

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1856.

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WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

The following lines originally appeared, anonymously, in the *Edinburg Guardian*. The versification will strongly remind the reader of Poe's "Raven."

EVERMORE.

I beheld a golden portal in the visions of my slumber,
And through it streamed the radiance of a never-setting day—
While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number,
Were giving gladness greeting to all who came that way.
And the gates forever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing,
Melodious as the singing of one that we adore:
And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
And the burden of the chorus was Hope's glad word—Evermore!
And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary,
His fetter links, blood crusted, his dark brow clammy, damp,
His sunken eyes gleamed wildly, telling tales of horror dreary,
Of toilsome stragglings through the night, amid the fever swamp;
Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,
A bright angel raised the sinking wretch, and off his fetters tore;
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Pass, brother, through our portal, thou'rt a freeman evermore."
And as I gazed and listened, came a mother wildly weeping,
"I have lost my hopes forever, one by one they went away;
My children and their father the cold grave has in its keeping,
Life is one long lamentation, I know no night or day."
Then the angel softly speaking,—"Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking,
Thou shalt find those thou art seeking beyond the golden door."
Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,
"Thy children and their father shall be with thee, evermore."

LOVING HEARTS.

O tell me not the world is dark,
With shadows lengthening to the tomb;
Mine eyes shall rather fondly mark
Where sunlight flashes through the gloom.
And I would fain in error dwell,
If truth such darkness love imparts,
And rather die than e'er dispel
My dream of Loving Hearts.
Their perfume would forsake the flowers,
The golden hues of summer fade;
The bush'd birds droop in withered bowers,
And sunny brooklets sink to shade—
And o'er the soul of living things
Would fall the gloom that never departs,
If from our bright imaginings
Were banished Loving Hearts.
They are around us and above—
Half hidden, as in wild-wood leaves
Close nestles some white-breasted dove;
And he is happy who believes
That they are living, though unseen,
Like light ere from the cloud it starts—
And he is truly blest, I ween,
Who loves those Loving Hearts!

DOES HE LOVE ME?

Pretty robin, at my window,
Welcoming the day,
With thy wild and liquid piping,
Read my riddle, pray;
I have conned it, waking, sleeping,
Vexed the more for aye;
Thou'rt a wizard, pretty robin,
Does he love me, say?
Little violet, blooming meekly—
By the brooklet free,
Beading low thy gentle forehead,
All its grace to see—
Turn thee from the hat'ning water,
Whisper low, I pray,
For the winds might hear my secret,
Does he love me, say?
Star, that through the silent night-time
Watches over him,
Write it with thy golden pencil
On my easement dim,
Thou art skilled in Love's Cabala,
Tell me then, I pray,
None so none but I may read it,
Does he love me, say?

A Select Tale.

MY ANGEL BRIDE.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

It was evening—the evening of a summer Sabbath. The sweet hush of nature, unbroken by a single sound of busy life, harmonized but too painfully with the oppressive stillness which pervaded the chamber whither my footsteps were bent. It was on the ground floor of a pretty residence in the outskirts of the village of C—. Its open windows overlooked a garden where taste and beauty reigned supreme—a second Eden, which extended with a second perceptible delineation to the very margin of a stream, where it was bounded by a white picket and by a hedge of low trimmed shrubbery, over which the eye caught the flashing of the waters as they swept on, glowing in the crimson radiance of the sunset.

I entered the house and stepped lightly along a carpeted passage, tapped softly at the door of the chamber of sickness—aye, of death.

"Welcome, doctor," said the soft voice of a lady, who sat by a low couch, partially hung with white drapery. "Welcome! The dear sufferer is now in a quiet slum-

ber—but must presently awake, and one of her first inquiries will be for you."

"How is your sweet Lucy, now?"
"She has been quiet and apparently comfortable all day. It is her Sabbath, doctor, as well as the worshippers, who go up to the earthly courts of Zion! Oh!" she added, while the sunlight irradiated her features, pale with long vigils at the bedside of her sweet Lucy. "Oh! full of consolation is the scene of mortal life and suffering of earthly bitterness, of expiring hope!"

"Yes, my dear friend," I replied, "your cup of affliction is indeed sweetened from on high. He took from my helpless care a victim all unprepared even after a long and faithful warning; and the reconciliation of the struggle, the terrible anguish vanquished, the first triumph of the conqueror, and the piercing wail of exhausted nature, haunt my memory still; and even in this earthly paradise I cannot forget them."

"And is poor Edward gone at last to his dread account? Oh, how fearful and the gentle lady covered her face and wept."

Some time elapsed. I lingered at the couch of Lucy till she should awake, and taking from the stand, a small, though elegant copy of the Bible, I opened the silver clasps, and my eye caught the simple inscription on the fly leaf, "To my Lucy—a parting gift of Clarence." I had designed to read a portion of the Word, but that was for a time engrossed.

I had known Lucy May from her infancy, and she was scarcely less dear to me than my own daughter. Indeed, they had grown up like twin blossoms, and were together almost every hour of the day. Seventeen summers they both had numbered—though Lucy was some months older; no brother or sister had either of them, and hence the intensity of mutual love. Their thoughts, their affections, and their pursuits, were in common. They called each other "sister," and their intercourse honored the endearing name.

And Clarence—the giver of this little volume in my hand—who was the son of Clarence Hamilton was the son of my best earthly friend, and a nobler youth, in all the lofty faculties and endowments of the heart and intellect, never rejoiced in the vigor of life and early manhood. To him had Lucy been betrothed for more than a year, and he was now absent from the village though we trusted when each sun rose, that its setting would bring him back in answer to our cautious summons. Especially had hope and expectation grown within our hearts on that evening, yet had not a word been spoken on the subject to the widowed mother of the lovely Lucy. However, she said in an assured tone of cheerfulness, "I trust Clarence will come home this evening. It is now—"

"Clarence?" said the sweet patient, opening her eyes and looking eagerly around. Her eyes rested on her mother and myself, and with a slight quiver and a sad smile, she said, "he is not come."
"No, my darling, he is no come; but there is more than an hour to the close of the day, and then—"

"God grant he may come," said the maiden, and she added with energy, "if it be his holy will. Oh, doctor, my kind, dear friend, your Lucy is wearing away fast, is she not?" and then observing the emotion which I attempted to conceal, she said, "but I am better to-day, am I not? Where is Ellen?—why does she not come?"

Her mother turned an inquiring glance upon me as I took the thin white hand of the girl in mine, and marked the feeble but regular beating of the pulse.

"Shall I send for your daughter, doctor?" she asked.

I acquiesced, and in a few minutes Ellen was sobbing violently, with her face hidden on the bosom of her "sister."

"Ellen, my sweet sister, said Lucy, 'your father has told me that I must leave—' and her voice faltered, 'my own dear mother, and—' but she did not utter the name of her lover, for at that moment the voice of one domestic was distinctly heard saying:—

"He is come. Mr. Clarence is come. Now God bless my dear young lady."

Lucy uttered a scream of joy, and clasping Ellen around the neck, she murmured—
"Father in Heaven, I thank Thee; and then fainting with excess of happiness. Her swoon was brief. She recovered almost immediately, and her face was radiant with happiness."

Clarence Hamilton was pursuing his studies in a distant college, and the letter which summoned Mr. G— had scarcely intimated danger in the illness of his betrothed. It had been delayed on the way, and but half the time of its journey had sufficed to bring the eager, anxious student

to the spot where his heart had shared its hopes, next to heaven; for Clarence was more than a noble-hearted, high souled man; he was the disciple of Jesus Christ, and he was getting himself to be an apostle of his holy religion. He had nearly completed his course of studies, and was then to be united to the beautiful Lucy.

Three months before the Sabbath evening of which we write, Lucy was in health and with her companion Ellen was performing her delightful duties as a Sabbath school teacher. Returning home she was exposed to a sudden storm of rain, and took cold. Her constitution, naturally weak, was speedily affected, and consumption, that terrible foe of youth and beauty, seized upon her as another victim for his mighty hideousness of death. At first the type of her disease was mild but within three weeks it had assumed a fearful character, and now her days were evidently few.

For this dread intelligence Clarence was not prepared. He learned, but he hoped, and though his heart was heavy, hope kindled a bright smile in his manly face as he entered the parlor where he had spent so many hours of exquisite happiness. He had alighted from the stage just before it entered the village, and proceeded at once to the residence of Lucy.

As Mrs. May entered the room, the smile on her lip faded, for her pale face told a sad tale to his heart.

"Clarence, dear Clarence, you have the welcome of fond hearts."

"How is Lucy? Why is your face deadly pale? Oh, say, is she not dangerously ill? tell me"—and a thought of misery entered his heart—she is—oh, my God, my Father in Heaven strengthen me—she is dying—even now, dying."

"Nay, nay, Clarence," said the mother, soothingly, "Lucy lives, and we must hope for the best; but be not alarmed if you see her face paler than my own. Are you able to bear the sight now?"

"There was but little consolation to his fears in the reply of Mrs. May. Lucy was living, but there was an anguish in her eyes, and she said hurriedly, "Oh take me to her at once, now," and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, whilst Mrs. May knelt beside her, he entreated God in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear the trial to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass from, even as did his Master in the days of his incarceration and anguish. He arose, and with a calmer voice said: "I can see her now."

At this moment I joined them, with Lucy's earnest request that Clarence should come to her at once. We entered the chamber just as Ellen had partially opened a blind, and the last rays of sunlight streamed fairly through into the room, and fell for a moment on the white cheek of Lucy, rendering its hue still more snowy. Alas! Clarence, as his earnest eyes met those of his betrothed—her whom he had left in the very blush of perfection, of youthful loveliness—now has changed! His heart sank within him, and with a wild sob of anguish he clasped her pale thin fingers, and kissed her colorless lips, kneeling the while at the side of her couch.

"Clarence, my own Clarence," said the dear girl, with an effort to rise, which she did, supported by his arm. He spoke not—he could not, dared not speak.

"Clarence, cheer up, my beloved,"—but her fortitude failed, and all she could do was to bury her face in her lovers bosom and weep. We did not attempt to check her grief; nay, we wept with them, and sorrow, for a while, had its luxury of tears unrestrained.

"Lucy, my own dear Lucy! God forgive me for my own selfish grief; and he added frequently, lifting up his tearful eyes to Heaven, "Father give us grace to bear this trouble aright;" and turning to me added, "Doctor, oh! pray that we may have strength to meet this hour like Christians."

When the voice of prayer ceased, all feelings were calmed, but I deemed it prudent to leave the dear patient to brief repose; and Ellen alone remaining, we retired to the parlor where Clarence learned from us more of her illness, of her true condition; for I dared not delude him with false hopes.

"Doctor," said he, with visible anguish, "is there no hope?"

"Not of recovery, I fear, though she may linger some time with us, and be better than she is to-day."

"Then God's will be done," said the young man, while a holy confidence lighted up his face, now scarcely less pale than that of his betrothed Lucy.

Day after day the poor girl lingered, and many sweet hours of conversation did Clarence and Lucy pass together; once even she was permitted to spend a few moments in the parlor of the house, and as Clarence supported her, and saw a tint of health overspread her cheek, hope grew strong in his heart. But Lucy doubted not that she would not speedily recover; this sad conviction reached her heart ere Clarence came, so that the agony of her grief in prospect of separation from him had yielded to the blissful anticipation of heaven, that glorious elixir where she would ere long meet those from whom it was more than death to part.

"Dear Lucy," said Clarence, as they stood gazing on the summer flowers, you are better, love. May not our heavenly Father yet spare you to me—to cousin Ellen—to happiness?"

"Ah, Clarence, do not speak of this—It will only end in deeper bitterness. I must go, Clarence, you must not mourn even when I exchange this bright world for the paradise of immortality."

Clarence could not answer. He pressed her hand, and drew it close to his throbbing heart, and she resumed pointing to a bright cluster of anemones.

"See! there, Clarence, is the emblem of the life and joys to which I am hastening."

Three weeks had passed. It was the evening of the Sabbath. I stood by the couch of Lucy May. Her mother and Ellen sat on either side and Clarence Hamilton supported on a pillow in his arm the head of a fair girl. Disease had taken the citadel and awaited its surrender to death.

"The man of God, her pastor from childhood, now entered the room, and Lucy greeted him affectionately; and he said, 'is it well with thy soul?'"

She answered in a clear and sweet confiding voice: "It is well. Blessed Redeemer, thou art my only trust!"

"There was an anguish in her eye, and she said hurriedly, 'Oh take me to her at once, now,' and he pressed his hand on his throbbing brow, and then sinking on his knees, whilst Mrs. May knelt beside her, he entreated God in a voice choked with emotion, for strength to bear the trial to kiss the rod of chastisement, to receive the bitter with the sweet; and prayed that the cup might pass from, even as did his Master in the days of his incarceration and anguish. He arose, and with a calmer voice said: 'I can see her now.'"

"Lucy since thou may not be mine in life, be mine in death: let me follow you to the grave as my wedded wife, and I shall have the blissful consolation of anticipation a reunion in heaven."

The eye of the dying girl lighted up with a sudden joy, as she smilingly answered:

"It is well, Clarence; I would feign bear thy name before I die!" We were startled at this strange request and answer; but no heart or lip ventured to oppose it. Lucy then said: "Mother, dear mother, deny me not my last request; will you and Ellen dress me in a bridal robe? I will wear it to my tomb!"

Clarence also brought Mrs. May to grant the wish, and let him win a bride and mother; and she answered:

"As you and Lucy, but it will be— and her heart spoke, it will be a mournful bridal."

Lucy now mentioned us from the room, and we retired. Clarence was the first to speak.

"You will not blame me that I seek even in the arms of death to make her my wife. Oh, how much of bliss has crowded into this one anticipation! and though indeed it will be a sad bridal, it will sweeten the cup of bitterness which is now pressed to my lips."

In a few moments we re-entered that hallowed chamber; the light of day had faded, and a single lamp was burning on the stand. Lucy was arrayed in a muslin robe which scarcely outvalled her cheeks in whiteness, where the hectic, now heightened by excitement, flushed in. Clarence seated himself by her, and she was raised to a sitting posture and supported her head in his arms. She placed her hand in his, and said half playfully and half sadly, "It is a worthless offering Clarence."

He pressed to his fevered lips—her face pale and flush by turns. The minister arose and stood before them, and, in a few words and simple, united those two lovely beings in a tie which all felt must be broken ere another sun would rise. Yet was that tie registered and acknowledged in heaven.

As the holy man pronounced them one flesh, and lifted up his hands in benediction, Lucy put her feeble arms around Clarence, and, in a low voice murmured:

"My husband!"

My wife!" responded Clarence, and met in a long sweet embrace.

the heart of Lucy Hamilton, she repined not at the summons, but while heavenly joy sat on her features, and her lips murmured, "peace—farewell, husband—mother—sister—all"—her pure spirit took its flight, and her lifeless body lay in the embrace of the we-stricken Clarence, who still lingers in this weary world, doing his master's work, and waiting His will to be united to his Angel Bride in Heaven.

Select Miscellany.

OUR BEHAVIOR IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Huntingdon, May 12, 1856.

Mr. Editors of the Journal:—Will you be so kind as to give the following selection a place in your columns; as I believe it to be peculiarly applicable to this region, and may be of some benefit to any one who is guilty of irreverence in Church.

Yours truly,
OBSERVER.

"Is it fitting to gaze irreverently, to read to whisper, to smile, to weave the web of our vain imaginations, or even to slumber, in the presence, and under the gaze, of these blazing eyes, too pure to look upon? Trade if you choose, with wealth and character, by worldly education and health, and this bodily life itself, but trifles not with God's house, and day, and worship; for it is to squander your hopes of heaven and to fritter away the staple of your salvation, and to commit suicide upon your souls."

The mere habit of association should teach you such reverence. If we look with interest and respect on the observatory where Science has toiled to read the starry pages of the unrolled heavens—where some eminent astronomer, like Herschel, lifting up his telescope, has looked far off from the edge, as it were, of our solar system, far into the azure depths of space, how much more regard and solemn interest should invest the Christian sanctuary; the observatory of Faith, where taking her stand, she has looked beyond the flaming bounds of stars, and system of stars, into the eternal

kingdom of heaven on high. Here souls have been renewed, and here sealed to perdition. Here, for a time, it has seemed as if the fiery pit had its covering removed; and its smoke went up as the smoke of a furnace, and the wail of its unremitted and immitigable anguish arose piercing all hearts, and shaking all knees—the cry of despair that is eternally gnawing the core of the sinner's heart. Here again, the soul in communication with its God, has seemed already to discern the glories of the beatific vision, and has caught the reverberating thunder of those hallelujahs, that with their resounding and incessant anthem, girdle the throne of light. Here the Saviour is seen by glimpses through the lattices of his ordinances; and here is the Pisgah on which we stand and gaze, till the heart is faint with longing, on the land that is afar off, and on the King in his beauty.

Is such a place the proper scene for levity and indifference; for the wittling's and the trifler's thoughtlessness?

Proscription—A Plain Case.

The following extract from a speech recently delivered in Washington, by the Hon. L. D. Campbell, of Ohio, proves most conclusively that the existing laws shield the foreign convict, while they mete out the full measure of punishment to the American offender. How strange it is, that those who express so much sympathy for the "down-trodden of other lands," are blind to the injustice inflicted on their own countrymen. Mr. Campbell has given a "knockdown argument"—one no man can gainsay, because the facts are familiar to all. This distinction in favor of the foreign culprit is rank proscription to the American.

"What do we, in our States, provide in reference to paupers who are native born Americans? By statute, which regulates the intercourse in the family of counties in either of our States, it is provided that paupers sent from a county to another may be sent back at the expense of the county sending them. This is simply all we propose in our intercourse with nations. When they send them to America, we will send them back again at the expense of the nation that sends them, and we will exact indemnity for the past and security for the future." (Cheers.)

"Why, sir, these paupers and felons become sovereign here under our laws. In Indiana, the fundamental law gives them suffrages in one year after they are sent. Under the Kansas-Nebraska act, each estimated throat from a foreign penitentiary, and each loathsome diseased pauper from the pesthouse of Belgium, may be clothed in an hour after he gets here, with as much power to regulate 'domestic institutions' and shape the destinies of these great territories, filled by the God of nature with all the elements necessary for the increase of

American power, as either Washington or Jefferson could have, were they to arise from their graves at Mount Vernon and Montecello, and appear at the ballot-box! This is no fiction. It is a stern reality, and the thought makes one's American blood course quickly through his veins. (Cheers.)

"Whist! you make such laws and submit to such wrongs, what do we provide in reference to our native born felons? Let us draw a picture in illustration. One of these bullet-riddled soldiers of the American Revolution, or one of the veterans of the war of 1812, is in the lobbies of Congress, endeavoring to get a bill passed to pay him for supplies he furnished an army in the days that tried men's souls. He is poverty stricken, because the government has withheld from him that which it owes him as, perchance, a starving family, and is too proud to beg. He passes your market place at twilight, wending his way to his desolate home, and tempted, or rather driven, by necessity—that law of human nature which overrides the provisions of all other laws—he steals a horse, in order that he may buy bread. He steals one of those old Virginia nags which we see there on market days—blind in both eyes, string-halt and spavin—a horse that would not bring two dollars and a half under the hammer! What does your law do with the old soldier? It sends him to the penitentiary, and disfranchises him forever. Should he ever afterwards appear at the ballot-box, your imported sovereign felon from Botany Bay, with hands stained in the blood of his wife or child, having voted, would challenge successfully his vote, on the ground of infamy!"

"Now, I appeal to men of all parties—I appeal to the man of foreign birth who has adopted this as the land of his future destiny and the home of his children—I appeal to all men whose political action is in any wise governed by the principles of moral right—is not the American party correct in its opposition to the influx of foreign paupers and felons? If America, native and adopted, now here, cannot rule America, who should rule it? Let us guard ourselves by submitting tamely our heritage of freedom to influence such as these! Never, I say never. (Applause.)

It may suit the purposes of a venal party to cut off their heads in office, and deprive them of bread, to make room for the adopted citizens. This system of importations from foreign prison cells and lazaret houses may give the party power. But mark it! Power thus secured will be short lived.— (Applause.) If we must have the aid of such a foreign influence to carry on our government, let us at once have the provisions of the law to send the American ballot box into all foreign lands. Let it be taken from penitentiary to penitentiary, from prison to prison, from cell to cell, from lazaret house to lazaret house, from pest house to pest house! Let the inmates decide who shall rule America! Let them deposit their tickets to neutralize and control ours in deciding who shall govern the land of our birth, if it must be so. But let us, I ask, with a view to the safety and well-being of our own country, and for the protection of our families, our families, and our homes, resist this influx of paupers and felons who bring to us disease, poverty and death. (Applause.)

"God knows we have our own internal troubles; but these are our business—not the business of other nations; we can settle them ourselves without their interference. We certainly do not seek the counsel of those who do not come to us shore voluntarily, from love of liberty, determined to main our institutions and abide by our laws. We wage no war against the adopted citizen of foreign birth, if he be truly American heart. But if he comes to inculcate foreignisms and subvert our system, or engraft upon it the principles which he imports from other lands adverse to American policy, then we say to him we are against you whether your name be John Bull, Patrick O'Rafferty, or Hans Heitspokenberger! Laughter and applause."

SALT FOR WHEAT.—Theodore Perry says, in the *Prairie Farmer*, that he sowed one and a half bushels of salt upon one-half of a ten acre field, just after seeding it with Spring wheat; and the result was, that the sowed portion was ready for the sickle five days earlier than the unsalted part; and not a particle of rust, scab, or smut could be found, and the increase of crop is estimated at five bushels per acre.

"Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing of birds is come, and the turtle is heard in the land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell."—Bible.

PRETTY GOOD.—An extensive and wealthy lumberman in a neighboring county is the father of a hard case of a boy. Being desirous of reforming him, he offered as an inducement, to give the proceeds of the lumber from two thousand hemlock logs, provided he would go to school and behave himself for one year. Young hopeful remained silent for some time after listening to the proposition. Finally, he said in reply to his father's interrogation, "what do you say, my son?"

"Call it pine logs, dad, and I'll go it."

Mr. Seward's Speech.

We have read carefully through with unmixed delight, the masterly speech of Mr. Seward delivered in the Senate of the United States on the 19th inst. It occupies six columns of solid type in the *North American Gazette*, and no space in any paper was ever filled with matter of greater interest or more pressing importance. We can only publish here and there an extract for our lack of space forbids more. We, however commend it to every man who loves liberty or feels his soul an undying hatred to every form of oppression and tyranny. This speech leaves nothing of Mr. Pierce, and yet there is not a harsh phrase in the whole of it. As a specimen of eloquence, the following will compare favorably with some of the best efforts of Clay or Webster:

"The President closes his defence in the annual message with a deliberate assault very incongruous in such a place, upon some of the Northern States. At the same time he obtains, with marked caution, from naming the accused States. They however, receive a compliment at his hands by way of giving keenness to his rebuke, which enables us to identify them. They are Northern States which were conspicuous in founding the Republic." All of the original Northern States were conspicuous in that great transaction. All of them therefore, are accused. The offence charged is, that they disregarded their constitutional obligations, and although "coarse" of their inability to be admitted and palpable social evils of their own, confessedly within their jurisdiction, they engage in an offensive, hopeless and illegal undertaking to reform the domestic institutions of the Southern States, at the peril of the very existence of the Constitution, and of all the countless benefits which it has conferred. I challenge the President to the proof, in behalf of Massachusetts; although I have only the interest common to all Americans and to a man in her great fame. What one corporate or social evil is there of which she is conscious, also of inability to heal it? Is it ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, vice, crime, public disorder, poverty or disease, afflicting the minds or the bodies of her people? Let her send her representatives, her primary schools, Sunday schools, penal codes, and penitentiaries. Descend into her quarries, walk over her fields and through her gardens, observe her manufactories of a thousand various fabrics, watch her steamers ascending every river and inlet on your own coast, and her ships displaying their canvass on every sea; follow her fisherman on their adventurous voyages from her own adjacent bays to the icy ocean under either pole; and then return and enter hospitals, which cure or relieve suffering humanity in every condition and at every period of life, from the lying-in to the second childhood, and which not only restore sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb, but also bring back wandering reason to the insane, and teach even the idiot to think! Massachusetts, sir, is a model of States, worthy of all honor; and though she was most conspicuous of all the States in the establishment of republican institutions here, she is even more conspicuous still for the municipal wisdom with which she has made them contribute to the welfare of her people, and to the greatness of the Republic itself.

In behalf of New York, for whom it is my right and duty to speak, I defy the Presidential accuser. Mark her tranquil magnanimity, which becomes a State for whose delivery from tyranny Schuyler devised and labored, who received her political Constitution from Hamilton, her intellectual and physical development from Clinton and her lessons in humanity from Jay. As she waves her wand over the continent, trade forsakes the broad natural channels which conveyed it before to the Delaware and Chesapeake bays and to the Gulfs of St. Lawrence and of Mexico, and obediently to her command pours itself through her artificial channels into her own once obscure seaport. She stretches her wand again towards the ocean, and the commerce of all the continents concentrates itself at her feet; and with it, strong and full floods of immigration ride in, contributing labor, capital, art, valor, and enterprise, to perfect and establish our ever widening empire."

PRETTY GOOD.—An extensive and wealthy lumberman in a neighboring county is the father of a hard case of a boy. Being desirous of reforming him, he offered as an inducement, to give the proceeds of the lumber from two thousand hemlock logs, provided he would go to school and behave himself for one year. Young hopeful remained silent for some time after listening to the proposition. Finally, he said in reply to his father's interrogation, "what do you say, my son?"

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