

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1855.

VOL. II, NO. 21.

COURT AFFAIRS.

NOVEMBER TERM 1855.

TRIAL LIST.

George Jackson vs Sussman's Exrs. et al.
Serritt & Potters vs J. Alexander, Garnishee.
John Lee vs Joseph P. Moore.
Amos Potts vs James Neely.
S. Creek & Philipburg T. Co. vs W. Graham.
Waterman, Young & Co. vs John Jamison.
James Entekin vs Brison Clark.

TRAVELERS, JURORS.

SECOND WEEK.

William Appleby, farmer, Dublin.
David Albright, miller, Porter.
Henry Boyles, farmer, Penn.
Samuel Bell, farmer, Shirley.
Basil Deyor, farmer, Cromwell.
John Eberly, farmer, West.
James Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
Thomas Fisher, merchant, Huntingdon.
Samuel Garner, farmer, Penn.
James Hutchison, farmer, Henderson.
Samuel Harris, farmer, Penn.
Archibald Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Evans Jones, gentleman, Franklin.
William Krieger, farmer, Warriorsmark.
Daniel Kypser, farmer, Walker.
Thomas Locke, laborer, Springfield.
John Long, merchant, Shirley.
John Murphy, shoemaker, West.
William Morgan, farmer, Warriorsmark.
James Morrow, farmer, Franklin.
Charles H. Miller, tanner, Huntingdon.
Joseph Marlin, farmer, Porter.
George McCrum, Jr., farmer, Barree.
George W. McClain, farmer, Tod.
Jesse McClain, farmer, Tod.
James S. Oaks, farmer, Jackson.
Samuel Pheasant, farmer, Porter.
Andrew Smith, farmer, Union.
Martin Shank, farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Stewart, farmer, West.
Wm. B. Smith, farmer, Jackson.
Dorsey Silkmitter, farmer, Barree.
Peter C. Swoope, Huntingdon.
George L. Travis, mechanic, Franklin.
Michael Ware, farmer, West.
William Hutchison, farmer, Warriorsmark.

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Autumn Thoughts.

BY FRANCIS BENOCH.

The leaves are falling! let them fall!
'Tis Heaven's supreme decree that all
That lives must die;
A little while their glory shone
A little more and they are gone,
In death they lie.

Had we no death, what then were birth?
A cumberer of this pleasant earth,
Where all is fair:
Through death alone is found the room
For budding hope, for mental bloom,
And manhood rare.

Deny us death—destroy the chance
Of soul mature, the proud advance
Of intellect:
Controlling, conquering every plan
That mars the onward march of man
To high respect.

Where men, like granite columns, stand
Obstructive of the good and grand—
O welcome death!
They boast they change not! while they
speak,
Shere hearts are strayed: there power how
weak,
How false their faith!

The bar once broken, soon the tide
Of new opinion, deep and wide,
Resistless flows:
As age must yield to eager youth,
So falsehood flies before the truth,
And wisdom grows.

Man, proud of life! while living, heed
The myriad lives that die to feed
Thy mortal part;
And when the immortal soul takes wing,
Those myriad forms again will spring
From brain and heart.

The life which earth and air bestows
Builds up the fabric of the rose;
Then, earth to earth!
The flower matured gives up its seed;
The leaves dissolve—dissolving feed
A second birth.

The husk of flesh, the shell of clay,
Must to the imperial soul give way,
And let it fly—
Emancipated chrysalis—
From coils of pain to boundless bliss—
To never die!

What we call death, is only change
Of life, permitting souls to range
Unfettered free,
Through all the regions God hath made,
In glorious sun or sombre shade,
Eternally.

Thou, body, brace thyself for strife!
Thou, soul, prepare thyself for life!
And whatsoever
Thy noblest nature feels is right,
For, if unblenching, boldly fight;
For God is there.

THE TWO WAYS.

A Beautiful Story for the Young.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

James Lewis was fifteen years old. Like many a lad of his age, he felt at times that the paternal hand which sought to guide him averted, draw upon the rein too often. He wished to do many things that his father disapproved, and often became impatient when checked by one wiser and more experienced than himself.

In this respect, James was like most young persons, who think their parents or guardians are over particular about them, and more inclined to abridge their pleasure than to widen their sphere of enjoyment.

"I think father is very unkind," we have heard a boy say, when the act of the parent was dictated by the tenderest regard for his welfare.

"Mother never likes to see me enjoying myself," says a little girl, when some restriction was laid upon her. And yet that very restriction is meant to save her from years of misery in after life.

Children are not apt to think their parents are older and more experienced than themselves, and in consequence know better than they what is for their good. Nor do they comprehend the loving and thoughtful care, deepening often into anxious solicitude, with which they are ever regarded. We do not greatly wonder at this, because the minds of children are not perfected, and their store of experience is small. Still, they are able to

act more wisely, and thus to secure happiness in the future, that their parents and friends so often present good precepts to their minds, correct in them, what they see to be wrong, and seek so constantly to turn their feet into ways of safety.

But we are going to relate something about a lad named James Lewis, who was fifteen years old. A boy who has gained that age generally has his mind pretty well stored from books, and he is able to think on a good many subjects. And he is, moreover, very apt to have a pretty good opinion of himself, and to believe that he knows even better than his father, what is best for him.

James was just such a lad as we have here pictured, and his father often felt troubled about him when he saw how perversely he sought to have his own way, even though it was not opposed by his parents.

"My son," said Mr. Lewis, one day, after having vainly endeavored to make James understand that something he wished to do was wrong, "there are two ways of life—one leading to happiness, the other to misery. At first they run almost side by side, and we may easily step from one to the other; but soon they diverge widely, and never come in sight of each other again. The path that leads to destruction, my son, looks more inviting to the young and inexperienced than the one that leads to happiness. The flowers that grow along the margin have brighter hues and a more attractive perfume, while in the distance a hundred bright prospects are given to the eye. The young are naturally inclined to walk in this path. But God has given them parents and friends to point them to the better way and lead them therein. They stand as angles of mercy, sent from Heaven to guide them in the way of life. James, try and let this thought sink into your mind. And now I leave you free, in this instance, to act as your mind may direct. I have pointed out the danger that is before you. I have told you that the way in which you desire to walk is not the right way. That what we feel inclined to do is not always best for us, because our hearts are evil and inclined to lead us into evil. Left free, as I now leave you, my son, let me earnestly entreat you to choose the path of safety. It may not be so inviting at first; you may not be able to enter it except through self-denial; but you will not walk in it long before discovering that the flowers which spring up here and there have a sweet and soothing perfume, and that your feet are not weary, although the way looked rough when viewed from the path I have so earnestly warned you not to take."

We are sorry to say that the words of Mr. Lewis did not sink as deeply into the heart of James as they should have done. It is true that he thought about them, and, to a certain extent, comprehended their meaning. But his inclination was stronger than his reason. As father had not laid his commands upon him, he, after a struggle in his own mind, between a sense of right and a desire to enter into a pleasure whose charms his imagination had heightened, suffered himself to enter the way in which there was no safety, and dreaming of no danger, he was led aside into the commission of an act that violated human and Divine laws. When James returned home, he felt afraid to meet his father. Oh, how unhappy he was. Never in his life had he been so wretched. He had gathered the first fruit that hung temptingly from the branches that bent over the way he had chosen to walk in, but it had proved to his taste as bitter as wormwood. All that his father had said, when warning him not to choose the way of error, came vividly to his mind, and almost with tears did he repent of his folly. Alone in his room, bowed down with shame and self-condemnation, James Lewis sat after the shadows of evening had fallen. Gradually, as the twilight deepened and his eyes seemed to reflect the objects around him, the mind of the lad became filled with confusion, and rapidly changing images.

Suddenly there was a great change. He found himself standing on a beautiful plain, from which departed two roads towards which he was walking. His mind was tranquil and happy. One of these roads looked exceedingly inviting. Bright flowers sprung thickly beside it, and trees, among the branches of which sported birds of gayest plumage, grew all along its borders. The other road presented nothing attractive. The margin was nearly barren, and began at once to ascend a steep and somewhat rugged hill. As James drew near the point where these roads diverged, he met an old man, with a mild countenance, and eyes lit up by wisdom.

"You see before you," said the old man, "the way of life and the road to destruction. Choose now which you will walk in. The road to destruction looks far more inviting than the way of life, but the flowers you see have no sweet perfume, the fruit that hangs temptingly from the trees are bitter to taste, and the road which looks so smooth and pleasant, is in reality rough and stony."

"The farther you go in this road the less attractive it becomes; but with every step of progress in the way of life, the more beautiful all will appear. The one leads to death, the other to life. Choose now, the way in which you will walk."

The boy paused only for a few minutes. He looked, first at the attractive way, and then at the path so full of beauty.

"The old man has erred," said he in his heart. "This is the road to happiness and to life, and the other is the way to destruction."

And then he entered, with hurrying feet, the road to destruction. Earnestly the old man calls after him, and tenderly did he warn him, but the boy heeded him not.

In his eagerness to reach the spot at a short distance from the point where the two roads separated, and at which there was a beautiful arbor, with a fountain throwing bright waters into the sunny air, his foot struck against a stone that was not perceived, and he fell to the earth with a stunning jar. He was in so much pain from the fall when he reached the green arbor, that he could not enjoy its pleasant shade, nor take delight in

the beautiful fountain. With a groan, he threw himself at full length upon the green sward, where he had lain only a few minutes, when he sprang to his feet in sudden terror, for close to him had crept a poisonous serpent that was just about striking him with its deadly fang.

With less ardor, the boy moved on the way he had chosen. Soon a number of flowers, glowing in all the colors of the rainbow, arrested his eyes, and he stepped aside to gather them. But their odor was so offensive, that he threw them to the earth quickly. Another flower tempted him by its beauty, but, in plucking it, he tore his hands with thorns.

Passing now, he looked back, and the wish arose in his mind that he had taken the other road. He would have retraced his steps, and he remembered the serpent at the fountain, and feared to go by that dangerous place again. So he moved on once more. Far in advance there opened before him a beautiful prospect and he passed on to enjoy the scene. But all was an illusion—a mirage in the desert.

When he gained the spot the attraction had disappeared. And now the road began to ascend and to wind along the skirts of a forest. His heart grew faint as he entered deeper and deeper into the gloomy district, and he saw no open space ahead.

As he walked fearfully along, a roar shook the earth, then a beast of prey rushed past him and struck his fangs deep into the vitals of some weaker animal. Terror gave wings to his feet and he ran deeper into the forest. Night at length began to come. It was with difficulty that he could see his or keep in the path, which had become so rough that he stumbled at almost every step. His feet were bruised and cut, and he walked onward in pain.

"Oh, that I had taken the other," he said, pushing in the midst of the dark forest and looking back. But the cry of the wild beasts arose in the direction from which he had come. He moved again, when, suddenly a meteor shot across the sky. By the light which it gave, he saw himself on the very brink of a fearful gulf, and he would have been lost in another moment. The shock startled him from his dream.

All was dark in the chamber where James Lewis sat, and it was some moment before he could realize the fact that he was in his father's house, with two ways yet before him, and he in freedom to choose the one in which he would walk.

Dear children, if you wish to enter the right way—the way of life, leading to everlasting felicity—you must do so through obedience. You cannot yourself know this way. It must be pointed out to you. If left to yourself, you would be almost certain to take the road to destruction. The way of obedience is the way of safety. This way does not look inviting at first, but when you have entered it, you see that it grows more pleasant, attractive and beautiful at every step. Unlike the other way, no serpents lurk amid the waving grass, no thorns are among its flowers; it leads through no dark forest abounding in ravenous beasts. And unlike the way which terminates in the gulf of destruction, it ends in the garden of God.

The Animal Called a Boy.

"A very uncertain mysterious, inexplicable creature is a boy—who can define him?" I will try. A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, springing round like a jenny or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach; makes drumheads of the doors; turns the tin pan into symbols; takes the best knives to dig worms for bait, and looses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his new one; cuts his boot accidentally if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddle for sport, and for ditto tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school books in the gutter; while he fishes with a pin; pockets the school master's "spees," and finally, turns sober household upside down if he cuts his little finger.

He is a provokable torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve. Then begins the rage for frock coats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes and dickers. At fourteen he is "too big" to split wood or go after water; and at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrive to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worn eaten novel for company, or esconced on the wood pile learning legerdemain, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than explorable. At fifteen he has a tolerable experience of the world; but from sixteen to twenty, we may clear the track when he is in sight. He knows more than Washington expresses his decision with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the world; and now lay the track of creation; theology, and the science of the pronoun I, informs his father that Gen. Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible a little too orthodox? In other words, he knows more than he ever will again. Just half one of these young specimens as a boy at sixteen, and how wrathly he gets. If he does not answer you precisely as the urchin did, who angrily exclaimed "don't call me boy, I've smoked these two years!" he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel, and with a curl of the lip mutter disdainfully, "who do you call boy?" and oh the emphasis! But, jesting aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for in all his scrapes his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance, and be sure he will remember his fault, at least five minutes.

"The Old Folks."

"O, sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.
"I suppose I must go down and see the old folks pretty soon, but it is a dull job," said a fashionably dressed young man to me one evening. "The country is so dull, after living in the city, that I dread to go there; there is nothing to look at, and nowhere to go!"

I perceived that the "old folks" he so respectfully spoke of, were no other than his own father and mother.

"I could get along with one day well enough," he said, "but the old folks are never satisfied unless I stay a week, or three or four days, and I get heartsick of it, it is so dull. I used to go and see them once or twice a year, but now it is between two and three years since I have been there. I could go oftener, but it is so tedious; and then they make me so much of me, and cry so when they see me, that it makes me feel bad, because I do not go as much as I ought; so sometimes I think I will not go at all."

How little had this careless son thought of his aged parents, and yet how daily, how hourly had those aged parents thought of him, and how many fervent prayers had ascended to God for him from that quiet fire-side. He knew not how many evils those prayers had averted from his ungrateful head or how many blessings they had poured upon him.

All sons are not thus ungrateful. A young friend of mine who had resided sixteen years in the same great metropolis, has never failed twice a year to visit his parents, and goes often, or whenever it is possible for him to leave his business. I accidentally saw a letter he addressed to a sister a short time since, which shows that a young man can be immersed in extensive business, and yet find time to love and venerate his mother.

"I received a short note from mother," he writes after hearing she has been ill. "I am fearful she is not improving. If she is any worse, or becomes dangerous sick, I desire to know it. I dread the thought that our mother cannot be spared to us many years—at the best—it may be but a few months. I have thought of it very much for a few weeks. Although she has lived nearly her three-score and ten, and nature has almost become exhausted, yet how I should miss her; how we all should mourn for her! What a mother she has been to us; what an example; what a christian! I am sure of it; I know that she has been my dearest object of love and affection all the days of my life. However I may have strayed from her bright examples and her teachings, my mother has always been before me, beckoning me to walk in the right way; and if I have not prayed myself, with the fervor and devotion that I should, I have always felt that she was supplying what I have neglected. How much she has cared for us? What a sacred treasure, even to the end of our lives, will be the memories of our mother."

"I see her now, as she looked to me, when she stood by the bedside of one dying brother, cheering him in his sufferings; and I hear her say, 'The same clock that told me the hour of his birth, is now telling the hour of his death!—What a scene was that? We know, dear sister, that these things must be, and it is not in a melancholy strain that I write, but every indication of the approaching end of my mother, stirs within me all the tenderest impulses of my heart. Her removal will be to the brightest heaven die when she may. Old age is but the threshold of death, and after a life spent as a mother's has been, the portals of another world can have no dreary look."

How ennobling how touching are this young man's words. We cannot but respect him for his beautiful reverence and love for his mother. Years of life in New York, subject to every snare and every temptation, engaged in an extensive business, with the heat and passion of youth upon him, yet the one steady flame of deep love for his mother, burned undimmed in his heart.

Mothers, she was a mother worthy of such a son. She was a christian mother. Would you inspire similar love and reverence, be like her, an earnest and heartfelt follower of the blessed Redeemer.

And let every heartless, neglected son, remember the thorns of agony his thoughtless implants in the hearts of his parents.—Let him call to remembrance the helpless years of his childhood, and all the self-sacrificing love that fill their hearts, and now return to them and to God the love gratitude which are so justly due.—*American Messenger.*

GROWTH OF THE WEST.—"A single fact in regard to the business of the two great railroads which connect our city with the East," says the Chicago Press, "most strikingly demonstrates the wonderfully rapid growth of the West. The entire earnings of the Michigan Central railroad for the year ending June, 1852, (during which year it was the only road leading across the peninsula of Michigan, the southern line was already opened for use in June, 1852,) were \$1,069,947; while this year the gross earnings of the two lines of road will probably exceed \$5,000,000. The transportation of outward-bound products, and the importation of merchandise to and from the port of Chicago, by lake, during the same period, have fairly kept pace with the wonderful increase of railroad business. No wonder, in view of these facts, that stocks in the above roads, and in those important lines which connect the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, are sought after by capitalists with so much avidity, and that they command the comparative high rates at which they are now held; nor is it at all wonderful that those who have any conception of the immense resources of the West which yet remain undeveloped have an abiding confidence that its business must go on increasing in a still more rapid ratio, and that stocks in its judiciously located railroads must continue to be among the safest and most lucrative investments of capital."

Perseverance is the first step toward the temple of fame.

Emigration—Its Effects!

We were a few days since on reading an article in an exchange, struck with the astonishing effects of emigration upon this country. As it is a subject that has lately been occupying the public mind to a great extent in the discussion of political matters, we transfer it to our columns. Discussing the subject whether Emigration is beneficial, the Philadelphia Evening Argus, says:—"It may not be improper to inquire whether or not emigration has been a benefit to the United States. Our public records furnish abundance of facts to enable every man to investigate the subject and answer the query intelligently. In 1790, the white and free population of the United States was 4,231,830. It is claimed that it would have been wise to have excluded from that period, all emigration into this country. Now supposing such a policy had prevailed, what would have been our position in point of population? The last census taken in the United States proves that in 1850 the births of the white and free colored population were 548,835. The deaths were 271,890. The whites are not distinguishable from the free colored population in the census estimate of births and deaths, and we must take them therefore, together. The per centage of the increase of native born population was 1.38 per cent. of the whole white and free colored population of the United States. Our climate and soil, and the facilities which exist for the support of labor make the per centage larger in our country than elsewhere. In England and Wales, in 1850, the increase was 1.25 per cent. In France 1851, it was only 0.44. In Russia, in 1835, it was 0.74 per cent. In Prussia, in 1849, it was 1.17 per cent. In Holland, in 1850, it was 1.23 per cent. In Saxony, in 1862, it was 1.08 per cent. This comparison of the per centage of increase in other nations demonstrates that we may fairly accept the per centage shown by the census of 1850, as a criterion, favorable to us, of the proportion of increase in our native born population, which is the result of the excess of births over deaths.

This per centage of increase—1.38 per cent.—has been faithfully calculated, and we have the tables before us in a shape that no man is likely to gainsay. If there had been no immigration since 1790, our population at the rate of increase referred to, would have been in 1850, 7,355,428, whereas with immigration, the total free population of the United States was 19,987,573. Let any true lover of his country answer