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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

The Beautiful.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy thoughts to her.
Walk with the beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"
Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
Thou no long weary road it form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door.
Then love the beautiful!

Aye, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is
lonely.

The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only.
Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it! kiss it when 'tis in thy way;
Be its idolater as of a maiden.
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they
Do thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful!

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face;
Some in the pinnacled towers of the skies;
But be not fooled! Where'er thy eye might trace,
Searching the beautiful, it will arise.
Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its shrine; the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Be
living.

The beautiful is master of a star,
Thou canst not see it, but art itself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Do not see beauty in the violet cup!
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,
They will obey thy word.

One thing, I warn thee; crook no knee to gold;
It is a witch of such dimly shining eyes,
That it will turn to young affection's old,
I reach my hand to him, who, hour by hour,
Preaches the beautiful.

LITTLE HATTY.

BY T. N. NEWTON.

"Bring me the Book, mother, and let me read about the 'dying boy.'" And the book was brought, and little Hatty took it in her pale, delicate, almost angel hands, and gently turning over the leaves, at last found her favorite page. She read and re-read the article—then quietly laying aside the book, plained, yet calmly, she inquired, "Mother, shall I be an angel when I die? And will that little boy be there, mother, (pointing upward) up there, mother, in the blue sky?"

The fond, dotting eyes of the mother fell upon the convulsed form of her child. Big tears coursed down her once beautiful, but now care-worn cheeks, and in almost inaudible language she answered: "Yes, dear Hatty, if you are good, you will one day join that little boy in that peaceful land, where all is harmony and love. And there, too, you will meet Emily, and grand-papa, and brother Roswell, and sister Fanny—all up there, in the blue sky above."

"Mother, will you not come, too? and papa and grandma, and see me? And do they not have poetry in Heaven, mother?"

"The parent could not answer. The very thought, so chilling to her soul, that her idol soon must be laid in the dust, over-came her feelings, and hiding her head in her hands, she indulged in a flood of tears.

It was midnight. Angels were hovering unseen over the couch of the little sleeper, and every tick of the clock seemed to carry her nearer her spirit home. The affectionate eye of the mother rested with maternal solicitude upon the face of her darling, and in the agony of her heart, most earnestly did she pray that God would spare her little one's life. It was an hour in which the soul seemed to linger between earth and heaven—an hour when the thoughts of the future came pressing upon the brain, and life wore a dim aspect to the care-worn watcher. Oh! if little Hatty could be permitted to live but a short time longer—until the spring should come with its buds and blossoms—until the rippling brook could sing her requiem and the gentle flowers nestle by her side; but to lay that dear form in the cold, cold earth—oh no! it could not—it must not be!

Such were the thoughts of the mother, and such have been the thoughts of others who have met by the bed-side of their dying child. But, amid her tears a gleam of sunshine would ever and anon dart in upon her troubled soul, and then could she look upward and exclaim: "He doeth all things well."

Angels guard her tiny footsteps;
Angels hover by her side;
Angels whisper through the midnight,
Angels on the ether glide;
Ever watching o'er the lovely,
Ever breathing music dear,
Ever ending back the wayward,
Ever round us—ever near.

Sweet, angelic voices seemed to chaunt hymns of praise to little Hatty's life ebbed away. Upon her lovely, innocent face lay unearthly joy, and in her eye beamed radiations of light from the spirit-land. The little hand clasped once again her mother's—the little lip breathed her father's name, and with the eye fixed upon the future, gazing as it were into the very heart of our Heavenly Father, her gentle spirit took its flight to dwell with the pure and spotless beings that surrounded the throne of the Eternal God.

Speak softly, for we are in the chamber of death! We would not call her back—She will bloom more beautifully amid the flowers in Heaven. Dry thy tears, mother—father, soften thy grief. Thy Hatty is not lost! Oh when trouble shall lay its heavy hand upon thy soul, when friends

forsoke thee, and the world turns its cold back upon thee, the spirits of thy cherished ones will hover over thee to guide and to protect thee. "Ye have round about ye ministering spirits." Happy thought. Let it lead us away from the cares of life—away from the too eager pursuit of wealth—away from the desire of fame—away from transitory pleasures to the more enduring joys of our Father's Home.

The bleak wind of Autumn sang a melancholy dirge as the remains of little Hatty were laid to rest by the side of those who had gone before her. It is hard to part even with the dust of those who have been the light of the parents' eye and the hope of their old age, but we cannot avert the shaft of destiny, and though hard it may be, we should remember that they have all gone before us, and that in a little time we must follow them. "Our habitation is not here." We are but sojourners in a strange land, where care rests its eternal burden on man wherever he may roam!

Dear, lovely, angel Hatty, good bye! We have paid thee our parting tribute, and when the spring shall come with bird and flower, and the gentle zephyr shall sport amid the branches of the willow that overhangs thy grave, then will burning thoughts fit over the wires of memory, and call up warm emotions of thy gentle, angel nature.

The Maiden's Mistake, or, a Kissing Adventure.

Say what you will about it, I'm ready to swear that I never was kissed, as far as I remember, but once. But that once has not been forgotten, and if you will leave your main yard back, I'll tell you the whole story, though it won't do to catch you laughing at it.

I lacked only half an hour of midnight. I had been on a visit to one of my neighbors, and found such agreeable company that the hours passed by unnoticed—by me at least; but I finally got under way for my lodgings. The night was cold and nearly starless, and the wind blew fresh from the North, but did not hurry me much, for I sauntered along, whistling the very familiar tune of "Oh, no, I never mention it."

Suddenly, while passing an aristocratic looking mansion, I saw a front window in the second story softly raised, and a white hand seemed beckoning me to approach. Wondering who it could be, and what was wanted, I darted through the gate, and was soon under her window.

"Is that you, Charles?" asked one of the sweetest voices you ever dreamed of hearing. I was surprised, astonished, as you will readily believe, considering the lateness of the hour; but I was pretty well convinced that it was me, and nobody else, and so I replied:

"Yes, here I am."

And there I was, trembling like a skylark pole in a gale of wind. And then the response to my answer,

"Well, I am ready!"

What do you think of that, coming as it did, from a young lady at a late hour of the night? Fitting time for a revelation of horrors! Ready! What could she mean? I was thunderstruck.

Ere my curious speculation assumed any definite shape, the unseen lady lowered the end of a rope ladder to the ground, seemingly inviting me to ascend; but I fell back aghast. However, I was spared the agony of a refusal. I saw in an instant that the lady was about to descend to the ground. Oh, how I wished that the ropes might give way, so that I might have an opportunity to catch her in my arms. But they didn't break, and she reached terra firma in safety.

And—oh, joy!—the instant she touched the ground, she threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me again and again? Wasn't I happy? Of course I pressed her to my bosom with all a lover's tenderness, and returned her kisses with more than compound interest.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," murmured the fair creature, in tones that thrilled my heart with delight, "I have taken nothing but my jewels and ready money, for I have hope that a reconciliation will be effected. If not, we will live, love and be happy in a little world of our own!"

"Yes, we will," I replied in an emphatic manner, for I felt that she was all that mortal man could desire. I now really thought that I had secured a bride, and then "jewels," "money," and "reconciliation" rang in my ears like a dinner bell in a one day tavern.

"And now let us hurry away before we are discovered," said the lady, "taking my arm and leading the way. No doubt she thought me very backward, but, to tell the truth, I didn't know where to direct my steps. Following the 'bent of her inclination,' we passed rapidly up the street.

"Go ahead, my beauty, I'm your's till death," thought I. But a sad change soon "came o'er the spirit of our dream." Our rapid pace soon brought us to the gas-light on the corner, and then for the first time she caught a glimpse of my features. The effect of the look was electrical. She

disengaged her arm from mine, recoiled a few paces, and murmured wildly: "Merciful Heavens! you are not my Charles!" Her face was turned towards mine, and never had I seen a woman more beautiful. Her eyes were as dark as the starless night that enshrouded us, and expressive of her gifted soul.

While I was gazing upon her, I heard somebody in the direction of the house we had just left, whistling the same tune I had been indulging in a few minutes previous. As I was about to make some sage remark upon the singular coincidence, my fair companion darted away in the direction of whistler No. 2. The whole adventure seemed a mystery to me; and there I stood, wondering what would be the next move. The cup of my bliss had been overturned.

Five minutes might have passed, and then the lady made her appearance, leaning on the arm of a noble looking man about my own age. I was just about to ask myself who could furnish pistols for two, and coffin for one, when the lady took my hand, and looking archly up into my face she asked:

"Will you not accompany us to the Rev. Mr. Smith's residence, and see us married?"

The truth flashed upon my mind in an instant. The lady was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and they were opposed to her lover, considering him too poor, as he was a young merchant just set in business.

He was forbidden in the house, and as a natural consequence the lovers planned an elopement. She was to be ready on a certain night, and he was to give notice of his whereabouts, by whistling the tune of "Oh, no, I never," &c.

Well, there was no law against my whistling, and at the appointed hour I happened to be near the lady's residence, and whistled my favorite tune, which chanced to be the signal agreed upon by the lovers. It was thus she mistook me for her lover whose name was Charles.

To make a long story short, I accompanied them to the place of their destination, and saw the lovers united in the bonds of matrimony. The rest of the night was passed in rejoicing, and the next morning I called on the lady's parent—gradually imparted the news to them—received their forgiveness for the lovers—saw them reconciled, and agreeable to the request of the newly married couple, have made their house my home ever since—but never shall I forget the kissing I received by reason of the "Maiden's Mistake."

It Won't Do.

The editor of the *Yankee Blade*, says it is curious how many thousand things there are, which it won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, whereupon we eat, sleep, and get our dinners. For instance—

It won't do to plunge into a law suit, relying wholly on the justice of your cause, and not equipped beforehand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to twerk a man's nose, or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out, or (if you have no brains) crack your skull.

It won't do, when snow drifts are piled up mountains high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, to ride out with a beautiful, lively, fascinating girl, and not expect to get *unshaken* by her.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids, in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine a legislature, fed at the public crib, will sit at six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady's love with him because she treats him civilly, or that she has virtually engaged herself to him, because she has always endured his company.

It won't do to be desperately enamored of a pretty face till you have seen it at the breakfast table.

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply implicitly with her request when she asks you, "Now, tumble over the cradle, and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

It won't do to take hold of a hair-trigger pistol during a fit of the blues.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to the gubernatorial chair, while the back counties remain to be heard from.

It won't do to pop the question more than a dozen times after a lady has said "No!"

It won't do to extol the beauty of a lady's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to another lady's head.

It won't do to talk of cabbage when tailors are standing by, nor of wooden nutmegs and white oak hams, when there are Connecticut yankees about.

It won't do to go barefoot in winter to get rid of trouble from corns.

Advices from Mexico exhibit that country in a deplorable condition. Insurrections continue to take place, and pronunciation is issued. The treasury is exhausted, and ever and anon a rumor is circulated that a formidable outbreak will take place in the capital.

A lady who tabled in the use of words, set the same in a row, at a fashionable hotel, lately, by requesting the waiter to help her to a "little *dosage* of that duck."

Yes—Get Married.

Dow, jr., is a curious fellow, and says many good things in his own curious style. Hear him discourse to a young man on the subject of getting married. He really makes out that a wife is some use to a man. He says:

"Young man, if you have arrived at the proper point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married—don't think of anything else. Keep poking among the rubbish of the world until you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter, for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the duties of life. She is of more service to you than your first income; she can smooth your linen and your cares; she can mend your trousers and perchance your manners, sweeten your moments as well as your tea and coffee for you; ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosoms but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in the path, she will sow buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness instead of barrow teeth in your bosom. Yes, if you are too enflamed lazy or too proud to do such work yourself; she will shop wood and dig potatoes for you; for her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him, but receive her company in her every day clothes."

When a woman loves she loves with a double distilled devotedness, and as immutable as the rock. She won't change unless it is in a fit of jealousy, but even then it lingers, as well as any other, in the evening twilight at the windows in the West. Get married by all means. All the excuses you fish up—against doing the thing ain't worth a spoonful of riddgen's milk. Mark this—oh do now, if blessed with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it, you are not able to support yourself. Therefore, so much more need of an assistant, there in this union, as well as any other, you are affected upon one object, and not distributed them crumb by crumb among the Sissies, Marries, Locynuses, Grammas, Ludras, Olivess, Elizabeths, Sarciss, Marys, Ludras, Emelys, Marthas, Julias, and Matildas, allowing scarce enough to nibble at. Yes—get married, and have something to cheer you through the journey of life. That's sound talk."

THE ADVANTAGES.—Two gentlemen, Mr. D. and Mr. L., stood candidates for a seat in the Legislature of New York. They were violently opposed to each other. By some articles Mr. D. gained the election. When he was returning home, related with his success, he met a gentleman, an acquaintance of his. "Well," said D., "I've got the election—no match for me—I'll tell you how I thought him—if there happened to be any Dutch voters, I could talk Dutch with them, and there I had the advantage of him. But as to L., he is a clever, honest, sensible little fellow."

"Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "and there he had the advantage of you."

Dr. Wall once, at a dinner table, very wisely persisted in playing with a cork, in such a manner as to display a hand long divorced from soap and water. One guest expressed his surprise at another, and, in too loud a whisper, exclaimed, "Heavens, what a dirty hand!"

The Doctor overheard, and turning sharply round, said, "Sir, I'll bet you a guinea there's a dirtier one in company."

"Done," replied the first, sure of winning. The guineas were staked, and the Doctor showed his other hand. He was judged to have won, without a dissenting voice.

A worshipper of Bacchus, passing over the Common, found the malle quite too narrow, and after several lateral movements, brought up suddenly against one of the pumps. "You blockhead!" he said, shaking his fist, pugnaciously at the pump, "can't you go along the walk without running again a body?"

A rustic belle who came tripping into the house one evening from the fields, was told by her city cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any body by that name; Bill Jones kissed me, and confound his picture, I told him everybody would find it out."

ANECDOTE OF GEN. SCOTT.—We cut the following from the last number of the *Buffalo Express*:

"This incident recalls to mind one that occurred before Gen. Scott joined the army in Mexico. Mr. Pott had conferred the office of colonel upon some small-breed Democratic politician. The new-fledged colonel, with his cap and feathers, reported himself to the General, who politely invited him to dine with a number of distinguished gentlemen. The Colonel was as vain as General —, and well might as silly. During the progress of the dinner he flippantly remarked to the General, 'General, they say the churches in Mexico are full of gold and silver Jesuses; we will have five times when we get among them!' The General was shocked and disgusted at the sacrilegious suggestion, but out of pity for his author assumed not to have heard him, and continued to converse on other topics. The Colonel presently repeated the remark, when the General, drawing himself up, and looking the other directly in the face, said, slowly and firmly, 'Colonel, if any soldier or officer of my command, while in Mexico, shall enter any church except to say his prayers, or other justifiable purpose, he shall be punished; and if any shall presume to touch the sacred emblems belonging to Guilt at all, as you propose, he shall be hung! There was silence at the table for a little space; the Colonel's face was redder than his feathers, and just at the moment he would have been happier in his critic's address, talking politics in a bar-room."

POLITICAL.

Between the leaders of the Locofoco party in the U. States and the Free-traders of Great Britain TO BREAK DOWN AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AND THUS SECURE THE MARKET FOR ENGLAND.

From the *London Times*.

The triumph of the candidate of the Democratic party, brought forward by the men of the South, will serve, probably for ever, the ascendancy of liberal commercial principles; and if Lord Derby should next year be disposed to take the American tariff for his model, we have little doubt that it will serve to remove the last illusions of the protective system from his mind. In this respect, and on this point, we take Gen. Pierce to be a fair representative of the opinions of Mr. Calhoun, and we are glad to see that he has taken the same view of the COMMERCIAL POLICY OF THIS COUNTRY.

From the *London Leader*.

We are without information as to the views of Gen. Pierce ON THE SUBJECT OF CO-OPERATION WITH ENGLAND; BUT WE CAN SAY THAT HE IS NOT A FAVORER OF THE CO-OPERATION ON THIS POINT, and he should avoid the final election without share in the confidence of many American friends that it will result well.

From the *Manchester Examiner*.

The election of Gen. Pierce will at any rate prove that the Free-traders, whatever may be their other differences, are unanimous in their testimony on behalf of a liberal commercial policy, and any government that may form will be one which will support the principle of FREE TRADE TO THE EXTENT OF THE PRACTICABLE.

From the *Liverpool European Times*.

As regards England's public sympathy, it is needless to say, is excited on the side of the Democratic candidate. NOT THAT GEN. PIERCE IS CONSIDERED 'THE BETTER MAN,' FAR OTHERWISE. He is merely ACCEPTED AS THE nominee of that party in the Union WHO DESIRE TO PUSH THE PRINCIPLES OF FREE-TRADE TO ITS UTMOST LIMITS.

These and other English journals are laboring more strenuously for the election of Pierce than they did in their own recent Parliamentary election; probably because British interests are thought to be more dependent on the way of Locofocoism in our country than that of the Earl of Derby or any other Minister at home.

JACKSON ON THE TARIFF.

The following letter from Gen. Jackson embodies the very doctrine on the subject of the Tariff which the Whigs now advocate. The Locofoco party have abandoned Jefferson, Jackson and all the old-fangled Democracy, have fallen in love with England, and are in favor of a commercial policy which will build up England's interests and injure American interests. Jackson was too patriotic to seek to strengthen their old enemy. It remained for the Locofocos for 1852 to be found leagued with English statesmen in the advancement of English prosperity. Read Jackson's letter, and see how far Locofocoism has departed from the principles and precepts of the Hero of New Orleans:

WASHINGTON CITY,
April 20, 1821.

Heaven smiled upon us and gave us liberty and independence. That same Providence has blessed us with the means of national independence and national defence. If we cannot or refuse to use the gifts which Heaven has bestowed to us, we deserve not the continuation of His blessings. He has filled our mountains and our plains with minerals, with lead, iron and copper, and given us a climate and soil for the growing of hemp and wool. These being the great materials of our national defence, they ought to have extended to them adequate and fair protection that our manufacturers and laborers may be placed in a fair competition with those of Europe, and that we may have within our country a supply of those leading and important articles so essential to us.

I will ask, what is the real situation of the agriculturist? Where has the American farmer a market for his surplus produce? Except for cotton, he has neither a foreign nor a home. Does not this clearly prove, when there is no market at home or abroad, that there is too much labor employed in the agriculture? Common sense at once points out the remedy.—Take from agriculture in the U. States six hundred thousand men, women and children, and you will give a market for more breadstuffs than all Europe now furnishes us. In short, sir, we have been too long subject to the policy of British merchants. It is time we should become a little *Anglicized*, and instead of feeding paupers and laborers of England, feed our own; or, in a short time, by continuing our present policy, we shall all be rendered paupers ourselves. It is, therefore, my opinion that a careful and judicious tariff is much wanted to pay out national debt, and to afford us the means of that defence within ourselves, on which the safety of our country and liberty depends; and last, though not least, give a proper distribution to our labor, which must prove beneficial to the happiness, independence, and wealth of the community.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,
ANDREW JACKSON."

DEATH OF A WHOLE FAMILY.—James Hunt, a young German, arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, three years ago, and about three weeks since his parents with another family, in all 6, arrived, and together they removed to a farm a few miles distant. About a week after one of their number was taken sick with the cholera, and died; a few days another was taken sick, who also died. In the meantime, James, the old man's son, came on a visit; he was also taken sick, and died the first day; his wife, however, died until the first man died, when she went to her father's, where she died; a girl that lived in the house also died, and three others, numbering in all nine. Out of the whole number nine of the family were left. They left \$2,000 worth of property.

Popular Vote for President in 1849.

State.	Taylor.	Cass.	Van Buren.
Maine.	25,378	40,105	12,107
New Hampshire.	14,781	27,763	7,550
Vermont.	28,122	10,948	13,857
Massachusetts.	61,072	35,284	38,183
Rhode Island.	6,880	3,000	7,005
Connecticut.	30,314	27,046	5,008
MIDDLE STATES.			
New York.	218,551	114,592	120,519
New Jersey.	40,009	38,880	848
Pennsylvania.	185,513	171,681	11,923
Delaware.	6,440	5,810	80
SOUTHERN STATES.			
Maryland.	37,892	34,828	125
Virginia.	45,124	48,888	9
North Carolina.	43,510	34,888	85
South Carolina.	23,240	30,887	—
Georgia.	47,808	44,775	—
Florida.	4,539	3,339	—
Alabama.	30,482	41,383	—
Mississippi.	25,221	26,558	—
Louisiana.	18,273	15,380	—
Texas.	3,770	8,765	—
Arkansas.	7,698	9,800	—
WESTERN STATES.			
Tennessee.	64,705	68,418	—
Kentucky.	67,141	40,720	—
Ohio.	128,356	164,772	35,494
Michigan.	23,240	30,887	10,288
Illinois.	69,017	74,744	8,000
Indiana.	61,216	66,629	15,804
Missouri.	39,671	40,777	—
Iowa.	18,557	14,151	1,128
Wisconsin.	18,747	15,001	10,418
Total.	1,382,024	1,232,419	291,678
Taylor over Cass.	189,605	—	—
Cass and Van Buren over Taylor.	102,073	—	—
* Presidential Electors chosen by Leg.			
THE ELECTORAL VOTE IN 1852.			
Maine.	8	Illinois.	11
New Hampshire.	3	Iowa.	7
Vermont.	3	Wisconsin.	6
Massachusetts.	13	Michigan.	6
Rhode Island.	4	Kentucky.	12
Connecticut.	6	Missouri.	9
New York.	35	Alabama.	7
New Jersey.	7	Louisiana.	7
Pennsylvania.	27	Tennessee.	12
Delaware.	3	Mississippi.	7
Maryland.	8	Arkansas.	4
North Carolina.	10	California.	4
South Carolina.	7	Whole number of	—
Florida.	8	votes.	295
Ohio.	23	Necessary to a	—
Indiana.	18	majority.	148
Slave States, including Delaware, 15; electoral vote, 113.	Free States, 16; electoral vote, 174.	—	—

GEN. SCOTT AT SANDUSKY.

The Campaign in Mexico.

Last Monday a week Gen. Scott reached Sandusky, Ohio, on his route homeward, and met with a most brilliant reception. Hon. E. Cook made a very eloquent address, reviewing the services of Gen. Scott throughout his career. During the speech he touched upon the fact which has been stated, that during the war Scott was offered a large sum of money to take the government of Mexico into his own hands. Gen. Scott replied in the annexed interesting and eloquent remarks:

"My friends and fellow-citizens—friends I may call you—it is impossible for me to sit still under the very eloquent words which I have just heard spoken, and under your very emphatic approbation of them, without making my acknowledgments to my honorable friend, who has poured out a stream of eloquence, containing so many allusions personal to myself—allusions highly colored, no doubt, but with perhaps some little foundation in truth. I say, I cannot sit still under this address, and the applause with which it has been received, without rising to offer my thanks. It has been my fortune to bear the standard of our common country into a foreign land, backed and supported by our own noble citizens, native-born, and adopted. Under the smiles of Providence, it has been my lot to witness many victories achieved by our glorious army. It has been my lot to participate, on many occasions—more than I shall recite—in the most interesting and animated spectacles which any person ever beheld—the tearing down of the standard of a foreign enemy, and the raising up of our own. I had, supported as I was by most intelligent officers and men, it was almost impossible to avoid this result. The acts were performed—they have been recorded, to the honor of our country. I will be pardoned if I indulge in a little piece of egotism, by speaking of myself. My friend has alluded to the dark clouds which hung over us, and obscured the light of heaven from our country, and to the deep dejection, amounting almost to despair, which covered our land in the early part of the war of 1812. The battle of Chippewa was at hand. To what I am about to say, Major Camp and many others who served in the war will testify. Marching into battle, I called out to a gallant officer, who was at a considerable distance, loud enough for the greater portion of our army to hear me, 'There is a dark cloud hanging over the country. Let us hang our swords and do something that will lighten the hearts of the country—let us do something which will cause our countrymen to ring the bells and build bonfires and illuminations.' The thing was done, and repeated on other occasions. [Applause.] That is the slight piece of egotism to which I have been led by the eloquent address which we have just heard. I spoke of another soldier who was within sound of my voice, and who now stands near me. He was, in 1814, quite a young man of very inferior rank, as compared with his merit. He entered the campaign with the rank of Captain. His rank should have been that of Colonel. [Applause.] You may be aware that the chief Quartermaster General is next in importance to the chief Commander of the army. Everything depends upon his energy and foresight. General Brown said to Major Camp, in my presence, at a period when every horse, save one, in the City of Buffalo had been burned, and all the boats belonging to Lake Erie had been collected and carried off, and when it was absolutely necessary for us to cross over Niagara River, 'Can you have as many boats by such a time?' I turned to General Brown and said, 'I know the thing not to be impossible.' That Camp will do his best. In this season, much to our joy, some means were provided by the indefatigable Camp, and what was more, he had the honor, on that occasion, of leading my brigade; and he stood side by side with me on the quarter-deck of that little boat, which was randed under the heavy fire of the enemy. I had to swim for my life, and he assisted in plucking me up, or I should have been drowned. [Sensation.] But for Major Camp, there would have ended my little story. He took me by the collar, while he was struggling in the stream, and pulled me over the boat. [Cheers.] In every emergency we were favored as by an overruling Providence. In every instance of necessity we were supplied with ample means which reminded me of Frederick of Prussia, who said to the 'Commissary General'—'I know it is impossible for you to place provisions for my army at such a point.' 'May it please your Majesty,' he replied, 'impossibility shall not become possibility, but certainty.' 'So it proved with us, in every event. [Applause.] My honorable friend, who has addressed you in such eloquent terms as almost to deter me from attempting to speak, has referred to some scenes that occurred in Mexico, to one or two of which I beg leave to advert. He has spoken of the proposition extended to the Cherokees—he might have added to the persons and property of all. I had the warm thanks of the Archbishop of that country, for the protection given to the Church, and also those of his people. I had his affection, his thanks, and his blessing. He was an aged man, then eighty-five years, and is now gone to his long home. I spoke to him about the pictures with which the Church was ornamented. There were copies and originals by the first masters of Spain, and the former could not be distinguished by a connoisseur from the original. He supposed I had a fancy for some of them; and I must say I had a lurking wish to bring some home for our public buildings, not for private use. I indicated such a purpose, and he said if I chose to select fifteen or twenty of them, he would assist me in selecting duplicates, one of which might be retained for Mexico. I went home, and thought on the matter. I take those pictures home, though I would be like taking from Peter to pay