

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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## POETRY.

### Lines Addressed To

Wert thou but mine! When morning lightens the sea,  
And over lake and hill her glories shine,  
My spirit waking, fondly flies to thee:  
My earliest wish is,—Ah, wert thou but mine!

Wert thou but mine! When twilight's signal star  
Is lit in heaven, and hearts to love incline—  
When sleeping flowers upon the dewy air  
Their sweets are flinging—Ah, wert thou but mine!

Wert thou but mine! At midnight's hallowed hour,  
When all earth's weary ones from toil recline;  
When guardian spirits o'er thy pillow shroud,  
In dreams I murmur,—Ah, wert thou but mine!

Wert thou but mine! Amid the joyous throng,  
In pleasure's bowers, at Fashion's flowery shrine,  
Wine on the lip, mad mirth upon the tongue,  
Still my heart whispers,—Ah, wert thou but mine!

Wert thou but mine! When sorrows round me lower,  
And the tired pulse its throbbing would resign,  
In sickness, sadness, sighing, misery's hour,  
On my lip lingers,—Ah, wert thou but mine!

Wert thou but mine! Whatever fate befall,  
Howe'er in coming life my lot incline,  
Thy love to light my path would brighten all,  
Wert thou but mine, beloved, wert thou but mine!

Life may go roughly with me—foes may hate,  
Friends change, health fade, long cherished hopes  
Yet I could smile on all the shafts of fate,  
Wert thou but mine, beloved, wert thou but mine!

## LUCY LEE.

Among the various musical genes which have been brought to light since Ethiopian minstrelsy came in fashion, none is more dearest to the heart than the one the name of which stands at the head of this paragraph, but as the words usually given are not altogether suited to the drawing-room, we submit the following beautiful lines for the purpose, written by J. H. N. Michael, Esq., of Natchez, and published in the Free Trader of that city.

One by gone morn, as village bells  
Rang sweet o'er stream and lee,  
Young Walter breathed a sad farewell  
To lovely Lucy Lee.  
A glossy ringle next his heart,  
He gave her the next day,  
The melting sigh—the tearful eye,  
Remain with Lucy Lee.  
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,  
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,  
The melting sigh—the tearful eye,  
Remain with Lucy Lee.

And gone are years of hopes and fears,  
From Walter's eye the sea,  
No tidings came to fan the flame,  
The light of Lucy Lee.  
The flower with perfume scents the health,  
Though withering it may be,  
So gently passed the wasted breath  
Of lovely Lucy Lee,  
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,  
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,  
So gently passed the wasted breath  
Of lovely Lucy Lee.

How sadly tells the village bell!  
Though bush and flower and tree  
Bloom gladsly forth—yet every knell  
Mourns lovely Lucy Lee.  
A stranger joined that fearful train—  
Young Walter's crossed the sea;  
Beside her tomb—off true love's doom—  
He weeps for Lucy Lee,  
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,  
Oh! poor Lucy Lee,  
Beside her tomb—off true love's doom—  
He weeps for Lucy Lee.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE FORCED SALE.

#### A Touching Tale From Real Life.

It was a tempestuous night—the winds whistled fearfully—and hailstones, whose size threatened to demolish the windows, rattled against them with a pertinacity as if to test their strength. In the parlor of a fine old-fashioned house, beside rather a comfortable fire on such a night, were seated the family of Mr. Sutherland, consisting of himself, wife, daughter, and a faithful maid servant. A heavy gloom, more of sorrow than of anger, rested on each brow, not even excepting that of the maid servant alluded to, from whose eager glances, ever and anon cast toward the family group, a close observer would have noticed the deep interest she took in the cause of their grief.

The picture was a melancholy one, for virtue in distress has no light shade to relieve; all around it is dark and sombre. The sensitive artist would have thrown aside his pencil, if the subject had been presented to his view as we have described it, and his heart would have received an impression which could not have been transferred to canvas.

"To-morrow," observed Mr. Sutherland, "is the anniversary of the melancholy death of our Henry—to-morrow will be ten years since the vessel in

which he sailed was lost, and all on board perished—all, all."

"Alas," exclaimed the wife, as the tears coursed their way down her cheeks, "to-morrow will be a melancholy day."

"Indeed it will, for to-morrow this house, which belonged to my father—the furniture which time has made, as it were, part of ourselves, and associated with many a pleasing event in our lives, is to be sold—torn from us by the unrelenting hands of creditors. But, thank Heaven, misfortune, not crime, has reduced us to this stage of poverty."

"Will they sell everything, Pa!—can we secure nothing?" asked the daughter.

"No my child, unless, with what little money a friend has generously loaned me, I can secure a few articles. Ellen, my dear, take your pencil and put them down; first the sideboard, two beds, chairs, and kitchen things. The sideboard, it is true, will be to us now a superfluous piece of furniture, but it belonged to my mother, and I cannot and will not part with it."

"But my piano, Pa!—must it go?"

"The wife sighed, the father cast his eyes towards the flickering fire, and the daughter was silent.—The fate of the piano was decided upon. A melancholy pause in the conversation plainly told how severe was the alternative—for the law never studies the feelings of its victims when exacting the penalty of a bond."

"Go, Mary," said Mr. Sutherland, addressing the servant, "go and request the sheriff's officer, who is watching the property, to walk into the parlor; he is only doing his duty—no doubt it is as painful to him as it is distressing to us. Let him have a seat at our fire, for it is a severe night."

"It is, indeed, a fearful night," observed Mrs. Sutherland, "and we have behaved cruelly to this man."

"Mother, I have made a fire in the room where he—"

"Speak out, child—it was with the last stick."

"Father, it was—"

Mary returned with the officer, a polite gentlemanly man—for such should be the character of men who have to perform a part in the drama of life—unlike that of the inquisitors of old, whose province it was to torture by the rack, with this difference, however, theirs was a physical torture—ours a mental one, administered with all the nicety and precision of legal justice! The officer politely accepted the invitation, and endeavored to cheer his victims by enumerating many cases of a similar kind, equally poignant and distressing.—Thus the evening passed heavily and cheerlessly away.

On the morning of the contemplated sale, there was to be seen a crowd of people flocking to the house of Mr. Sutherland—some out of sheer, heartless curiosity, friends of the family, who came with mockery on their lips, and empty purses—others with an intent to purchase; but not one among the crowd showed the least desire to aid, assist, or sympathize with the distress of the family. This is the world;—we laugh at the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, and even mock their distresses, by witnessing in silence their sufferings. The auctioneer was now making his arrangements by flourishing his hammer, rolling his eyes, and using his tongue. The motley crowd gathered around him. The house was put up first; it was accurately described—free from all incumbrances, and subject to but very small ground rent. It was started at five thousand dollars. There were several bidders, all of whom seemed desirous to purchase it.

Seven thousand five hundred dollars were at last bid, upon which he dwelt for a moment. Mr. Sutherland compressed his lips together, and muttered to himself, "It cost my father fifteen thousand dollars."

"Seven thousand five hundred dollars, going—once—twice—three times—for the last time going—"

"Eight thousand!"

"Thank you, sir. Going at eight thousand—once eight thousand, twice—eight thousand, three times—going—gone! What name?"

"Clifford," was the response; and all eyes rested on a tall, noble looking man, who had remained silent during the rapid bidding of the speculator—and who, as the whisper went round, was a total stranger.

"It is gone," whispered Mr. Sutherland to his wife, as he pressed her hand in silent grief; "we have no home now."

"Now, Gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "we will sell this sideboard, in regard to which I am requested by the creditor, to say, that it is an old family piece, and it is the wish of the owner to retain possession of it, if possible. I merely mention it, as it is known to you under what peculiar circumstances the things are sold."

This had the desired effect—no one seemed willing to bid against the unfortunate man, who started it at ten dollars. Twenty was bid by Mr. Clifford; twenty five by Mr. Sutherland; fifty from Mr. Clifford silenced the anxious parents, and the family piece of furniture was knocked down to the new possessor of the house.

A gentleman who stood by remarked, that the act was a cold, heartless one.

"Was it?" sarcastically asked Mr. Clifford; "then sir, why did you not buy it for him?"

Mr. Sutherland was much affected at this little incident. "He little knows how much he has lacerated this heart. But I will purchase the piano for my child."

He stepped up to Mr. Clifford, and told him the

desire he had to purchase the piano for his daughter and "he hoped he would not bid against him."

"Sir," said the stranger, "as much as I respect your feelings, and the sympathy of this good company, I cannot, nay, will not, alter the determination made when I first entered this house."

"And pray, sir, what may that be?"

"To purchase every thing in it, and by heavens I'll do it, though I pay double price."

"Strange," muttered Mr. Sutherland, as he found his family in another part of the room.

The stranger fulfilled his promise, and actually bought everything, from the house itself down to the very axe in the cellar!

After the sale was over, and the company had retired, Mr. Clifford requested the auctioneer to walk with him into an adjoining room. After the lapse of a few moments, they both returned to the parlor where the family still remained. The auctioneer looked around, gave a knowing smile, wished them all a good day, and, as he left the room, was heard to say—"I never heard of such a thing; a perfect romance. Ha! ha! ha!"

"You are now," observed Mr. Sutherland to Mr. Clifford, "the owner of this house and furniture; they were once mine—let that pass."

"I am, sir, for the time being, your landlord."

"I understand you, sir, but will not long remain your tenant. I was going to observe, however, that there are a few articles which I am anxious to purchase; that sideboard, for instance, is a family relic; I will give you fifty dollars, the price you paid, and I feel assured, under the circumstances, you will not refuse me this favor."

"I cannot take it, sir."

"Obturate—ungrateful man!"

"Will you not let Pa buy my piano, sir?" humbly asked Ellen; "he will give you the price at which it was sold."

"It is painful for me young lady, to refuse even this. I will sell nothing—not even the wood-saw in the cellar!"

"Then, Mr. Clifford," exclaimed Mr. S., "we have no further business here. Come, my dear—Ellen, get your bonnet—that's your handbox—let us quit this house; we are not even free from insult—Where is Mary?"

"I am here, sir; they key of my trunk is lost, and I am fastening it with a rope."

"Stop, my girl; methinks I purchased that trunk coolly observed the stranger.

Mr. Clifford, I am not so old but that I can resent an insult—nay, will, if you carry this arrogant, and to me, strange conduct much further. That poor girl has been to me and mine the best, and I may say the oldest, friend; she has remained with us in poverty, assisted us in our distresses, not only with her purse, but her hands; she is not to me as a servant, but one of my family, for there is, thank Heaven, no such base distinction in poverty that exists in a state of blasted wealth. Here, here, with nothing but what we have upon our backs, the master and servant are equal. She is part of my family, and I will protect her from insult. That trunk is hers, and who dare take it from her? Not you, Sir!"

Mr. Clifford at that moment cast his eyes upon Mary, who at that moment arose from the floor; for a moment they gazed on each other in silence.—

"And she, you say, has been to you a friend?"

"Indeed she has, a kind and noble one."

"Mr. Sutherland, stay one moment; my good girl, put down that trunk; take a seat madam; permit me, Miss to hand you a chair; Mr. Sutherland will you be seated? I have yet something more to say. When you requested me to yield up the wish I had to purchase that sideboard, I told you that it was my determination to buy it, and I tell you now that I will not sell it."

"This, Mr. Clifford, needs no repetition."

"Aye, but it does, and when that young lady made the same request for her piano, my answer was the same. Stop, sir, hear me out; no man would act so without a motive; no one, particularly a stranger, would court the displeasure of a crowded room, and bear up against the frowns, of many, without an object. Now I had an object, and that was—be seated, sir—Madam, your attention—that object was to buy this house and furniture, for the sole purpose of restoring them to you and yours again!"

"Sir, is not this a cruel jest?"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the mother and daughter.

Amazement took possession of Mary, and her trunk fell to the floor with a crash, causing her small stock of clothing to roll out, which she eagerly gathered up and thrust back, without any regard to the manner in which it was done.

"The auctioneer," continued Mr. Clifford, "has my instructions to have the matter arranged by the morrow. In the mean time you are at home, Mr. Sutherland—you are in your own house, and I the intruder."

"Intruder, sir! Oh, say not that—I will not tell you what a relief this knowledge is to me; but I am yet to know how I am to repay you for all this—and what could have induced you, a total stranger, thus to step forward. Ah! a thought strikes me—gracious Heaven! Can it be? Look on me Mr. Clifford, nay, start not! The stranger actually recoiled from the glance of Sutherland's eye.—

"Look on me; sir; has that girl—that innocent girl—who stands trembling there, any interest in this generous act of yours? Speak, sir, that I may spur your offer, and resent the insult."

"I will not deny, sir, but she has."

"Me, father, dear father! I never before saw the gentleman's face."

"Say not so, Miss—"

"Sir—I-I, indeed, father, I"

"Remember ten years back; call to mind a light-haired boy whom you called—"

"Brother!"

"Gracious Heaven! Henry, my boy!"

"Is here—?—I am your long-lost son!"

"Need we add more? Our readers can readily imagine that a more cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and that Mary, the faithful servant, was not forgotten in the general joy which prevailed on the occasion."

## Sketch of the Speeches

Made at the Great Anniversary Meeting of the Sons of Temperance at the Chinese Museum, Philadelphia, April 7th, 1846.

PHILIP S. WHITE addressed the audience, in substance as follows: He commenced by taking a rapid survey of the early history of the temperance enterprise. He compared the pioneers in this movement to a party of emigrants tearing themselves away from long cherished habits and associations, uprooting the rank undergrowth of intemperance, felling the gnarled oaks of prejudice, and lopping off the briars and tangled branches of diseased appetites and sordid interests. Such pioneers, he said were Clark, Beecher, Delavan, Hewit, Edwards, Cheever, and their less conspicuous co-laborers.

In the progress of these benevolent labors said Mr. W., various agencies have been employed in undermining this mighty fabric of moral abuse.—Pulpits for centuries had resounded with the doctrine of "temperance in all things," but the drunkard and the drunkard maker were rare visitors to the house of God. "Moral suasion" had been brought to bear upon the agents of this death distilling practice, but it excited merriment rather than alarm. The execrating lash of offended law and indignation justice, had been laid on with no mealy moths nor sparing hands, but sympathy enough for consolation was found in the vicious and the drunken man. To shake to its base this mighty temple of depravity, was reserved for those obscure men of 1840, who sprang from the gutter to an apostolic platform, like so many messengers from the dark city of the dead, to tell a tale of suffering degradation, and of power to reform that made the strong man tremble and the weak man hope. But still the glorious work had failed to reach its permanent and legitimate character.

Another movement was in embryo! A movement destined by its unobtrusive claims, its high tone, its splendid bearing, and "like at other morn rises on midnoon," to chasten the splendors and heighten the beauties of this moral landscape—it claimed to be the capstone of this beautiful arch—the last impress that stamped in the crowning glory of the 19th century—that movement was the magnificent "Order of the Sons of Temperance."

[Much applause.]

To give an idea of this excellent Order, begarred his humble powers of description. The beauty of its ceremony could only be known by participation. He would content himself therefore, by giving a simple synopsis of its origin and design.

It was instituted on the 29th of September, 1842, at No. 71 Division street, by sixteen efficient members of the Temperance Cause, who had congregated there, with a determination to introduce among the elements of moral reform, an Order to carry out the great objects of this reformation, whilst it should not be liable to any of the objections which had heretofore been incident to the cause.

At this meeting these sixteen gentlemen after a full interchange of their several opinions decided upon a plan, of which the following is an epitome. It was to consist of National, Grand and Subordinate Divisions. Any State in the Union, having four or more Divisions, should be entitled to a State or Grand Division, and the President and past officers of the Grand to constitute that of the National Division. The Subordinates to meet once a week—the Grand quarterly and the National annually. Each member of the Order to pay six-and-a-quarter cents per week, and in case of sickness, to receive not less than three dollars, and as much more as the Division of which he is a member may deem necessary. A member taken sick whilst travelling, to be enabled to call upon the nearest branch of the Order, and the amount so expended for his relief, to be reimbursed out of the fund set apart for that purpose.

The speaker then went on to say, as imposition might easily be practised, a secret or secrets were found to be indispensable to guard against the vicious and unprincipled. The secrets are a quarterly pass-word—the ceremony initiation, which in itself is a compendium of man's moral duties, and in which the candidate for membership is obligated to abstain from alcoholic drink—that liquid fire which has filled the body with disease—death with dishonor—the earth with mourning—and hell with the rejoicings over the damned.

The candidate has portrayed to him in a simple and beautiful lecture, the three great characteristics of the Order, representing the color of the Badge he wears, and breathing universal love, purity of purpose, and fidelity to his high-toned moral obligation. These characteristics constitute the perfect and indivisible triangle which unites the fraternity, surrounding the Star of Temperance, whose brilliancy dispels the darkness of moral night, conducts the wanderer from error's paths, diffuses consolation in the midst of affliction, becomes the welcome harbinger of brighter days, and the beautiful type of that resplendent glory outshining from the Throne of the living God. [Great Applause.] Of the necessity of this secrecy, (continued the Speaker), a simple exemplification will suffice. A brother from one of the divisions, from Philadelphia, is on a visit to one of the inland towns of the far West—he is

overtaken by disease, prostrated on a bed of sickness in a distant land, in the midst of strangers, with no father to comfort him, no sister to watch his couch through sleepless nights, no mother to soothe his pillow or cool his fevered brow, no brother to select him medical assistance—the poor bed-ridden stranger, though far from kindred and home, hears the glad tidings that in this remote village is a Division of the Sons of Temperance.

Nature rallies her despairing energies at the interesting news; a member of the Division is sent for, a simple word, like an angel's whisper, discovers a relationship unknown before. A brother meets his brother, heart meets heart, love cements the union, purity adorns it, whilst fidelity elevates, strengthens and emboldens it. [Great applause.] Here then is a faithful exhibition of the gridiron, [laughter] red-hot gridiron [renewed laughter] triangles, and goat-riding, [great laughter and clapping of hands], and all the dread family of raw head and bloody bones connected with our Order. [Tremendous applause.] Secret organizations [continued the speaker] are at all times objectionable, when that secrecy can be used to the disadvantage of others. But here there are no means of recognition out of doors, no oath, no ceremony, whose every word and thought does not wear a moral impress, that may be read by angels with a smile of approbation. No! no! in the beautiful sentiment of SPANCK, if the accusing spirit should fly to Heaven's chancery with this objection to our Order, he would blush as he gave it, while the Recording Angel as he wrote it down would drop a tear upon the word, and blot it out forever. [Applause.]

The speaker now alluded to the organization of the National Division of the Order, in which he represented the State of Pennsylvania as her first Grand Patriarch. The ceremonies were prepared and adopted—the constitution and principles of the Order widely circulated, and at this time the Order is firmly established in fifteen States, and correspondence in progress which, ere long, will lead to its introduction into the other members of this great confederacy. There are now in successful operation nine Grand Divisions and one hundred and sixty Subordinate Divisions, embracing not less than sixteen thousand members. Our institution (said the speaker) is particularly a benevolent one.—

When we see the victim of temptation, our love is ready and eager to save him from its siren whirl, to point him to a better way, and assist and sustain him in that noble direction. Even he who, for the sake of a small pittance, tempts his fellow creatures to destruction—he whose sole employment is to cut and carve, as a licensed butcher, the very heart of public peace and domestic happiness—the whom death deutes to do the work of age; he whom the reigning furies of hell have delegated as their chief recruiting officer—even he, with all his sins, excites our compassion, and gladly would we save him from the blood-bought responsibilities which he invokes upon his own guilty head.

In short, the love proffered by our Order, in the language of our journal, is universal as the sun, and like the sun, carries light and life, plenty and cheerfulness, through every department of society.— [Applause.]

Mr. W. here made a cogent and feeling appeal to his brethren of the Order, enjoining courteous bearing and brotherly love—"a love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth," and concluded his remarks by urging them to press onward in the noble work—to look around among mankind, and warn their fellow men from error's path—to avoid the temptations of the enemy, and ever to remember that,

"In the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,  
Fell aduers his and poisonous serpents roll."

The Rev. Mr. CHAMBERS, said it was with more than ordinary feeling he rose to night to address an assembly so vast, so intelligent, with motives so pure, objects so elevated, and an end so grand as theirs. And especially so after listening to the address just delivered by my brother on this subject, so transcendently admirable in all its parts and in all its points. He (Mr. C.) would say a few words in regard to this great movement. He designed not to touch the nature or character of the Order, for it had been sufficiently described and beautifully delineated by his brother who had just taken his seat. He hoped he might be allowed to call the attention of the audience to a fact stated by the Grand Jury of the city and county of Philadelphia, in their late Presentment—they declared that intoxicating liquors, against which we war, to be a deadly poison. [Applause.]

Now, he would ask if there was one in our Order who denied it? Was there a man in the U. States connected with the Order of the Sons of Temperance, that would for one moment, deny the fact that intoxicating liquors are a deadly poison? (Cries of "No, No!") Then he would ask, very truly not in the very spirit, the very genius, the very light, the very power—aye, the divinity of our Order, put forth their mightiest efforts in opposition to the sale and use of deadly poison in the United States. (Cheers.) Could it be possible that we, as a benevolent brotherhood, could fold our arms and see one set of men poisoning and cutting down another. Could they close the fountains of their eyes and have no tears to shed on account of the evils and misery caused by the abominable traffic in liquor, licensed or unlicensed? He asked if intoxicating liquors are less poisonous because the vender that sells them, received a license? Point it out if you can. He denied it. Now the liquors that are sold in a wholesale wine store, or in your fashionable hotels, are just as poisonous as those

in that little "Mummy" how there [pointing to it] Yes! the intoxicating liquor which is drunk in the parlors of the fashionable are equally injurious to the human system as that which is sold in Water street. This Order, in the Providence of God had been raised up as an embattled legion of God and our country to save men from the evils of intemperance. It was our purpose to put down drunkenness. When he saw (in the language of the stupendous Webster) this sea of uplifted faces—when he saw this sea of uplifted faces of the Sons of Temperance—it seemed to him he saw forthcoming a moral earthquake which would shake the empire of rum to its foundation. There was an avalanche—there was a mighty—intellectual avalanche coming down from the mountain of truth that would bury these rum-sellers in oblivion.

Our object is salvation. We are Samaritans.—We stop at the mountain passes between Jerusalem and Jerico, and we take up the poor man who has fallen into the hands of murderers, and we embrace him in the arms of our brotherhood. "Dis or Conquer," is the motto which perches upon the banner of our Order. Let me (said Mr. C.) urge you with all my heart—with all the feelings of a brother's heart—with all the sympathies of a brother's heart—let me urge you on in this great enterprise. Put on your helmets, and buckle on your armor, and go forth to the conflict, and let your cry be "mercy, truth, and deliverance."

The Rev. J. L. BURROWS, next addressed the meeting, and remarked that the friends of Temperance had long felt the want of some concentrative principle—a bond of union that should fasten together all the elements of opposition to Intemperance. For the want of some such concentrative principle, the efforts of the friends of Temperance had not been as they would otherwise have been. They wanted something to accelerate their efforts, they had to be sure, dealt heavy blows on the head of the hydra of Intemperance, and those blows had inflicted tremendous wounds; but they had not been followed up at the right time when the monster "sickened." Being allowed to recover, the friends of Temperance had to go to work again to put it down. The Rev. gentleman adverted with satisfaction, to the great efforts of the Rev. Dr. Beecher, the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Delavan, Gough, and others. He dwelt at some length, upon the absolute necessity which existed for Temperance Societies being constantly at work. They had no time to sleep, for if they slept, the liquor dealers worked and worked without ceasing. There was no fluctuation in the Rum business, and therefore we ought not to pause. The Order of the Sons of Temperance provided a continuity of efforts. It must have a perpetuity of life, because it possessed all the means required. The Temperance Reformation could not be retarded now. We here see the result of it. He appealed to all those present who had been in the habit of attending meetings; whether they had seen a Temperance body organizing so many members as were gathered on the present occasion. [Applause.] Here they were marked, badged, [laughter], and they were not ashamed of the Order, [Loud and Enthusiastic Applause.] lifting up their brows, and with hearts burning with a fervent desire to go on in the prosecution of this blessed work. Mr. B. next spoke of the predictions thrown out by the enemies of the temperance cause—that it would not last long—that it was a mere temporary excitement, &c. Let them (said he) now tremble; let them see that there is an organization which is determined never to give up their work. It was an organization which does not depend upon popular passion or popular applause. The Sons of Temperance were bound together by strong social ties; there was a social bond—a social cord that was thrown around the fraternity uniting all hearts together, and joining all in one bond of brotherhood. We are all brothers. This was a benevolent institution. Let us (he exclaimed) go forward in our good work, quietly—secretly, if you will—but let us go on. The Order had been called a secret society, and therefore the inference was drawn that it must necessarily be bad! Mr. B. successfully combated the objections urged against the Order on that ground. He trusted that the Sons of Temperance would let their opponents know—whilst dealing out their deadly poison—that they were going forward, secretly perhaps—but with more efficiency, because secret; and they would strike a blow where it was last expected. All honorable stratagem was fair in war. We have pronounced (concluded the Rev. gentleman,) eternal hatred to rum-selling, and eternal warfare to the traffic in every form; and by every honorable means we can use in every quarter; we intend to put down rum-selling, and hope soon to see the time when the rum-seller shall bow his head and leave his bar with shame and confusion upon his face. [Great Cheering.]

A young fellow from one of the interior parishes of the State, with legs of more than ordinary longitude, who visited Jackson, La., a short time since for the purpose of witnessing the deliberations of the convention, was asked what he thought of annexation. "Well, never," he replied, "you're hard on me thar. Never saw Ann Nexation in my life; but I know Ann Tompeon like a book—and, ain't she a buster!"

If there is a man who can eat his bread in peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is caskered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

The publisher of a paper in the West says he is a practical Printer by nature. He probably does not hold to original sin.