

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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## TERMS.

The "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL" is published every Thursday morning, at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months Two Dollars will be charged. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement. ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; \$1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms. All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RILEY.

## FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild; his cheek Was pale, and cold as clay; Upon his tightened lip a smile Of fearful meaning lay.

He mused awhile, but not in doubt. No trace of doubt was there; It was the steady, solemn pause Of resolute despair!

Once more he looked upon the scroll, Once more its words he read; Then, calmly, with unflinching hand, Its folds before him spread.

I saw him bare his throat, and seize The blue, cold gleaming steel, And grimly try the tempered edge He was so soon to feel.

A sickness crept upon my heart, And dizzy swam my head; I could not stir, I could not cry, I felt benumbed and dead!

Black, icy horror struck me dumb, And froze my senses o'er; I closed my eyes in utter fear, And strove to think no more!

Again I looked—a fearful change Across his face had passed; He seemed to gasp—on cheek and lip A flaky foam was cast.

He raised on high the glittering blade— Then first I found a tongue: "Hold! madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not, One glance around he gave, And ere I could arrest his hand, He had—BEGIN TO SHAVE!

## PETER GRAY.

I'll tell you of a nice young man, Whose name was Peter Gray; The state where Peter Gray was born Was Pennsylvania.

This Peter he did fall in love All with a nice young girl, The name of her I'm positive Was Lizzyanny Quirl.

When they were going to be wed, Her father he said "No!" And brutally he sent her off Beyond the O-hi-o.

When Peter heard his love was lost He knew not what to say, He'd half a mind to jump into The Susquehanna.

But he went trading to the west, In furs and other skins, And there was caught, killed and drest By the bloody In-gi-ans.

When Lizzyanny heard the news She straightway went to bed, And never did get up again Until she di-ed.

Ye fathers all a warning take, Each one as has a girl, And think upon poor Peter Gray And Lizzyanny Quirl.

## Fall of Rocks at Niagara.

Last week, an immense mass of solid rock fell into the river below, weighing about 200 tons. It projected out from the perpendicular ledge, with seemingly no support under it, but held only by the earth and roots, on top, connecting it with the main bank. On removing this earth a seam was discovered, and the rocks began to manifest signs of uneasiness, feeling as much as a rock could feel, evident agitation at the prospect before it. The seam gradually opened, little patches of earth disengaged themselves, and word soon spread that the big rock was about to take a leap into the foaming cauldron below. The trees which stood upon it began to nod good bye; the seam rent, and the rock fell, "the fall thereof being great." Away it went, jumping, crashing, and tearing everything before it, 200 feet below. The tall trees in its course snapped like pipe-stems. But when it reached the river a most magnificent spectacle was presented. There rose, like a great water giant, a white column of spray and mist a hundred feet high—incalculable as it may seem, those who witnessed it will attest that it rose to one-third the height of the chasm—and spread round in falling a distance of from two to three hundred feet, and the rays of the sun striking it, formed a perfect rainbow. It was certainly the grandest sight of the kind ever witnessed.

## WASHINGTON.

There seems to be something in the very name of this illustrious individual, that every American seems instinctively, as it were, taught to venerate, inasmuch as every incident of his life is becoming more and more interesting as time is gradually gaining space, from his life time to the present moment.

I was seated the other afternoon, enjoying a cigar, at the Morpeth Hotel, when a plain, well-dressed elderly man, drew a chair towards me, and seeing me so much at leisure, evinced a disposition to enter into a conversation with me, when I observed—

"Well, friend, it appears from all accounts our new president has left us."

"Yes, sir, so it seems—and on so short a notice," he replied.

"He was quite an aged man—not so old as myself, by several years. Was you in this country during the revolution, sir?"

"O, yes, sir, I was born in this country thank God."

"Then, sir, you must have some recollection, but I was to young to enter the service at that time."

"And where were you, sir?"

"In Westchester, sir."

"Oh! then you had an opportunity of knowing considerably about the great movements of that day; and do you recollect the features of General Washington as perfectly as though it was but yesterday? and Lafayette, too? and Harry Pinckney?"

"Yes," said he laughing heartily. "Crosby and my father were neighbors."

So saying, I offered him a cigar, which he declined, and said—

"If the landlord has a pipe, I will prefer it.—I should like to tell you," he continued, "a little circumstance which took place between General Washington and myself."

I observed I should be delighted to hear it, and he related the following history of a day in the General's employ.

"Well, one morning father told me to take the black mare to Sing Sing, and get her shod, and wait till old rum nose Ben, the blacksmith shod her. So I stood at the door of old Ben's shop; and who should drive up to the tavern opposite, but Washington in his coach, and Lafayette with him. They both got out, and I saw both pass into the back room, and the landlord followed. In a few seconds the landlord beckoned me from the piazza. I felt frightened at first, and wondered what it meant; but, thinks I, they want some grog and fresh water. I was in my shirt and trousers, without shoes, and on my head an old cocked hat, and my feet and ankles you may judge. I had been hoeing corn in the morning; but in I went. As I approached the bar, I met the landlord, who said:

"There are two gentlemen in the back room, who wish to see you."

Unable to smother a laugh, I said—

"My God! I can't go; see me," and I exhibited myself, and pointed to my feet.

"Come along, I'll go with you."

So in we went.

As I pulled off my hat, the stoutest man says—

"Sit down young man."

"This boy," said the landlord "I am confident will do any service you may trust him with to your satisfaction," and withdrew from the room; and the General began—for it was Gen. Washington himself:

"Young man, I wish to procure the newspaper of to-day, from New York, can you procure it for me?"

I hesitated a moment, and replied—

"I think I can, sir."

"Well," says he to the Marquis, "please inquire of the landlord if he will furnish a good horse."

"No, no," said I, "I don't want a horse."

"How will you go, then?"

"In my canoe," I said.

The Marquis could not refrain from a downright laugh, which brought the landlord to the door.

"The devil! you'll be drowned!" says the Frenchman.

"There's not water enough in the North river to drown this child, I know," said I.

The Marquis and the landlord enjoyed the retort by hearty laugh, but the other turned to the window, looked on the river a few seconds and observed—

"The tide serves, and I wish to see you off.—What time will you probably return?"

"Between seven and eight this afternoon," I replied.

He handed me a gold piece.

"I don't want half so much; I only want sufficient to buy some fowls and eggs with, for I am going to market."

The General turned to the landlord, and said to him—

"Give him as much change as he wishes.—On which he handed me about twelve shillings, while I observed—

"Now I'll run home and get some clothes on in a few minutes."

"I wish to speak a few words with you before you start."

"I shall not be here again till I come from

New York, sir. In fifteen minutes I shall start from the little stone dock," and I pointed to it out of the window.

"I desire you to be prudent and keep your own counsel," said the General; "and should any mischief befall you, so that you are detained, do not fail to let me know all the circumstances immediately, so that I may relieve you."

So, saying "good bye," I took my hat and started, and by the time I stated I left the dock, and saw the carriage drive off.

I soon reached the city, and went to Claus Vandarats, in the Bowery, who used to keep the Sour Krot Club House, as it was then called, and where I had often been with my father, who was an old friend of his. I told him my errand, and the haste I was in, on account of the time of tide.

"Well," said he, "Here's Huey Gaines, today's paper, and here is an English paper which came in the British packet last night—take that too, and the sooner you are off the better, it is now dead low water."

I felt rejoiced at getting the other paper, and had them between my shirt and skin, in my bosom very soon. I left my fowls and eggs with him, and took the baskets back, but not till the good old Dutchman had tossed into one a large roll of gingerbread, and which I began to need very much. As I approached the wharf, there were three red coats looking towards a ship at anchor in the river. As I stepped into my canoe, they walked to the place, and one asked—

"Where are you going?"

"To Weehawk," said I.

"To market, to sell some chickens and eggs," I answered.

They said no more, and I made the best of my way to Sing Sing, with a fine tide, and soon arrived there, just before those I have mentioned, and my heart felt good to see the carriage drive to the tavern, and both of them looking for me out of the window. I fastened my canoe, but left both baskets, for I knew that funny Frenchman would make fun of the gingerbread. As I entered the house, the landlord was in the bar. I saw the back door open and the landlord told me to go in, which I did, and Lafayette shod me slowly to.

Washington was on his feet, and before I could doff my hat he observed—

"Well my young friend, what success?"

"All good, sir," I said, laughing, as I thrust my hand into my bosom and pulled out both papers and handed them to him.

"An English paper—where did you get this from?" said he, as a look of approbation spread over his noble face.

"Sourkrot Hall, sir."

He reached his hand and took mine, saying, "I am greatly obliged to you."

"Sourkrot Hall?" said the Frenchman looking at me very significantly.

"You've not had your dinner?" said the General.

"Not to-day, sir."

"Marquis, please order some, and a dish of tea."

"No, sir, I must go home."

Washington took out his purse, and held five guineas towards me. I drew back and said—

"I am an American, sir, and father would make me return it right away if he knew it."

"Well," said he, "if I can reward you no other way, bear in mind this—General Washington thanks you; and give my respects to your father, and tell him I congratulate him on having such a son; and remember, if at any time during this contest, or hereafter, if you get involved in any difficulty, let me hear from you, and I will relieve you if in my power."

"As he said this, I thought I saw a tear starting in his eyes, and Lafayette's likewise, as they both hurried into the carriage, when the landlord followed to the steps. While the waiter was closing the door Lafayette said—

"My God! what a country! patriots from the commander-in-chief down to the ploughman! they deserve to be free."

"Yes," replied the other, as the coach drove off, "and I trust in God they will be."

## The Mean Man.

"I've known some very mean men in my time. There was Deacon Overreach, now he was so mean, he always carried a hen in his gig-box when he travelled, to pick up the oats his horse wasted in the manger, and lay an egg for his breakfast in the morning. And then there was Hugo I. N. O. A. S. I. D. M. A. D. H. I. S. W. I. F. E. P. O. T. A. T. O. E. S. to make his wife potatoes to pay for the marriage license. "Lawyer," he continued, addressing himself to Barclay, "I must tell you that story of Hugo, for it's not a bad one; and good stories like potatoes, ain't as plenty as they used to be when I was a boy.—Hugo is a neighbor of mine, though considerably older than I be, and a mean neighbor he is too. Well, when he was going to get married to Gretchen Kolp he goes down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," says he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars!" says he.

"Six dollars?" said Hugo; "that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take no less?"

"No," says he. "That's what they cost me to the Secretary's office at Halifax."

"Well how much do you ax for publishing in church, then?"

"Nothing," says parson.

"Why," says Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect you to give no change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays," says Hugo. "Well that's a long time too. But three Sundays only makes a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great sum of money for a poor man to throw away, I must wait."

"So off he went a-jogging towards home, and looking about as mean as a new sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came in his head, and back he went, as hard as his horse could carry him.

"Parson," says he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars. I'll tie the knot tonight with my tongue, that I can't undo with my teeth."

"Why, what in nature is the meaning of all this?" says parson.

"Why," says Hugo, "I've been ciphering it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing bans, after all. You see sir, it's a potatoe digging time; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as bands are scarce and wages high, if I marry her to-night, she can begin to dig our own to-morrow, and that will pay for the license, and just seven shillings over; for there ain't a man in all Clements that can dig and carry as many bushels in a day as Gretchen can. And besides, fresh wives, like fresh servants, work like smoke at first, but they get sassy and lazy after a while."

"Oh my," said Miss Lucy, did you ever hear the beat of that? Well I never!"—The Old Judge.

## Meagher's Lecture on Australia.

We copy below the Lecture of Thomas Francis Meagher, on Australia, delivered at Metropolitan Hall, in New York, two weeks ago. The audience was very large. There was fully 4,500 persons in the building. A large number went away. Not only was every seat in every part of the building occupied, but the stage, the passage ways, and every available standing spot were densely crowded; in fact, the people were as densely wedged together as it was possible for them to be. Mr. Meagher made his appearance on the stage exactly at eight o'clock, accompanied by some friends, and was greeted with prolonged and hearty cheers. He said:—

The great clock of the Bastille ticks inaudible in its inner court there, at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special for it or the world were passing. The secrets of those "eight grim towers" are not yet disturbed. These two cannon there, mounted with silver—the ancient gift of his Majesty of Siam to Louis XIV.—are not yet soiled by the touch of the people. Camille Desmoulins has not yet stuck the green leaf in his hat; has not yet mounted his chair in the Palais Royale; has not yet exclaimed:—

"Friends! shall we die like hunted hares?—like sheep hounded into their penfold bleating for mercy?" Mirabeau has not yet exclaimed, looking at the poor king covered with his jewels and his ribbands:—"Behold the victim already adorned for the sacrifice!" Marie Antoinette may still sit beneath the canopy of purple velvet sprinkled with golden lilies, in the church of Notre Dame. The nobles may still surround her in their black coats, silk cloaks, lace cravats and feathered hats; or, tramping upon the national cockade, pledge their swords in delicious festivities at Versailles. Not for another year will Madame de Montmorin, wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, looking down from the gallery in the hall at St. Louis, and checking the daughter of Necker in her exultation, whisper to her:—"You are wrong to rejoice; this event forebodes much misery to France and to ourselves." The winds are still in their caves; but there are signs in the heavens, and strange things have come to pass. The parliament of Paris has passed a decree, for the second time, against the lettres de cachet, and for the recall of all exiled persons. The Abbe de Sieyes had written—"The Tiers Etat are nothing. What ought they to be?—everything!" La Rochefoucauld had interrupted the Archbishop of Aix, who had said that tithes were the spontaneous offerings of christian piety, exclaiming,—"the spontaneous offering of Christian piety—on which there are now forty thousand law-suits in this realm!" The courtiers were heard to applaud in private the Declaration of Rights drawn up by Jefferson. The English had evacuated the city of New York. The officers who served under Lafayette at Brandywine and Monmouth had returned home—had been everywhere received with honor—were equally caressed by the philosophers and the ladies. Necker had been recalled from exile, and instructed to repair the finances of the kingdom:—There was an enormous deficit in the treasury—so enormous that it was called "the abyss." Something was at hand. The clouds were moving up.

The tops of the mountains were already hid. Yes, even the bronze figure of the king on that tall monument was growing dim in the thickening mist. "Far down in their vaults in the huge prison which had only another year to

stand, and the great clock of which ticked insensibly at its ease, hour after hour, as if nothing special for it or the world were passing—far down in their vaults, the prisoners hear the muffled din as of an earthquake." In another quarter of the earth—away in the blue solitudes of the ocean—another event is taking place.—I through a narrow gateway, in a black wall of rock, six hundred feet in height, a ship is disappearing. One by one, the white wings vanish, and as the wall closes in a red ribbon, fluttering in the air tells you the name of the king of which she is the messenger. The stranger has disappeared. There is nothing to be seen but the black wall before you, stretching to the north and south for miles and miles. There is nothing to be heard but the dull sound of the slow waves, as they roll in against the vast rampart, and muttering for a moment, roll back again to the solitudes of the ocean. Spring upon that rock there—grasp that tough root above you—steady your footing—rest a moment!—There—look up—the wall has grown higher since you leaped. As you gaze upon it, it grows higher—you see it growing! There is life in the black mass. It moves—lifts itself up—touches that solitary star! Steady—rest a moment longer. Tighten your hold upon the root. Take heart, the hunter of the Tyrol speeds along a more fatal path, and starts the chamois from a crag nearer the sun! On then; spring to that other rock. Grasp the long grass, to your left. Do you see that ledge there?

It shelves too suddenly—your foot gives way—down upon your knees—lock your hand in the crevice straight before you. Now, the other hand—up—up! Then you come to a slab of sandstone: cross it, and you reach the trees!—The wall still towers many feet above the climber, and there is a weary and a dangerous path still before him. But, between him and the wave which wets the rock upon which he first sprang there is a precipice. He has reached the trees. He grasps the first, swings himself to the second, then to the third. He has gone. The moving speck is lost in the darkness of those Alps. Is that a cry? The waves utter no cries—the rocks are dumb—the trees moan only when the storm is coming on. Another moving speck—moving towards the cloud—moving towards the sun, no bigger than this hand, yet more distinct than cloud or sun—moving silently, far up there—in the azure sky. Hurrah! the climber has topped the wall, has started an eagle from his throne, and now looks down upon, and far and wide into the land, they call Australia. Below him, in the shadow of a circling forest, lies a noble lake mirroring the green islands which sleep in flowers upon its breast, the black swans that sail across it, uttering cries so mournful and musical, and the tall corm that speeds along the sands more fleetly than the wild dog—and that ship with its white wings furled, and the red crest drooping from the peak, which disappeared through the gateway in the rock. It is the "Sirius," from London—one year and twelve days out—in charge of Captain Phillip, with six hundred prisoners on board and a guard of marines, two hundred and fifty strong. On the 26th of January, 1788, the Captain landed, ran up the English ensign, and read the proclamation constituting the colony of New South Wales. Eighteen years before, Captain Cook, casting anchor in a bay a few miles farther to the South, had taken possession of the whole of the eastern coast, in the name of George the Third, King of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith.

Mr. Meagher then proceeded to give a graphic sketch of the rise and progress of the colony up to the present day, which displayed the most minute research. He exposed the tyranny practised in the early history of the colony, until its power and resources have become gradually developed and it has outgrown oppression, and is in the attitude of asserting its independence.

Mr. Meagher then gave a glowing description of the gold discovery. He proceeded as follows:—

Through that gateway in the rock, morning steals fragrant with the flowers of the coral isles through which he tripped along the waters of the Pacific—the wild birds are on the wing—the native dog slinks away in the cold-night to his hiding place among the dead trees. The sleeper awakes—awakes and the climes that is softer than the wooded regions of Arcadia, more fruitful than the sunny island from whose fields the daughter of Vesta wove her fairest garland; but his brow is flushed, his eyes inflamed, his pulse beats anxiety, impatience, bewilderment, a world of care and wonder is written in his look. He has dreamt of gold. Along that road over the blue mountains, where a few years since a little band of brave adventurers went in search of pasture for their sheep, a multitude, denser and more motley than that which treads the sands to Mecca, moves on. And down that river, where the seamen of the Calcutta frigate a few years since had picked up the glittering atoms, but threw them away, thinking it was mica, ships straining with richer burdens than the Venetian argosies ever bore are passing out to sea. With respect to this discovery, all the credit of it is due to Mr. Hargraves, a colonist of New South Wales, who, on his return from Cal-

ifornia at the end of 1850, being greatly struck with the analogy that appeared to exist in the geological structure of the two countries was induced to enter upon the inquiry that led to the discovery. The value of the exports from the port of Melbourne alone, from the gold discovery in November, 1851, amounted to £1,235,326, exceeding in value all the gold imported into Europe from Mexico and South America in 1836.

In 1812 the colony contained only 10,454 souls, 21,000 acres in cultivation and 74,000 under pasture. Now it has 2,000,000 of the free people, an export of £2,899,600, an import of £2,078,300; has 7,000,000, some say 12,000,000 sheep, and for the discharge of her debts and liabilities, bars upon bars of yellow metal piled in her mountains. Yet with all this, she is not at rest. The wrinkled hand of England is upon her. Years they have petitioned and protested, over and over again, against the perpetuation of this terrible and incalculable wrong. In vain; the curse continues, the pestilence becomes intolerable. In 1851, the five colonies—New South Wales, Port Phillip, South Australia—New Zealand, and Van Dieman's Land, enter into a solemn league and covenant, binding themselves, one to the other, to resist, by every just means within their power, the transportation of criminals to their shores. They adopt a flag.—

The convict officers and their supporters—the pollutionists, as they are called—announce it as a seditious rag. It does look indeed, as if it were copied from the bunting of the Chesapeake. Honor and victory to that flag. It is lifted in a holy cause—it is the type and war crest of a nation full of youth and glorious promise. One of these days it will traverse the world, with the five stars, in undisputed possession of the field. That destiny was pre-ordained—was pre-arranged—would have come—though all her wealth lay in the fleeces of her flocks, and no sands sparkled through the streams at which they drank. Inevitable always, it is now immediate.

The gold discovery shortened the road to it—shortens it by a thousand miles—disperses many superfluous words—many circumlocutory chapters in her history—has saved her, perhaps many a discomfiture—many a staggering blow upon an exhausting wound. Gold, which has caused many a brain to ache, has blistered many a hand, has broken many a noble heart, has wounded many a soaring soul, and, clinging to it, has brought it to the dust; gold, which has bought the integrity of the statesman, and led his wisdom captive; gold, which has silenced the tongue of the orator and bought the lucious flatteries of the poet; gold, for which, in the gay saloons of fashion, many a fair and noble girl has plighted the vow which consigned her life to bitterness and locked upon her radiant neck the snake which swells her veins with venom; gold, which has stolen into the councils of the struggling nation, has bred dissension among her chiefs, has broken the seal of her most sacred secrets, has forced the gates of her strongest citadels, has bought the evidence which hurries her to the scaffold, has bought the votes which made over her inheritance to others, and her glory to a strange people—gold, which has led the traitor to the garden, and with a kiss betrayed the Redeemer of the world, gold which in so many shapes has stepped with a stealthy tread or rioted amongst men—which has been the fever, the madness, the despair—has been in turn, and in quick succession, the spy, the swindler, the perjurer, the assassin—the foe of innocence, the blight of beauty, the bane of genius; gold, has become a fountain of life, and freedom—the serpent has been transformed into a blossomed wand—Lucifer has become the morning star!

To you, the citizens of America, it must be pleasing, indeed, to behold a new republic rising up to share with you the labors and the glories of a future, before which the conceits of the Old World shall be humbled, and in the light of which humanity shall grow strong. Already—as if you had a secret intimation of it—you have gone down to the golden shores of the Pacific, and there, arrayed as a bridesmaid in her jewels, your youngest daughter has waited the coming of the bridegroom. The new comer traces his descent from an ancestry which has given to the tongue you speak, and the sounder portions of the laws you reverence. The new-comer has had trials similar to those which taxed the patience and roused the courage of your fathers. The new-comer has wealth, an enterprise and growing interests—all the sympathies—all the facilities—all the facilities which qualify to enter with you into relations of statesmanship and commerce. In these new communities, humanity restores itself. One fair morning towards the close of last summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the ripeness of the fruit which waved around me, and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me that the most glorious I had seen in any clime; the most glorious which the earth could bring forth. "That seed," said one who stood by, "came from Egypt." It had been buried in the tombs of the kings; had lain with the dead for two thousand years.

But, though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramid, it did not die. It lived in the silence—lived in the darkness—lived under the mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and now that the dust of the kings has been disturbed—now that they have been called and they stir not—now that the bandages have been removed, and they see not—behold, seed gives forth life, and the fields rejoice in its glory. And thus it is, that the energies, the instincts, the faith, all the vitalities which have been crushed elsewhere, have been entombed elsewhere, in these virgin soils revive, and that which seemed mortal becomes imperishable. And thus it is, the seed will multiply, and come back to the ancient land, will make the wilderness rejoice. Children of the Old World, be of good cheer. Whilst in the homes, by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube and the Arno—in the homes you have left, the wicked seem to prosper and spurious senates provides of the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generation. Freedom strengthens herself in these new lands, and, in the midst of countless hosts, conceals the power by which the captive shall be redeemed, and the evil lord destroyed.

Mr. Meagher concluded amidst most tremendous cheering, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which lasted for several minutes.