel was being picked with Denmark about those Sound dues which Europe paid before America was discovered, and which America has paid ever since her Independence, and by virtue of treaties made by our most approved administrations. Setting itself up for the liberator of the Baltic Sea, this administration gave orders to our merchants to cease paying the dues after the 15th day of April last, assuming the right to abrogate the existing treaty; the Danish government gave notice that it would collect them as usual under the treaty; and the administration finding out that it had no right to abrogate the treaty, and besides that Copenhagen was not Greytown, gave orders to the merchants to stop, but to make protestation to the contrary, and to warn the Danes that the government would try to get back the money; and so stands this affair, which would be ridiculous, if it did not threaten the peace of two most friendly nations. And now, why this Quixotic attempt to liberate the Baltic sea? It is not our sea; it is not appurtenant to our continent; it is wholly European; and Europe, which pays the dues, has precisely two hundred times as much interest in it as the United States has—sending exactly two hundred ships to our one into it! Why this Quixotism? Simply for a fuss—for notoriety—for the glory of a war with a small power. How different the conduct of real statesmen in time past. Mr. Adams' administration made the Danish treaty now in force. Mr. Webster improved it when Secretary of State, under Tyler, getting the dues reduced on our staple articles, and obtaining a stipulation to place us on the footing of the most favored nation, and to give us the benefit of every reduction which should be made in favor of any other nation. That was statesmanship—contrast as sense with folly—as justice with rapine—with the conduct of this administration, picking a quarrel with Denmark to liberate a European sea; and ready for a war to abolish moderate duties in the Black sea, while keeping up enormous duties at home, contrary to a public pledge to reduce them. But enough of this folly and madness; and those who may wish to understand the whole subject will find it, fully but briefly set forth, in the second volume of the Thirty Years' View.

the Missouri road, now complete to the centre of the State, and advancing to the Western border. Yet this direct national route, though now one-third made, is rejected and repudiated for an outside route through Mexico, and a ship canal through foreign territory in the Spanish part of America.

6. Neglect of the Territorial government is another of the offenses of this administration. Political partisans and pot-house demagogues are sent out to fill all their offices—men unfit, if they were disposed, but merely electioneers, engaged in the State and federal elections while the protection of the federal government is utterly unknown, and violence, bloodshed, and disorder overspread the land. Beale, whose ascendancy over the savage mind charmed the Indians into infantile submission, was dismissed because he would not electioneer to make room for a pot-house demagogue, who could do nothing else.—California, Oregon, New Mexico—are all the scene of bloody outrage; Indian warfare—private murder prevails—law is impotent—the federal officers are of no account, and the citizens are driven to the necessity of providing for themselves. I need not mention Kansas; the condition of that blood-stained ground is sufficiently known to you. I will speak of Utah, where the federal government is ignored and repudiated—its laws and authority set at defiance. The term of the Mormon Governor, Brigham Young, expired three years ago. As he had thrown off the authority of the United States, it was determined to send him a successor—a military graduate of West Point—and Capt. Steptoe was called from his pleasant quarters to go upon the enterprise. When Brigham heard of it, he made a speech to his people, in which he told them what President Pierce intended, and what he himself intended—one sending a new Governor, and the other intending to repulse the compliment. It was in that speech that he said to his people that he intended to remain in his place until the Lord should say to him—Brigham, I don't want you to be Governor of Utah any longer." The Administration was afraid of him, and undertook to out maneuver him, and that in the highest style of West Point tactics; they determined to smuggle Steptoe in. For that purpose the military Governor was furnished with a battalion of soldiers, and directed to proceed to the Mormon Kingdom, as if he was going to California—stop there to hybernate—and watching the chance, slip into the Government some day when Brigham was out—something like a weasel that gets into another's hole when he finds the occupant gone. When I heard of this fine scheme, I said to my acquaintances, and can prove that I said it, (for I do not indulge in ex post facto predictions,) that the first time we should hear of this Governor Steptoe again he would be on his tip-toes, marching to the tune of "Heigh, Betty Martin, tip-toe fine;" and so it was. For, before the hybernation was over, he was on his march in good truth to California, to return thence to the U. S. But there was something else which I did not foresee, which was that this military Governor carried off four dozen of the Mormon Betty Martins with him—to the infinite distress of the Saints, profoundly chagrined to find themselves so encroached upon by the Gentiles. But it was the last encroachment of the kind. No more of the U. S. military have been there since; and Brigham says he has promised the Lord, that if they come again, he will fix them so that they will let his Betty Martins alone. And that was the end of the attempt, by this Administration, to give a Governor to Utah. Brigham holds on to the place, and Mr. Pierce stands with hands off; and the scandalous spectacle is seen of a man assuming to be Governor by the will of the Lord, repulsing the United States authorities, trampling the laws under foot, insulting and defying the Federal Government; and no attempt made to reduce him to law and order. Such is the insupportable condition of the polygamous Kingdom of the latter day saints. All have heard of this polygamy—a state of things at which morality, decency, shame revolts; and I have been told how an institution, so abhorrent to human nature, is kept up, and that it is by virtue of the civil power vested in Brigham and his Saints, still more than by his religious power—that there are enough to overturn the institution if it were not that all civil power, as well as the religious jurisdiction, is in the hands of Mormon authorities; so that this Administration is actually responsible to the moral sense of the civilized world for the present continuance of polygamy in the Territory of Utah.

Enough for a view of home affairs, and enough to account for the unparalleled dismissal of this Administration, without the superaddition of misconduct abroad; but there is enough of that to have sunk it without the misconduct at home. Never was such a bellicose Administration—picking quarrels all the time, and everywhere—and building ships, and raising troops for the inevitable war. First, Spain was the power, Cuba the object, and the Black Warrior the pretext. You have all heard about that Black Warrior, and how Commodore McAuley was sent to Cuba with ships of war to enforce redress; and how a Minister was sent to Spain to demand it. For a long time it was inevitable war on account of the Black Warrior; upon a sudden it was hushed up, and but few knew how. I can tell you. It was hushed up thus: the minister that was sent to Madrid went to Ostend after being four months at his station; the Secretary of Legation, having charge of the business in his absence, showed the Spanish Ministers a Government dispatch which had been four months on hand, stating the terms on which the United States would settle it. Upon the instant the terms were agreed to, and that cherished chance for a war with Spain, to take Cuba in self-defense, was lost. But, what followed? Was the Secretary who showed the dispatch, and settled the difficulty, thanked by the Administration? Not at all! He was dismissed the service. Was the Minister, who never showed the dispatch censured for the omission? Not at all! He was careessed, and continued in office until he chose to ask his own recall. That chance lost, another was incidentally discovered. Great Britain and France were going to Africanize Cuba.—Upon the spot the Africanization of Cuba became the alarm of the Administration, and the war cry of its adherents, and a war inevitable with Great Britain, France and Spain, and an alliance with Russia in the war upon them, because the burthen of their song. At last Lord Clarendon heard

its existence. Appointments were wholly made with a view to affect the elections—State and Federal—and to operate for or against particular men; and for this purpose the most unfit characters would be taken in preference to the best. You know how it was in this State—and as it was here so it was everywhere. Nullifiers and Free Sellers, Apostates and Renegades—all were fish in their net. One single qualification was requisite—that of working in the elections; and the only preference seemed to be shown was in favor of those who had been most violent against this Union. On that principle it was that an editor was taken and sent into Egypt, not into bondage, as better men have been sent there—but as Consul-General of the United States; which editor had published a daily paper in Washington City for three years, wholly devoted to the separation of the slave from the free States.

3. Unfit appointments on foreign missions. This is a mortifying head of accusation against the present Administration. Never were such men sent abroad to represent our country—men without a particle of the knowledge which diplomacy requires and even without manners—without knowing how to behave in company—more political demagogues, to reward them for services past and services to come, at the federal and State elections. They send such abroad, in order to give them indemnity for past services at the polls, and to enable them to come back and recommence their partisan labors. Formerly, the United States Ministers were the pride of our country and the admiration of the courts to which they were sent. Talented, educated, replete with knowledge, polished in manners, modest, virtuous—such were formerly our Ministers abroad. What a contrast to those we now send abroad. What a contrast to the Rufus Kings, the John Marshalls, the Albert Gallatins, the John Q. Adams, the Pinckneys of South Carolina, and the Pinkneys of Maryland, the Henry Clays, and the long list of splendid names that grace our diplomatic annals. Such appointments as this Administration makes—I speak of the mass, for there are a few exceptions—are not only a disgrace, but an injury to our country. They injure our national reputation. They degrade us in the eyes of foreign nations. They injure the whole character of republican government. Many of them not only of bad manners, but of bad morals. Only think of that Duff Owen, who published a newspaper and wrote a book to abolish the institution of marriage, and to persuade man and woman to live together like beasts of the field. He is sent to a foreign court for his election services, and must convey the idea wherever he goes, that the United States is a whole nation of Mormons, returning to the state of forest animals. But if he must go, he has certainly gone to the right place.—They sent him to Naples, where his doctrine may meet with less abhorrence than in any other part of the civilized world.—And all these missions are multiplied to the greatest possible extent—sending these unfit men to places where they have nothing to do, even if they could do anything—merely to give them pay—and where many of them, by their vulgarity and misconduct, are excluded from social intercourse and confined to the privileges which the treaties secure them; and left to the low company which their manners and tastes require.

4. Extravagant expenditure is the characteristic of this administration. Never was such a profligate waste of public money seen! Seventy to eighty millions squandered per annum and not a symptom of any abatement. When Mr. Polk went out of office, which was after the acquisition of all our new Territories, he computed the annual expenses of the government at twenty-five to twenty-six millions; now it is three times that amount, and getting worse. Increase of offices and salaries, increase of army and navy, multiplication of useless agents to attend to the elections under the pretext of filling some office, waste of money in building ships to rot, while refusing a dollar for the improvement of our great rivers. Such are their devices to get rid of the public money. Nearly a thousand dollars a man is now the average cost of every man in the army and navy, and the civil pension list of England proposed for their further support. And both army and navy reduced, as fast as possible, to the condition of government establishments—Presidential, and not national institutions. All appointments are conducted on that principle; all dismissals and reductions are conducted on the same. Two hundred officers have lately been turned out of the navy by an open, scandalous and criminal perversion of law, and the same operation is desired to be performed on the army, the rule of dismissal being to save partisans and favorites, and to turn out good officers, without regard to service or character, whose political affinities or connexions are not approved.

5. Violated pledges rise up in judgment against this Administration. I do not allude to the inaugural address; these addresses are now made like pie crust—to be broken. I speak of public specific pledges, openly and solemnly made, and openly and scandalously violated. There was the pledge to reduce unnecessary duties, and get rid of a corrupting surplus revenue.—That pledge is violated—has been for four years—and still is. The enormous revenue is kept up, to increase patronage, to purchase worthless land from Mexico, to corrupt presses, to reward partisans, to strengthen the Government, to build up armies and navies; and to fight foreign nations if they can succeed in picking quarrels with them. Equally public was the pledge, and equally scandalous its violation, to make a national highway to the Pacific ocean. Four years ago the pledge was made: the time is out, and the pledge not redeemed. The time has been lost in making useless and costly surveys for two outside roads, one for the North and one for the South, and in endeavoring to purchase from Mexico slice after slice to carry the Southern route to Guaymas on the Gulf of California. Ten millions were given for one slice; it was found to be worthless, and besides, would not include the place. At the last accounts further effort were making to get another slice, at another ten or twenty millions, still farther South. In the meantime the plain, direct and national central route is repudiated, although it is now one-third made; for the railroads, West from Baltimore, Philadelphia and other Atlantic points, now penetrate the West, converge to the centre before they reach the Mississippi—and connect with