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☞The sentiment of the following lines is vastly more to our liking than the miserable *toryism*—for it is nothing better—that has characterized the recent course of some leading journals, in the Atlantic cities, and their anonymous foreign correspondents, in reference to Kossuth and the Republicans of Europe. It is highly probable, however, that many of them have been subsidized by the despots to whose infamous cause they have prostituted themselves, and therefore their own baseness is the only matter of surprise.—Ed. Chron.

Mass for the Hungarians

WHO FELL IN THE LATE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE WITH AUSTRIA.

I.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass—
The mass that a quiet should roll
For the brave who have fled from Liberty's pave,
Through the shadowy gate of the soul.
The shades of old heroes were hovering around;
Tell, Washington, Emmet, were there;
Their brows were with Liberty's wreath bound,
And their broad spectral forms were without sound
In the funeral breath of the air.

II.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass:
Did I think that I spoke only unto ears
Of those who had sunk from the battle of Life's pass?
Of those who had gone from the battle of Life's pass?
Assuredly more than the ear heard
Was in all the chant said that night of the dead;
Or else the other souls had not come to attend
Those who in other years had fought on Tyranny's side,
Yet shall have to answer for crimes committed against the Law
And Kossuth avenger of the Dead!

III.

The tapers that light on the world's pleasures
Shall die in the fogs of Death's dreary bay;
Its ocean, the cemetery, is full of wrecks,
Hearing down from the ranks of the free:
The priests are fair Liberty's sold to the wicked
Who trample on their soil which they cover in freedom;
Oh, never was more foul treachery proved
As that to be rolled over Hungary's dead
By the blood-dripping tyrants groan.

IV.

Then rest, Heroes! rest with the Heroes of old!
We trample in scorn on the lie
That for Freedom our ancestors bequeath'd
For Freedom alone dare we die!
Yes rest, Heroes, rest! Every echo that sweeps
Over the battle-field murmurs your fame;
Oh, yet shall your mountains rise up in the steeps
Of your own beloved Hungary, new to them the scorn
Where the Tyrant would bury his name!

A Gem.

"Count that day lost, whose low returning sun
Sees no good deed of Kindness done."

THE BLIND SCHOLAR.

A few Sundays ago, Rev. Dr. Timothy Woodbridge, the distinguished Congregational clergyman of Columbia county, N. Y., announced to his congregation his intention of resigning his pastoral charge on the following Sunday. There is no man in the history of the American church, who has occupied even a similar position; for, with his enormous intellectual and pastoral labors and studies for this long period, he has from boyhood been *utterly deprived of the use of his eyes*. He has not gazed upon a human countenance, a flower, the blue sky, or even the light of heaven, for almost half a century; and yet, what he is often commiserated for as the great misfortune of his life, has, under Providence, proved to be the main cause of his usefulness as a clergyman, and his progress in learning as a man of science.

Mr. Woodbridge was born in Stockbridge, Mass., November 20, 1784, (the same day on which Gen. Taylor was born.) His mother, (a daughter of President Jonathan Edwards, of Northampton,) was a woman of powerful intellectual endowment. His father, Jahleel Woodbridge, long occupied important public trusts under the government of the State, and was himself a descendant of the celebrated Timothy Woodbridge who was commissioned by the government of England, in connection with Sergeant, the Indian Missionary, to introduce civilization and Christianity among the Stockbridge Indians. Inheriting, on both sides, a vigorous body and a sound intellect, and gifted with the most brilliant genius, he early displayed an ambition for study and eminence in public life. The sunny and beautiful scenery of Berkshire county, where he was born, had a powerful influence in forming his genius, as it had that of so many other natives of that county, who have subsequently risen to eminence. In the midst of his academic studies, and we believe while he was at Williams' College, he was taken with inflammation of his eyes, which finally resulted in the entire loss of his sight.

This great misfortune, as he at the time regarded it, in no degree subdued him; but he determined, at once, to build for himself a fabric of enduring fame, on what some would have considered his ruin. He began the study of law with his brother, an able counsellor in Stockbridge, who was long the County Clerk of that district. He intended, after completing a full course of legal studies, to enter upon the practice of his profession, and had arranged all its details. His aspirations at this time were very high. He aimed at a lofty eminence, and he thought he was sure of effecting his object. His spirit, too, was stirred with political ambition, and an election to the Legislature of Massachusetts was offered to him by the dominant party. He had already attracted the attention of political and learned men in various parts of the country, and his commanding and electric eloquence—his warm and genial spirit—his bland and courteous manner, and the extraordinary facility with which he seemed to divine the opinions, the manners, and even the intentions of those with whom he had intercourse, as well as the extreme ease with which he moved in society, left everybody impressed with the profoundest feeling of astonishment; for no blind man had never been known to display these attributes. The loss of his sight, everybody saw at once would be converted into a new and unexpected means of eminence, rather than a cause of depression and obscurity. He was on one occasion (and we might specify several) appointed to deliver, before a large assembly that gathered in the Western part of the State, on the 4th of July, an Oration. It was estimated that ten thousand persons were present, and the young orator stood on a cliff which beetles over the beautiful valley of the Housatonic, and is known as a peak of the mountain that Bryant has immortalized in one of his most glorious poems. That oration was published and circulated throughout this country. It even attracted the attention of Europe, and was regarded as one of the most brilliant and powerful efforts ever made by a boy of his age. Catharine Sedgwick, then a young girl of great intellectual promise, and a large number of other ladies of taste and culture, surprised the young orator, as he descended from the cliff, by throwing over his brow a beautiful laurel wreath, interwoven with the choicest wild flowers. It was but an impromptu expression of unbidden admiration, stirred by the eloquence of his genius. It was not long before he ceased to be an object of compassion. He was no longer by those who knew him, pitied or consoled for his misfortune. He became the object of adulation and of envy, and the future seemed to be opening before him with all the brilliancy of certain expectation.

While these stirring projects were agitating his mind, another subject took possession of it. It was the great subject of Christianity. His feelings assumed a religious bias, and he began to think soberly of changing his pursuit. After long deliberation, and many a struggle, he determined to prepare for the ministry. It was with great difficulty that he came to this conclusion, for he could not easily change his well considered purposes, nor has he been able to do so at any period of his life, except under the influence of the strongest convictions of duty. He knew that he abandoning a gainful profession for one that had few worldly attractions; but so deeply was his mind impressed and his judgment swayed by religious convictions, that he was at last brought to the point which he could no longer resist, of believing that his greatest scene of usefulness to mankind and honor to God would be the Christian ministry. After his resolution was fixed he at once repaired to the celebrated Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., which had then been recently established, and around which some of the most learned and eminent scholars of the church had gathered. It began under such auspices as made it evident that it would become one of the main pillars of a sound theology in the western world. Young Woodbridge here began a course, which lasted nearly five years, of the most unremitting intellectual application. He could do nothing by himself, but he had already at that time resorted to a habit which he has observed through life, of having in his employment, or in some manner at his disposal, a congenial spirit, and in Andover these were not wanting. Every intellectual man in that institution at once became his companion and friend. True, loyal, generous, kind, genial, spirited and enthusiastic, and withal full of accurate learning and exquisite literary acquirements, his society was courted on all sides, and into his capacious mind were poured the intellectual treasures of the Seminary. His progress was extraordinary, in every department of human learning. Nothing seemed to be foreign to his studies. His mind grasped everything which came across his track, and with a memory which seemed absolutely miraculous, he seized upon every sentiment and fact worth preserving, and it became his own for ever. He went thro' a thorough course of theological study, and continued to reside at the Institution for two years afterwards. During this period, almost every book on theology, from the Latin and Greek fathers down to that time, was read to him. He was in the habit, from the beginning, of pouring out from the rich storehouse of his intellect the richest productions. An amanuensis was never wanting, for it was a pleasure and a profit for everybody to be in his society. His conversations glowed with the intellectual splendor of the ripest scholarship. His judgment seemed to be so much beyond his years, that even his teachers often consulted him in reference to the gravest matters affecting the doctrines of the Christian church, while the reviews and the journals of the day, were glad to get his communications, and the scholars of the neighborhood always deemed it a privilege to be where he was. He was often the guest of President Kirkland, of Harvard University, and of the most intellectual and scholarly men of that State.

He was licensed to preach after his regular course of study was finished, although he continued his studies sometime afterward, as though he were not in his own judgment yet qualified for the exhausting toils of body and intellect which the faithful and energetic pastor finds he must so unceasingly encounter in the pastoral office. Fixing an exalted standard for all his public performances, he found he could not, with much satisfaction to himself, write more than one sermon a week; but these discourses were listened to by the most cultivated congregations, and often by men distinguished for science and learning, with the deepest astonishment, and the greatest enthusiasm. Many anecdotes are in our possession, that we have learned from Dr. Channing, Dr. Griffin, Lyman Beecher, Dr. Gallaudet of Hartford, President Kirkland, Edward Everett, Orville Dewey, Dr. John Mason, Elisha Williams, John Quincy Adams, and in fact we might enroll here a hundred names of the most intellectual and eminent men of the past generation, whom we have heard speak of their early friend and associate, the Blind Preacher, with the most unrestrained admiration.

When Mr. Woodbridge took the pulpit, he labored chiefly on the broad summits of the church. Nearly all his discourses were preached in large cities. He was invited to preach, and did so, in Dr. Channig's church, and the Old South of Boston, and in Dr. John Mason's pulpit, of New York, and in some others. Whenever it was known he was to speak, there was a wish to hear him, and his discourses produced almost unparalleled results. No one who heard him ever after forgot the discourse or the man. John Mason remarked that he had never known a preacher of his age who, in his judgment, was so well qualified to accept and fill so responsible a position as young Woodbridge. He was pressed to settle in one of the large cities; but being somewhat exhausted by constant labor from Sabbath to Sabbath for a year or two, and being compelled to devote the entire day until late at night to society, he felt that it was necessary for him to suspend for a season these great labors, and he retired to Stockbridge to pass the summer; but his solitude was soon broken into by a delegation from the church in Austerlitz, a small village on the eastern border of Columbia county, about twelve miles from Stockbridge. He was invited to supply that pulpit, which was then vacant, and preached with so much acceptance to the congregation as to receive from them a call to settle as their pastor. He accepted. His history for the next thirty years is a volume of inconceivable interest, and we hope that Dr. Woodbridge will favor the world with some account of his pastorate.

The motives of his resignation of the pastoral office are, first, the settled purpose of his life to resign it while he was still in the glow of health, and before any of his faculties had become in the least degree impaired; having through life always cherished so high a respect for the gospel ministry, he was thoroughly resolved that it should never suffer in his person in any respect. The inadequacy of ministerial support, in country districts, is proverbial; but when a pastor has been long settled over a congregation, they grow slack in paying his salary; and the church at Spencertown, which he leaves partly on this account, has been notorious for its remissness in this respect. The Rev. Dr. Porter, of Catskill, was for many years pastor of this church, and he declared that, in his judgment, neither the congregation nor the church could expect to flourish so long as they were so insensible to their duty in supporting their clergymen. Besides, Dr. Woodbridge wishes, in the step he has taken, to find leisure for completing several volumes of writings which will sum up the result of his studies and experience. Very few men have lived whose autobiography, minutely, would be read so universally. It would embrace all that is charming in the Vicar of Wakefield, all that is touching in the associations that belong to the pastor of Salisbury Plain, and captivating in the contemplation of the calm, beautiful life of the scholar and Christian clergyman. To perform these literary labors, uninterrupted leisure was necessary, and we trust his life will be prolonged yet for a very considerable period, that he may pour out the treasures of his intellect through the press. There are books enough written, such as they are; but such a book as Dr. Woodbridge would write, particularly in the form of an autobiography, does not exist in any language. It would be completely a *sui generis* book.

Dr. Woodbridge's situation appeals to the kindness of his friends and the sympathy of scholars, for he is worth no more to day, than he was on the first day he crossed the borders of Berkshire county and went to Austerlitz. He has always lived in a style of generous hospitality, and we doubt not his resources have been exhausted. We presume that he will not abandon the pulpit, but preach occasional discourses when he is invited from time to time; for it would be unpleasant for us to think that a man of such an intellect, and who has for so long a period, and with so much dignity and splendor filled the pulpit, should utterly give up preaching.—*White Man's Newspaper.*

JOACHIM MURAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MERY, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

At the mansion of the Comtesse de Lipano, at Florence, as soon as the piano ceased to accompany the airs of Bellini, that is to say, generally about midnight, the intimate friends of the family would draw together in a circle, and relate tales and adventures until morning. There was an inexpressible charm in these *reunions*. The saloon was still in disorder from the ball or the concert, but the dancers or the artists had disappeared. The music was scattered upon the desks; the card tables displayed their fading lamps, with their four vacant armchairs; to so much joyous bustle, succeeded a quiet, familiar conversation; coffee was served together with delicious waffles, stamped with the arms of the Queen, and prepared by the former cook of Madame Dubarry. No one tho't of sleep during these delightful morning *soirees*. The Comtesse de Lipano used to say, "Three hours of sleep are enough for me; it is a good habit that I owe to my brother the emperor." And the guests took pride in conforming to a habit which came to them thus directly from Napoleon. On leaving the palace, we often saw the gleam of the dawn upon the black colorade of the offices, and upon the dome of San Spirito. The Comtesse frequently related to us charming narratives, with that half French, half Italian grace, which never forsook her. The illustrious dame had witnessed so many dramas, so many festivals, so many misfortunes, that she never was at a loss when she deigned to furnish her contingent to this traffic in anecdotes.

One night the circle was closely grouped about her arm-chair; the noble dame had promised us something new, and her voice faltered with emotion; her calm and beautiful face was evidently agitated by some sad remembrance. Our silence seemed to question her respectfully, and she began:

"At the time when Italy was French, a sedition broke out in one of our regiments that was in garrison at Leghorn. It was a much more serious affair than a common mutiny. The Emperor appeared extremely irritated when he heard the news; he resolved to make a severe example, and Joachim was charged with the duty of punishing the refractory regiment. The Emperor's orders were precise and terrible; he wished for no court-martials, but for the immediate execution of the culprits.

"Joachim arrived at Leghorn, assembled the regiment upon the public square, and informed the soldiers that he had received an order from the Emperor to punish them, and that he intended to do so. The vehemence of his words, his impetuous and menacing gestures, above all, the authority of his name, had already bro't the rebellious troops to submission. The soldiers cast themselves at his feet; they were humble and suppliant. Joachim was moved; he was always kind-hearted; but he had received his orders; he repressed his emotion, and with anger burning in his face, and in a voice of thunder, he declared his purpose to decimate the regiment.

"The consternation of the troops was great, as you can imagine. The regiment, confined in the barracks, sent several deputations to Murat to implore his clemency. Officers and soldiers swore to confront death in the first battle, beneath the eyes of the Emperor. Murat was for a long time inflexible, in appearance at least; at last he seemed touched by their submission. But the fault was so great, his orders so peremptory, that he demanded that three soldiers, chosen from among the most mutinous, should pay with their lives for the crime of the regiment. The three victims were soon designated; they were put in irons, and their execution announced for the following day. The regiment still remained confined in the barracks.

"In the middle of the night, Joachim directed the three soldiers to be brought before him; a sergeant, in whose prudence he could confide, led them into his presence.

"'You will be shot to-morrow!' said Murat. The soldiers burst into tears. 'Prepare for death, and fall like brave men; it is the only way to wipe out all memory of your crime. I charge myself with the duty of transmitting your last farewells, your last regrets, to your fathers and mothers. Your families did not merit children such as you. Have you thought of your mothers? Speak!' Sobs stifled their voices. 'Those poor women would have been proud and even happy if you had fallen in battle with the Austrians; but to die thus, unfortunate men! Go! I will send you a priest to afford you the last succors of religion. Think upon France and your God; from this moment you belong no more to this world.'

"The soldiers cast themselves at Joachim's feet, not to ask for mercy, but for his pardon, before death. As they were leaving the apartment, Joachim recalled them. 'Listen!' he said: 'If I should grant you your lives, would you live henceforth like honest men?'

"'No, we wish to die,' replied one of the soldiers; 'we have deserved death; let them shoot us; it is just.'

"'But if I do not wish to have you shot?' cried Joachim, 'wherefore would you die, when I would have you live? I have never given the word to fire, except at the enemy, and I can not bear to give it against those who are my brothers, although guilty.'

"And Joachim wept like a woman—he, the bravest of men! Was he not, Messieurs?"

And we wept also around the arm-chair of the Comtesse de Lipano, who spoke so touchingly of her heroic husband.

After a pause she continued her narrative:

"'Listen to me!' said Joachim, in a milder tone. 'You are great culprits, but I am glad to find that you have energy of character; you will second my project well. I grant you your lives, but it is necessary that you should to-morrow be thought dead by all the world, above all, by your regiment. To-morrow, near nightfall, you will be led out of the Pisan gate, upon the glacis; you will receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces distant, and you will fall dead; at this moment the last file of of your regiment will pass across the place of execution; the obscurity of the evening will favor the deception. A man, of whose fidelity I am assured, will place you upon a tumbrel, and transport you to the cemetery. Here you will find a change of clothing wherewith to disguise yourselves as sailors, and a thousand francs will be counted out to each of you; you will remain concealed for a few days in an inn, which will be pointed out to you; in two or three days an American vessel sails for New Orleans; there you will go to pass your days, and live like honest men—do you hear? You will be taken on board as soon as the wind is favorable. Be prudent, and follow my advice exactly. Go; I will take care of your families!'

"The soldiers bathed Murat's feet with their tears, and repeated, again and again, that they would do as he had directed them.

"All passed as Joachim had arranged it. A severe example was given to the regiment; but there was no blood spilled, and the Emperor, happily deceived, thanked Murat for having sacrificed but three lives to the demands of discipline. The Emperor was never informed of the generous stratagem which my husband resorted to in this affair; it was for a long time a secret between myself and a few faithful friends, who have never betrayed it. There is now no indiscretion in divulging it, and I do it therefore for your sakes."

After this narrative Murat's widow, too deeply moved to prolong the conversation, retired to her apartment. We likewise, much affected, kept silence. Every eye was turned upon the magnificent portrait, painted by Le Gros. It represents King Murat, in a striking attitude, galloping along the shore of the bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius, belching flames, rises in the back-ground. Murat and Vesuvius! two volcanoes, face to face.

The conclusion of this narrative was recounted to me, several months afterwards, by a person very intimate with the imperial family. It is like the romantic *denouement* of a drama, which seems to belong less to real life than to the imagination of the novelist.

Upon the borders of a forest, in the vicinity of New Orleans, a huntsman knocked at the door of a modest farmhouse, to seek shelter from the violent storm. It was in the autumn of 1820. The hospitable door was opened, and the stranger was led by an aged woman into a neat apartment, plainly furnished, and almost entirely hung with Parisian lithographs, representing our principal deeds of arms.

"It appears," said the stranger, in the French language, "that my kind star has led me among fellow-countrymen."

"Monsieur is a Frenchman, doubtless?" said the old woman.

"Yes, madame, and a good Frenchman, too. I have even relatives in this apartment."

"My son is in the garden; I will go and call him; he will be very glad to see you."

"Is your son a Frenchman also?"

"Yes, sir."

This reply was uttered with some hesitation; she then added with more confidence—

"He has dwelt a long while in this country, and, God be praised! he does not repent it. This farm belongs to him. We live comfortably and respectably, and have no cause to complain of our fortune."

At this moment the master of the house entered the apartment.

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honor to repose, for a while, beneath our roof, until the storm has passed over; he is a fellow-countryman, he is a Frenchman."

The proprietor of the farm made a military salutation, and stammered out a few words of civility. The face of the stranger produced a similar impression upon him, and he was so agitated that he could not reply to his questions. At last he ventured, with difficulty, to address him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will find my request indiscreet perhaps, but I am constrained to inquire your name. Excuse me—your face ——"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "this is the only question I can not answer. It would be easy for me to deceive you, by giving you a name, but I prefer to be silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to lie. Now that I have refused to tell you my name, I dare not venture to demand yours."

The master of the house did not reply.

"It seems that you, also, wish to keep your name secret," added the hunter.

"Yes, sir; that which I bear in this country is not my true name; why should you desire to be made acquainted with it? I am known here by the name of Claude Gerald."

"At least," said the mother, "this gentleman must not imagine that my son need blush for the name he bore in France. There are reasons which ——"

"It is the same with me," said the hunter, "I tell my name only to those who deserve to hear it, and from this moment I think you worthy of the favor. I am Achille Murat; I am the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerald and his mother both fell with their faces to the earth, as if stricken down by the weight of so great a name.

The Prince, at that time a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not comprehend this excess of emotion, which they seemed unable to control. No sooner had Claude overcome his agitation, than he pointed to the portrait of the King of Naples, which hung against the wall, inclosed by branches of green laurels, and he said to the son: "There is your glorious father! He is the master and saint of this dwelling; it is to him I owe all. One day, when I was in danger of death, your father saved my life."

"Upon the field of honor?" said Achille Murat.

"No, upon the field of dishonor. I had forgotten myself; my brain was on fire; I deserved death. They conducted me to the port of Leghorn, with two of my comrades, who were as culpable as I was; they fired at us; we fell. It was Murat who had arranged it all. By his assistance I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New York. I still live, and this life I owe to your noble father. I have labored, and I am now in comfortable circumstances. My mother, to whom a certificate of my death had been sent, received some years later a letter from her living son, inviting her to come to America. My poor mother, after having wept so much for my loss, nearly died with joy on seeing me again. And now, if the son of my royal benefactor needs my arm, my wealth, my life, all are his."

"I recognize him in your narrative—my generous father!" said Achille Murat, with tears in his eyes.

"He has pardoned many others besides," said Gerald.

"He found none to pardon him!" replied his son.

Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole composition of man.

To improve a man, is to liberalize and enlarge him in thought, in feeling, and in purpose.

From the Montreal Herald, Oct 29, 1851.

PRESENTATION DINNER, GIVEN BY THE SUB-CONTRACTORS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE & ATLANTIC RAIL-ROAD, TO MESSRS. JOHN & WM. HAYES BLACK.

It is doubtless known to many of our readers, that when the Messrs. Blacks' connection with the St. Lawrence & Atlantic Railroad Company ceased, their sub-contractors decided upon presenting to them a testimonial of the esteem and regard, which their uniform liberality and consideration, while constructing the great work on which all had been engaged, had secured to them. It was finally determined that this testimonial should consist of an elegant service of silver plate to Mr. Black, senior, and of a gold snuff box to his son, Mr. William H. Black. It was further determined that they should be presented to the Messrs Blacks' at St. Hyacinthe, on Wednesday last, where they had been invited to a dinner at the Exchange Hotel, in honor of the occasion. On Wednesday, then, about six o'clock, about seventy gentlemen sat down to Mr. Savage's well-supplied board—Mr. William Brooks, of Sherbrooke, in the Chair, supported on the right and left by the guests of the evening, and Mr. J. Findlay at the foot of the table. Among the guests we remarked Dr. Boutillier, M.P.P. for the County, Mr. Laframboise, (Seignior of St. Pyacinthe,) Mr. Cheney of Sherbrooke, Mr. Barnes of St. Hyacinthe, Mr. George Brooks of Sherbrooke, Mr. Farewell of Shipton, Mr. Pomroy of Compton, and other gentlemen from the Eastern Townships. On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman rose and proposed the health of Her Majesty the Queen, which was responded to with marked enthusiasm, as was that of Prince Albert and the Royal Family, which followed. "The Governor General of Canada" was then drank with the usual honors. "The President of the United States" was next given by the Chairman, and received with the utmost cordiality by the company. Mr. James Black, (son of Mr. John and brother of Mr. Wm. H. Black,) having been called upon, responded to this toast. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen—On behalf of the American gentlemen present this evening, I thank you for the compliment you have paid us, by the hearty manner in which you have toasted the chief executive officer of our country. Although I might, without fear of disputation use the expression of our worthy Chairman, that I am neither an orator nor the son of an orator, I feel that my tongue must become palsied ere it refuse to thank you for the unexpected compliment you have just paid me, by remembering my country in the midst of your festivities. I very much regret, however, that the duty I have undertaken, has not fallen upon some one more worthy of the occasion and more able than I am to perform it.—Gentlemen, in all ages of the world and among every people, the man whose heart ceases, when among strangers, to beat warmly for his native land, however humble or low in the scale of nations that land may be, has been justly despised. Few there are whose hearts are so apathetic, as not to appreciate highly, as I do, the kindness you have shown by remembering the land of my birth, upon this occasion. Americans I believe, are usually not considered very modest when speaking of their country or its institutions. We, nevertheless, are fond of praise from others, and esteem more highly a compliment to our nationality when coming from Britons, with the hearty good will you have manifested this evening, than a compliment from any other people. John Bull is known to be egotistical; and when he forgets himself and praises us, we are satisfied that there must be considerable merit displayed, to call forth his commendation. Jonathan receives with exultation all that is said, and takes to himself a good deal more than is meant. But, gentlemen, if Americans feel that there is anything in their country or its institutions worthy of a Briton's commendation—if the United States have grown within the memory of those still living, from 3,000,000 of people, inhabiting a small strip of territory but sparsely settled, to a population numbering 25,000,000, and to a territory now extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, embracing in extent nearly one-half of the continent of North America—if they are distinguished for intelligence, energy of character, enterprise, and love of order and law—if their people enjoy liberty and happiness—if their commerce whitens every sea, and their flag is known in every harbor on the globe—Americans, gentlemen, are proud to remember, that the principles of liberty and virtue, found in their constitution and laws, which have led (if you will allow me to say it) to those glorious results, within so short a period, are the principles learned from ancestors, who were proud to acknowledge the Lion and the Unicorn as their national ensign. The principles forming the ground of the constitutions and laws of both England and the United States, are identical—the history and the language of both people are the same. Their sympathies must, consequently, be stronger for each other than for any other people; and I am happy to know that the prejudices that have heretofore existed, are fast disappearing before the peaceful efforts of intercourse and commerce. I regard, and have ever regarded, the history of England as the history of my people; the noble deeds of the heroes of Crecy and Poictiers, as the noble deeds of my ancestors; whilst in the Charter of Runnymede, I find the principles of that liberty which has made Eng-