

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

"ONE COUNTRY, ONE CONSTITUTION, ONE DESTINY."

A. W. BENEDICT PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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## TERMS

OF THE  
HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.  
The "Journal" will be published every  
Wednesday morning, at two dollars a year if  
paid IN ADVANCE, and if not paid within  
six months, two dollars and a half.  
Every person who obtains five subscribers  
I forwards price of subscription, shall be  
rewarded with a sixth copy gratuitously for  
a year.  
No subscription received for a less period  
than six months, nor any paper discontinued  
until arrears are paid.  
All communications must be addressed to  
the Editor, post paid, or they will not be  
admitted to.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square  
will be inserted three times for one dollar for  
every subsequent insertion, 25 cents per  
line will be charged;—if no definite order  
be given as to the time an advertisement is to  
be continued, it will be kept in till ordered  
it, and charge accordingly.

## To the Public.

THE public are hereby informed, that  
ACOB MILLER has been appointed agent  
for Huntingdon county, for the sale of Dr.  
Evans' Camomile and family aperient pills,  
where all those that need medicine, can be  
applied as he intends always to have a supply  
on hand.  
**LIFE AND HEALTH.**—Persons whose  
nerves have been injured by Calomel, or  
excessive grief, great loss of blood, the sup-  
pression of accustomed discharges or cuta-  
neous, immoderate habits, or other causes  
which tend to relax and enervate the ner-  
vous system, will find a friend to soothe and  
comfort them, in EVANS' CAMOMILE  
PILLS. Those afflicted with Epilepsy or  
"Rolling Sickness," Palsy, Serious Apoplexy,  
and organic affections of the heart, Nausea,  
vomiting, pains in the side, breast, limb,  
head, stomach or back, will find themselves  
immediately relieved, by using  
EVANS' CAMOMILE AND APERIENT  
PILLS.

Dr. EVANS does not pretend to say that  
his medicine will cure all diseases that flesh  
and blood are heir to, but he does say that  
all Debilitated and Impaired Constitutions  
—in Nervous diseases of all kinds, particu-  
larly of the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, and in  
incipient Consumption, whether of the lungs  
or liver, they will cure. That dreadful dis-  
ease, CONSUMPTION, might have been  
checked in its commencement, and disap-  
pointed its prey all over the land, if the first  
symptoms of Nervous Debility had been  
counteracted by the CAMOMILE FLOW-  
ER (chemically prepared) together with many  
other diseases, where other remedies have  
proved fatal.

How many persons do we daily find tor-  
mented with that dreadful disease, SICK  
HEADACHE. If they would only make  
use of this invaluable medicine, they would  
perceive that life is a pleasure and not a  
course of misery and abhorrence. In conclu-  
sion I would warn nervous persons against  
the abstraction of BLOOD, either by leech-  
es, cupping, or the employment of the lancet.  
Drastic purgatives in delicate habits are al-  
most equally improper. Those are prac-  
tices too often resorted to in such cases, but  
they seldom fail to prove highly injurious.  
Certificates of cures are daily received, which  
add sufficient testimony of the great efficacy  
of this invaluable medicine, in relieving af-  
flicted mankind. The above medicine is for  
sale at Jacob Miller's store, Huntingdon.

**DR. SWAYNE'S Compound Syrup of pru-  
nus of Virginia or wild cherry.** This  
syrup is highly beneficial in all pecto-  
ral affections; also, in diseases of the chest  
in which the lungs do not perform their  
proper office from want of due nervous  
energy: such as asthma, pulmonary con-  
sumption, recent or chronic coughs, hoarse-  
ness, whooping cough, wheezing and diffi-  
culty of breathing, croup and spitting of  
blood, &c. How many sufferers do we  
daily behold approaching to an untimely  
grave, wrested in the bloom of youth from  
their dear relatives and friends, afflicted  
with that common and destructive rava-  
ger, called consumption, which soon wastes  
the miserable sufferer until they become  
beyond the power of human skill; if such  
sufferers would only make a trial of Dr.  
Swayne's invaluable medicine, they would  
soon find themselves benefited; than by  
gulping the various ineffective certain  
remedies of which our newspapers daily  
abound. This syrup immediately begins  
to heal the ulcerated lungs, stopping pro-  
fuse night sweats, mitigating the distress-  
ing cough at the same time inducing a  
healthy and natural expectoration, also re-  
lieving the shortness of breath and pain  
in the chest, which harass the sufferer on  
the slightest exercise, and finally the hec-  
tic flash in the pallid and emaciated cheek  
will soon begin to vanish, and the sufferer  
will here perceive himself snatched from a  
premature grave, into the enjoyment again  
of comfortable health.

For sale at Jacob Miller's store Hunt-  
ingdon.  
**READ THIS! DR. SWAYNE'S COM-  
POUND SYRUP OF PRUNES VIR-  
GINIANA, or WILD CHERRY:** This is de-  
cidedly one of the best remedies for Coughs  
and Colds now in use: it allays irritation of  
the Lungs, loosens the cough, causing the  
plegm to raise free and easy; in Asthma,  
Pulmonary Consumption, Recent or Chron-  
ic Coughs, Wheezing & Coughing of Pleur-  
gic, Hoarseness, Difficulty of breathing, Croup,  
Spitting of Blood, &c. This Syrup is war-  
ranted to effect a permanent cure, it taken  
according to directions which accompany the  
bottles. For sale only at Jacob Miller's store  
Huntingdon.

## THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd  
From various gardens cul'd with care."

## COURTSHIP.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! Laura!—will nothing I bring thee  
E'er soften those looks of disdain?  
Are the songs of affection I sing thee  
All doom'd to be sung thee in vain?  
I offer thee fairest and dearest,  
A treasure, the richest I'm worth;  
I offer thee, love, the sincerest,  
The warmest e'er glow'd upon earth!

But the maiden, a haughty look flinging,  
Said, "cease my compassion to move:  
For I'm not very partial to singing,  
And they're poor whose sole treasure is  
Love."

My name will be sounded in story—  
I offer thee, dearest, my name,  
I have fought in the proud field of glory!  
Oh Laura come share in my fame!  
I bring thee a soul that adores thee,  
And loves thee wherever thou art,  
Which thrills as its tributes it brings thee  
Of tenderness fresh from the heart.

But the maid said, "cease to importune;  
Give Cupid the use of his wings;  
Ah, fame's but a pitiful fortune—  
And hearts are such valueless things!"

"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken  
Too boldly—may turn not away—  
For my heart with affection is broken—  
My uncle died only to-day!  
My uncle, the nabob—who tended  
My youth and affection and care,  
My manhood who kindly befriended—  
Has died—and—has left me his heir!"

And the maiden said, "weep not sincerest,  
My heart has been your's all along;  
Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest:  
Do—EDWARD—go on with your song."

## Miscellaneous.

### ROMANCE OF BROADWAY

"I have earned three shillings, York,  
this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed with  
ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down  
my pen, which I had been diligently using  
for four hours—(I was penning an article  
for a certain "monthly," dear reader)—  
pushed my closely written manuscripts from  
me, and complacently took a yellow  
cigar from my hat, which I have made my  
chief pocket since my fifth year, the time  
I believe, when my discriminating parents  
exchanged my infant cap for the manly  
castor. Three York shillings I have  
made this blessed day, heaven be thanked  
and now I can contentedly take a little  
"ease in mine inn." Whereupon, I ignited  
my cigar with a self-endeavouring appa-  
ratus, a gift from my considerate land-  
lady—pray heaven she charge it not in her  
bill—to save her candles, and ascending  
the three steps to my window, I seated  
myself in my accustomed chair, and forth  
with began to speculate on things external.  
It was that calm, lovely tin o, which  
is wont to usher in the twilight of a sum-  
mer evening. The roll of wheels beneath  
me in Broadway was ceaseless. Bright  
forms flashed by in gay carriages! The  
happy, the gallant, and the beautiful,  
were all forth to take the air on the fash-  
ionable evening drive! Why was I not  
with the cavalcade? Where was my Rosi-  
nante? Where was my establishment?  
Echo answered, "where?" I pulled away  
silently and vigorously for a few seconds,  
as these mental queries assailed me; and  
blessed soother of the troubled, oh! incom-  
parable cigar! my philosophy returned.  
Diagonally opposite to my window,  
stands one of the proudest structures on  
Broadway. It is costly with stone and  
marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades.  
This edifice first attracted my attention  
by its architectural beauty, and eventual-  
ly fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to  
my curious eye, surrounded one of its in-  
mates! But I will throw into the story-  
violet what I have to relate, for it is a nou-  
vellette in itself. I can unveil you the  
mystery, lady!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an in-  
mate of that mansion! and, for aught I  
know to the contrary, its only inmate.  
Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white,  
with a flower or two in her hair, she was  
seated at the drawing room window, gaz-  
ing out at the gay spectacle Broadway  
exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw  
her the first moment I took possession of

my dormant nook, and was struck with  
her surprising loveliness. Every evening  
I paid distant homage to her beauty—  
Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-  
line, aspire to a nearer approach to such a  
divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents?  
No! I worship like the publican, afar off.  
"Tis distance lends enchantment to the  
view." But she was not destined to be  
so worshipped by all. One afternoon she  
was at her window, with a gilt leaved  
volume in her hand, when a gentleman of  
the most graceful bearing rode past my  
window. He was well mounted, and sat on  
his horse like an Arabian! He was what  
the boarding school misses would call an  
elegant fellow! a well bred woman of the  
world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall,  
with a fine oval face, a black penetrating  
eye, and a moustache upon his lip, togeth-  
er with a fine figure, and the most perfect  
address, he was what I should term, a  
captivating and dangerous man. His air,  
and a certain indescribable *comte il faut*,  
bespoke him a gentleman. As he came  
opposite her window, his eye, as he turned  
it thither, became fascinated with her  
beauty!—How much lovelier a real love-  
ly creature appears, seen through "plate  
glass!" Involuntarily he drew in his spir-  
ited horse and raised his hat! The action,  
the manner, and the grace, were in-  
imitable. At this unguarded moment,  
the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus  
struck his horse in the chest. The animal  
reared high, and would have fallen back  
upon his rider, had he not, with remark-  
able presence of mind, stepped quietly and  
gracefully from the stirrup to the pave-  
ment, as the horse losing his balance, fell  
violently upon his side. The lady, who  
had witnessed with surprise the involun-  
tary homage of the stranger, for such, from  
her manner of receiving it, he evidently  
was to her, started from her chair and  
screamed convulsively. The next mo-  
ment he had convulsively remounted his  
horse, who was only slightly stunned with  
the fall, acknowledged the interest taken  
in his mischance by the fair being who  
had been its innocent cause (unless beau-  
ty were a crime), by another bow, and  
rode slowly and composedly onward, as if  
nothing unusual had occurred. The next  
evening the carriage was at the door of  
the mansion. The liveried footman was  
standing with the steps down, and the  
handle of the door in his hand. The  
coachman was seated upon his box. I  
was, as usual, at my window.

The street door opened, and, with a  
light step, the graceful form of my hero-  
ine came forth and descended to the car-  
riage. At that moment—(some men seri-  
ly are born under the auspices of more  
indulgent stars than others)—the stranger  
rode up, bowed with ineffable grace, and  
—(blessed encounter that, with the omni-  
bus wheel!) his bow was acknowledged by  
an inclination of her superb head, and a  
smile that would make a man of any soul  
seek accidents even in the "cannon's  
mouth." He rode slowly forward, and,  
in a few seconds, the carriage took the  
same direction. There are no inferences  
to be drawn from this, reader! All the  
other carriages passed the same route. It  
was the customary one! At the melting  
of twilight into night, the throng of riders  
and drivers reposed. The lady's car-  
riage (it was a landau, and the top was  
thrown back)—came last of all! The  
cavalier was riding beside it! He dis-  
mounted as it drew up before the door,  
assisted her to the *pave*, and took his  
leave. For several afternoons, succes-  
sively, the gentleman's appearance, moun-  
ted on his noble animal, was simultaneous  
with that of the lady at her carriage.  
One evening they were unusually late on  
their return. Finally the landau drew  
up before the door. It was too dark to  
see faces, but I could have sworn the  
equestrian was not the stranger! No! he  
dismounted, opened the door of the  
carriage and the gentleman and lady de-  
scended! The footman had rode his  
horse, while happy man! occupied a seat  
by the side of the fair one! I watched  
the progress of this *amour* for several  
days, and still the stranger had never  
entered the house. One day, however,  
about three o'clock, P. M., I saw him  
lounging past, with that ease and self-pos-  
session which characterized him. He  
passed and reposed the house two or  
three times, and then rather hastily as-  
cending the steps of the portico—pulled  
at the bell. The next moment he was  
admitted, and disappeared out of my  
sight. But only for a moment, reader!  
An attic has its advantages! The blinds  
of the drawing-room were drawn, and  
impervious to any glance from the street;  
but the leaves were turned so as to let in  
the light of heaven and my own gaze! I  
could see through the spaces, directly  
down into the room, as distinctly as if  
there was no obstruction! This I give as  
a hint to all concerned, who have revol-  
ving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic  
gentlemen are much edified thereby!  
The next moment he was in the room,  
his hand upon his heart—another, and I  
saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I

had language to paint you the scene.—  
Lady—I then learned the "art of love."  
I shall have confidence, I have so good a  
pattern, when I go to make my declara-  
tion. The declaration, the confession,  
the acceptance, all passed beneath me,  
most edifyingly. Then came the *labial  
seal* that made his bliss secure. By his  
animated gestures, I could see he was ur-  
ging her to some sudden step. She, at  
first, appeared reluctant, but gradually  
becoming more placable, yielded. In ten  
minutes the landau was at the door.  
They came out arm in arm, and enter-  
ed it. I could hear the order to the coach-  
man, "drive to St. John's Church." "An  
elopement," thought I. "Having been in  
at breaking cover, I will be in at the  
death," and taking my hat and gloves, I  
descended, as if I carried a policy of in-  
surance upon my life in my pocket, the  
long flight of stairs to the street, bolted  
out of the front door, and followed the  
landau, which I discerned just turning  
the corner of Canal street. I followed  
full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses.  
They are vulgar. When I arrived at the  
church, the carriage was before it, and the  
"happy pair," already joined together,  
were just crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter  
it. The grinning footman, who had legal-  
ly witnessed the ceremony, followed  
them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious  
family carriage rolled up to the door of  
the mansion, followed by a barouche with  
servants and baggage. First descended  
an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes  
over the building, to see if it stood where  
it did when he left for the Springs. Then  
came, one after another, two beautiful  
girls; then a handsome young man.—  
"How glad I am that I have got home  
again," exclaimed one of the young lad-  
ies, running up to the steps of the door.  
"I wonder where Jane is, that she does  
not meet us?"

The gentleman was for going to the  
door, and the lady, his bride, was striving  
to prevent him. "You shan't!"—"I  
will!"—"I say you shan't!"—"I say I  
will!"—were interchanged as certainly  
between the parties, as if I had heard the  
words. The gentleman, or rather hus-  
band, prevailed. I saw him leave the  
room, and the next moment open the  
street door. The young ladies started  
back at the presence of the new footman.  
The old gentleman, who was now at the  
door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough  
for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name  
are you sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-  
law."  
"The devil you have; and who may  
you have the honor to be?"  
"The Count L—y," with a bow of  
inoffensive condescension.  
"You are an impostor, sir."  
"Here is your eldest daughter, my  
wife," replied the newly made husband,  
taking by the hand his lovely bride, who  
had come impetuously forward as the  
disturbance reached her ears. "Here is  
my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my  
house-keeper."  
A scene followed that cannot be descri-  
bed. The nobleman had married the  
gentleman's house-keeper. She had  
spread the snare, and, like many a wiser  
fool, he had fallen into it.  
Half an hour afterward, a hack drove  
to the servant's hall door, and my heroine  
came forth closely veiled, with bag and  
baggage, and drove away. The Count,  
for such he was, I saw no more. I saw  
his name gazetted as a passenger in a  
packet ship that sailed a day or two after  
for Havre. How he escaped from the  
mansion, remaineth yet a mystery.—  
Henceforth, dear reader, I most consci-  
entiously eschew matrimony.

**New Steamboat Paddles.**—Mr. Rog-  
ers and Rankin, lock manufacturers, in  
North Seventh street, have invented a set  
of Machinery for propelling steamboats,  
which seems to do away with all the diffi-  
culties hitherto experienced with the com-  
mon wheels. On each side of the boat  
there are three sets of paddles which fall  
alternately into the water, and rise nearly  
perpendicularly, so that there is no strik-  
ing the water when the paddle descends,  
nor holding water when it ascends. As  
three sets, each of six paddles, are playing  
on each side, it follows that, with proper  
power, there must be rapid motion given  
to the boat. The machinery, and the  
sets of paddles may be raised or depressed  
to suit the draft of the vessel in which  
they are used, or they may be unshipped  
with ease, and the whole works placed  
below decks.—*Phil. Gaz.*

**FOR THE WEST.**—The Buffalo Journal  
of the 29th ult. has this:

A PATRIARCH—A gentleman aged 77,  
having in company his sixth wife and being  
the father of 26 children, passed through  
this city yesterday for the west. Verily;  
his ideas of emigration come late in the day.

## BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

So many, and so conflicting, have been  
the accounts and conjectures respecting  
the defeat of Braddock, and the army he  
commanded, in 1755, that real causes  
have been lost in mist. As I am not con-  
fined to any regular plan of historical nar-  
ration, the following is given as it was  
given to me.—

In January, 1824, I met James Ross,  
Esq., of Western Pennsylvania, whom I  
had known from my infancy. While re-  
calling scenes long past, which, from his  
much more advanced age and experience,  
Mr. Ross knew so much better, the defeat  
of Braddock was mentioned, and on that  
subject he observed—"I can relate what  
was related in my hearing by the father of  
his country," and then proceeded.

"In that part of war which consists in  
watching an enemy," observed Gen.  
Washington, "the Indians are perfect,"  
and the army commanded by Braddock  
was watched carefully by some Indian  
spies and some French soldiers trained to  
Indian manners. Independent of Indi-  
ans, there was in Fort du Quesne no force  
at the time, which could, with any prob-  
ability of success, oppose the advancing  
British and Provincials, and the French  
commandant in the fort had expressed the  
necessity of either retreat or surrender.  
By accident, rather than from any design  
or concert, there were, at the moment,  
about the fort four or five hundred Indi-  
an warriors. Of the French garrison one  
officer, of inferior rank, strenuously ur-  
ged that, for the honor of the French arms,  
some resistance ought to be made. This  
young man consulted the Indians, who  
volunteered to the number of about four  
hundred. With difficulty, the young her-  
o obtained from his commander permis-  
sion to lead out, to a certain limit, such  
French soldiers as chose to join in the  
desperate enterprise. Of the French,  
about thirty volunteered, and with these  
four hundred and thirty men the gallant  
Frenchman marched out to meet more  
than threefold their number.

"In the meantime, every remonstrance  
by other colonial officers and by Wash-  
ington himself, was rejected with insult,  
and Braddock advanced, as if determined  
on destruction, and was suffered to pro-  
ceed just as far as the enemy desired.  
Once in the snare, defeat and death to  
near one half of the whole army, with  
their infatuated general, was the result.  
When the victory was reported to the  
commandant at Fort du Quesne, his trans-  
port knew no bounds; the young hero  
was received with open arms, loaded with  
the most extravagant honors, and in a  
few days sent to report the victory to the  
Governor General of Canada. But be-  
hold! when the despatches were opened,  
they consisted of criminal charges of specu-  
lation in his office of paymaster, and of  
other charges equally criminal. Under  
these charges this injured man was tried,  
broke, and ruined. So matters rested un-  
til, in the Revolutionary war, the subject  
of Braddock's defeat happened to come  
into conversation between Gen. Wash-  
ington and the Marquis de Lafayette. In  
this conversation the real facts were stated  
to Lafayette, who heard them with un-  
qualified astonishment; but, with his  
powerful sense of justice, determined to  
do all in his power to repair what he con-  
sidered a national act of injustice, he took  
and preserved careful notes, and on his  
return to Europe had inquiries made, and  
the victim found in a state of poverty and  
wretchedness, broken down by advancing  
years and unwaried oblopy. The affair  
was brought before the Government  
of France and, as the real events were  
made manifest, the officer was restored to  
his rank and honors."

I do not pretend to have reported the  
exact words of Mr. Ross, nor did he pre-  
tend to give verbatim the expressions of  
Gen. Washington, but as to the general  
facts, there is no doubt of their truth;  
and who is to decide the deed of baseness  
between the two commanders on the in-  
side and outside of Fort du Quesne?  
Another fact I believe founded in truth.  
When I was removed by my parents to the  
neighborhood, the popular report was, that  
Braddock received the mortal wound from  
a man of the name of Faussett. When my  
father was removing with his family to  
the West, one of the Faussetts kept a pub-  
lic house to the eastward from and near  
where Uniontown now stands as the coun-  
ty seat of Fayette county, Pa. This man's  
house we lodged in, about the 10th of Oc-  
tober, 1781, twenty six years and a few  
months after Braddock's defeat, and there  
it was made any thing but a secret that  
one of the family dealt the death  
blow to the British General.

Thirteen years afterward I met Thom-  
as Faussett in Fayette county, then, as he  
told me in his 70th year. To him I put  
the plain question, and received the plain  
reply, "I did shoot him!" He went on  
to insist that, by doing so, he contributed  
to save what was left of the army. In  
brief, in my youth, I never heard the fact  
either doubted or blamed, that Faussett  
shot Braddock.

THE FORCE OF HABIT STRONG IN DEATH.  
—The friends of a dissipated young man  
bit upon the following novel expedient in  
the hope of effecting his reformation. Hav-  
ing a couple of coffins prepared for the pur-  
pose, and placed in the family vault, on his  
being brought home one night in a sense-  
less condition, they conveyed him thither,  
and stowed him snugly away in one of  
them, a member of the family taking pos-  
session of the other to watch his move-  
ments. After remaining for some time  
in his "prison house," he aroused from  
his stupor and gazing round in astonish-  
ment at his new residence, exclaims,  
"Am I dead?" "Certainly," rejoined his  
sepulchral friend. "How long have I been  
here?" he asked. "About three years,"  
was the answer. "And how long have you  
been here?" he again enquired. "Seven  
years," responded the companion. "Well,  
as you have been dead a longer time than I  
have, I suppose you know the best how  
to get something to drink!"—*Sunday  
Morning Visitor.*

"Do you want a rill prime lot of but-  
ter?" said a Yankee notion dealer, who had  
picked up a load at fifty different places,  
to a Boston merchant.  
"What kind of butter is it?" asked the  
buyer.  
"The clear quill; all made by my wife  
from a dairy of forty cows—only two chur-  
nings!"

"But what makes it so many different  
colors?" said the merchant.  
"Darnation! I hear that now, I guess you  
wouldn't ax that question if you'd seen my  
cows, for they're a darned sight specdler  
than the butter is!"

From the Boston Atlas.

**The Character of Washington.**—The  
beautiful effusion which the reader will  
find below, is the production of the chaste  
and classic mind of the late venerable and  
distinguished Senator from Rhode Island,  
Mr. Robbins, and was occasioned by the  
following circumstances:—During the  
session of 1837-8, Mr. Webster enter-  
tained a large party of friends at dinner;  
among them, the venerable Senator we  
have named. The evening passed off  
with much hilarity, enlivened with wit and  
sentiment; but, during the greater part  
of the time, Mr. Robbins maintained that  
grave but placid silence which was his  
habit. While thus apparently abstracted,  
some one suddenly called on him for a  
toast, which call was seconded by the com-  
pany. He rose, and in his surprise, asked  
if they were serious in making such a  
demand of so old a man; and being as-  
sured that they were, he said if they would  
suspend their hilarity for a few moments,  
he would give them a toast, and preface it  
with a few observations. Having thus se-  
cured a breathless stillness, he went on  
to remark that they were then on the verge  
of the 22d of Feb. the anniversary of the  
birth of the great patriot and statesman of  
our country, whom all delighted to remember  
and to honor; and he hoped that he might  
be allowed the privilege of an aged man to  
recur for a few moments to past events  
connected with his character and history.  
He then proceeded, and delivered, in the  
most happy and impressive manner, the  
beautiful speech which now graces our  
columns. The whole company were elec-  
trified by his patriotic enthusiasm; and  
one of the guests, before they separated,  
begged that he would put on paper what  
he had so happily expressed, and furnish  
a copy for publication. Mr. R., obligingly  
complied with the request on the follow-  
ing day, but by some accident, the manu-  
script got mislaid, and eluded all search  
for it until a few days ago, when it was un-  
expectedly recovered, and is now present-  
ed to our readers:  
"On the near approach of that calendar  
day which gave birth to WASHINGTON, I  
feel rekindling within me some of those  
emotions always connected with the re-  
collection of that hallowed name. Per-  
mit me to indulge them, on this occasion,  
for a moment, in a few remarks, as pre-  
liminary to a sentiment which I shall beg  
leave to propose.  
I consider it as one of the consolations  
of my age, that I am old enough and for-  
tunate enough to have seen that wonder-  
ful man. This happiness is still common  
to so many yet among the living, that less  
is thought of it now than will be in after  
times; but it is no less a happiness to me  
on that account.  
While a boy at school, I saw him for the  
first time; it was when he was passing  
through New England to take the com-  
mand in chief of the American armies at  
Cambridge. Never shall I forget the im-  
pression his imposing presence then made  
upon my young imagination; so superior  
did he seem to me to all that I had seen or  
imagined of the human form for striking  
effect. I remember, with what delight,  
in my after studies, I came to the line in  
Virgil that expressed all the enthusiasm  
of my own feelings, as inspired by that  
presence, and which I could not often  
enough repeat: