

Robert Thomas

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Speeches.

Speeches delivered before the Democratic State Convention.

MARCH 4th, 1856.

GEORGE W. BREWER.

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Convention: I do not know that I can say anything to add to the proceedings that would brighten the prospects that now smile upon the party, or that would inspire in the bosoms of that party more devotion to the principles heretofore advocated by them, or around which they now cluster with the resolution to bear them aloft in triumph as in days gone by, or to fall proudly with them on the field of battle. Sir, Pennsylvania, before to-day, has been the great battle field upon which the battle of the Constitution of the country has been fought. She has been the ground upon which that Constitution has been vindicated, and upon which its purity and its wisdom have been proclaimed and maintained by her Democracy. In the approaching canvass, it is not, Mr. Chairman, simply a contest of minor principles or measures, but that great palladium of the country, the great ark of the Union have been assailed, and it becomes the proud duty of the Democracy of Pennsylvania once more to rally around it and preserve it from the hands of the assailant and the dagger of the assassin. [Applause.] No man can have witnessed the deliberations, of this body without pleasure and without pride; no one can have marked the spirit that has animated its members, or the results that have crowned their deliberations, without feelings of exultation; but, sir, that sentiment of gratification broadens, expands and swells into a far nobler emotion, when he looks over Pennsylvania, the great Keystone of the Federal arch, and reflect that we, after all, are a mere handful of men, representing the masses of Pennsylvania in the advocacy of Mr. Buchanan and his measures.

I have been glad, sir, that it has been my pleasure to listen to the dispatch that has been read from New Jersey. It is indeed gratifying to see the States of this Union wheel into line. Sir, the battle to be fought next fall is not the battle of Pennsylvania, it is the battle of the Union, and the people of the Union will form the army, with Mr. Buchanan to lead them to victory, and after victory is achieved, with statesmanship to guide the councils of the nation, will be triumphant for free institutions the world over. [Applause.] The Know-Nothings has been called the Dark Lantern party; but I think this term is no longer appropriate. They are no longer the Dark Lantern party. Their lamp has been extinguished, and their lantern has been broken.

Their numbers have fled,
Their lanterns are dead,
And all but Sambo departed.

No, sir, we have nothing to fear from that party. The great principles brought here from the old world by our forefathers, who were driven by tyranny to a waste into an Eden of joy and loveliness. Our forefathers, driven here by... and intolerance, bleeding with many stripes, have planted those stripes in glory upon our starry flag, and have turned the dungeon to which they were banished into a temple where religion can find a common shrine, and oppression the safety of a common asylum. [Applause.]

Mr. Chairman, while we are cheered by the prospects for our party, which are as bright as the sun which now illuminates the heavens, we should not forget that we have a high and important duty to discharge to ourselves and our posterity. In our keeping, sir, is that integrity—the most priceless inheritance ever bequeathed to any people in the world; and it depends upon the union, harmony, and vigor with which the Democracy of Pennsylvania shall move in a solid column in the coming campaign, whether we will transmit this heritage to our posterity—its glory unshaken and its honor unblotted. Let us be united, then. Feeling the importance of this contest, let us be animated by patriotism worthy of Pennsylvanians, worthy to lead our troops to victory. It becomes now the duty of Pennsylvania, through her people and through the delegates that have been selected to represent her at Cincinnati, to use all means, to exert every energy of the body and faculty of the mind, to secure the nomination of Mr. Buchanan—him, who, in days gone by, has been the tower of strength—him whose genius has thrown around his country the halo of its brightest glory—him whose history is the triumph of the country—whose integrity, whose elevated purpose, whose unswerving patriotism are co-extensive with the interests of this great, mighty and growing Republic. [Great applause.] Let him be placed at the head of the Democratic army—let him be made the bearer of that glorious standard that has been carried triumphantly by the Democracy through so many dark days; let him whose plume has always waved in the thickest of the battle, and whose voice has cheered when the hour was darkest—let him be our leader, and it needs no

prophet to predict that Pennsylvania, from her green valleys, from her lofty mountains, from her hills and her dales, will roll up a majority equal to those that she rolled up in the days of the immortal and illustrious Jackson. [Cheers.]

And, speaking of that man, that illustrious patriot whose memory is enshrined in the heart of every American. I cannot but remark that I was struck by a notice which I saw in a Berks county paper some time ago, announcing the nominations of the party that met at Philadelphia. I do not know its name—Republican, Free Soil or Know-Nothing—it had "Andrew Jackson" in capital letters, and "Donelson" in small type, with a small "d"—very appropriate and significant.

Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. We shall not meet again in this hall before the election takes place; but I hope to meet every Delegate upon this floor, and not only to meet him, but the great people of this great State, at the ballot box, where one man is as good as another and a good deal better. [Laughter.] Let us meet there, and vindicate our principles and support our candidate, and victory will be ours. [Great applause.]

GEN. WM. F. PACKER.

Gen. Packer was loudly called for, and responded in the following eloquent speech:

Mr. President—I am a little surprised that whilst we are congratulating ourselves upon the bright prospects of the Democracy from our own elevated position, that little or nothing has been said in relation to the position and prospects of the party against which our forces will be turned on the first Tuesday of next November. What, pray, is their position at this time? Where is their platform? Our platform has been announced here, and has received the unanimous sanction of this body, and will be received with acclamations of joy by the great national Democratic party from one end of this Union to the other. We go forth as a unit, with our banners streaming, and standing upon a platform to every part of which the Democracy of the country will say yea, and amen. [Applause.] What, sir, is the platform of the opposition? Where is it? Why, sir, they have been in power in Pennsylvania for the last year and a half; and what is the history of that year and a half? They had the last Legislature of Pennsylvania. In the House of Representatives that assembled in this hall only one year ago, the dark lantern party had a majority of nearly forty. They had a Senator of the U. States to elect, but they met not in Convention as the Democratic party does, with open doors, and a record of their proceedings fairly kept and published to the world; but winding up that stairway with their dark lantern, at the hour of midnight, secretly and covertly made their nomination, and when that nomination was made, and their decision pronounced, so grossly corrupt, according to their own testimony, was the entire proceeding, that one half of their own caucus repudiated and spit upon their own nomination, and postponed the election of United States Senator indefinitely.

What are the distinguishing principles of the party opposed to the Democracy? Sir, they unite in but one thing, and that is in opposition to the Democratic party. They not only had this Legislature for the purpose of electing a United States Senator; but it became their duty to carry out the will of the people in regard to the license law, which had been directly expressed by the popular vote; the question having been submitted to them by the previous Legislature for their decision, and they having decided by some thousands of a majority against prohibition. Under these circumstances, what did this party do when it came to these halls? Sir, one of its first acts was to pass a prohibitory law, and to defy the will of a mighty majority of the people. I do not object so much to the passage of that law, as to the circumstances under which it was passed, and the infamous manner in which they carried their legislation over the expressed will of a majority of the people of the State. It was an exhibition of that kind of disrespect for the popular will, which finds a proper channel through the representatives of the dark lantern party, who here, a year ago, concocted their wicked schemes.

Mr. President, this party not only had the Legislature of Pennsylvania within the last year, but that of our sister State, Massachusetts. So overwhelming was the majority in that State in favor of the Know-Nothing party, that they had a clear majority over the Democrats and Whigs combined, of 500 in the popular branch of the Legislature. And with this majority, what did they do? There is a provision of the Constitution of the United States—that Constitution which every member of the State Legislature is sworn to support, in terms something like these— "This Constitution, and the laws of the U. States passed in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land." One of three acts of Congress, passed in 1850, which was, therefore, the supreme law of the land, and which every member of the Massachusetts Legislature had sworn to support, prescribed the manner in which fugitives from labor should be delivered up to the person to whom such service or labor was due. This act the members of that Legislature, with the Bible in one hand and the Constitution in the other, which they had sworn to support, they utterly repudiated and nullified, by a solemn act of Assembly. Nay, they went further, and made it a crime in the State of Massachusetts for any man to aid in delivering up a fugitive slave. What do you think, fellow-citizens and members of the Convention, of that party, which, in the administration of public affairs, will take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and yet will violate the plain letter of its provisions? So gross an outrage was this to the Constitution, that Governor Gardner refused to assent to it, and yet they passed the bill by two-thirds of a majority over his head, and it stands upon the statute book of Massachusetts to-day to the disgrace of that old and time-honored

commonwealth. What more has this party done? They have a majority in the lower House of the National Legislature—and has ever such a scene been witnessed as that which has taken place there since that party has had the management of affairs there in its hands? Does the so-called American party plume itself upon the manner in which it conducts the American House of Representatives? Look at the proceedings that have taken place at Washington City, and say whether they do not correspond with the proceedings of the Know-Nothing Legislature here, and with the conduct of that party wherever it has been in power. What think you of an American majority in an American House of Representatives electing a Speaker without giving him a solitary vote south of Mason & Dixon's line? Does any man believe that the American people can long be deceived? Does any man believe that in the great contest about to come off, that the American people will place their confidence in a party that thus administers the public affairs? No, sir; the nominations that we have made in this Hall will be triumphantly maintained. I can imagine that I already hear the trample of our own legions returning from victory. Sir, I consider the victory has been gained. Yes, sir,—

"Victory's closed in the brunt of the fight,
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night;
Trumpet and horn swelling choral along,
The triumphal army sweeps marching in song."

R. BIDDLE ROBERTS.

Mr. President, I desire to occupy the attention of the Convention by a statement, which, though not strictly in order, will, I trust, from its character, be a sufficient excuse for this interference with its regular business.

Sir, a happy omen has just occurred in our deliberations. Last night it was unanimously proclaimed in this large and respectable Convention, that James Buchanan was their choice now and forever for the Presidency of this Union, and this afternoon, ere those deliberations close a telegraphic despatch comes from the State of New Jersey, in these words:—

PHILADELPHIA, March 5.—Despatches have been received from the Hon. J. R. Thompson, that the members of the New Jersey Legislature have unanimously recommended the Hon. James Buchanan for the Presidency. [Deafening applause.]

Sir, I have nothing more eloquent than that despatch. I can say nothing that would move the hearts or elevate the voice of this Convention more nobly or more gloriously, than this wheebling in of sister State after State, in favor of Pennsylvania's favorite son. [Cheers.] From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Georgia to the Californias, State after State proclaims him their choice, and that public necessity and the public welfare require the nomination of James Buchanan and James Buchanan only. Elevated as his name has been in State and national halls, his late glorious, firm and dignified stand in asserting and maintaining our rights abroad, will write his name in letters of fire on the hearts of the Democracy and the people of this country. [Cheers.]

HON. WM. H. WELLS.

Mr. President—I did not come here for the purpose of making a speech, but simply to participate in the deliberations of the Convention as a humble member. I came here, sir, simply to gather with the Democracy of Pennsylvania around their annual council fires—I came here to perform with them a solemn lustration at the pure and limpid fountain of Democracy—I came here to look with them upon our old battle flag, that has been so often crowned with the laurel wreaths of victory, and to pledge with them my constant and unalterable devotion to its bright stars and its red stripes, which have never yet been given to the breeze, that they did not blend and mingle in harmony and beauty with the glorious stripes and stars imprinted upon the consecrated ensign of our common country. Perhaps, Mr. President, I have some little right to speak here to-day, when the name of James Buchanan is mentioned. I had the honor to be associated with him for two years, during his mission in London—an honor that in all my intercourse with him, wherever the place, or whatever the occasion, whether in London, in the Court, or with the people, I can say to this Convention, and can say to the people of Pennsylvania, as I hope to have the pleasure of doing in many places between this and the next election, that he was in every instance, wherever he went, under all circumstances, thoroughly and entirely an American citizen. [Applause.] I can say this, that the British Court never received a bolder rebuke than when amid their blazony and trappings, their gawgaws and gold lace, James Buchanan walked proudly erect in the plain and simple dress of an American gentleman. Applause.

We have met here to-day for a double purpose—for the purpose of selecting candidates for a State ticket to be supported in the approaching contest, and also for the purpose of ascertaining the choice of Pennsylvania for the next Presidency, and presenting a Democratic party to our sister States, and asking that we shall no longer be hewers of wood and drawers of water, but that the long neglected claims of Pennsylvania shall now be recognized in the National Convention. [Applause.] I never in my life felt more interest in any approaching campaign than the one now opening before us. I believe honestly, that upon the success and permanency of the Democracy of this Union depends in a great measure the permanency of our republican institutions. The Democratic party has always been the party of the people. Every cardinal principle of its faith aims most strictly at an enlargement of the popular rights. We have always contended for an extension of the elective franchise; battled for the destruction of monopoly; taught everywhere that the people are the safest depositories of political

power; struggled for the reform of abuse; taught that the poor man is on the same equality with the rich man, that his priceless inheritance of freedom is the same, and that the hewer of wood and drawer of water has as much right to be considered in the fashioning of municipal regulations as those whose good fortunes have placed them beyond the pale of labor. And we have also taught, and have always taught it with pride and pleasure, that it matters not where a man first drew the breath of life, nor under what sun he may have first seen the light of Heaven, if he fulfills all our constitutional requirements, he can make a good citizen; that a man's religion is a matter between himself and his God; that in this free and happy country, the rainbow, and not the cloud, surrounds the blessed cross of our Redeemer—and that Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, he shall not be persecuted on account of a faith made dear to him by the memory of his fathers, and hallowed by all the sacred recollections of the past. [Applause.]

Mr. President—I have nothing more to say. I thank this Convention for the honor done me in permitting me to address it. I to day enlist in this Democratic army. I will go forth whenever I am needed in this Commonwealth, from the Delaware to the Alleghenies, rendering any service, that I may be able to do, not only to secure the success of James Buchanan, but the success of the Democratic party of this Union; [Applause] and if we all do our duty, and go to work manfully, all the next Presidential election the Democratic standard will be floating gloriously and triumphantly over the millions of freemen now scattered from the icy waters of Maine to the golden sands of the Sacramento. [Great applause.]

The Hero of New Orleans.

[From the Boston Post.]

All our readers have often heard of Old Hickory, who fought many enemies in the course of his life; and among them none were more powerful, fascinating and subtle than the National Bank, with its gold and silver and paper arms, spreading like the railroad bands all over the nation. Lion-like and incorruptible, dissimilar to many who had yielded to its bribes and accommodations, he vanquished the unconstitutional mammoth.

Let us now for a while direct our attention to an individual much his junior in age—we mean Young Hickory, who preceded the old gentleman by many years. His ancestors are traced back to Scotland; and they belonged to that band of colonists whereby England designed to establish permanent dominion in Ireland, after she had subjugated that ill-fated nation. Young Hickory's grandfather was christened Hugh. He was a linen draper near Carrickfergus in the north-east of the Emerald Isle; and had four sons, the youngest of whom was named Andrew. In the same year that the infamous stamp act was passed, in 1765, British oppression compelled this youngest son, with his family, to leave their native country. They accordingly embarked for America, and settled in South Carolina.

Just eighty-nine years ago, this day, was born the infant Hickory; and though a native American himself, his unfortunate parents were nothing but industrious, liberty-loving, fugitive foreigners; and worse than this, they were Irish! An Irish family in free America, the only asylum on earth for the down-trodden. Yes, down in South Carolina, one of our glorious thirteen, this Irish family settled; and a poor American Irish or Irish American infant dared to be born, in two years afterwards; and he also dared to breathe American soil, after he was born. This daring child was no less than Young Hickory, the subject of our brief sketch; and while a lad, his father died and left him an orphan, in no opulent circumstances. His mother gave him two brothers a common education, but desirous to see this daring youngster, this half-Irish orphan, in the church, sent him to an academy, where he progressed rapidly in his studies. But the revolutionary war roused his friends and neighbors, who were also Irish and Scotch, to join the resistance to Britain. They were but a few of thousands of Irishmen who helped the colonies throw off the British yoke. In 1780, August 6, at the age of thirteen, this daring youth, with his brother Robert, was fighting under Sumpter against the English garrison at Rocky Mount. Next year, we find him battling a party of Tories. (Know-Nothings,) who were endeavoring to waylay and kill the patriot Lands then sheltered in our young hero's house. At two different volleys, three men were shot down close by his side, while he was firing at these marauders. In each instance Providence favored this half Irish boy, for he was uninjured. Shortly after this Lord Cornwallis sent a detachment of dragoons in pursuit of him and his comrades. They were successful. These reckless soldiers served the household property of his mother pretty much as were the patriot Jefferson's crops, fences, barns and live stock, served directly under the eye of Cornwallis. No effort was made by the commanding officer to save her property from destruction. Nor were the juvenile prisoners treated civilly. This was the same Cornwallis that, on his return home, decorated and enriched his household with the silver and other moveables his myrmidons had fleeced from Americans. It was Lord Cornwallis Young Hickory was sent to jail in Camden, where he remained till released by means of his mother, a common Irish woman. How could she have influence? Not long after this, exhausted with her constant efforts to aid the sufferings of American prisoners at Charleston, she died.

When near eighteen he began to study law. At the age of twenty he was appointed District Solicitor for part of North Carolina. We soon find him active in skirmishes with the Indians. They styled him "Sharp Knife," and "Pointed Arrow." His legal practice became extensive and lucrative. In 1796 he

was chosen a member of the Tennessee convention to frame a constitution, for he was then a resident of west Tennessee; and Dec. 5th he was a member of the House of Representatives. Next year, at the age of thirty, Nov. 22, he was in the U. S. Senate. While Tennessee militia, which office he held till 1814, when he took the same rank in the U. States army. In 1799 he resigned his seat in the Senate, and was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court in Tennessee. Here he displayed much talent, sound judgment, and indomitable resolution, even to arresting armed ruffians, who kept the Sheriff at bay. This office he soon resigned and retired to an excellent farm ten miles from Nashville, where he enjoyed himself in agricultural pursuits for several years.

In the war of 1812 he rallied and headed a body of twenty-five hundred volunteers, in the midst of a very rigorous winter, on a march to Natchez; but, circumstances shortly allowed him to disband them. By this time it will be perceived that the half Irish boy, the daring orphan, had grown to manhood. Now, we suppose some of our exquisite would call him a half Irishman. Well, so be it—nobody cares. He was courageous. The Creek Indians began to commit barbarities on the frontiers. Tecumseh was the warrior. Hickory was called upon to protect our countrymen. Thirty-five hundred troops came under his command. In October, 1813, he was after the savages, routed them with a loss of 2399 warriors, marched his army back to camp, where he and they endured many privations. Intrepid and determined, he fought many battles with various tribes, conquering and routing them in all directions. He was appointed a commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Creeks. The battle of Tohopeka had brought them to terms.

Having accomplished his objects our scarred veterans proceeded to New Orleans, and arrived there December 1, 1814. This key-port of the Mississippi he immediately began to place in a state of defence, concentrating an army there. It was a difficult task. Louisiana was poorly supplied with arms. Besides, the city was infested with emissaries, traitors and Tories, who had been operating upon the fears and prejudices of the people. Hearing that the enemy had captured an American flotilla stationed below, and that three thousand of them were making a landing about seven miles off, our hero of foreign extraction suddenly appeared in their view, promptly and energetically charged upon and drove them farther down the river. This was done by means of militia—patriotic citizens who kept armed, equipped and drilled, ready for service. Such made Burgoyne surrender. Such we have among us to sustain our laws and keep public peace. It was at this arm of safety our last His Legislature aimed its scorpion blow, when they wished to substitute a police corps in its place. After the American breastworks had been well nigh completed, the British troops, ten thousand strong, headed by Sir Edward Pakenham, came upon our veteran's forces in solid columns; but they were repulsed, shot down by battalions, and retreated at quick time. Pakenham, several officers, and nearly three thousand of their men were killed. This was on January 8, 1815. In ten days after the enemy re-embarked. Our half alien Hickory remained at New Orleans till news of peace reached him, when he repaired to his usual retreat in Tennessee. There he continued in private life for a few years.

Florida was yet possessed by the Spaniards, and served as an asylum for the Seminoles, Creeks, and runaway negroes, who were constantly ravaging our frontiers. That he had no milk and water antagonism in the Seminoles may be collected from the following stanza descriptive of their inflexible traits:

"I loathe ye with my bosom,
I scorn ye with my eye—
And I'll tant ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die,
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
I'll sink beneath the wave."

In 1819 he started, under the orders of the United States government, for the scene of action, to suppress these incursions, routed the aggressors, executed two British instigators, and speedily ended the campaign. Then he marched at the head of twelve hundred men to Pensacola, and occupied it with United States troops. It seems that its Governor, Callava, had been sheltering the enemy. Being blamed by the news journals for this act, he hastened to Washington and explained his reasons in person. Two years after he was made commissioner and Governor of the Florida. July saw our athletic hero there organizing the territory, and in October he returned to Nashville.

It is obvious by this time that the personage we have been sketching has attained an age which entitles him to the venerable and honorable appellation of Old Hickory. The sturdy Ajax of antiquity almost prefigured his name as well as his exploits. And his domestic retreat was no more or less than the famous Hermitage. In 1824 he was nominated for the Presidency, and received a greater share of the popular vote than either of his three competitors; but, the election falling to the House of Representatives, he was bamboozled out of it by a coalition of intrigue. Four years subsequently, however, that daring infant had reached an age and a celebrity which recommended him successfully to the people's suffrages. The half alien Old Hickory left the Hermitage for Washington, to be President of the American republic. How nobly, how ably he administered the government during his double term—for he was elected twice, and his influence defied his successor as well as his Palk—even his political opponents acknowledge, his distinguished boldness of conception, resolute-ness of purpose, vigor of action, wide scope of contribution, and a sound judgment. In the midst of the panic caused by that engine

of Mammon, with its Briarean arms. Argus eyes, and Herculean power—the U. States Bank—when the inflated "credit system was crumbling to pieces and crushing around him," the American Ajax "stood erect, a massive human column, which the heaps of falling ruins could not break, nor bend, nor sway from its fixed foundation."

Having completed his second term, the staunch republican retired from the storms of public life to pass the remainder of his days at the Hermitage, and in the family circle of the congenial Hermitage. There he lived in tranquility and comfort, the lauded warrior, the statesman sage, the reverend Ex-President till age had blanched his cheeks, silvered his locks, and dimmed his eye; till the sable wing of death fluttered over his brow and sealed his mortal sight forever. But death shrinks from the vivifying touch of immortality. Though Andrew Jackson, closed his earthly career on the evening of Sunday, June 8, 1846, his name, his acts, his spirit, are indelibly stamped upon a human tablet which can never be demolished, and in characters which Time's fingers cannot erase. They are impressed in the broad and tenacious memory of a free and grateful people. They will always live.

To him we look for a political model. To his principles we yield humble deference. His pronounced measures and opinions we would cherish. His glorious example we would copy. Far, very far, from us may it be to endeavor to create prejudice against such patriots as he, or any of their descendants, by crying "foreigner, alien, Irish, or foreign extraction." The accident of birth none can control; nor has it anything to do with the true standard of our race, that of our manhood. It is rather an imperative duty than otherwise for us to discountenance such exclusiveness, especially in a country so deeply indebted as this is for its discovery, exploration, settlement, and independence, to citizens of almost every foreign civilized nation. Modesty is more becoming to us than self-conceit. It was our Minister Plenipotentiary James Monroe who was in December, 1796, thus addressed by a foreign high functionary:—"The French republic expects that the successors of Columbus, Raleigh and Penn, always proud of their liberty, will never forget that they owe to France." For our part, we cheerfully accord to the illustrious general and statesman, who was so appropriately styled by his myriads of admirers the Old Roman, for his sterling qualities, the need of national praise. We venerate the name of Andrew Jackson for his sincere, and mighty, and successful efforts for "our permanent welfare, for his defence of the Constitution, and his invaluable contributions to the perpetuity of the American Union."

A BEAUTIFUL INSCRIPTION.—In Trinity church-yard, there is an inscription on a tomb, so singularly and affectingly beautiful, we cannot forbear to record it and the emotions it awakens in the bosom of a stranger. It is an oblong pile of masonry surmounted by a slab—stone, on which are deeply cut the following words:

"MY MOTHER!
The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise."

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the slab or pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages, that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world.—He, therefore, engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth on the stone—and the dearest of all names, that of MOTHER, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may ever lean over this monumental pile. If any shall wish to know further of her, who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet, and the rising of the dead, when may know all.—New York Mirror.

A BLOW.—Most of the English papers are frequently ignorant of American affairs, and we have often been amused at their blunders when speaking of our politics and geography. But the most amusing mistake, of recent date, is that made by the *Independence Belge*, a Brussels journal, which says, in reference to Mr. Banks, Speaker of the House of Representatives:—"The new Speaker of the House is a *black* of Massachusetts, who belongs, as his color sufficiently indicates, to the extreme party of abolitionists." What will Speaker Banks think of this? for, although he belongs to the Black Republican party, he is certainly not a black man.

The "Tenth Legion," a sound Democratic paper published at Woodstock, Va., is strongly in favor of Mr. BUCHANAN for the Presidency, and is of the opinion that, in the event of his nomination, he will assuredly receive the electoral votes of New York, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Maine, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and probably North Carolina, Tennessee, and New Jersey.

The editor says further, that he "cannot count the same number of States for any other candidate" named in connexion with the nomination.

THE FEATHERS OF A KNOW NOTHING LODGE.—A Know Nothing lodge was burnt out by the recent fire in Syracuse. Their furniture inventoried, according to the Standard, four broken chairs, a three-legged desk, four volumes of the *Adventures of Maria Monk*, a lot of choice songs composed by "Seth," a copy of the Bible in Hindoo, and a brazen eagle with silver wings and a blue tail. The bird of liberty was saved and all the rest was destroyed.