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TOWANDA:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1845.

MORE POETRY WORTH KEEPING.—The idea of the following song, it will be seen, is borrowed from the Irish Emigrant, so touchingly set to music and sung by Mr. Dempster. We are indebted for it to the Auburn Journal, a correspondent of which paper had it from the poet, Longfellow, at Cambridge, who said it was "by Dugame,"—a name with which we are not acquainted. Mr. L. thought the verses enough to immortalize any poet. They certainly are very beautiful and pathetic, exquisitively conceived, and smoothly and effectively expressed.

Lament of the Widowed Inebriate.

I'm thinking on thy smile, Mary—
Thy bright and trusting smile—
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came—or guile;
When thine arms were twined about my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone,
Was nestling close to mine!

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright;
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight.
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And a loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee!

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,
When with drunken ravings on my lips,
To thee I homeward came;
O, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,
Though the heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
And the tempter drove me mad;
From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,
And thy ringing laugh was gone,
Yet the heart still fondly clung to me,
And still kept trusting on.

O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
For the wine cup made me wildly,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad,
And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee then,
But the fire was in brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart,
To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
In the spring-time of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face,
And proudly called thee, wife—
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
I ne'er shall see them more.

Thou'rt resting in the church yard, now,
And no stone is at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,
Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Nor the heavy load of vain remorse,
That will not let me rest;
He knows not of the sleepless nights,
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thy angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung;
But the pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in thy peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seal of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow,
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

MYSTERIOUS.—The following letter is a perfect riddle to us. We will give six and a quarter cents to any person who will read it so that we or any one else can comprehend it. The writer is either a high-pressure transcendentalist, and has enveloped his ideas in the verbiage and sentimentality of that class of crazy individuals; or he has imposed upon the editor a chapter of "mysteries," in which he has endeavored to hide the knowledge to be be conveyed under unmeaning and imperfect sentences.

We do not believe that the author of the letter is a resident of our town, though it is dated from this place; if he is, we hope he will learn "that charity covereth a multitude of sins," and hereafter look with a kinder eye on the faults, foibles and follies of his neighbors. He could add much more to the character and reputation of this town—(and we will defend it against the world)—as well as interest the readers of the Newark Daily Advertiser, by choosing other subjects, more worthy of popular notice.

How the letter found its way into the United States Gazette, we cannot conceive. Will brother Chandler explain?

[Correspondence of the Newark Daily Advertiser.]

Mysteries.

There is no need of going to Paris for them, in this quarter. There is one of my neighbors, who hearing me complain that others have defrauded me in the quantity or quality of wood, labels himself, as the Chinese do their shops—no cheating done here; then brings me one good cord, expecting that henceforward he may cheat me without limit. Accordingly, the very next supply, he brings an inferior kind, half decayed, under length, packed with great care to avoid a plenum, and charges about 25 per cent. above the market price. This, if it were not more than half common, would be a mystery. I know the ostrich is said to hide its want of brains in the sand, "and think its foolish body hidden too;" but this is done by a sort of instinct; that a man having reason, should do the same, is not easily accounted for.

I suppose things are done more adroitly in Broadway and Wall street; otherwise some of the present dealers there would be soon displaced by men having more (short) wit than themselves. (N. B. All such wit is short, and its profits not long.) The day of account will come, just as sure as this is God's universe, and not the devil's; and this again is just as sure as that trees grow and dead substances decay: for this they do with no will of their own.

Another mystery is Mr. B——, with a scheme of theology so precise as hardly to admit more than himself to heaven, and practice so ungodly as to render his own admission fearfully uncertain. How he has come to suppose that a true creed touching; abstract points, where Revelation is not clear, "the whole duty of man;" and that debasing himself in the gratification of low passions, is a venial sin, is beyond the province of natural philosophy to explain.

I presume no British or American subject, would think of compounding for all manner of treasons and felonies, by an exhibition of superior knowledge in the laws, or be disappointed if the correctness of the theory were judged an aggravation of his crimes. This sad case of my neighbor leads me to the general remark, that the religion of the world is to a lamentable extent idolatry, either of doctrines or forms, and like all other idolatry, not at all incompatible with grievous departures from the practice of righteousness.

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My next is a zealous hand at the reformation from Popery, and fierce for the abolition of southern slavery, while his wife would join him more heartily in a reformation of temper, and his neighbors prefer an abolition of ill practices nearer home. Here this mystery is, that a man with a Bible in his hand, should have so far mistaken the moral world, as to suppose it his duty to declaim against other men's faults in total negligence of his own.

If such a case were solitary I should not think it worth while to report it; but there seems in these days, a growing misapprehension of responsibilities and duties, to the no small damage of every good cause. I am no advocate for putting a light under a bushel; but as every light irradiates its own limited space, it should be used as an aid there, and not without some reason removed to a distant sphere. He that falls into the ditch, for the want of wisdom or inclination to order his own steps, will not succeed well as the general guide of mankind.

C. S. A.

TOWANDA, Pa., July 5.

ORATION,
Delivered at Canton, July 4th, 1845,

BY HENRY BOOTH, ESQ.

[*Published agreeably to request.*]

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The ordinary avocations of life are interrupted and the current of our feelings enlivened by the return of this anniversary, and every American heart beats with a prouder and a quicker pulse as he recalls to mind the events which are connected with this memorable day. We are now sixty nine years removed from the Revolution, and although I see here and there an aged man whose wintery locks tell me that he, perhaps, can travel back through this period and by the force of his individual recollections, feel once more the enthusiasm of those times; yet, with few exceptions among us, the events of the revolution are matters of history and tradition. We have heard the story from the lips of our fathers and our grandfathers, and felt our boyish blood kindle at the names of Washington and La Fayette, of Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown. And we felt in our young hearts an enthusiasm that proved us not unworthy to be the sons of such fathers, and to enjoy the liberty we inherit. And we come together on this occasion, both old and young, to revive those recollections, to rekindle the fire of patriotism and consecrate anew our hearts upon the altar of freedom.

It is a good thing that there is one day in the course of the year sacred to national recollections and interests; so sacred that the voice of party animosity will be hushed, and we shall feel as Americans on American soil, assembled to celebrate an event which is the common interest of the nation and of the world. I feel a sufficient security in the design of this meeting, that we shall not be disappointed in these expectations; and though I would never consent to aid in a sacrifice on this day when the strange fire of party was to be mingled with the pure flame of patriotic devotion, still it gives me a pleasure to meet you on this occasion which I cannot well express. After a long and severe political contest in which there was reason to fear that our country would be quite rent asunder by party violence, it is alike creditable to your patriotism and philanthropy that you meet together and bury all subordinate feelings and party bitterness, if any remains, in one absorbing national sentiment.—In this manner a most gratifying evidence will be given that while there may be divisions on matters of less consequence, we are still one in sentiment, Americans all, with feelings that transcend the narrow limits of party or geographical boundaries, and comprehend the nation in their embrace. With such a spirit we can welcome the return of this day with mutual joy and congratulation.

The commencement of the American Revolution opened a new era in the history of man. Good and wise men of all countries watched its vicissitudes with the deepest interest. It was a novel spectacle. The world had seen wars enough undertaken through an unbounded lust of power—wars between haughty, rival states, and wars between ambitious monarchs; but a war by a young, heroic people in defence of liberty, was a spectacle of quite a different character. It had been a long time since the world had witnessed anything of the kind; and now when the instance occurred in modern times, the most unbounded hopes were excited and the cause of civil liberty in every land was identified with the success of the American struggle. Never did men occupy more responsible positions than that body of delegates who were assembled at Philadelphia sixty-nine years ago to day; and never did men more nobly acquit themselves to their country and to posterity. The war had already begun. British aggression proceeding from insult and outrage to open violence had already shed the blood of American citizens. The news from Lexington and Bunker Hill had sped through the country with the rapidity of lightning; the bells from every steeple in the land had proclaimed it; the announcement had been made in thunder vollies that the time had come when freedom was to be bought on the field of battle at the price of blood. Patrick Henry, that ardent patriot and heart of flame had heard in his imagination the clanking of the chains upon the plains of Boston which had been forged by Lord North and the British ministry to fetter the limbs of his countrymen; and he had announced to the Virginia house of delegates the last stern alternative for a freeman when his rights are invaded by the hand of lawless power. "*We must fight,*" says he, "*I repeat it, we must fight; an appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.*" It is doubtless a most solemn thing to worship the God of Hosts on the field of battle, where the orisons that ascend are the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon and the tramps of charging squadrons: and where the incense that rises is the reeking smoke of human slaughter. Nevertheless it was in answer to such appeal that the blessing of American liberty was granted; and there is no worship more acceptable than that which the patriot hero offers up to the God of Hosts on the battle field with his sword, when his country bids him unsheath it in defence of liberty. It is an appeal not to be made rashly, and for every slight cause, but only for reasons the most weighty, and to avert the most positive and insufferable calamities.—Our fathers had grounds most ample to justify their quarrel; and if there ever was an occasion when it might be said that God himself marshalled the hosts to war, it was in our revolution.

During the spring of 1776, the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country had been rapidly approaching the decisive crisis. It had proceeded to a degree of bitterness that to the minds of reflecting men forbid the hope of a reconciliation. The British government had repeatedly rejected the petitions of the colonies, and turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances; and the monstrous doctrine of taxation without representation, which the eloquence of Burke had exploded, and the thunders of Chatham had denounced in parliament, Lord North and his coadjutors had foolishly enough supposed might be preached to the rebels successfully in the field by the points of Hessian bayonets and the swords of hireling soldiery. In the early part of June, the subject of a separation from the parent country was brought before the Continental Congress in the form of a resolution, and became the theme of long and earnest debate. The bands that had united the colonies for more than a century to the land of their nativity, were too strong to be hastily or rashly sundered. Their friends were in England. Their earliest associations had taught them to look upon her institutions with a filial reverence and regard.—Her glory had been theirs. They were proud of her past history and her great name. Connected with England, they had shared her honors, and during the long, bloody wars with her haughty rival, they had contributed in no mean degree to increase those honors and enhance that renown for prowess that had made her formidable to her foes; and they would still retain their connection as her children, but never as her slaves. The thought of entire independence might be tempting, might charm the imagination with the idea of future greatness; but it was an untried state. They lingered fondly, and watched for every symptom of relenting in her policy, and hesitated to cut loose from past associations and launch forth upon that destiny that awaited them.—But the unseen hand of Providence was ordering events; the British ministry persisted in their infatuated policy, the wrongs and indignities which the colonists had suffered, at length thoroughly alienated their minds, and they were prepared to advance with alacrity in the direction which the tide of events had indicated. They were now ready to brave the power of the arm of England; that arm which had been their glory and their pride.

While the subject of a separation was under discussion in Congress, the most varied and conflicting emotions pervaded that body of distinguished men. There was the sagacious Franklin, Hancock and Adams, the illustrious father of an illustrious son; there was the distinguished Jefferson and many others of calm, clear understandings and giant intellect, nerved to the weighty and important duty of deciding their country's destiny. And never was a question of greater consequence submitted to the consideration of wiser heads or more dispassionate judgments. At length on the 4th of July the irretraceable steps was taken; the Continental Congress presented to the world a document characterized by boldness and truth. It became thenceforth the text-book of freedom. Our fathers vindicated the sentiments that it contained in many a dangerous breach, and on many a bloody field. It was startling to tyrants, but it gave new hope to the victims of oppression. It astonished the world with the bold assertion of truths that had already existed for ages in the knowledge of every son of Adam. On that day the American colonies stepped forward into the rank of nations, and the circumstances under which we are now assembled vindicate the wisdom that presided over the councils of the Continental Congress.

But pleasant as these themes undoubtedly are, and grateful as they must ever be to an American tongue, yet I shall pass on to other considerations and premise that we shall form but a very inadequate conception of the greatness of the event which we celebrate, without taking into our view the magnitude of the country to which its blessings are extended.—Though it is to be presumed that there is no American but what has received at least some vague impression that this is a vast country; yet few it is believed have formed by comparison with other countries, a correct idea of its magnitude, or of the importance which by its natural advantages it is destined to hold among the nations of the earth. We may state in general terms that our limits are defined by the most stupendous natural boundaries. While our states extend from from the lakes on the North to the Gulf on the South, our whole territory intersects the entire continent with a belt 1000 miles in breadth, and occupying more than one eighth of the circumference of of the globe. Our states and territories are spread out over all this mighty barrier that interposes between two oceans. While the last rays of twilight are retiring from the shores of the Atlantic, the descending sun still sheds down his beams over the broad West, where the Oregon spreads out its numerous forests and navigable rivers, the site of future cities, as we believe, destined at no distant day to rival our own cities in the noise of busy multitudes and the opulence of their commerce. We may state that our territory is found by calculation to contain more than two and a half millions of square miles. But the mind labors and fails to grasp the subject when presented in such general forms. It is chiefly by comparison that our conceptions of the magnitude of objects are rendered definite, and we are able to contemplate their relative size with a degree of accuracy. Let us then compare our country with other large countries which have figured extensively in the history of the world, and thus endeavor to form some just conception of that destiny for which we may reasonably suppose she is designed. Hindostan is a vast country, containing more than 120,000,000 of inhabitants; yet this extensive region, swarming with such countless multitudes, whose wealth and resources have so long tempted the cupidity of civilized nations, contains less area than the twenty-six states of this Union. China is an immense country, inhabited by more than 200,000,000 of human beings, or nearly one fourth of the population of the whole globe. By its history it can trace back the line of its princes and the records of its illustrious achievements for more than 4000 years; yet China is no larger than the United States proper. Palestine is a country which of all others has been chiefly instrumental in shaping the character of the human race; for out of it has proceeded an influence which is destined to quicken and renovate the whole earth; yet Palestine is exceeded in extent by the three small states of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. England is a large country of a most interesting character. By the supremacy of her acts and the enterprise of her citizens, she has been acknowledged for centuries by European nations as mistress of the deep. Wherever wood can swim the breezes of heaven labor to waft the riches of her commerce. Her language is almost commensurate with the human race. It is heard in tones of authority on the shores of Asia; it ascends in prayer from the western wilds of America and the islands of the Pacific. Her invincible arms have extended her conquests to every quarter of the habitable globe, so that to use the eloquent language of another, "her drum beat commencing with the rising sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the whole earth with one continuous strain of the martial ditties of England." Yet England is equalled in extent by the two bordering states of New York and Vermont.—France is a vast country, containing more than 40,000,000 of inhabitants. Occupying a conspicuous position among the nations of Europe; her political convulsions have repeatedly shaken that continent to its centre and deluged its fields with carnage; yet France is no larger than the five contiguous states of New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. Italy is another country of an illustrious antiquity; for a long time the mistress of the liberal arts, and whose annals for a thousand years comprised the history of the known earth. Yet Italy is exceeded in extent by the Carolinas. Setting aside the empire of Russia, there is not a country in Europe whose dimensions you may not mark out on the map of the United States in territory equally desirable for every advantage of soil and climate, equally well adapted to every object of commerce, agriculture, and the arts. After these considerations we shall be better able to extend our thoughts so as to grasp in some measure the magnitude of those interests that were involved in the result of the revolution. To have sundered the yoke of two and a half millions of human beings, was an achievement which deserved to be published in every land, and to be voluble on the tongue of history until the final termination of wars and rumors of wars. But when we remember that it rested with our ancestors to decide not only their own destiny, but also to determine in what condition their latest posterity should be born; that the color and complexion of the destiny of this and every succeeding generation depended upon the success of their swords, you will readily conceive, that the immediate results of the revolution are swallowed up in magnitude of its remote consequences. It was to be decided whether those immense multitudes which were to inhabit our Atlantic cities, to swarm along the borders of our vast rivers, and move on with still increasing numbers towards the Alleganies, the Mississippi and the western mountains, were to receive the gift of free constitutions, and to be instructed in the elements of social order and happiness; or whether they were to pass through the school of foreign bondage, into a more dreadful state of rapine, anarchy and blood. The population of this country doubles once in about 25 years; so that it requires but a schoolboy calculation to discover, that unless some destructive war, some wasting pestilence, or some terrible convulsion of nature should sweep off the human race by thousands, the youth now entering upon the stage of action will be at the full age of man, the native of a country containing more than sixty millions of human beings. What a scene is here presented for the contemplation of the philanthropist, involving every object and motive that can engage the solicitude, affect the interests and inflame the heart of man! How would the patriotic bosom swell with emotion could it be permitted to look forward hopefully through the mist of half a century and behold the American states with quadruple their present population, firmly united in adherence to that constitution which has borne them safely through past dangers, and standing forth the most virtuous, the first and purest nation on the face of the earth.

But, fellow-citizens, it is not to indulge in sentiments of exultation alone that we are to-day assembled. I think you will sustain me in the opinion that the birth-day of an individual is an era in life proper for self-scrutiny and for forming resolutions of future improvement. In like manner on this anniversary of the nation's nativity, I may properly invite your attention a while, to consider the dangers which threaten us, and the guilt which we have incurred, with the design of suggesting motives for caution and amendment. The circumstances of this country, though in many respects extremely gratifying, excite a pleasure not unmingled with apprehension. From the assaults of foreign foes we have little to dread. An invading enemy would have to contend on a soil filled with the monuments of freedom, enriched with the blood of its defenders; with a people, who, animated with one soul, and inflamed with zeal for their laws and constitutions, would arm in defence of all that is dear or venerable—their wives, their parents, their children, the sanctuary of God and the sepulchres of their fathers. From external violence we have nothing to fear; but are we as secure from the consequences of our own folly, our vices and internal dissensions? Have we nothing to apprehend from those seeds of disunion which have been sown from year to year, almost ever since the formation of the government, and which though unnatural to the soil, continue to produce the poisonous fruits of discord, Congressional brawlings, and controversies between different states of the confederacy? Has the constitution lost none of its sacred character in the estimation of the American people? Is the *Union* that charmed word that it used to be; and do we still regard it as a thing of inestimable value? Or have we come to consider it as a matter of cold calculation—a question of profit and loss, to be preserved or destroyed according as the one or the other preponderates in our political balance? It is sufficient for me to suggest these questions for your consideration; I shall decline answering them for the present.

But there is one source of danger arising from the extent of our territory, and the character of that population which is so rapidly filling it up, that I deem proper for a special notice. I have already spoken of our vast extent of country as constituting the chief element of our greatness. A nation's soil is the foundation of its prosperity and its glory. It is the theatre of its achievements, the field of its industry, the source of its riches and nourishment. In a sense it may be said that no country can have too much soil; but when in consequence of the diverse character of its inhabitants settled over a richly extended territory, the most opposite and discordant elements are bro't into contact in the legislative halls, the most deplorable consequences may result from such unnatural connections. Let me for a moment invite you to consider the character of that population which is so rapidly filling up the West. Western immigration at the present time is of a character altogether unique and without example in the past history. It is not a simultaneous movement of whole bodies of people carrying with them their institutions, their laws and customs, such as was the case in ancient times with the Goths, the Saxons, and at a later period with the Puritans of New England and the Quakers of Pennsylvania; but hundreds and thousands of the oppressed and indigent of Europe, come over to us in single families or as isolated individuals, without laws, without regulations; to adopt our laws, to become acquainted with our customs, and to be instructed in our liberty. This continual influx of foreigners is the natural consequence of the abundance of our own land, and of the want, oppression, and over-population of the old world. We could not prevent it if we would, and it would be the most monstrous ingratitude for the blessings that we enjoy, the most cruel outrage to the rights of humanity, for us to prevent it if we could. So long as we have a rood of unoccupied soil which contributes nothing to human comfort, and there remains yet one unfortunate victim of oppression in the old world, starving for want of sustenance, we are bound by every consideration of humanity and justice to receive him. Is it objected that they are ignorant, vicious and degraded? Then learn to behold in them the victims of tyranny, of suffering and want, such as you and your posterity might have been had not your fathers seen fit to traverse the ocean and improve their fortunes in the new world. And shall we who have had the good fortune to be born in this goodly heritage, say, "enough have come over; let us close the gates. America from henceforth ceases to be the asylum of the poor and the oppressed." Not on this day while the recollections of '76 are fresh in our minds, shall we entertain such sentiments as these. America has been, and will continue to be the home of the exile, the country where the oppressed and indigent of every land shall find encouragement and countenance. But though there are the plain, manifest duties of our situation, and are enforced by every motive of justice and humanity, yet there is much danger to be apprehended from this source. This heterogeneous mass of beings from all nations, of every kindred and tongue must be moulded by American sentiment, informed in the principles of American freedom and enlightened with our own intelligence, or we may expect the most serious calamities. This danger is most immediate and threatening in the West; but it should be remembered that our fate is inseparably wrapped up in the destiny of the west. From the nature of our republican government, those multitudes which swarm in the valley of the Mississippi become our legislators, and unless they are tamed by our civilization and arts, unless they are instructed in our liberty, in the day when their social fabric falls asunder, we too shall be engulfed in their ruin.—They must be assimilated to us or we shall be to them. The danger arising to our large cities from their foreign population, and the influence exerted over them by unprincipled demagogues, is too notorious that I should dwell upon it in this connection. What then is the remedy for this evil? Is it to be sought in excluding all the unnaturalized population from the ballot box? Is it desirable to draw an impassable line of distinction between the foreign and native born population of this country? Will you render the former more attached to our institutions and better citizens, by excluding them from all participation in the rights of freemen? Is it in the nature of things that men become better by being made the subjects of an exclusive legislation, which effectually separate them from the rest of the community, which stamps their estimate in society as an inferior grade of citizens, not to be admitted to a participation of the common rights and privileges? But it may be said that it is not proposed to exclude them entirely, but only to require a previous residence of twenty one years. It is answered, that the difference is immaterial. The requirement of a previous residence of twenty-one years, so far as its effects upon the hopes and feelings of men are concerned, is equivalent to permanent exclusion. No person arrived to the age of manhood is very much affected in his conduct by an event which may happen to him after the lapse of 21 years, whatever may be the nature of that event. It is a period too long to affect either the desires or the fears of men. The emigrant will care very little to be told that after a lapse of twenty-one years he may be admitted to the rights of a freeman. *He will feel that he is not a freeman*, and that here, too, as in Europe he is excluded from all participation in the power that makes the laws; with this important difference, that while there the government was the prerogative of the sovereign or titled nobility or landed aristocracy and he stood on a footing of equality with his fellow subjects, here he alone is excluded, while the mass of the citizens enjoy rights which make them altogether his superiors. The measure proposed would separate a body of citizens in our midst whose interests would be adverse not only in appearance, but in reality to the interests of the rest of community, and who would see no grounds in their own circumstances for becoming attached to our government. They would breed and perpetuate a mob population, scorned by their fellow citizens, with no sure basis for self-respect, and possessing all that jealousy and hatred which is natural to a subordinate and inferior caste. No, fellow-citizens, whatever may be the dangers of our situation arising from this source, we shall never render our position more secure by abating one jot or tittle from that liberal and generous policy which has hitherto characterised America and made her the glory of the world. There is a noble necessity which constrains us whether we would or not, and forbids us to compromise the principles which we have avowed. And in my mind it is better far, to hazard the most imminent danger in a generous and liberal course of policy, than to suffer ourselves under the influence of our apprehensions to infringe in the smallest particle upon the rights of men. Does any man then ask what remedy we propose? We answer that we know of only one; and that is, to treat them in good faith as fellow citizens, and so far as lies in our power, efface from their minds all knowledge of the distinction of native born and strangers.

That a residence for a reasonable period should be required previous to an admission to elective franchise, in order that they may be accustomed to the laws and usages of the country is right and proper. But beyond this let us make no distinction. Let us remember that our fathers were strangers in a strange land, and by that token feel the sacred obligations that rests on their sons to discharge the rites of hospitality, and be kind to the stranger! the more especially when he bears on his person and in his mind the dark traces of tyrrany and oppression. Let us treat them as fellow citizens in *good faith*, and if they are ignorant and degraded we shall thus take the surest course to elevate and improve them. What we want is to make them and their children good citizens; and it is a sure rule, that when we treat men according to what they should be, we adopt the safest and surest method to improve them and make them better. And here permit me to add that no language is sufficiently severe to characterise the conduct of those demagogues, to whatever party they may belong, who study to create jealously between the foreign population and our native citizens. Such conduct deserves and receives from every honest man the strongest indignation and contempt. I have dwelt much, Fellow Citizens, on this subject because I felt much upon it, and I trust you will pardon me; that you will esteem it a subject not inappropriate to the occasion and the day.

Though I do not desire to dwell upon themes of an unpleasant nature, yet I feel constrained to ask your attention to one other source of danger. It has already been suggested—I refer to the growth of the spirit of faction. This is the peculiar and almost necessary evil of popular governments, and has proved fatal to all those republics which have enjoyed a transient existence at different intervals in the history of the world. In ancient times, this malignant spirit accomplished the overthrow of republicanism in Greece. Philip of Macedon, would never have succeeded against the liberty of those proud states unaided by the treachery of their own factious orators, who conspired with him to ruin their country. This also produced the downfall of Rome. While the citizens were united in attachment to the state, her proud eagle traversed the remotest boundaries of the globe and returned with the spoils of other nations to adorn the capitol. But discord thrice brought the enemy within sight of

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]