NORTHERN DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME IV. MONTROSE, PA. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1847. NUMBER 19.

The Democrat

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

BY FULLER & HEMPSTED.

TERMS.

$1,50 a year, if paid in advance, or $2,00 if paid at the close of the year.

25 cts. charged for postage if carried at the publishers' expense.

Discontinuances optional, except when arrearages are paid.

Advertisements one dollar per square of twelve lines, or less, for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ Business letters and communications for the paper must be post paid to insure attention.

POETRY.

For the Scientific American.

The How and the Where and the Which and the When.

You remember you said, when I saw you last night,
You desired that for you some verses I'd write;
But I was much puzzled when I would begin,
With the How and the Where and the Which and the When.

The how and the where and the which and the what?
Faith that's a good subject, I'll write about that,
So I mended my pen just to make it shed ink,
(Then whittled a stick while I waited to think,)
For, surely thought I, the chief trouble of men
Is the how and the where and the which and the when.
Well, then, to begin: all men would get wealth
At the risk of their ease, their comfort or health,
Yet the how so perplexes, in spite of their care,
Their riches are fled—and they do not know where.
He tries every scheme of both traffic and trade.
And seeks to find how the best bargains are made;
He buys up his stock not when "consols are fair;"
He buys up exchange bills when they are not par,
And seeks to find out when no specie is set,
That his bills he may sell and receive his per cent;
But the Bank stops its payment, the exchange office fails,
And he reads t he sad news, "in the market no sales."
Oh, if he had known just how this would have been,
That the banks would have failed—the which and the when—
He'd have laid out his money, [and saved all his care,]
To a better advantage, if he had known where;
So you see with this man, how perplex'd he has been,
With the how and the where and the which and the when.
We'll speak of a damsel, to make easy writing,
[And surely the title is rather inviting,]
She's just turned of sixteen, and fain would get married,
And regrets that an old maid so long she has tarried;
She says [when she thinks of a partner for life,]
What person so worthy, that I'd be his wife?
But the where plagues her most when she comes (sweet) three,
For she cries: "Where's the man that will now marry me?"
So the ladies are troubled as well as the men,
With the how and the where and the which and the when:
I'd write about others, but cannot spare time;
(For 'tis hard to make crooked words jingle in rhyme.)
But the doctor, the lawyer, the priest and the king,
Are all troubled alike with the very same thing,
Whatever they do, or wherever they've been,
With a how or a where or a which of a when.
Horrid words! they perplex us far more than our cousins,
Old maids, and old bachelors, they make by dozens;
Were it not for these words my own pleasure would have carried,
And long before this time I should have been married
If we act, think, or speak how perplexed we have been,
With a how or a where or a which or a when.

MISCELLANY.

From Peterson's Magazine for April.

The Honeysuckle Porch.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"What a beautiful creature," exclaimed Fred Hanson to his fellow traveller, as they entered the village street of ——.

"Where?"

"In yonder honeysuckle porch—in that little cottage. Ah! she sees we are talking of her and is retiring within doors."

"Take care that Miss McIlvaine does not hear your eulogiums on this rustic beauty, or she will be jealous of you."

"Pshaw!" said our hero, turning away as if the subject annoyed him.

Young Hanson had been engaged from childhood to the daughter and sole heiress of the rich Mr. McIlvaine, of ——. The match was settled by the parents, when the subjects of it were yet children; and Fred Hanson having now grown to manhood, was on his journey to woo and wed, in due form, his plighted mistress. The task, however, was not altogether to his taste; for he disliked having his freedom of choice controlled; and he would probably have rebelled all together, had it not been for the large fortune of the bride a prize which he was already worldly enough to desire.

"It will be terribly dull, Charley," he said to his most intimate friend, "as this formal courting always is. I know Miss McIlvaine is pretty, and if they had only let me alone I might have fallen in love with her: but I confess that now, the utmost I can do will be to adore her *a la mode*—that is, be fashionably indifferent to my rich wife. We shall no doubt each have a carriage; she will go to balls, and I to the club. Faith! won't we be happy?—You positively must come along with me, or I shall die of ennui during the six weeks appointed for the love making."

On these terms his friend had accompanied our hero down to ——. They found Miss McIlvaine even prettier than she had been represented. She met her lover with a very becoming blush, but did not neglect her duty of entertaining him and his friend. She had been fashionably educated, and was a skilful musician, so that the evening passed agreeably; and the young men retired very well pleased with their fair hostess.

The next day, however, after an hour spent in the drawing-room, where Miss McIlvaine appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, our hero rose on pretence of seeing the village. When the young men had left the house, he said to his companion—

"And what do you think of Miss McIlvaine?"

"She is a charming girl," was the reply.—"So lady-like, so distinguished in her style of dress, so accomplished."

"So cold, so formal, so machine-like, I say, retorted our hero.

"Perverse man," cried his friend. Can't you see she is just what the wife of a man of fashion ought to be! What you call formality is dignity, your coldness is a proper reserve, and as for being a machine, all properly educated young ladies are more or less so."

"Well, then, I don't believe in that sort of education. Give me a woman who is not afraid to show the natural impulses of her heart; and not whose soul has been cramped from childhood by a false system of instruction. For my part, I am going to get introduced to that pretty little girl I saw yesterday; she has a face full of sentiment."

"You are too hasty in forming your conclusions."

"And I'll bet my analysis of Miss McIlvaine's character is the correct one."

The two friends parted, our hero continuing his walk down the street, and his friend stopping at the Post Office to write a letter. They did not rejoin each other until the dinner hour. The evening passed like the former one. In the morning the two friends again walked together.

"I am going to fish," said our hero, "there are some fine trout in the stream. Will you take a rod too?"

"No, I never fish?" said his friend. "I will saunter down to the hotel and see if I can pick up any news."

A week passed in this manner, the two friends scarcely ever passing a morning together. At the end of that our hero was asked by his friend if he had made the acquaintance of the "rural beauty at honeysuckle cottage," little suspecting that the answer would be, as it proved, in the affirmative.

"Indeed, and do you admire her mind as much as her face? Pray, what did she talk about?—pigs, cows, the price of cheese, and the secret of making of good homespun, I suppose."

"I have spent every morning there, under one pretext or another. She has a better stored mind than Miss McIlvaine; the latter has skimmed over the most studies, but the former understands thoroughly everything she has taken up. You should hear her French along side of Miss McIlvaine's."

"Her French—what! French in a cottage. Think of her in the kitchen, her arms covered with meal to the elbows, asking the servant for the drudging box in French. It is too good!"

Our hero turned away with a scornful look, and the conversation ceased for the present. The fact was, Hanson was in love, really, deeply in love, and for the first time in his life.—Accident had favored his acquaintance with Rose Murry; for on the very first morning after his arrival, he had met her in his walk and had an opportunity of assisting her over a brook swollen by the late rain. This was sufficient for a man of our hero's tact and easy manner; he accompanied her home; and the next day called again. He found her very intelligent and particularly well read in poetry. A new volume which he had brought down with him, and which he insisted in lending her, gave him an excuse for calling a third time; and after that it seemed a matter of course to spend his mornings at the cottage. At the end of the second week he was irrevocably in love; for Rose was just the character to fascinate him, being all naturalness, as her rival was artificiality.

Yet there was, during all this time, a fierce struggle going on in our hero's mind. He had been brought to do nothing, in expectation of an ample fortune; and in the world of town where he lived had imbibed an exaggerated notion of the importance of wealth. But his own fortune was inconsiderable, and if he married any other than an heiress, he would have to rely on his own labor for support. Love at last triumphed, however; and he laid his heart at the feet of Rose. But how was he startled to meet a refusal? She did not indeed deny an affection for him, but, as she now learned for the first time his situation, her reply was,

"Your family wish you to wed Miss McIlvaine. Forgive me then, for I will never marry where my alliance is disdained."

This proud reply, while it increased his respect and love for Rose, drove him to despair, the more as he found it impossible to shake her purpose. He went back to the hall gloomy and dejected. But when he got there, he found every thing in confusion; and the master of the house raging for fleet horses. Miss McIlvaine had eloped with our hero's friend!

This information filled our hero with joy.

"Rose can now be mine; for I shall have no difficulty in obtaining the consent of my family. I little fancied Charley was cutting me out; however, I am so happy now that I can forgive the treachery of my friend."

Rose and our hero *were* married, and her new relatives were charmed with her. Since then years have passed, and she still continues to win love and admiration every where. Even in the world of ton, the parties of the *ci-devant* Miss McIlvaine are considered less *recherche* than those of our sweet Rose.

From the Spirit of the Times.

The first Piano in Northern Illinois.

Dear "Spirit"—A few evenings since after reading to a lady the story about the introduction of a Piano Forte into the state of Arkansas—which is conceded, on all hands, to be a good 'un—my femanine friend related to me the incidents connected with the first appearance of the "inanimate quadruped" in the northern portion of the Sucker State—she being "an eye witness" to what occurred on that occasion. For the amusement of your readers I will venture to describe them:—

During the summer following the termination of the Black-Hawk War—being among the first of the "Down East" emigrants to the country then barely evacuated by the "red men of the forest"—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become a small town near the Illinois River, by the name of P——. The Doctor's family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all four of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them the possessor of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly settled places, when a "new comer" makes his first appearance, the "neighbors" (that were to be) had collected together for the purpose of seeing the Doctor's "plunder" unpacked, and making the acquaintance of the possessor.

Dr. A.'s "household" was stowed away in seven large wagons—being first packed in pine boxes, on which were painted in large black letters the contents, address, &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers on, except an occasional exclamation similar to the following from those who had never seen the like before.

"Glass—This side up with care! Why, I thought this ere feller was a Doctor! What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of windows!"

"This side up with care!" exclaimed one. "He's got his paragoric and oil-of spike fixins in that. Won't he fixic them agur fellows down on the river?"

In the last wagon there was but *one* large box, and on it were painted the words—"*Piano Forte—Keep dry and handle carefully.*" It required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload this box, and the curiosity excited in the crowd upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sounds emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gathered by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

"Pine Fort!" said a tall yellow-haired fever-and-ague-looking youth—"Wonder if he's afeerd of the Injuns? He can't scare them with a pine fort?"

"K-ee-p D-r-y," was spelled by a large, raw-boned looking man, who was evidently a liberal patron of "old bald face," who broke off at the letter y with "D——— your Temperance characters, you needn't come round here with tracts!"

He was interrupted at this point by a stout built personage, who cried out—

"He's got his skeltons in thar, and he's afeerd to give them liker, for they'll break out if he does! Poor fellers!—they must suffer powerfully!"

"Handle carefully!" said a man, with a red hunting shirt, and the size of whose "fist," as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man. "There's some live critter in thar. Don't you hear him groan?" This was said as the box struck the ground and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbors—all of whom were determined to know what were its contents, and what was the meaning of the words, "Piano Forte." On his telling them that it was a musical instrument, some "reckoned that it would take a tarnal sight of wind to blow it!" others "that it would take a lot of men to make it go!" &c., &c. The Doctor explained its operations as well as he could, but still his description was any thing but satisfactory; and he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbors by promising "a sight" at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons before mentioned—elapsed before the premises of Dr. A. were arranged for the reception of visitors; and various and curious were the surmises among the "settlers" during this time. Dr. A. and his "plunder" were the only topics of conversation for miles around. The Doctor's house had but one lower room, but this was one of double ordinary size, and the carpets were all to small to cover the entire floor; hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to and facing the door was placed the "Pine fort." All was ready for the admission of "vizters," and Miss E. was to act as the first performer. The Doctor had but to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter. Miss E. took her seat, and at the first sounding of the instrument, the whole party present rushed in. Some went directly up to the "crittur," as it had been called on account of its having four legs—some, more shy, remained close to the door, where, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape, while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the strip of bare floor, lest by tredding on the "handsome kaliker," they might "spile" it!

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in ectacies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal," as he called Miss E., should drink. Another laid down a dime, and wanted "that's worth" more out of the "*forty pains*," as the name of the instrument had come to him after travelling through some five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declared that he would give his "claim" and all the "truck" on it, if his "darter" could have such a "cupboard!"—The "pine fort" man suggested that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk War, "they would have skecred the Injuns like all holler!"

It is needless to say, that it was late at night before Miss E. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearers; that they were all "tired out." The whole country for miles round rung with the praises of Dr. A.'s "consarns" and their "musical cupboard." The Doctor immediately had any quantity of patients—all of whom, however, would come in person for "advice," or for a few "agur pills," but none of whom would leave without hearing the "forty pains."

With an easy way and a good natured disposition, Dr. A. soon formed an extensive acquaintance, obtained a good practice, and became a popular man. He was elevated to some of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people—one of which he held at the time of his death. So much for the charms of a Piano Forte! SHORT PATE.

FAIRFIELD, March 15, 1847.

THE WIND SHIP.—Our readers will remember a short account we published some months ago, of an endeavor which was being made in Missouri, to rig up a wagon with which to navigate the prairies by wind power. We now learn from the Independence Expositor, that a Mr. Thomas has almost completed a wind ship, and will make a trip, some one or two hundred miles out, in a short time. He has engaged the services of a regular sea-captain, for the wagon is to carry about a hundred square yards of sail. We hope the experiment may prove successful.—*Sat. Post.*

MARSHAL LANNES.

BY HEADLEY.

Bonaparte always chose his Marshals on the eclectic principle. Wherever he found *one great quality*, he laid it under contribution.—The great error even with sensible men is, they bring every one to a single standard and judge him by a single rule. Forgetting the variety every where visible in nature, and that the beauty and harmony of the whole depend on the difference of each part, they wish to find in every man that proportion and balance of all his qualities which would make him perfect.—Disappointed in this, they seek the nearest approximation to it; and hence prefer an ordinary intellect, if well balanced, to a great one, if great only in some particular direction. Forgetting that such a character is unbalanced, only because it has one striking quality, they reject its aid, or content themselves with more prudent mediocre minds. This may do for a merchant, but not for a government or military leader. The collection of twenty thousand common minds furnishes no additional strength, while the union of one-twentieth of that number, each of which possesses force in only one direction, gives immense power. It is true, one well balanced intellect, is needed to control these conflicting energies, and force them to act in harmony on one great plan, or they will waste themselves on each other. Bonaparte was such a controlling mind, and he cared not how one-sided the spirits were he gathered about him, if they only had force; he was after *power*; acting on this principle, he never allowed a man of any striking quality to escape him. Whether it was the cool and intrepid Ney, or the chivalric Murat—the rockfast Macdonald, or tempestuous Junot—the bold and careful Soult, or the impetuous Lannes, it mattered not. He needed them all, and he thus concentrated around him the greatest elements of strength that man can wield. It is fearful to see the spirits Napoleon moulded into plans, and the combined energy he let loose upon the armies of Europe. Knowing the moral powers of great and striking qualities, he would have no leader without them. In this he showed consummate knowledge of human nature, especially of Frenchmen. Enthusiasm, and the reliance on one they never trusted in vain, in battle, will carry an army farther than the severest discipline. A company of conscripts would follow Ney as far as a body of veterans a common leader. So would a column charge with Lannes at their head, when with a less daring and resolute man they would break and fly. Moral power is great as physical, even where every thing depends on hard blows. Mind and will give to the body all its force—so do they also to an army. The truth of this was witnessed and proved in our struggle with the parent country.

Jean Lannes was born in Lectoure, a small town in Normady, in April, 1769. His father was a humble mechanic, and designing his son for a similar occupation, he bound him out, at an early age, as an apprentice. In ordinary times, young Lannes would probably have remained in the humble station in which his birth placed him, and became a passable shoemaker or carpenter. But the call which the Revolution sent forth for the military talent of France, could not be resisted, and young Lannes ran away from his master and enlisted as a common soldier in the army. Soon after, he was sent with the army that operated on the Pyrenean frontier. Here he soon exhibited the two striking traits of his character—traits which eminently fitted him for the scenes through which his life was to pass—viz: reckless daring and unconquerable resolution. These qualities shining out in the heat of battle and in the most desperate straits, soon won for him the regard of his officers, and he was made chief of brigade. In this rank he fought under Lefebvre, but soon after, for some cause known only to the convention, which yet scarcely knew the cause of any thing it did, he was deprived of his commission, and returned to Paris. Amid the conflicting elements that surrounded the young soldier in the French capitol, he soon found work to do. An ardent Republican, his bold politics and bolder manner could not longer escape the notice of government, and he was sent to the army in Italy. As chief of a battalion at Milesimo, he conducted himself so gallantly, and fought with such desperate impetuosity, that he arrested Napoleon's attention in the hottest of the engagement, and he made him Colonel on the spot. Crossing the Po, soon after, under the enemy's fire, he was the first to reach the opposite bank; and finally crowned his brilliant exploits at Lodi, where he was made general of the brigade and soon after of division.

After the successive victories of Montenotte, Millesimo, and Dego, Napoleon resolved to push on Milan. In his progress he was forced to cross the Adea, at Lodi. Twelve thousand Austrian infantry, and four thousand cavalry, with a battery of 30 cannon, stood at the further extremity of the bridge he was to cross, to dispute its passage. On the first of May he arrived at Lodi with his army. The Austrian cannon and musketry began immediately to play on the bridge, so that it seemed impossible to reconnoiter the ground. But Napoleon, sheltering his men behind the houses of the town, sallied out into the midst of the deadly storm, and immediately arranged his plan.—Forming a column of seven thousand picked men, he placed himself at their head and rushed on the bridge; but the cannon-balls and grape shot, and the bullets of the infantry swept every inch of the narrow defile, and rattled like an incessant shower of hail stones against its stony sides. So incessant and furious was the discharge that a cloud of smoke lay like a dense fog around it—yet in its very bosom moved the intrepid column. The sudden volley that smote their breasts made those bold men stop and stagger like a strong ship smitten by the wave. For a moment the column wavered and balanced on the pass, for a thousand had already fallen, and it was marching straight into a column of fire; but the next moment, seeing themselves supported by the tiralleurs that were fording the stream beneath the arches, the soldiers shouted "Vive la Republique!" and receiving the storms of cannon-ball and grape-shot on their unshrinking bosoms, rushed forward and bayonetted the artillery-men at their guns. Lannes was *the first man across, and Bonaparte was the second.* Spurring his excited steed on the Austrian ranks, he snatched a banner from the enemy, and just as he was about to seize another his horse sunk under him. In a moment the swords of half a dozen cuirassiers glittered above him and his destruction seemed inevitable. But extricating himself with incredible exertion from his dying steed, he arose amid the sabre strokes that fell like lightning upon him, and leaping on the horse of an Austrian officer, behind him, slew him with a single stroke, and hurling him from his saddle, seated himself in his place, and then, wheeling on the enemy, charged the cuirassiers like a thunderbolt, and fought his way through them single-handed, back to his followers. It is said that Napoleon never forgot the bearing of Lannes on that occasion. The fury of a demon seemed to possess him, and the strength of ten men appeared to be concentrated in his single arm. No wonder Napoleon promoted him on the spot. His own daring was reckless enough, but Lannes was still greater, and it seems almost a miracle that he escaped death.

Napoleon, whom his soldiers here, for the first time, gave the title of "the little corporal," in honor of his courage, was, ever after, accustomed to speak of this sanguinary struggle as "the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi." It was by such acts of heroic valor that Lannes acquired the subriquet in the army of "Orlando," and "Ajax." A few months after he exhibited the same fearlessness of character and headlong courrge, at the passage of the Bridge of Arcola. During all this bloody struggle, Lannes never left him; but advancing when he advanced, charging like fire by his side, and covering his person with his body from the bullets that mowed every thing down around them, he received three wounds which well nigh relieved him of his life. He was suffering from a wound when he entered the battle, but it did not prevent him from doing deeds of incredible daring. Nothing shows the personal exposure and personal daring of the generals, who, one after another, rose to marshals and dukes, more than the frequency with which they were wounded in their earlier career.—Here, after three pitched battles, Murat, Ney, Macdonald, Berthier and Lannes, were all wounded.

Smithsonian Institute---Address.

The corner stone of the edifice of this Institution was laid at Washington on the 1st inst., the ceremonies attending which are spoken of in the *Union* as being very interesting and imposing. A large concourse of people, the President, Vice President, heads of the Departments, honorables, literati, &c., to the amount of five or six thousand, were in attendance, and the following address, explanatory of the nature of the institution, was pronounced by Vice President DALLAS. It is eminently worthy of its distinguished author, and will, we are confident, be read with profound pleasure:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—It has been deemed proper that, at a ceremony so interesting as the present to the Smithsonian Institution, its chief officer should make to you a few general remarks explanatory of its origin, its plan, and its prospects. Let me, therefore, ask your attention while I undertake that duty.

The Congress of the United States, by an act passed on the 10th of August last, organized "*an establishment*," through the instrumentality of which to apply faithfully to its directed objects a legacy of five hundred thousand dollars, received by our government under the will of a philosophic and benevolent Englishman. This "*establishment*" is composed of our highest public functionaries for the time being—the President, the Vice President, the Chief Justice, and the heads of the six executive departments, with the Commissioner of the Patent Office, and the Mayor of Washington; and, as the active council of management, a board is created of fifteen, known in the act by the scholastic name of "*regents*," one-fifth of them chosen by the Senate, another fifth by the House of Representatives, and the remaining three-fifths by the joint action of both legislative chambers. It is to accommodate this imposing agency, to give it permanent and suitable means with which to effectuate its important and various purposes, and to shelter as well as exhibit its collections and property, that Congress enjoined to be erected, "of plain and durable materials and structure, without unnecessary ornament," the edifice whose cornerstone you have seen so skilfully deposited.

James Smithson, a Londoner, born and claiming to be the son of a distinguished nobleman, gave his life exclusively to intellectual pursuits, and especially to researches in physical and experimental science. Supplied with larger means than his wants required, and steadily practising a strict scheme of personal economy, he amassed considerable fortune. He died at Genoa in 1829, and by his will bequeathed his accumulated property to this Union—a country that notwithstanding his frequent change of abode, he had never associated with, but in whose inevitable future he saw the most solid ground on which to cast the anchor of his fame. This legacy, for some time the subject of litigation in the British court of chancery, was finally secured, brought over, and received into the treasury of the United States on the 1st of September, 1838. Its exact amount, when deposited, was five hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

The legacy was accompanied by a declaration of its design; and the execution of that design assumed, as well by an acceptance of the money as by several open and formal avowals by our government. It was "*to found an institution at Washington for the increase of knowledge among men*": to found, not an academy—not a college, not a university, but something less technical and precise, something whose import and circuit should be bolder and more comprehensive, an institution, not merely for disseminating, spreading, teaching knowledge, but also, and foremost, for creating, originating, increasing it. Where at? In the city whose name recalls the wisest, purest, and noblest spirit of the freest, newest and broadest land. And among whom? Not a chosen or designated class—not the followers of a particular sage or sect—not the favorites of fortune, nor the lifted of rank—but among MEN—men of every condition, of every school, of every faith, of every nativity!—*men!* It was with a purpose thus elevated and expansive, thus as well distinct as undiscriminating, that James Smithson committed his wealth to the guardianship of the American republic. Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to the comparative merits of the many modes of practically realizing this purpose, it is quite certain that the good faith and best exertions of our country are solemnly pledged to its fulfilment. We must try it—try it sincerely, indefatigably, trust-worthily—try it through all the diversified and promising channels—try it with no narrow exclusiveness of choice or prejudice as to systems, sciences or arts. The intention of the benefactor was to make his endowment a perennnial fountain of wisdom, as well practical as theoretic or imaginative, whose living waters should be unceasingly distributed to advance the intelligence, comfort, and happiness of human beings.

When, at no distant day, I trust, it shall be seen that within the walls of this building the truths of nature are forced, by persevering researches, from their hidden recesses, mingled with the stock already hoarded by the genius and industry and thence profusely scattered by gratuitous lectures or publications, for the benefit of all; when it shall be seen that here universal science finds food, implements, and a tribunal—art, her spring to invention, her studio, and her models: and both shall have throngs of disciples from the ranks of our people, emulous for enlightenment or eager to assist; then, the condition of our legacy will have been performed, and the wide philanthropy of Smithson have achieved its aim!

As a beginning to the plan for effecting a result so interesting, Congress have deemed and declared the erection of a large and commodious edifice indispensable. The board of regents were, by the legislative charter, instructed to select, as soon as they were organized, a site, and to cause a structure to be reared, and that structure to make "of sufficient size and with suitable rooms or halls, for the reception and arrangement, upon a liberal scale," *first*, of natural history, including a geological and mineralogical cabinet; *second*, of a chemical laboratory; *third*, of a library; *fourth*, of a gallery of art; *fifth*, of the necessary lecture rooms; and *sixth*, of the national cabinet of curiosities and relics, now poorly and partially accommodated in the upper story of the Post Office. It is the first duty of the regents to obey the unequivocal behests of Congress—to carry them out faithfully, on the scale and in the spirit they obviously import; and to let their measures flow, not from their own discretion, but from the provisions of the law which they are empowered to execute. I say this in explanation of the dimensions which the building must necessarily take. It is a national one—consecrated to the various and boundless objects that tend to "increase and diffuse knowledge."

Its erection will not subtract one dollar from the fund entrusted by a generous stranger to the care of our government, but must be defrayed by a contribution voluntarily added by Congress from our own treasury, under the name of interest accrued before the 1st of July, 1846. It is designed to participate, as a sattelite, in the duration and march of our glorious Union—to be the depository of the rare productions of nature and art which centuries may gather, and to throw open halls sufficiently ample to contain the knowledge-seeking masses of our countrymen. Congress have stamped that character upon it, by presenting and appropriating its vast interior compartments, and by other positive expressions of their will.

To conform strictly to instructions, and yet keep within the pecuniary limits assigned to them—to provide the space called for, and yet avoid even the appearance of unnecessary expansion—to combine solidity with architectural beauty and wholesome ventilation—and to satisfy at once true taste and stern economy by banishing useless embellishment—were aims always controlling and uppermost with the regents. How far they have succeded, time will show, and must be left to the candor of public opinion. Not doubting that the experienced and reliable contractors for the work will accomplish their undertaking in all its details with exactitude and fidelity, I may venture to give you an anticipation in brief of the building, the first stone of which is now laid.

Its exterior will present a specimen of the style of architecture that prevailed some six centuries ago, chiefly in Germany, Normandy, and southern Europe, which preceded the Gothic, and continues to recommend itself for structures like this, to the most enlightened judgments. It harmonises alike with the extent, the grave uses, and the massive strength of the edifice; it exacts a certain variety in the forms of its parts; and it authorises any additions that convenience may require, no matter how seemingly irregular they may be.

It will extend, east, and west, an entire front of four hundred and twenty six feet, having a central building of fifty by two hundred feet in the clear, inside, with two rooms; two wings of unequal fronts—the east one forty five by seventy five in the clear, inside, with a semi-circular porch attached to it; the west one [illegible] by sixty five feet in the clear, inside, with a semi-circular projection. These wings will be connected with the central building by [illegible] wings sixty feet in length in the clear, inside. It will have a central rear tower, and others of different heights, sizes, and characters—two of