LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

G. & G. R. FRYSINGER, PUBLISHERS, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PENN.

Whole No. 2902. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1867. Vol. LVII, No. 2.

Poor House Business.

The Directors of the Poor meet at the Poor House on the 2d Tuesday of each month.

GEO. W. ELDER,
Attorney at Law,

Office Market Square, Lewistown, will attend to business in Mifflin, Centre and Huntingdon counties my26

H. J. CULBERTSON,
Attorney at Law,
LEWISTOWN, PA.,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Mifflin county. Office with D. W. Woods, esq., Main street, below National Hotel. my2

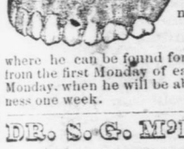
DR. JOHN J. DAHLEN,
Practicing Physician,
Belleville, Mifflin County, Pa.

DR. DAHLEN has been appointed an Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Soldiers requiring examination will find him at his office in Belleville.
Belleville, August 22, 1866.-y

DENTISTRY.
J. SMITH

RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity, (a few doors from the Town Hall, in Main street) that he is prepared to do all kind of work in the line of his profession in the *most scientific manner*—in Whole Sets, Partial Sets, or Single Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, or Vulcanite Base, in an elegant and workmanlike manner, and on the most reasonable terms. He guarantees his work, or no pay.
Particular attention paid to the extracting and filling of teeth in the most approved manner. nov7-6m

Teeth Extracted Without Pain!
By M. R. Thompson, D. D. S.,



By a **NEW PROCESS**, without the use of Chloroform, Ether, or Nitrous Oxide, and is attended by no danger or bad effects.
Office west Market street, near Eisenbise's hotel,
LEWISTOWN,
where he can be found for professional consultation from the first Monday of each month until the fourth Monday, when he will be absent on professional business one week. sep19-tf

DR. S. G. McLAUGHLIN,
DENTIST,

OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Lewistown and vicinity. All in want of good, neat work will do well to give him a call.
He may be found at all times at his office, three doors east of H. M. & R. Pratt's store, Valley street. ap19-1y*

DENTAL CARD.
R. M. KEEVER,
SURGEON DENTIST.

TEETH Extracted WITHOUT PAIN by the use of NITROUS OXIDE or Laughing Gas. Teeth inserted on all the different styles of bases. Teeth filled in the most approved manner. Special attention given to diseased gums. All work warranted. Terms reasonable.
Office at Episcopal Parsonage, Corner of Main and Water Streets. jy18

NEW STOCK.

The subscriber has just received and will keep on hand a select stock of Men's, Boys' and Youth's Boots, Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes of various kinds and styles, to which he would invite the attention of his friends and the public generally. As it is his intention
NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD
by any dealer in the county, those in need of winter boots or shoes are invited to call and examine the above stock, which will be sold at very small profits, but for cash only, at the sign of the Big Shoe, next door to F. J. Hoffman's store.
sep19 JOHN CLARKE.

MRS. M. E. STEWART,
FANCY STORE,
West Market st., Lewistown,

LADIES & GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, Sacks, Cloaks, Hats, Bonnets, Ladies Fine *DRESS GOODS* and Trimmings.
Patterns of latest styles always on hand.
Millinery and Dress-Making
executed in the most approved style.
Lewistown, April 18, 1866.tf

REMOVED.
J. A. & W. R. McKEE

HAVE removed their Leather Store to **Odd Fellows' Hall**, where they will constantly keep on hand, Sole Leather, Harness, Skirting and Upper Leather, Kips, American and French Calf Skins, Morocos, Linings and Bindings, and a general assortment of Shoe Findings, which they will sell cheap for cash. Highest market price paid in cash for Hides, Calf Skins and Sheep Skins.
500 CORDS BARK
wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid in Cash. ap4tf

PRICES DOWN ONCE MORE.

THE undersigned has a large stock of both Home-made and Eastern manufactured Boots and Shoes, which he offers at prices lower than he has sold for four years:

Men's thick, d. Boots, warranted, from	$2.75 to 5.00.
" Kip, " " " "	4.00 to 6.00.
" Calf, " " extra	4.50 to 6.00.
Boys' Boots,	1.00 to 3.00.
Men's thick Brogans, double-soled,	2.00 to 2.50.
Men's split " warranted very bad,	1.10.
Boys' Shoes, price ranging from	1.25 to 2.25.

As the taxes are to be reduced again on the first day of August, it also enables us to reduce our prices.
HOME-MADE WORK of all kinds made to order at reduced prices. So come on boys and girls and examine for yourselves.
Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags
kept on hand. Gentlemen will bear in mind that no goods will be given out unless paid for, and if returned in good order, the money will be returned, if requested. But when goods have been soiled or worn, they will not be taken back—please bear this in mind—as some folks think that wearing for a short time don't injure the sale of them afterwards.
aug1-tf BILLY JOHNSON.

20,000 MAJORITY!
To the Voters of Central Penna.

ELECTION is over and it has been decided by about 20,000 majority that the Tobacco and Cigars sold at Frysinger's Tobacco and Segar Store cannot be surpassed, either in Quality or Price.
Look at the Prices, get some of the goods, and compare with all others, and you will be satisfied that you get the worth of your money at Frysinger's.
Frysinger's Spun Roll only $1.00 per pound.
Frysinger's Navy " " " "
Frysinger's Congress " " " "
Frysinger's Flounder " " " "
Willett Navy " " " "
Oronoko Twist " " " "
And other Plug Tobacco at 40 and 50 cts. per lb.
Cut and Dry, 40 and 50 cts. Granulated Tobaccos at 50 cts., 60 cts., 80 cts., $1.00, $1.20, and $1.50 per lb.
Fine-Cut chewing, at $1.40 and $1.20.
Cigars at 1, 2, 3, 5 and 10 cts. each.
Pipes in great variety; also Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches and Boxes, Match Safes, and all articles usually kept in a first-class Tobacco and Cigar Store.
To Merchants, I offer the above goods at prices that will enable them to retail at the same prices that I do and realize a fair profit.
Oct.24. E. FRYSINGER.

Splendid Syrup Molasses.

ONE of the best articles at 25 per quart, at
Oct.24. F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Sugar at 12 1-2 Cts.

OUR article at this price is good. Also, White at 17, at
Oct.24. F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Don't Forget

TO go to HOFFMAN'S for your PATENT MEDICINES

Blacksmith's!

YOU can buy your Bar Iron at 5¼. Also on hand Steel Horse-Shoe Calks and Horse Shoes, at F. J. HOFFMAN'S

Hubs, Spokes, Fellows,

STEEL Runners, &c. A great assortment at F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Coal Oil and Lamps,

AT Oct.24. F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Gas Burners,

AND a variety of other heating Stoves for sale low for cash at F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Sole Leather, Upper,

CALF Skins, Morrocco, &c, at
Oct.24. F. J. HOFFMAN'S.

Nimred Cook!

EVERY one who wants a good Cooking Stove, should call and see this at
Oct.24. F. J. HOFFMAN'S

NEW ARRIVALS.

P. F. LOOP is receiving new goods every week, direct from the eastern factory, and is prepared to sell Boots cheaper than the cheapest, having a large assortment of all sizes and styles.

Men's Boots from	$3 50 to 5 00
Boys' "	2 50 to 3 50.
do	2 00 to 2 50.
Children's "	1 25 to 2 00.

A good assortment of homemade work on hand, and constantly making to order all the latest styles.
THE PATENT BOOTS
are now creating a great excitement, and all who wish to have a pair of those pleasant boots can be accommodated at short notice.
Call at the old stand. P. F. LOOP.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
SEWING MACHINE

WE wish to call the attention of Tailors, Shoemakers, Saddlers, Coach Trimmers and Families to these machines, as they are
OPERATED WITH THE GREATEST EASE,
BEING CALLED
THE NOISELESS MACHINE,
Persons selecting a machine can have their choice
OF SHUTTLE STITCH, OR
GROVER & BAKER STITCH,
the peculiarity of each stitch being cheerfully shown and explained.

Extracts from New York Papers:

"The Grover & Baker noiseless machines are acknowledged to be superior to all others."

"The work executed by the Grover & Baker Machine has received the highest premium at every State Fair in the United States where it has been exhibited."

N. B.—We make no charge for
LEARNING PURCHASERS TO SEW.
We call them the
CHEAPEST FIRST CLASS MACHINE.
NEEDLES, SILK TWIST & THREAD.
P. F. LOOP, Agent for the above,
Boot and Shoe Maker, in the public square, Lewistown. nov7y

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 Broadway, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are headquarters for the following, viz:
Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views,
Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, &c.
Stereoscopic Views of the War,
From negatives made in the various campaigns and forming a complete Photographic history of the contest.
Stereoscopic Views on Glass,
Adapted for either the Magic Lantern or stereoscope. Our catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.
Photographic Albums.
We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 200 varieties from 50 cents to $50 each. Our Albums have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.
Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc.
Our catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.
Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D., will please remit 25 per cent of the amount with their order. ☞The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. je13 1y

WILLIAM LIND,
has now open
A NEW STOCK
OF
Cloths, Cassimeres
AND
VESTINGS,
which will be made up to order in the neatest and most fashionable styles. ap19

POETRY.

For the Gazette.

Rest for the Weary.

BY BECKIE E. S.

O when shall we rest?
When shall we be among the blest?
When the trials of life are o'er,
And we on earth are seen no more,
Then we hope to rest.

What are we living for, O God?
Why do we read thy holy word?
Help us improve thy blessings giv'n,
That we may learn the way to heaven,—
There we shall rest.

O help us learn the cross to bear,
That we the golden crown may wear;
May God of mercy and of love
Help us to live as to meet above—
There we shall rest.

When we on earth our work have done,
And a faithful race have run,
Then with those we hope to meet
We'll shout and praise at Jesus' feet—
Then we shall rest.

The Song of Angels.

There's a song the angels sing,
And its notes with rapture ring.
Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens above,
Shepherds heard the distant strain,
Watching on Judea's plain,
"Glory, glory, glory be to God, to man be peace and love."
Chorus.—Through the earth and through the sky,
Let the anthem ever fly,
Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on high.

'Tis a song for children too;
To the Saviour 'tis their due;
Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
Join with angels in their song,
And the heavenly strain prolong,
"Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

Soon around that throne may we
With those happy angels be,
Striking harps to strains that nevermore shall cease;
Mingling love with loftiest praise,
Still the chorus there we'll raise,
"Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
Chorus.—Through the earth, &c.

Rejoicing.

I was once a thoughtless wanderer,
Far away from God;
Earthly cares absorb'd and charm'd me,
Sinful paths I trod.
Some around me found their Saviour,
And from guilt were free;
Joyous were their hopes of heaven
'Twas not so with me.

I was troubled with my burden,
Hard it was to bear;
Rest I sought, but could not find it,
Peace I could not share.
I had stray'd and sinn'd so often.
Lost I seem'd to be;
Many were in Jesus happy:
'Twas not so with me.

Now, deliver'd from my burden,
Peace and joy are mine;
On my heart are ever falling
Beams of light divine.
I have sought and found my Saviour;
Dear he seems to be;
And as others loved and praised him,
Now 'tis so with me.

Sinner worn with grief and sorrow,
Come to Jesus now,
Let your heart with true repentance
Low before him bow;
He invites you, he entreats you,
"Sinner, come to me!"
And while others are rejoicing,
'Twill be so with thee.

A GOOD STORY.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It was New Year's Eve; a cold, blustering night. The wind dashed the frozen sleet furiously against the sturdy wall of the old Red Stone Farm-house, making the bright fire that was burning in the large old-fashioned kitchen seem doubly grateful, and around which were gathered Williams, his wife and his four children.

The weather-bronzed face of the farmer had a care-worn and a discontented look. He was one of those who 'make haste to be rich,' and though he is surrounded by many blessings, and every reasonable want is supplied, as the close of the old year finds no surplus in his purse, his heart, instead of being lifted up with gratitude, is filled repinings.

His gentle, meek-browed wife is sitting beside him, and her countenance wears a look of chastened sorrow, and tears glistened in her eyes as they wander to the corner of the room where stands a vacant cradle, from which smiled, a week ago, the rosy-cheeked, bright eyed boy, upon whose little grave to-night the snow is drifting heavily.

The silence was broken by a heavy knock at the door.

Farmer Williams immediately opened it, revealing a respectable, middle aged colored man, who held carefully in his hand a covered basket.

'Does Mrs. Williams live here?' he inquired.

'She does.'

'The lady who buried a little child yesterday?'

'Yes.'

'Well, here is a New Year's present for her.'

Thrusting the basket into the farmer's hands, he turned and walked quickly down the road, where could be dimly seen the outlines of a covered sliegh, from which could be distinctly heard the sound of stifled sobs.

Bewildered and astonished, Farmer Williams carried the basket into the kitchen, and carefully set it down upon the table.

As he did so, he was startled by a plaintive cry; and upon opening it, there lay a lovely boy, apparently about three months old.

Farmer Williams sprang to the door, but the sleigh and its occupants were nowhere to be seen.

In the meantime Mrs. Willaims and the children gathered around the basket with exclamations of surprise and pleasure. As the babe saw the sweet gentle face that bent over it, it suddenly stopped crying, and smiling, stretched out its little hands to her.

The heart of the bereaved mother now yearned toward the child, and taking it up in her arms she pressed it fondly to her bosom. Just then the husband came back from his fruitless search.

'I declare it's an imposition!' he exclaimed, stamping the snow off his boots. 'But I won't submit to it. I'll take it over to the town farm the very first thing in the morning.'

'I can't bear the idea of its going there, John,' said his wife. 'Just see what a sweet babe it is?'

'I don't see but what it looks like all other babies,' returned John, gruffly, doing his best to steel his heart against the little stranger, in which he only partly succeeded, for, rough as he was in his farmer's way, he had a kindly nature if one could only reach it.

'Any way the authorities will have to take care of it,' Farmer Williams continued, 'we can't—we have got more mouths to fill now than we can find bread for.'

Mrs. Williams' lip quivered as her thoughts reverted to the little grave in the church-yard. Ah, to her heart there was one too few.

'Dear John,' said Mrs. Williams, pleadingly, 'it seems as though God had sent this babe to take the place of our own little Willie, whom he has taken to himself. Let me keep it. It will not fail to bring a blessing upon us, you may be sure.'

Farmer Williams' countenance relaxed somewhat as he looked into those tearful eyes.

'Well, well, Mary,' he said in a softened voice, 'I'll think about it. If we do, you and the children will have to go without a good many things, for these are hard times and likely to be harder. So you had better weigh the thing well before deciding.'

Mrs. Williams did so, and the result was that the New Year's present became a fixture in the Red Stone Farm-house. He grew up a merry, winsome boy, twining even around the farmer's rugged nature, and taking in the heart of his adopted mother the place of her lost darling, and loved and cherished by her with equal tenderness.

Many sacrifices did Mrs. Williams make, many toilsome hours did she spend, in order that her husband might not feel the expense of his maintenance too heavily. And well did his growing intelligence and beauty, and the ardent affection he evinced for her, repay her for all. There was nothing about him that would give the slightest clue to his parentage. Simply a bit of white paper pinned to his frock, on which were these words, evidently written by a woman, in a graceful but unsteady hand:

'ARTHUR; born Sept. 23. I was a stranger and ye took me in.'

Farmer Williams made some inquiries in the neighborhood, and learned that a lady with an infant, accompanied by a servant, had been stopping for a week past at the village tavern; that she was very beautiful, but very pale and sad, and kept her room most of the time. But they disappeared from there almost as suddenly as they came.

It is just ten years since Mrs. Williams received her New Year's gift.—Let us take another peep into the Red Stone Farm-house. The farmer who murmured ten years ago that he had so many mouths to feed, has now only one child left him—the little flaxen haired girl that is sitting beside his knee. The rest are sleeping in the little churchyard.

A heavy misfortune has befallen him; the thirst for riches has brought its usual curse. Possessed with the mania for speculation, he mortgaged his farm-house and all it contained. The gilded bubble burst, and the dawning of the New Year found him a ruined and homeless man. This was the last night that he and his were to stay in the old homestead, that had been in the family for four generations, and was linked to his heart by so many tender memories. On the morrow they knew not whither to go. It is true, that many of the old neighbors—kind, good souls had offered him a temporary home; but it was hard for the proud, self-reliant man to accept charity from any.

'What can we do? Where can we go to?' he groaned as he thought of the morrow.

'The Lord will provide, John,' said his wife, lifting her patient eyes to his. 'He never has forsaken us. Neither will he forsake any who trust in him.'

But the farmer lacked the christian resignation that made that gentle heart such a haven of peace and love.

'Aye, that's what you've always said, wife,' he retorted, impatiently, 'and you see what we have come to. For my part, I don't think the Lord troubles himself much about us any way.'

Mrs. Williams might have said that he had brought this upon himself, but she wisely forebore. Just then there came the sound of a quick, buoyant step, and there burst into the room a fine, sturdy lad of about ten, his eyes bright, and his cheeks glowing from the keen, frosty air.

'It's bitter cold, I tell you!' he exclaimed, flinging his cap boy-fashion upon the kitchen settee, and stepping up to the kitchen fire. 'Not but what I've been as warm as a toast, all but my ears and fingers,' he added, blowing up the latter as he spoke.

'Here is something for you, mother,' he said, seating himself on a stool at her feet, and tossing into her lap a shining piece of gold.

'Why, Arthur, where did you get this?'

'The strange gentleman down at the tavern gave it to me, mother. He asked me into his room, and gave me as many nuts and raisins as I could eat, beside.'

'I wonder who he is?' she said, musingly.

'I can tell you,' exclaimed her husband, his eyes flashing angrily. 'He is the man who bid against me on the few articles I wanted to reserve. The curse of the homeless rests upon him!'

'Nay, John,' interposed his wife, gently, 'perhaps he did not know how highly you had prized them.'

'Yes he did; Parson Brown stepped up and told him, but he only smiled, and said he wanted to buy everything just as it stood.'

'Well,' said the boy, gazing thoughtfully into the fire, 'I can't help pitying him, he looked so sorrowful. He asked me a great many questions about you, mother, and all the rest of us, and kept walking up and down the room, wringing his hands and groaning as if he was in great trouble.'

'I will buy you a new coat with this, Arthur,' said Mrs. Williams, as she examined anew the gold coin. 'You need one badly enough,' she added, glancing, with a sigh, at his well patched roundabout.

'You shall do nothing of the sort, mother,' said the generous-hearted boy. 'You shall buy yourself and sissy a nice warm shawl.'

Before Mrs. Williams could reply there was a quiet knock at the door. Farmer Williams opened it. It was only a boy who brought a small parcel for Mrs. Williams.

'Another New Year's gift, I suppose,' he said bitterly, as he handed it to her, for he was in a bitter mood.—Mrs. Williams glanced reproachfully at her husband.

'God grant that it may bring us much comfort,' she said, laying her hand fondly upon the head that was resting against her knee.

As she opened it she uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was a deed of Red Stone Farm-house, made out in her name. On the inside wrapper were these words:

'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

There were grateful and happy hearts beneath the roof of the old homestead that night, though with Mrs. Williams' joy there was mingled an uneasy feeling. She was well assured that it was in some way connected with Arthur, and trembled with apprehension lest some one should appear who had stronger claims to him. This fear was dissipated the next morning by a letter that came to her in the first mail. It contained a check for five thousand dollars, together with these words:

'The boy that you so generously received ten years ago, and have so tenderly cherished since, will never be taken from you. The mother, forced to relinquish the babe, dearer to her than life, is now in heaven. The father, who so basely forsook his child, and her whom he had sworn to cherish, is unworthy of so sacred a trust. In S—— Bank you will find the sum of twenty thousand dollars deposited in the name of your adopted son, of which he is to come into possession when he is legally of age, and the interest of which is to be appropriated to his support and education during his minority.'

To this singular letter there was neither date nor signature. There were various conjectures in regard to the stranger, who had been in the village for some days, and from whom it was evident this letter came as well as the package received the night before.

But when Arthur recalled to his mind the look of sad, remorseful tenderness with which he had regarded him, he felt that it must have been his father. Yet he often said, as he looked into the face of his adopted mother, that he wanted no dearer friends than those he already had. And as for Mrs. Williams, among all the blessings that surrounded her, there was not one that brought her a purer joy than he whom she had taken to her heart when a friendless babe, her New Year's Gift.

ADDRESS OF LOUIS W. HALL,

OF BLAIR COUNTY,

On Taking the Chair as Speaker of the Senate, January 1, 1867.

SENATORS:—Time honored custom would seem to demand a brief expression of the feelings which animate me, in entering upon my duties as your presiding officer. Whilst the honor you have conferred, affects me sensibly, I cannot felicitate myself upon its attainment, unless I prove equal to the discharge of its functions. I shall consider myself fortunate, if I shall be enabled so to preside as to maintain the dignity of this body, by a strict and impartial observance of parliamentary rules, whilst every Senator is treated with a proper degree of deference and respect. The Senate of the ancient Roman Commonwealth was looked upon with reverential awe. It was not that forced deference which is paid to imperial power. It was due to the virtues, the services, and the illustrious lives of the Senators themselves; to the noble sentiments they enunciated, the wise laws they enacted, and the gravity and dignity which presided over their deliberations. Our State is modeled, to a great extent, after the ancient Republics. Well may we strive to imitate the Roman Senate in the Halcyon days of the Republic, and to emulate its members in the austerity of their morals, the purity of their patriotism and the loftiness of their aspirations. By candor and moderation in council, by a firm adherence to our convictions of truth and right, by the utter exclusion of paltry personalities and partisan rancor, by having an eye single to the welfare of our Commonwealth and of the nation, we may hope to attain to the true ideal of a Republican Senate.

Men may well differ in opinion—differ honestly. The time has passed, long passed, and passed no doubt forever, when good men proscribed men equally good, because they differed in opinion. Good men may well be in earnest. Life is no pastime. Since unquestionably it is an earnest and solemn thing to die, it is an earnest and solemn thing to live. The world SHOULD be growing wiser every day. We have the light of experience streaming down from remote antiquity over fallen States and Empires, to guide us in the way of national safety. The session upon which we have just entered, imposes upon us new duties and new responsibilities, to which we should all be found faithful. Our State is one of a great family of States. But whilst its interests are identified with those of the Federal Union, and whilst we as Senators cannot be indifferent to the great problems, arising from the attitude of the States lately in rebellion, nothing should be wanting, on our part, to promote the development of the internal resources and mineral wealth of our entire Commonwealth.

Happily, the rebellion with its terrible slaughters, sufferings and desolation, is past. There remains to us the present and the future, and the duty to read the lessons of the past aright, and to apply the truth taught aright, so that our national life shall come out of the peril which has environed it, so strengthened, guarded and shielded, as to make its future perpetually secure.

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo! Before us gleam her camp-fires!
We, ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our May-Flower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal, with
The Past's blood rusted Key."

The rebellion has been very far from showing that a Republican form of Government is a failure, or indeed that it has any inherent or essential element of weakness. On the contrary, it has conclusively demonstrated its great strength and durability. Our weakness lay in this, that our Government was not really Republican. Our strength in the future will be in the fact that we will have a Government truly republican.

Liberty has survived, and come out purified from the shock of arms.

"Liberty's vitality, like truth,
Is still undying. Like the sacred fire
Nature has shrined in caverns, still it burns
Though the storm howls without."

All men are to be henceforth equal before the law, and this an equality, not in name alone, but in fact. The mighty arm of the Republic will be stretched forth to protect from oppression and wrong the weakest and most humble citizen.

In our legislation, affecting the vast interests of a Commonwealth of three millions of people, may we all be enlightened to a faithful and conscientious discharge of our whole duty.

Be pleased to designate a Senator to administer to me the official obligation I am required to take.