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POETRY.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

From *Gleanings of Europe*, by Henry W. Longfellow.

Certainly all who know that to men stands not in the shape of bodies, but in the power of reason, would listen awhile, unto Christ's wholesome and peaceable teaching, and not puff up with arrogance and conceit, rather, he holds his own opinion.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Like a huge eagle, from the forest of the hills,
From their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Stood the villages with strange alarms,
And the sound of their great guns,
As if a great host, with their great guns,
Were marching to the sound of their great guns,
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I hear even now the infinite forest above,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
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In long reverberations reach our own.

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A rainbow in the sky.

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RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

The right of man, whether foreign or real, divine or vulgar, vested or contested, civil or uncivil, common or uncommon, has been so fully and so frequently discussed, that one would suppose there was nothing new to be felt or expressed on the subject.

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

The injured party was an involuntary fellow passenger; and the first glance at him, as he leisurely ascended the cabin stairs bespoke him an original. His face, figure, gait, gestures, were all more or less eccentric; yet, without any apparent affectation of singularity. His manner was perfectly earnest and business-like, though somewhat reserved.

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

"My good sir, you will excuse me. The case is nobody's but my own. You are a regular passenger. You have a right to go to Holyhead, or to Liverpool, or to Gibraltar, or to the end of the world—*if you like*. But I choose to be in Dublin. What right have I to be there then? Not one atom! I've no right to be in this vessel, and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, [waving his arm up and down,] than the Pigeon House."

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

"It is a very unpleasant situation. I allow sir, said the captain to the stout passenger; 'but as I told the gentleman, my hands are tied. I can do nothing, though nobody is more sorry for his inconvenience.'"

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

"Upon my word then," said the skipper, rather briskly, "you must swim back, like a grampus, or borrow a pair of wings from the gulls." The man at the helm grinned his broadest, at what he thought to be a good joke of his officer's; while the original turned sharply round, parodied a Yankee's laugh at the fellow, and then returned to the charge.

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

"Come, come, skipper, it's quite as far out as I care for—if you want to treat me to a sail!"

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

"I'm not joking, myself, and I have no right to be jacked upon."

RIGHT AND WRONG—A SKETCH AT SEA.

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SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Mr. Webster, I only regret that I am not here in person, to be present at this assembly of Whigs of the States, (cheers) and to come among you for the single purpose of adding one more humble but decided voice to those tones of sentiment which, springing from this multitude, shall bear over the land, the determined, decisive approbation of the proceedings of the Nominating Convention of yesterday.

SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

"We are assembled to perform one of the most sacred—of the most responsible duties that devolve on freemen in a time of peace. We are assembled to take measures and express our opinions preparatory to the election of a President and Vice President of the United States. (Cheers.) In a time marked with uncommon interest, with a future which seems to be full of great events, we are met to take steps to elect men to these great and high offices. Gentlemen are assembled here from every part of the land, and from every walk of life—men who have honored themselves, and who have honored their country. (Cheers.) Many within the Halls of Congress—others on the bench of the high courts of justice—in every profession, legal, scientific, commercial—in every pursuit throughout the country—these, these have not to ratify the results of the deliberations and the selections of yesterday. (Cheers.) You have come to that result with an unanimity almost unparalleled. You have selected one for the highest office in your gift—who is likely to form one point—the only one—the single one—the rallying point of all good Whigs. (Cheers.) Whigs of the United States, I say to you all, by what means—under what auspices do you intend to accomplish your object to elevate this one to that high station? Let me remind you when our fathers resolved to achieve the independence of their country, they announced their feelings, their hopes, and their deliberations, in this sentence—'Our cause is just, and our Union is perfect.' (Cheers.) We were not born to achieve independence—but we were born to an inheritance of these great blessings, obtained for us by our fathers, and we are charged with the duty of their preservation. Let us then, borrow not only their language, but their sentiments, their determination, and their action. And let it go forth to the Gulf of Mexico—to the falls of the Mississippi—to the Mountain tops of my native State, with a voice, a tone, a vigor, that shall announce to every Whig throughout the land that our cause is just—our Union is also perfect. (Cheers.) The members of the Convention have nominated Henry Clay of Kentucky, for President of the United States. (Terrific cheering.) For 30 years that distinguished man has served his country honorably and usefully, both at home and abroad. (Cheers.) The position in which he has stood, before the people, and the public sentiment from all quarters, radiate clearly and decisively, that he is a man whom the wishes of the country are conferred. (Cheers and cries of 'Good for you, Dan, that's true!')

SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER AT THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

"But, my good sir," began the pompous man, "I have no right to be in this vessel, and the captain, there, knows it. I've no right (stamping) to be on this deck! I have no more right to be tossing at sea, [waving his arm up and down,] than the Pigeon House."

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