



STAR OF THE NORTH. BLOOMSBURY, THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1865.

Sickness-Recovery.

Still copped in our chamber by the weakness incident to typhoid fever, our racked nerves drive the pen into poor misshapen marks for letters...

The world has been closed to us for four weeks, so we have felt to write about it except our own reflections. Nay, not quite all closed. A ray of light would break in that gloom...

We are glad to see that our readers have not suffered from any want of interest in our paper while we were separated from them. Incensives have been various and good...

Nor did our paper lack in appearance; for in fact we were compelled to use a superior material of paper, owing to the stoppage of the Castwicks Mills.

The Presidency.

The present signs of the times indicate that the voice and vote of Pennsylvania in the next national convention will be given for James Buchanan. It is certainly in his favor that he has had a life-long experience in public affairs...

The present complicated affairs between England and this country will afford Mr. Buchanan another chance to do himself credit; and such he will do if he shows himself equal to the vindication of the American cause in the Oregon boundary difficulty...

But in this matter it must be ever kept in view that the candidate for the Presidency is to be the representative and embodiment of public policy and political principles, and not to be a candidate for his personal fame...

The War in the East.

Seems to have changed into a game between the belligerents to see which can first bankrupt the other. It never had an honorable principle involved in it, for it was from the first upon both sides a selfish fight for power and empire.

The impetuous French in their many revolutions dispose of these debts in a more summary way; and often wipe out the old score to begin anew.

The financial embarrassment in France and England willoupen public sentiment in those countries on a sensitive spot. Both governments already understand the danger, but neither can suggest a remedy.

Gen. Wm. S. Calohan, of Washington county, has been appointed Superintendent on the Portage Railroad by the Canal Commissioners.

Fanny Fern.

By reference to the advertisement of MASON BROTHERS, it will be seen that a paper romance from this distinguished authors, will be published about the first of December.

The pamphlet from the office of the Knickerbocker, New York, contains a fiction which Mr. Ewer wrote for the California Pioneer, and upon a copy being sent to Judge Edmonds he took the story for fact, and afterward wrote to Mr. Ewer that he had spiritedly accompanied with John F. Lane, the hero of the story.

By a foreign steamer last week the silly report came that Mr. Buchanan had demanded his passport and would leave London for home immediately. The contradiction came along in the same steamer to say that there was nothing in the story.

The Saints in the Wilderness.

According to the last advices from Utah, the Salt Lake saints were experiencing the effects of a financial crisis. Some of the brethren sent out to expedite the emigration, had run Governor Brigham into debt about fifty thousand dollars, which shows that Utah is in pretty good credit.

Insanity in Defence of Crime.

A trial has occurred in New Haven, which goes very far, by the verdict of the jury, to establish a legal principle that crime is usually the result of insanity. One Willard Clark was courting a lady, and the courtship had progressed to engagement of marriage.

Singular Arithmetical Fact.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result as if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is a remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer.

Caution to Railroad Riders.

A recent European magazine contains an ably written article on the subject of the injurious effects upon the eyes of persons in the habit of reading while travelling in railroad cars.

Accident on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

March 16th, Nov. 16.—The passenger train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, with freight cars attached, was thrown off the track this afternoon, between this place and Allentown.

Later from Texas—Indian Battle.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 10.—Later advices from Texas, received by the Galveston steamer, brings intelligence of an Indian fight having occurred near Fort Belknap, between the Delawares and Carihaches. Seven of the latter were killed.

Russia and the Allies—Their Power of Endurance.

When two races on the same soil are evenly matched on a long race, the final result will be determined not so much by which goes the fastest at first, but by which has the best wind to hold out. So now, when it seems so likely that the war with Russia is to be decided by the first heat, or a single campaign, but by a long, protracted war, involving other nations, the final victory will more depend upon wind, or the power of holding out, than anything else.

Russia has lost the Malakof Tower, and the Southern part of Sebastopol—she has lost her fleet, and she has lost much of the prestige which the successful defence of her fortifications for a long time gave her.

But for these very reasons, she has now comparatively little to lose by a continuance of the war. And moreover, if Russia has lost, what have the Allies gained? Their fleets in the Baltic have two years done absolutely nothing.

England has lost, France has not gained in reputation. The attack on Sebastopol was, after all, a military blunder, undertaken with 30,000 men, while 250,000 men and a whole year were required to capture it.

Another thing may have ten this. Red Republicanism is the dread of France and England. Russia, standing at the head and representative of absolutism in Europe, is the natural foe of this, and the war, if continued much further, must be made to play into the hands of the men of these principles.

Appointment.

Hon. Joseph Casey, we learn from Harrisburg, has been appointed by Gov. Pollock, Superintendent of the Erie and North East Railway, which has been forfeited to the State, under the provisions of the bill passed by the last Legislature.

U. S. Jones, Eq. of the Holidaysburg Standard.

proposes to write, during the approaching winter, a history of the early settlement of the Juniata Valley, and desires such information as may assist him in the work.

England and the United States—Let them Understand Each Other.

The London Times and the London Illustrated News, the two papers that have the largest daily and weekly circulation respectively in England, have lately assumed an attitude towards the United States, in which impertinence of tone and misrepresentation of facts are combined with sinister skill.

This course is deeply to be regretted by all intelligent and patriotic men in either country. For so long as the country and race, language and laws between Great Britain and America, had so intimate and so commercial relations, that a war between the two nations would not only be fatal to human progress, but eminently injurious to the belligerents themselves.

It seems but little short of madness, therefore, for influential journals, on either side, to lend their aid in fomenting such a war. Yet it is certain that articles like those we have alluded to, cannot but have such a tendency. The fact that they appear simultaneously in the two leading London papers, and that they are coincident with a despatch of a comparatively powerful British fleet to the West Indies, favors the notion that there are others, however, besides newspaper editors, who are fanning the embers of hostility.

It is incontestable, we think, that the people of England and America have no desire for such a war. But as we have seen a bloody and protracted struggle break out in the Orient, against the original wishes of the people of Great Britain, we are warned that a war is not impossible anywhere, under the combined influences of a blustering diplomacy, a demagogical premier, and a sterner and malignant press.

It is inconceivable, we think, that the people of England and America have no desire for such a war. But as we have seen a bloody and protracted struggle break out in the Orient, against the original wishes of the people of Great Britain, we are warned that a war is not impossible anywhere, under the combined influences of a blustering diplomacy, a demagogical premier, and a sterner and malignant press.

Should a war between the two countries, however, ever arise, America will, at least, be able to take care of herself. The Mexican war proved that we can improve any army whenever we wish. The Eastern war has shown that England can not. It is not, therefore, from any fear of Great Britain that we recommend forbearance; but because, feeling our own strength, we think it childish to bully or be bullied.

So were foreigners, and especially Frenchmen, treated a hundred years ago. Twenty years roll by, and what do we see then? The pendulum has gone the other way—foreigners are in fashion; and we have the Congress of 1774 and '75 appealing in formal and earnest addresses to Canadians and Frenchmen and Irishmen to come and help us, and live with us and be part of us.

And what a retribution has there been—how grand and beautiful is the expiation of this deed of wrong. Lord Loudoun, the English Commander in chief, refused to receive a petition from the exiles, because they had the insolence to write it in French. And now a short century rolls by, and England's Queen, in St. George's Protestant chapel, (Lord Loudoun's descendants, still peers of the Realm and Knights of the Order, standing by,) puts the Garter on the knee of a French Roman Catholic Emperor; and in the English language, the hand of a New England Puritan poet writes the tale of the poor Acadian's wrong in words that will live as long as the language lives; sings them in strains which will sound eternally and sweetly long after the howl of fanaticism and persecution has sunk to ignominious silence.

And on all the mutations of feeling, Mr. President, and gentleman, History looks calmly down and records her sure judgment, and that judgment is, that all such follies are very transient, and that as to foreign men, and foreign things, and foreign principles, there should be neither sympathy, nor antipathy, but strict, resolute neutrality—neutrality of the heart—the neutrality which is consistent with kind and generous feelings, which gives ready welcome to the stranger who comes, but couples with that welcome the resolute admonition that in becoming one of us in form, he must be one of us in feeling.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Mr. President—When your committee informed me that I was to say something in answer to a toast commemorative of "Lafayette," they joyfully told me, that they had appropriated this sentiment in view of my known political opinions, not Whig (though they are becoming quite historical), nor Democratic—but I presume that is known as a third mysterious, subterranean organization, for which I am supposed to have no objection, and hence a French Roman Catholic soldier of our revolution was assigned to me. I thank the committee and the society for the compliment, for such I regard it, and with the theme they have given, will venture to say a few words, not so much about Lafayette, as about the curious oscillations of that perverse pendulum, public sentiment, on this very subject of foreigners and foreign sympathies and antipathies.

These oscillations—or swinging of prejudice from one extreme to another—began long ago, and if now—a days an Irishman or a German is the victim or the idol, Lafayette, the courtier, the French, have had their turn at being persecuted and petted. Just a hundred years ago, as I find noted in your Shippen papers, a Philadelphia gentleman wrote to a friend, "May God be pleased to give us success against all copper colored cannibals and French savages, equally cruel and perfidious in their nature, and as true of what they say and promise as just as much to be depended on as any first parent in Paradise." This certainly is not complimentary, but was entirely sincere. The English colonists hated and hunted a Frenchman in those days with a right good will, having, however, some excuse for it in the bloody scenes of frontier butchery. In the fall and winter of 1755, exactly a century ago, occurred one of the darkest crimes that rests on the English of that day, and on English America. I mean the persecution of an exile of the French Acadians. It was that kind of double distilled wickedness, which is always the product of those acid elements—politics and intolerance.—An Acadian executed the cruel order. Puritan New England abetted and stimulated it, and Pennsylvania witnessed some of its attendant horrors.

Speech of William B. Reed.

Before the annual meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, held at Chester on the 8th inst., being the 173rd anniversary of the landing of William Penn, in reply to the reading of the following toast: A Lafayette on the battle ground of old Chester.

Mr. W. B. Reed said— Mr. President—When your committee informed me that I was to say something in answer to a toast commemorative of "Lafayette," they joyfully told me, that they had appropriated this sentiment in view of my known political opinions, not Whig (though they are becoming quite historical), nor Democratic—but I presume that is known as a third mysterious, subterranean organization, for which I am supposed to have no objection, and hence a French Roman Catholic soldier of our revolution was assigned to me.

Next came—for the oscillations one way or the other never ceased—the fever of sympathy with foreign nations fancying they knew how to be free like us, the Greeks—to whom we sold a few dark frigates—and the Poles—and the whole tribe of Spanish Americans—and in the midst of this, in 1824, came in to give us an illustration of the true relation which the friendly foreigner should bear to us and to him, the visit of Lafayette, the only leading Frenchman of his day that had the least conception of what constitutional freedom was—a Frenchman of the Revolution, not bestowed with blood—a public man whose American career was spotless, and of whom, in all his career, here and away, Americans are bound to speak kindly.

I am now coming—for there is a regular law in this movement—so near to our own days and their living actors, that I am admonished to be cautious in what I say. There may be within sound of my voice Repealers of 1844, or Iconoclasts of 1844, or Kosuth enthusiasts of 1851, for so he swung the pendulum in those days, and I should be sorry to revive here any sorrowful memory of temporary insanity. I therefore pass them and later guests of transient feeling by, with but one remark, that at the bottom of many of them, there is often a generous sentiment of sympathy, either with the enslaved abroad, or with some domestic impulse that exempts them from too harsh censure.

And on all the mutations of feeling, Mr. President, and gentleman, History looks calmly down and records her sure judgment, and that judgment is, that all such follies are very transient, and that as to foreign men, and foreign things, and foreign principles, there should be neither sympathy, nor antipathy, but strict, resolute neutrality—neutrality of the heart—the neutrality which is consistent with kind and generous feelings, which gives ready welcome to the stranger who comes, but couples with that welcome the resolute admonition that in becoming one of us in form, he must be one of us in feeling.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Mr. President—When your committee informed me that I was to say something in answer to a toast commemorative of "Lafayette," they joyfully told me, that they had appropriated this sentiment in view of my known political opinions, not Whig (though they are becoming quite historical), nor Democratic—but I presume that is known as a third mysterious, subterranean organization, for which I am supposed to have no objection, and hence a French Roman Catholic soldier of our revolution was assigned to me. I thank the committee and the society for the compliment, for such I regard it, and with the theme they have given, will venture to say a few words, not so much about Lafayette, as about the curious oscillations of that perverse pendulum, public sentiment, on this very subject of foreigners and foreign sympathies and antipathies.

The House of Rothschilds.

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press that the Rothschilds were worth eight hundred millions of dollars. A denial of this statement has been put forth. It would be a waste of words to discuss which estimate is correct. The wealth of the Rothschilds does not consist in lands and tenements, the value of which might be ascertained, but in stocks, bonds and other descriptions of personal property, the amount of which no one knows but themselves.

The next spasm was of course one of sympathy, but the attack was slight. It was rather sentimental than practical, and did not do much harm. It took the form of admiration of that eminent Republican and friend of free institutions, Napoleon Bonaparte! It passed away very innocently, and left no traces upon the national taste and rhetoric, which it vitiated sadly. It survives now only on the pages of Harper's Magazine, or those of Mr. Hoagley, or in the memory of some few Louisiana boys, who think Bonaparte sold us Louisiana because he loved us, and that he did a handsome thing in bequeathing a legacy to the Confederation.

Next came—for the oscillations one way or the other never ceased—the fever of sympathy with foreign nations fancying they knew how to be free like us, the Greeks—to whom we sold a few dark frigates—and the Poles—and the whole tribe of Spanish Americans—and in the midst of this, in 1824, came in to give us an illustration of the true relation which the friendly foreigner should bear to us and to him, the visit of Lafayette, the only leading Frenchman of his day that had the least conception of what constitutional freedom was—a Frenchman of the Revolution, not bestowed with blood—a public man whose American career was spotless, and of whom, in all his career, here and away, Americans are bound to speak kindly.

I am now coming—for there is a regular law in this movement—so near to our own days and their living actors, that I am admonished to be cautious in what I say. There may be within sound of my voice Repealers of 1844, or Iconoclasts of 1844, or Kosuth enthusiasts of 1851, for so he swung the pendulum in those days, and I should be sorry to revive here any sorrowful memory of temporary insanity. I therefore pass them and later guests of transient feeling by, with but one remark, that at the bottom of many of them, there is often a generous sentiment of sympathy, either with the enslaved abroad, or with some domestic impulse that exempts them from too harsh censure.

And on all the mutations of feeling, Mr. President, and gentleman, History looks calmly down and records her sure judgment, and that judgment is, that all such follies are very transient, and that as to foreign men, and foreign things, and foreign principles, there should be neither sympathy, nor antipathy, but strict, resolute neutrality—neutrality of the heart—the neutrality which is consistent with kind and generous feelings, which gives ready welcome to the stranger who comes, but couples with that welcome the resolute admonition that in becoming one of us in form, he must be one of us in feeling.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Such a stranger Lafayette was, and happy would it have been for him had he never left the land that long ago welcomed him. He would have been spared many an hour of bitter anguish. He would have been spared the orgies of Versailles and the horrible fear that in his sight and trusting to his word of honor, a brave woman ran the risk of being murdered—he would have been spared the agony of watching the ghastly antics of revolutionary France—of apparent treason to his country—he would have been spared Orléans and 1815, when one gleam of liberty was darkened by the Bourbons, and most of all, 1830, when for the last time in his day, liberty was cheated. Here his home would have been happy. Here his grave would have been honored, and not be as it now is, save by some accidental way-farers, forgotten or scooped. There was something very picturesque and impressive, a few months ago, when the Queen of England stood under the great dome of the Invalides at Napoleon's tomb. The figures of the living and the dead were sublime in the world's eye. It was the making of one sort of royalty, traditional, historical, decorous royalty, over another in its brief day quite as imposing, bloody, tyrannical, energetic, imperial royalty. But it had no higher moral grandeur, than when the American traveler, swayed by honest reverence for the Revolution, stands in the cemetery of the sisters of the Sacred Heart by the humble, almost forgotten grave of Lafayette. The poor inhabitant below was his country's friend when she needed friends. He was Washington's friend. Frenchman as he was, he belonged to us.—I beg your pardon, Mr. President, for saying so much, and speaking so gravely on a festive occasion like this, but I am American enough, in loyalty at least, never to speak or think of the days or the men of the Revolution, without enthusiasm, not the less intense because earnest and reverential.

Political Composition of the Next House of Representatives.

The New York Herald figures up the following as the political composition of the next House of Representatives: Democrats 51, Southern Whigs 9, Union K. No. 80, Abolition K. No. 15, Fusion or Abolition Republicans 68, Vacancies 1.

In Benton, on Thursday, the 13th inst., by Elder John Sutton, Mr. CALER O'BRIAN, to Miss MARTHA JANE KARRS, of Benton Twp., Col. county.

On the 13th inst., by Rev. W. J. Eyer, Mr. DANIEL GERHARTZ, to Miss MARY SULLMAN, both of Cahoon Twp., Col. Co.

On the 12th inst., by Rev. S. Barnes, Mr. JOSEPH W. EBY, of Newscopck, to Miss ANNA C. SYBART, of Beach Grove, both of Luzerne Co., Pa.

In Berwick, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. I. Bahl, Mr. WILLIAM ABBOT, and Mrs. MARY RUSTON, both of Centre township, Columbia county, Pa.

In Berwick, on the 15th inst., by the same, Mr. SAMUEL ANDREWS, of Mainville, and Miss ELIZABETH HARTZEL, of Millin township, Col. Co., Pa.

On the 13th inst., by Rev. W. J. Eyer, Mr. DANIEL GERHARTZ, to Miss MARY SULLMAN, both of Cahoon Twp., Col. Co.

On the 12th inst., by Rev. S. Barnes, Mr. JOSEPH W. EBY, of Newscopck, to Miss ANNA C. SYBART, of Beach Grove, both of Luzerne Co., Pa.

In Berwick, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. I. Bahl, Mr. WILLIAM ABBOT, and Mrs. MARY RUSTON, both of Centre township, Columbia county, Pa.

In Berwick, on the 15th inst., by the same, Mr. SAMUEL ANDREWS, of Mainville, and Miss ELIZABETH HARTZEL, of Millin township, Col. Co., Pa.

On the 13th inst., by Rev. W. J. Eyer, Mr. DANIEL GERHARTZ, to Miss MARY SULLMAN, both of Cahoon Twp., Col. Co.

On the 12th inst., by Rev. S. Barnes, Mr. JOSEPH W. EBY, of Newscopck, to Miss ANNA C. SYBART, of Beach Grove, both of Luzerne Co., Pa.

In Berwick, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. I. Bahl, Mr. WILLIAM ABBOT, and Mrs. MARY RUSTON, both of Centre township, Columbia county, Pa.