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ADDRESS

TO THE

DEMOCRATS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY

“A JACKSONIAN DEMOCRAT,”

(GEORGE SENNOTT.)



BOSTON:

JAMES O. BOYLE & CO.

8 STATE STREET.

Permit a Jacksonian democrat to rejoice with you at the triumph of good sense and good principles in our last Convention. It was slight, but it was decided. A division at a critical period was most skilfully and happily avoided. Resolutions were passed, not indeed so good as we hoped for, but much better than we expected. A list of unexceptionable candidates was unanimously and cordially adopted. A bitter, narrow-minded, selfish, and troublesome faction was forced, for once, to hear reason. And when the political head of my friend, Dr. Loring, was snapped off like the head of an onion, I gratefully acknowledged even that small favor.

“Great Rantoul’s ghost walks well avenged among us!”

The world does move after all! And the Democratic party of Massachusetts, for the first time in thirty years, is turned in the direction of success.

This Commonwealth is the centre of intellectual activity in America. It is the focus of American civilization. It should therefore be the source of Democratic ideas. In Massachusetts a man commonly begins life with little or no capital. He earns his own bread by his own labor. He gains his credit by his own character. He forms his character by his own will. There is no career — there is no position in society or in the State which he may not hope to fill. At every step he is compelled to feel that he is never beyond the reach of his fellow-citizens. But he is never in their power but by his own misdeeds. The movement of social life goes on by

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Democratic principles. The townships are the selected models of Democratical government, and even the churches are conducted according to democratical regulations. Universal intelligence — inexhaustible energies of every kind — great material prosperity, enjoyed by unexampled multitudes — security not to be calculated upon anywhere else — associated very curiously with an enterprise so daring that it touches the confines of the romantic — are the well-known fruits by which Democracy proclaims its presence to mankind. In all those fruits this Commonwealth may have equals, but it has no superior. Yet nowhere on this continent so much as in the sincerely and thoroughly Democratic Commonwealth of Massachusetts is the Democratic party so sincerely and so thoroughly despised!

There is a sufficient reason for this. The Democratic party *deserve* it. And to attempt to evade the charge by raving about "Massachusetts fanaticism" is simply to earn more contempt by descending from explanation to abuse.

And why? Because we abandoned our principles to follow our leaders! Because we bartered our honor and our conscience for the votes of the Amalgamation States! Because when South Carolina hated Freedom, and honestly proclaimed its hatred, we who hated slavery, meanly pretended to like it. To please the planting interest we made ourselves odious at home. Think of a Democrat, the champion of the rights of man, cringing to his natural enemy, the slave-breeding Amalgamationist of the negro States, and all for a vote! Think of the sense and the judgment of the men who advised him to do it! Think of the keen, sagacious, intelligent voters of Massachusetts, before whose eyes this honorable performance has been going on for thirty years, and you will wonder with me, not that we have few voters here, but that we have any.

The men whose want of judgment brought us so low, were strongly represented in our convention and handsomely defeated. Their defeat, however, only turns our faces in the right direction. Our noble old Democratic party — the party of Jefferson and Livingston and Jackson — is exposed to-day to that kind of danger which threatens a man's business when unprincipled and irresponsible ex-partners steal the trade marks of the old firm and place them upon worthless or deleterious goods. So a few political sharpers are stealing our good name and tacking it on to their own malignant stupidities. From the People's High Court, the Convention, we got a temporary injunction upon these gentlemen. Allow me in this paper to show cause why it should be made perpetual.

It was our own pride and self-confidence, not their ability, which empowered them to injure us.

Owing entirely to the goodness of God, we never yet endured the yoke of a *real government*. We have, indeed, had people at Washington and elsewhere holding public offices. But what sort of people? With a few illustrious exceptions they have been bankrupt shoemakers, insolvent manufacturers, ruined grocers; men who would have been bank-tellers, but for the necessity of knowing how to count; surgeons who could not be trusted to cut a corn; lawyers who could not tell an indictment for murder from a writ of replevin; preachers not able to preach, or even to spell. Real men betook themselves to real business, contemptuously

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 leaving petty politicians to play their petty game, at salaries inferior to the wages of a second-rate salesman in a respectable jobbing-house. The consequences degraded every party, and may possibly ruin the country. Almost every example of desperate, incurable incapacity — the refuse and rinsings of business and of trade — the scum and the dregs of society were sluiced for years through the public offices into the managing committees of the great political parties. Who then can wonder at the election of such Presidents as Harrison, and Tyler, and Polk, and Taylor, and Buchanan? Who can be surprised that men of ordinary respectability prided themselves on having nothing to do with politics? From the off-scourings of the public offices came our former leaders and their tools, the present Breckinridge gang. Under various names they have played at government for us during many years, and what they do not know about ruining a party or a country is hardly worth considering!

Up to the time that Buchanan broke with Douglas, these men had carefully preserved their "standing" in our party. Up to that time "standing" in the party had supplied the want of common sense, the want of ordinary good manners, the want of any trade or profession by which an honest living is commonly earned, — the want of a fair knowledge of the English language, and even the want of average cleanliness and sobriety to many men of considerable political importance. While we had peace they were tolerated. But we always found reason to complain of our indulgence. Situated as we are on this continent, we require genuine Democracy, as much as we require food and clothes. Yet genuine Democracy no more resembles the Democracy these men made us put up with, than beef steak resembles offal, or than broadcloth resembles shoddy. The Democracy we began with was genuine. It worked with a will for the greatest good of the greatest number. The Democracy we have had to put up with displayed a "masterly inactivity" whenever a common man was to be benefited, but worked with all the energy of delirium in the interest of any mongrel who had been suckled by a negress! The Democracy we began with enlightened the thought of Jefferson, and throbbed in the heart of Jackson. The Democracy we had to put up with originated in the intellect of Mr. Calhoun, and exasperates the bile of Mr. Jefferson Davis!

This kind of Democracy produced the whole Abolition Agitation, and handled it from the very beginning with a savage stupidity. Gangs of dyspeptical males and deranged females perambulated the Commonwealth, telling the truth in a crazy way about the wrongs of the negro. A statesman would have let them alone. A humane man might have successfully encountered them with argument or with physic. But the leaders of both political parties preferred to employ violence and abuse. That happened then which always must happen. A strong band of sympathizers sprang up around the persecuted maniacs. The more they were outraged, the stronger they grew. Mr. Garrison became the Moses, and Mr. Phillips the Aaron, of a New Dispensation. The first persecutors — the Whig party — were torn to pieces in about fourteen years. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Calhoun rejoiced equally at the downfall of the great Constitutional opposition. And the latter feasted his dying eyes upon the deep public humiliation of their greatest man, — a humiliation which Mr. Webster-

voluntarily brought upon himself from the very first moment that he lifted his finger to put down freedom of speech by force !

Our Democratic politicians could, even then, have grasped political power. Fourteen years of shuffling, canting, and lying, in competition with the Whig party, would have been forgiven them. One year's honest work, while the Whigs were killing themselves, — one vigorous assertion of our own fundamental principles would have balanced accounts, and given us the control of the State, — yes, of the nation, for fifty years more. But no. Honesty paid by and by. Mr. Calhoun paid in votes now, — and they, too, preferred to play the game of Mr. Calhoun. He was the deadliest foe Democracy had yet seen in America. These gentlemen thought he was only a politician like themselves. Men not fit to dust his books affected to sneer at his "abstractions." "Practical" men complacently undertook to "manage" him; and they did manage him, as sheep manage the drover. Fools of another description undertook to separate, for adoption, the inevitably connected propositions of a mind so far-reaching, as to be able to measure every thing but its own contempt for them. Whole capitols full of such creatures as are commonly to be found in politics, were as cattle before that satanical energy, subtlety, and vindictiveness which created, almost out of nothing, the whole world of discord in which we now curse his memory. General Jackson was one of the men who saw through him; and, as the Old Hero was not able to *fear* him, he sagaciously and patriotically hated him to the last, — him and his principles, and his friends, and every thing that was his. On his death-bed he regretted that he did not have him hung. Events have vindicated his sagacity, and have brought twenty millions of people to join in his regret.

This great, bad man, wanted to ruin the Democratic party and to divide the nation. To do this an "issue," that is, in the flash language of political thieves, something to contend about was wanted. The tariff had been exhausted and would not answer. Slavery, he thought, would. He accordingly commenced the political agitation of the slave question. He would have agitated the mule question just as soon, if it had coincided with geographical lines. And he could have united the South upon the mule question just as well as upon the slave question, if he could have received the same help on it from those northern idiots whose subserviency continually encouraged him in the "fatal exercise of domineering talk."

He infused into the discussion of the slavery question all the malignity which it has ever had. He set the fashion of calling the slave breeders the "South." He originated the lie that the "North" wanted to interfere with the blessed "institution" in the Breeding States. He began to make war upon the right of petition. He began to rob the mails. He began to educate the rising generation of amalgamationists into contempt and hatred for free society; and above all, and before all, he undertook to put a stop forcibly to "agitation," that is, to *talking* about slavery in the free States. And our pig-headed politicians, unwarned by the impending ruin of the Whigs, swam at his bidding down that swiftly flowing stream of perdition, cutting their throats as they swam. For free speech is the life blood of free States and the life breath of freemen. And

to freemen no greater outrage can be offered than a command, by an unauthorized person, to talk, or to stop talking about any thing whatever. Such an order, whether proceeding from a Calhoun or a Burnside, might possibly justify killing. And surely it will be acknowledged that when language of that character is used without authority by anybody, the greatest exertion of self-respect is required to keep you from spitting in his face.

These deep and sacred feelings it was the desire of Mr. Calhoun to excite and then to outrage. Naturally arrogant, for this purpose his arrogance was calculated. He saw the effect of it well. So did General Jackson. So did William Leggett. So did Edward Livingston. So did all honest and intelligent men who noticed his movements, or who attended to politics in any way. But it is the curse of our party that its honest men have not always been intelligent, and that its intelligent men have not always been honest. Our leaders have not always understood their own interest even when they thought of nothing else. With sense enough to understand their own principles, or with principle enough to stand by the dictates of ordinary common sense, they could have turned the feeling of the State against Mr. Calhoun alone. By what they called "a discriminating support,"—that is, by taking sides with him, they drew it upon themselves. "Adversity," says the proverb, "teaches a wise man, but it exasperates a fool." It certainly exasperated the managers of the Democratic party. They cursed, with much dignity, the fanaticism of Massachusetts. They turned their backs upon the State House in order to grasp the Custom House, and let the State go by default. They had enough followers left, however, to go through the forms of an election, and once under very favorable circumstances elected a governor by one vote. But the Fugitive Slave Bill was executed in Boston. The only Democrat in Massachusetts whose intellect, education, and courage placed him by the side of Silas Wright, was turned away from the National Convention, because he believed that bill unconstitutional, and would say so. Then, indeed, the downfall of the party was headlong! It required steadiness of mind and devotion to principle of no ordinary kind to be a Democrat in those evil days! Men left by scores and by hundreds who had been the life of the party. A few of the more stubborn remained, disgusted with their associates, but unable to change their own minds, and hoping for their old friends a restoration of sense with a return of sobriety. But nothing could open the eyes of the leading men—not even a general desertion. At last you found yourself in a *social* dilemma. Everybody you liked, everybody you respected, everybody whose good opinion was worth having, all your personal friends, all your every-day associates, were on the *other side!* Your *political* associates you were ashamed to be seen with in the street. With the exception of a few, including the "Marshal's Guard," the working Democrats were mostly to be found when wanted either at the Custom House or the House of Correction. The whole party grew very small so very soon that its leaders were charged with making it so on purpose. I cheerfully acquit them of that design or of any other. The party could not help growing conveniently and even inconveniently small, when its whole duty and sole test was to "damn a nigger!" I think it lucky for the shoe business that these leading minds

did not apply their energies to that. If they had, they would have broken up every shoe shop in the United States in a year.

In the last presidential election, unable to endure them any longer, we broke with them, as I supposed, forever. We had separate conventions, separate committees, separate tickets. They repaid our revolt with bitter hatred. They struck hands with Yancey and with Davis, and with that most ungrateful son of Kentucky, J. C. Breckinridge, to kill Senator Douglas and to break up the party. They did ruin it. They did kill him. Yet even then — such is the force of association, and such our stubborn fidelity — that excuses were made for them, until they openly abandoned the honored name of Democrat, as if it was not good enough, and called themselves “National.” Then, indeed, all eyes were opened. The mean, unprincipled, narrow-minded, ignorant, arrogant set, were seen as they are by the thousands who had followed them so long. They were followed no more. Nobody can stand a TURNCOAT.

These gentlemen now desire to resume the name of Democrat, and have actually been defeated under it in several States already. And they assembled in great force in our late convention to give the finishing stroke to the party here.

To that resumption I object. If their own words, describing their own position, are to be depended on, they are *not* Democrats at all. I am. I can truly affirm that “Democrat” is my proper and only political name. I did not take it upon myself. It was imposed upon me long before I was old enough to know what it meant. Since I became capable of understanding its significance, and of assenting to its application, I have borne it, I hope, honorably. I never abandoned it for the name of “National,” or “Union,” or “People’s,” or any other, no matter how sounding. And I would like, with your assistance, to have the use of it confined to those of us who have never deserted or betrayed it. And I have a right to complain, that while Mr. Breckinridge and four hundred thousand of his party are murdering their fellow-citizens in Virginia, some hundreds of them make use of *my* party name, while robbing orphan asylums and roasting negroes in New York.

On this point (if the newspapers report him accurately), I have the misfortune to differ with the Honorable Fernando Wood. He thinks that no Democrat can support a war against South Carolina in rebellion. Mr. Calhoun thought so too. General Jackson, on the contrary, intended to hang Mr. Calhoun the moment he attempted to put Mr. Wood’s thought into practice. The General’s intention to execute a rebel may yet be carried out by some of his party, though upon a different person, — in *corpore vili*, as they say. And if Mr. Wood should happen to be that person, his efforts to overtake the hangman have been so strenuous, so indefatigable, and so meritorious, that it is impossible not to wish him the fullest success.

These gentlemen deserve no favors, and in the convention they got very few. But they are entitled to justice, and justice requires that we should not charge them with treason, or with any other offence, until they commit it. What they do can be accounted for much more accurately, by attributing it to the force of their two great characteristics: I mean to stupidity and to cupidity. Stupidity is the normal condition to which small office-holding speedily reduces the small office-seeking mind. Cu-

pidity is the impulse which sets it in motion. But for the first they would have had knowledge of means; but for the second they would have had a will to use them. By means of both they have nearly ruined us, and have, it is to be hoped, finally extinguished themselves.

Where we gain immensely is in our deliberate selection of gentlemen for candidates instead of politicians. We clear by that one transaction the whole vast difference between men who exhaust their ability in obtaining office, and men who are qualified to fill it. Even the bar-room and the corner grocery will have no objection to that. Even the bar-room and the corner grocery prefer the language of a gentleman expressing his opinions, to the verbiage of a politician straining his small wits in the pursuit of an "issue." And it will be our interest, as well as our pleasure, to gratify that proper and natural taste, by selecting no candidate unworthy to be associated with Theodore H. Sweetser or Henry W. Paine.

In view of the great and un hoped-for change from politicians to gentlemen, and from senseless servility to decent self-respect, there are some opinions which we can now weed out of the party. And first, as to the opinion that slavery can be restored or defended by us. This opinion is often concealed under the phrase of the "Union as it *was*," a phrase which has the disadvantage of acknowledging by implication the fact, if not the right, of secession.

M. Guizot, in his "Embassy," remarks with his usual wisdom how hard it is even for men of powerful and cultivated intellect to communicate their thoughts fully to each other. Each man is intensely occupied with his own. For the average of mankind this difficulty is enormously increased. But the shock of war electrifies the whole nation, fires the heart, kindles the intellect, and sweeps away whole mountains of absurdity in its deluge of blood and tears. Slavery, for example, long maintained because people would not hear each other, is now adrift on the torrent of war, tumbling and melting like an iceberg in the Gulf stream. If it is "Divine," as Mr. Corry says it is, then the Devil must be Omnipotent. Let him save it, if he is! Man can evidently do very little for it now. It is "demoralized" wherever the armies go. And if perfect tranquillity should suddenly prevail to-morrow, it would cost ten thousand times more to re-establish its outworks than it would to eradicate its remains. However it is treated, or whatever may be done for it or against it, it will crumble away and leave the philanthropical fool and the political fool gazing across the vacancy into each other's empty heads, the one bereft of his "mission," and the other of his "issue."

Let me justify the contempt I have for the understanding of those men by calling public attention to the following facts:

For thirty years the professional philanthropists have said this:

"The blacks are so barbarously treated that some day they will rise upon their masters."

In opposition to them the political menials of the Breeding Interest have said this:

"The blacks are so exasperated by abolition incendiaries that some day they will renew in the South the horrors of St. Domingo."

The first assertion is an abolition absurdity. The next one is a Calhounite invention. Both of them are seen to be entirely unfounded. No

insurrection has been heard of among the blacks. No men ever behaved better than they. The huxtering politician and the "professional philanthropist" are themselves the slaves of a word. They talk about the negro of to-day, and *think* all the while about the bloody African savage, his ancestor of two hundred years ago! They forget that the American negro has five generations of civilization behind him, — that he is one of the family, and has less inclination to throat-cutting than his master. Besides, he has been brought up to see white men fight, and to let them alone. Now, the first assertion has been the pretence for much unskilful meddling. The second has been an excuse for much intolerable bullying. And the event shows that neither the meddler nor the bully knows how to reason or is fit to be trusted with political power.

Another opinion steadily insisted on by the whole Breckinridge party is, that the North has broken a constitutional compromise relating to slavery, while the South kept its faith. This opinion is sometimes, though not always, concealed under the phrase of the "Constitution as it is."

When a Whig uses this phrase, he commonly means that he does not wish the Constitution amended. The ex-Democrat means what I have told you. In his mouth it is a plain fabrication. The North has never broken any compromise of the Constitution. The ex-Democrat knows that the Fugitive Slave Bill was a congressional, not a constitutional, compromise. He knows as well as we do that it was not half so sacred a compromise as the Tenth Amendment which was broken in order to pass it. He knows by his own principles that the independent and sovereign State of Massachusetts had as much right to pass Personal Liberty Bills and imprison man-thieves, as the independent and sovereign State of South Carolina had to pass Personal Slavery Bills, and sell our colored citizens. We were all slave States when the Constitution was adopted. There was no division about slavery then. All thought alike of it who thought of it all, and very few thought any thing about it. The Compromises, so much better known than the instrument supposed to contain them, were not about slavery at all, except in the most incidental manner. They were made about taxes and commerce and votes; and the planters gave up two-fifths of their votes to save taxes, not slavery. The whole gibberish about the constitutional guaranties of slavery is an *afterthought*. Slavery was *from the first expected to die, not to grow*. This was the original understanding. This was the contemporaneous exposition. To be sure, we do not look outside of an instrument for its exposition. But the ex-Democrat does — and to him that is a reply. To that original understanding the North adheres. But slavery has grown, instead of dying, and the South meanly take advantage of the unexpected growth, for the sake of political power. In fact, they have always broken the Constitution, whenever they thought it for their interest to break it. They broke it to acquire Louisiana. They broke it to war upon Mexico. They broke it to steal Texas. They broke it to steal California. They broke it to pass the Fugitive Slave Bill, against the rights of the States; and the difference between them and us is, that they manfully acknowledged the breach, and we, as a party, pusillanimously whined over it, after helping them to do it, and after extracting all the profit out of it we pos-

sibly could! Now they deny their own boast, and say they never broke it at all! And the mean whites of the North, as usual, swear in the words of their masters.

I wish it distinctly understood, that I do not blame the South for breaking the Constitution. I blame them only for denying that they broke it. In my opinion a free people, in time of difficulty, can dispense with their Constitution, just as a man can hold his breath when he wants to dive. Mr. Seward abandons the Constitution when he pleases for what he calls the Higher Law. Since I knew how to read, I have had the honor of despising Mr. Seward for his want of comprehension. I do not believe in the Higher Law, because the individual conscience, on which it is founded, may be ignorant or fanaticized; that is, insane. But I do believe in the *Highest Law*, which is the public safety, — "*Salus populi summa lex.*"

It has been the fashion for a long time to talk about Yankee impudence, Yankee cheating, even in New England. And the people of New England — the best natured people on the face of the earth — have laughed at it, and let it go. But the outrageous impudence of the lie that we had broken our faith, and that the pious South had kept theirs, induced me to investigate their claims to several things, and among other things to the reputation of honor and the title of gentlemen. If the title of gentlemen springs from birth, the fountain of Southern aristocracy ought not to ooze as it does from the sewerage of Newgate, and the drainage of the Hulks. If it springs from wealth, they ought to pay, and not repudiate their debts. If it springs from good education and good manners, they should not form theirs, as they do, upon negro public opinion. For love of approbation finds its food in unsuspected quarters. And when a man, living on a plantation, finds that his negroes mistake the strut of a cock-turkey for the manners of a gentleman, he will adopt it unconsciously, just as he learns from them to say *do-ah* instead of door, and *flo-ah* instead of floor. And if it springs from good morals, they ought to give up the practice of amalgamation. And lastly, if they are men of honor, why did they go into an election and vote, and refuse to abide by the result when they lost? It is exactly like playing a game of cards, and refusing to pay the losses, — conduct which may be respectable enough for Southern politicians, but which, in less chivalrous countries, would bring blushes even to the brow of a black-leg! Here, again, we have lived under the tyranny of words. When we talked of a "Southern gentleman," we thought of the grand figure of George Washington, with the hair-powder, knee-buckles, and queue of Provincial history. But that race of men is as rare as the knee-buckles and the hair-powder they dressed themselves with. They are replaced by another kind. The theatrical Yankee — the man with the white hat, striped vest and trowsers, with straps half way up to his knees — is not to be found in New England off the stage. The wave of education, freedom, and light struck New England first, and swept them before it into the negro States. The perfidious, lying, cheating, snuffling, whining, canting, bragging, tobacco-spitting population overflow the South, and — men and women — are as filthy a people as ever chewed snuff! W. H. Russell, who is certainly not blind, found in Jefferson Davis all the characteristics usually ascribed to a Yankee. He might have expected to find them, if he had known that Jefferson Davis was a "mean white;" — that

is a Yankee of ninety years ago, kept from advancing on the road to prosperity because he *would* carry a heavy negro on his back!

What are we to believe from such a people? Every statement they make turns out, upon examination, to be a downright imposition. They appeal, for instance, to me, as a State-Rights Democrat—a strict constructionist at that—and ask me, through their friends in the convention and everywhere else, “Don’t you think our ‘rights’ were endangered by a Republican Administration?” In answer, I want to know if that is any excuse for making war upon *me*? I turn to the record. I find that, as a party, we never interfered against slavery in the Southern States; that, on the contrary, we abandoned our fundamental principles to please the owners; that even after Lincoln’s election we were ready, as a party, to help the Representatives and Senators of Southern States against any attack upon property in slaves; that they knew these things perfectly well, and understood, from experience and observation, how much we were disposed to aid and to befriend them; that if they had remained at their posts, particularly in the Senate, we could have prevented the Administration from moving hand or foot without our consent. That, notwithstanding all these things, they basely deserted us, their friends. They treacherously left us defenceless to our political enemies. They meanly picked our pockets before they left us, and wound up by trying to cut our throats,—an attempt they still keep up. I, therefore, am compelled to say to them, that if the stream of events should bear us on so far, I shall behold, with much resignation, the corpse of the last rebel hanging in the chains of the last slave. And for his own sake, as well as mine, I shall rejoice to see the man of the South promoted to the plough, and his wife exalted to the wash-tub. He will then understand practical Democracy, and will better appreciate the dignity of labor when he performs it himself.

I have dwelt upon the twaddle of our ward and county politicians, not because it is worth the trouble I have expended on it, but out of abundant caution; because an enemy should never be *merely* despised. Their defeat in our convention can be followed up throughout the Commonwealth *by supporting the government*. They whine about this “cruel war.” Let us execrate this mean rebellion. They say they long for peace. Let them then advise their Southern friends to stop fighting. They say they cannot fight for the negro. Let them fight to put down the rebellion. They do not like political arrests, suspension of the habeas corpus, the proclamation, &c., beginning with the first act of the Administration and closing with the last. Neither do I, but I cannot stop to find fault *now*. Now is the time to work—not to grumble. Let me then respectfully ask you to join me in giving to the President of the United States an unqualified support. The Democratic party always supports the government in time of war. Lieutenant Riordon, of Lee, expressed your sentiments and mine in the convention better than I can, because of the mute eloquence of that empty sleeve. He said, “We must support the government, and when the next presidential election comes, if I think the government is wrong, I, as a Democrat, will support a Democrat for the administration *then*.” So will I. In the mean time I will support the government actively and without conditions.

Let us take a lesson from the history of our own State. In 1812 New England set up the standard of secession. A convention sat to thwart the Government. The press and pulpit thundered against those who in the hour of need would help the country. In Boston there were associations to prevent the filling up of Government loans. People were obliged to subscribe in secret as if it was dishonest. At the same time immense runs were made by the Boston banks on those of the Central and Southern States. The specie thus drained was sent to Canada to pay for smuggled goods, and British Government bills were drawn at Quebec and disposed of in great numbers on advantageous terms to moneyed men here. But at last came the day of reckoning. The Federalists awoke from their delirium of factious intoxication, and found themselves covered with contempt and shame. Their country had been in danger, and they had gloried in her distress. She had exposed herself to privations from which they had extracted profit. In her triumph they had no part except that of having mourned over and depreciated them. They were never heard of more. They sunk into well-merited oblivion. As they are now, so may all who imitate them be! So perish all the enemies of America!

Respectfully your fellow-citizen,

A JACKSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

LET THE AFFLICTED READ!!!

And know of the astonishing efficacy of this
GREAT HUMOR REMEDY!

HOWARD'S VEGETABLE CANCER AND CANKER SYRUP.

In this preparation the public are offered the most powerful remedy extant.

It has cured *CANCERS* after the patients have been given up as incurable by many physicians.

It has cured *CANKER* in its worst forms in hundreds of cases.

It has always cured *SALT RHEUM* when a trial has been given it, a disease that every one knows is very troublesome, and exceedingly difficult to cure.

ERYSIPELAS always yields to its power, as many who have experienced its benefits do testify.

It has cured *SCROFULA* in hundreds of cases, many of the most aggravated character.

It cures *KING'S EVIL*.

It has cured many cases of *SCALD HEAD*.

TUMORS have been removed by it in repeated instances in which their removal has been pronounced impossible excepting by a surgical operation.

ULCERS of the most malignant type have been healed by its use.

It has cured many cases of *NURSING SORE MOUTH*, when all other remedies have failed to benefit.

FEVER SORES of the worst kind have been cured by it.

SCURVY has been cured by it in every case in which it has been used, and they are many.

It removes *WHITE SWELLING* with a certainty no other medicine ever has.

It speedily removes from the face all *BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, &c.*, which though not very painful, perhaps, are extremely unpleasant to have.

It has been used in *EVERY KIND OF HUMOR*, and never fails to benefit the patient.

NEURALGIA, in its most distressing forms, has been cured by it when no other remedy could be found to meet the case.

It has cured *JAUNDICE* in many severe cases.

It has proved very efficacious in the treatment of *PILES*, an extremely painful disease.

DYSPEPSIA, which is often caused by humor, has been cured by it in many instances.

In cases of *GENERAL DEBILITY* from whatever cause, the Syrup can be relied upon as a most efficient aid.

It is a most certain cure for *RICKETS*, a disease common to children.

Its efficacy in all diseases originating in a depraved state of the blood or other fluids of the body, is unsurpassed.

Its effects upon the system are truly astonishing, and almost beyond belief in one who has not witnessed them.

This Syrup will as certainly cure the diseases for which it is recommended as a trial is given it, and the cure will be permanent, as it by its wonderful searching power entirely eradicates the disease from the system.

The afflicted have only to try it to become convinced of what we say in regard to it, and to find relief from their sufferings.





WERT
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