WEEKLY AMERICAN.

THE TRIAL

OF THE

WASHINGTON ELECTION RIOTERS.

CRIMINAL COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF *WASHINGTON.*

JUDGE CRAWFORD,

Presiding.

PHILIP BARTON KEY, ESQ., U. S. D. A.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

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FOURTEENTH DAY.

WEDNESDAY, August 12, 1857.

SPEECH OF

ROBERT E. SCOTT, Esq.

IN THE DEFENCE.

[FROM SUTTON'S REPORT.]

[We have so many calls for Scott's speech, that we have concluded to republish it in small portions. It is the most important document that we can place in the hands of our readers at the present time. It shows up modern Democracy to the life, proving, that, to obtain the "spoils," they will shed innocent blood—brutally shoot down, in the public streets, their fellow-citizens—because they dare to say they are, and dare to act like, *Americans.*]

The indictment is a general one, and of course gave no notice to the parties accused of the precise offence for which they were to be tried. They learned that for the first time, from the witnesses who were examined in court. It is a general charge of a riot and a disturbance of the peace. I have attempted to explain to you, and I trust successfully, that under this indictment which charges one offence, it is not competent for the United States to inquire into, or prove, or submit to your consideration any other offence; and that whilst a latitude of choice is permitted amongst various offences, whenever the prosecution makes its selection, and it does that by the first witness he calls to the stand; whenever he makes an election to prove against the party charged a special offence, he is confined afterwards to that, and he is not at liberty to go into an investigation of any other offence, having no connection with the first; so that if I be right in that proposition of law, and if it be contested, you may call upon his Honor to pass upon the question. I say if I be right in that proposition of law, unless some connection is established by the evidence between the morning disturbance, and that which occurred upon the marching of the Marines, as he first undertook to give evidence of the morning affray, he selected that as his case for prosecution, and it was transcending the legitimate privileges of the prosecution to go further and enquire into those other matters of subsequent occurrence. It may be said that the counsel for the defence, if this was the law, might have interposed and arrested the examination of witnesses, and made the point to the court. My answer is, that we had no right to suppose that a gentleman of experience and learning who has so long exercised the office of prosecutor in this court, would have attempted in a case like this, to urge against these parties considerations that didnot properly belong to the case—and until the case of the United States was through—till he declared it ended on his part, we had a right to expect that he would introduce some evidence to show a connection between the various disturbances, about which he had made his witnesses testify. It was not for us, gentlemen, after he had introduced that evidence to seek to skulk from that enquiry. After the United States had given evidence on its part of the occurrence in the afternoon, and sought to make its impression of the bloody tragedy that marked that day, it was not for the defendants, or those who represent them, to seek an avoidance of a full investigation. It was their duty to meet it, and to answer the allegations and aspersions, to protect themselves against the consequences of what was alleged against them, and if possible, fix the crime at the door of its responsible authors. His Honor has said, in the course of some discussion on a question of evidence, that a stranger coming in court might suppose that the city authorities were on trial here. How a fair and impartial examination can be made into the occurrences of the afternoon of the 1st of June, without putting the city authorities on trial passes my comprehension to understand. A homicide was committed. It was felonious or not. If it was felonious, a crime was perpetrated. If a crime was perpetrated, there was a criminal that did it; and it is impossible to investigate the history of that transaction without developing evidence enough to show who were the parties who perpetrated the crime. But what connection, gentlemen, has the disturbance of the morning with the disturbance in the afternoon? I do not know whether I understood my learned friend rightly. I do not know that I understood him to maintain that there is any proof exhibiting a connection between these two disturbances; yet it is only upon the hypothesis that there was such connection—that there was any color of authority to lug the occurrences of the second transaction into this case as a legitimate subject of enquiry. I have stated to you, gentlemen, that the affray in the morning was directed to one purpose, and was participated in by one set of persons; that the affray in the afternoon was directed to quite another purpose, and conducted by a different set of persons. The evidence probably implicated some of these parties in each, but not all of them. Now, the purpose of the morning affray was, if you please, to break that column of Irish voters, to interfere with their right to vote, to disturb the election; but what connection had it with the affray in the afternoon? The Irish were not there mustered up again to vote; Capt. Tyler did not bring his Marines up under arms to vote. They had all voted perhaps at the Navy Yard. So then the parties to the afternoon affray were entirely different from the parties to the forenoon affray. It originated out of another matter.—that is conceded. The afternoon affray originated out of the marching of the Marines from the barracks. It was participated in by persons from the Navy Yard, described as boys and young men of one or two and twenty, eight, ten, or a dozen in number, at the furthest. It had its origin at the Navy Yard, and not in the first precinct of the Fourth Ward. Its cause was the marching of the Marines—because the proof is that, as soon as it was known at the Navy Yard that the Marines were going to interfere at the election, these boys got out this old swivel, unloaded as it was, lame of a wheel, as it proved to be, and dragging it after the Marines, trailed it to the Fourth Ward; I say then that the appearance of the Marines at the place of voting in the Fourth Ward, was the first intimation there of the disturbance. It is impossible therefore for any connection to have existed between the morning shindy and this trouble with the swivel. The first, if you please, was with the Plug Uglies from Baltimore, and their associates here, armed against the Irish while voting; the second was by the boys from the Navy Yard, armed against the Irish Marine corps. They had different purposes; they were directed against different persons; they occurred at different times, and there could have been no connection between them. They were as disconnected as if one had occurred to-day, and the other yesterday. Not a "Plug Ugly" was on the ground. If there was a riot then about the swivel, it was altogether different from the affray in the morning. I think that must be conceded; nay, I understood his Honor, Judge Crawford, to take that view of the case in his decision on the instruction. Can it be insisted, then, that there was any connection between these two affrays? What, then, did the learned District Attorney of the United States mean when he asserted that these polls were under duress, and in possession of the mob throughout the entire day? Where do you find the evidence? He said it was proved that a tomahawk or something like one, a savage sort of weapon, was stuck up by some Plug Ugly, and that a threat was made that no damned Irishman should vote. The Plug Uglies then had possession of the polls. How long did it remain? The man who stuck it in the fence made his remark, sat down under it, and according to the most exaggerated account, left in five minutes, and yet, my learned friend adverted to that fact as proof pregnant to show that these parties had possession of the polls all that day. The tomahawk was stuck in the fence and allowed to remain five minutes, and then taken away, and that is proof that the riot continued there till one o'clock according to the gentleman. By what process of ratiocination, or system of logic he arrives at his conclusion passes my comprehension. But he says that the poll books prove that this state of things continued. Now, by an appeal to the poll book, which we brought into this case, we ascertain that a certain number of votes were cast prior to the arrival of the Marines, which were equal to the number of minutes in the time which intervened from the reopening of the polls to the arrival of the Marines.

Mr. BRADLEY. More.

Mr. ELLIS. One and one third a minute.

(*To be Continued.*)

Mr. SCOTT. My associates tell me that the number of votes exceeds the number of minutes in that duration of time, and among them, the gentleman concedes, are to be found many names peculiar to other lands, indicating that the voters were from foreign parts, and yet my learned friend, with that poll book in his hand, pregnant with this truth, gets up and argues to this jury that the poll book shows that that rioting continued from morning till noon, and that, during the whole day, the Plug Uglies had possession of the polls. I beg my friend to remember that he is conducting a criminal prosecution, where justice and fair play, if not liberality, are expected. He says, that he comes to his conclusion because he understood it was proved that more than a hundred Irishmen were driven from the polls in the morning, and he does not see a hundred Irish votes on that poll afterwards. Now, let us test the gentleman's logic. The Irish were frightened and driven away; the poll book shows that only a part of them returned; a part kept away, and therefore, yes, therefore, the gentleman argues because this party kept away the riot continued. Now, sir, I think this is a most extraordinary course of reasoning. It might be that the riot terminated, and that those parties acting upon their apprehension did not to choose return. They were afraid, and did not choose to expose themselves to the chance of dang afterwards. Order was restored, the peace was kept, quiet prevailed, and they could have voted in security, if they had desired to do so, but their fears kept them away, and for that reason, their names do not appear on the poll book. Is it evidence of a continuation of this riot that their names are not there? I say, surely my friend on the other side must have forgotten that he is prosecuting these parties criminally, or he would not have indulged in an argument so strange as this, and so false in its conclusions. He said Mr. Donn proved that there were disturbances from time to time during that day. Suppose there were—sporadic cases—but does it prove that there was an epidemic. Concede that there was an affray in the morning; does every disturbance during the day make the continuation of a riot? It strikes me as a little absurd. But he says—justice-policeman Donn said he saw many cases of Irishmen driven away. Now, Mr. Donn was not the only person at the polls. He was not the only one who had eyes to see, and ears to ear. The commissioners were there, and we examined them. Other persons were there, and we have examined many of them, and save the single case of one Irishman who attempted to vote on false papers, during the entire period which elapsed from the morning affray until the appearance of the Marines, there was not, about that precinct, one case of disturbance at the polls. We disprove the testimony of Donn, by bystanders. We disprove it by the testimony of the commissioners, and much as the United States may choose to denounce and condemn them for their act in closing the polls, about which I shall presently have to say something, he has not undertaken to assail their character for truth and veracity. Two of them were of the American party; the other was an Englishman, and I believe it is not usual for the commissioners to belong to the same party. Of that, the jury are able to judge. But whether they be Englishmen or Americans, native or democrat, we have the concurrent testimony of the three commissioners to contradict Donn. It is not true that those disturbances continued all day. If they did continue in the manner described by Donn, they do not constitute a continuous rioting. I must confess I was not prepossessed with the manner of that witness in giving his testimony. He looked to me as if he once belonged to the Know-Nothings. His was the zeal and acting of a new recruit. Take his conduct as detailed by himself. One renegade is worse than ten Turks. There was no connection, gentlemen of the jury, between those two cases. I have the authority, and it is pretty strong authority, of the court, on which I will comment when I come to his Honor's decision on the instructions. But if there were a connection, can we be convicted of a riot; and that brings up the more immediate subject of the bloody tragedy on the 1st of June. It becomes my duty as counsel for the accused, to examine into the origin of that disturbance, as I attempted to examine into the morning affray, trace it from its origin, and point out the parties that are responsible for it. This I mean to do without fear, or any expectation of favor.

A MIRACLE.—The mention of almsgiving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak, Father, Bridaine rose, according to custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighboring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked an alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand in his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened to the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with great unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns.

AN INCORRIGIBLE BOY.—John A— was a good natured fellow, not without wit, averse to toil, and spending most of his time in manipulating those rectangular forms of pasteboard which T. Cochore devises, and where the American eagle sits on the ace of spades, John's father was dead, but his uncle, a Boston citizen, frequently gave him good advice. "John," said he, one day "be industrious, and with your talents you can make anything of yourself. Suppose you have no capital. Look at old Billy Gray! He came into this city with a pack on his back, and went out with a million of dollars!"—"That's nothing to my case, uncle," said the incorrigible John, "I came into this city with two packs in my pocket, and am going out without a red cent."

Dr. Jackson, the elder, of Boston, meeting his old friend Josiah Quincy (both past eighty years of age,) on the sidewalk, the other day, accosted him—"Well, Mr. Quincy, how much longer do you intend to live?" "Till I send for a doctor," was the quick reply. "And when did you send for one last?" inquired Dr. J. "Just eighty-six years ago!" answered Mr. Quincy, adding the precise date of his birth.

INTERESTING TO GAMBLERS.—A bill to punish professional gamblers by whipping has passed the Lower House of the South Carolina Legislature. It provides that, in addition to the punishment already provided by law, the guilty party shall receive not exceeding thirty-nine lashes.

THE IMPRISONED BOY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I saw him laboring at the heavy forge
With slender hands. He turned away his face,
And o'er his forehead fell the matted hair,
While like a gasp the hurried breathing came:
A boy of thirteen summers.

It was sad
To see him here, that from all sights and sounds
Of joyous spring, that tinted every nook,
And bade the branches gush with melody.
Fast by those prison walls, the apple trees
Were prodigal of blossoms; but their balm
Reached not to him. Around their turf wrapped feet
Sprang the blue violets that he used to pluck
For his young sister. Now, the glorious earth
And sunny skies were as a sealed book,
He might not look upon.

'Twas sad to think
That vice had brought him here, and sadder still
To see him in his evil school linked close
With hoar and hardened felons, moved to learn
The bitter alchemy of guilt; his soul
Inhaling the foul atmosphere that blights
Each timid, fear sown plant of penitence.
—Where is the mother who did nurse that boy?
And think as on her arms his head was laid,
Earth had no fairer bab,—and knee'd by night
To watch his quickening breath, if sickness came,
And pray with burating sobs that stifled speech,
That God would spare her child.

Where is she now?—
'Twere better she were in her quiet grave,
Than see him thus.

That night, in troubled dreams,
Methought, he stood despairing by my couch,
That poor, pale prisoner; and I said, "O God!
Move thou our hearts, we, who are sinners all,
With yearning pity toward those stricken one's
Who early falter in the rank of life,
Snared by the serpent, that through his dear love
Who doth not scorn us in our low estate,
But gives us hope of pardon, we may seek
And save the lost, and set the erring feet
Safe on the Eternal Rock, to swerve no more."

Scraped horseradish with roast beef! Ah, how pungent, and how "helping" it is too, to the appetite; and sometimes, when you have too much of it, how stinging to the nostrils, making the eyes water-springs. *Punch* chants its praises after this fashion;

Horseradish, hast thou never stung,
At Christmas-tide a poet's tongue?
No more shalt thou remain unsung.

A host of bards, with all their means,
Have glorified those evergreens,
Which now adorn our festive scenes.

But holly, prickle though it be,
Hath nothing of such pungency
That it can be compared with thee.

Apart from mistletoe, right lief,
I'd snatch a kiss; but, oh what grief
To miss horseradish with roast beef.

BONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.—Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and was received at Eckmul. "At the seige of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes, when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they had sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow he would surrender the fortress." "Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me, when I was in most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers, as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, 'Vive l'Empereur.'"

THE BASIN OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.—The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the old world from the new, and extending, probably, from pole to pole. This ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that there the waters which he called sea might be gathered together so as to let the dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off, so as to expose to view this great sea gash, which separates continents, and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks, with that fearful array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl and inestimable stores, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death." The deepest part of the North Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part. There is at the bottom of the sea, between Cape Race in Newfoundland, and Cape Clear in Ireland, a remarkable steppe, which is already known as the telegraphic plateau. The great circle distance between these two shore-lines is 1,600 miles: the sea along this route is probably nowhere more than 10,000 feet deep.

ATTEMPT MURDER.—A man named Albert Brayton, from Herkimer county, was arrested in Albany on Saturday the 14th instant, for attempting to commit a murder. He threw his child, a few minutes old, into a privy, where it was soon after discovered and rescued. The child lived several hours after it was taken out. Brayton admitted having thrown it into the privy, but said he thought it was dead. He has been married about three months. He gave bail in the sum of two thousand dollars to answer the charge.

A young Irish girl, who was rendering testimony against an individual in a court of law, said: "I am sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that sentance.

THE FARMER.

THOROUGH DRAINAGE AND IRRIGATION.

In the first volume of the monthly New England *Farmer*, page 74, may be found the following history and definition of the term Thorough Draining, credited to Robert Jardine:

"Draining, as understood thirty years ago in England, meant merely the making of channels to carry off surface water, and underground drains to dry bogs or cut off springs. It has now *an entirely different meaning* in the agricultural world. Mr. Smith, of Deanston, near Edinburgh, was among the first to practice and explain Thorough Draining, as it is called. His system is, that *all* land requires to be drained; that *the depth of loam, or soil, containing the food of plants, seldom exceeds a few inches, resting on a subsoil, or pan of clay, or hard gravel, saturated with water.* By making drains from two and a half to five feet in depth, at every twenty or thirty feet, the land becomes dry, air takes the place of water," &c., &c.

Portions of this extract to which I direct the attention of the advocates of Thorough Draining in this country are put in italics.

Here we have the English idea of soil and subsoil. Add to this the humidity of the English climate, and the necessity of the herculean task of making drains "from two and a half to five feet in depth, at every twenty or thirty feet," all over the farm, and the necessity, too, of the enormously thick and heavy hob nailed shoes which are worn by English laborers, are natural inferences.

But must the English practice of Thorough Draining and hob-nail shoes be followed in the United States? Is draining with tiles "the next great step to be taken in the march of improvement on all our old farms" in New England? Will any one who ever did so much at farming as to dig a hole in the ground in this country, adopt the language of Mr. Smith, which I have put in italic letters, when he draws up a description of the soil and the subsoil through which he penetrated? Or will he infer from the dry sand and the loose gravel which here generally lies from five to fifty feet over any thing "saturated with water," that the American farmer must expend twice the value of his farm to rid himself of the "surplus fluid?" May he rather adopt the language used by Prof. Nash, in his address before the Hampden Society, in 1854, and say: "The Almighty has done this work so well that the owners need expend nothing with the hope of doing it better?"

The difference between the moisture of both air and soil in this country and England is admitted to be great. An English laborer of my acquaintance, after making his "pile" in this country, returned home with the intention of spending his days with the friends and amid the scenes of his boyhood. In a short time however, he was back again and at his old tasks in New England. He said that he found he could not stand the climate there. The ground was so damp that it seemed to strike through his shoes as soon as he stepped ashore, and gave him the rheumatism, so that he was sick and lame all the time he was at home.

Prof. Nash, in the address from which I have already quoted, says: "Soils there, from the most clayey, up through the various loams, to the most sandy, are more compact than those which bear the same name among us." There vegetation flourishes best on raised beds, huge hills, or sharp ridges, and the farmer is compelled to guard at every point against the effects of a superabundance of water, as he is taught by experience that moisture is his great enemy.

In this country as a general rule, it is drought, not moisture, that injures our crops. We know more of the evils of digging from fifty to one hundred feet to find water enough to fill our tea-kettles, than we do of those which attend a "subsoil of clay, or hard gravel, saturated with water," but a few inches from the surface. England therefore, may have too much moisture; we often have too little. The roots of her vegetables may die of dropsy; ours perish by drought. In her heavy soils, manures may waterlog and sink beyond the reach of plants; on our sandy plains and under our tropical sun, they probably "vanish into air." English farms may perhaps need draining; American farms need irrigation.

Our climate and our soil are so materially different from those of England, that we must regard it as a misfortune that our theoretical agriculture comes to us directly from that country. This fact goes far to account for the often lamented unpopularity of book-farming, among us. A large proportion of the volumes in our rapidly increasing agricultural libraries, though published in America, are "founded on" English "facts," if not mere re-prints of books written for the fast anchored and fog-steeped Isle, where turnips grow, and corn does not.

Whether we read the history, or study the monuments of agricultural industry, of those European countries whose soil and climate is most like our own, we learn that turning water upon the soil, instead of drawing it out, has ever been regarded as the proper way to increase the fertility of the land.

In another article I propose to give some reasons for my opinion that, in the United States, there are twenty acres that would be benefited by irrigation, where there is one that needs draining.—*New England Farmer.*

AN ELOQUENT ILLUSTRATION.—The Louisville Journal says:

"Amid the chaff, and rant, and fustian that for the most part characterized the speeches of the demagogues who were the active promoters of the 'hunger meetings' in New York, there now and then was heard the voice of a real working man, who uttered commendable sentiments couched in most eloquent language. One of them denounced the politicians, and urged his hearers to combine for the election of members of their own class to city and state offices, and in enforcing his views, made use of the following beautiful illustration:

"'Let us bear in mind the temple of Minerva. When the Athenians built that magnificent structure a statue was wanted to place upon its top. A poor mechanic was induced by his friends to compete for the prize with a favorite and wealthy sculptor of noble birth. The day came for raising the stone; that of the patrician was unveiled, and raptures of applause greeted the revelation. But it was in truth so small that as it ascended its beauty disappeared, and when it reached the top, it seemed but a shapeless block. The statue of the poor mechanic was next unvailed. It seemed huge and uncouth, and resembled nothing Divine or human. But as it ascended its apparent deformity disappeared; it grew more and more emoely, and finally, when it reached the top, it seemed enmiate with Divine beauty and life. The poor mechanic won the laurel, and was borne off amid the shouts of the multitude. Let us, I say, bear this in mind. If among us there are men who appear rough, and uncouth, it is because we have not lifted them to that proud position they are fitted to honor; it is because we have left them in obscurity to elevate the pandering and unscrupulous who promise only to deceive us.'"

FREDERICK FEMALE SEMINARY,

FREDERICK CITY, MD.

SCHOLARS will be received at any time during the year, and will be charged from the date of their entrance to the end of the scholastic year. The 1st of January would be a most appropriate time for them to commence.

This Institution has steadily and permanently increased in numbers for the last eleven years, until the present capacious edifice, which is 50 feet front, 90 feet deep, and four stories high, became entirely inadequate to the growing wants of the school.

In August last, the Trustees commenced another building of the same size and external appearance on the west side of the present edifice. This building is now under roof, and will be ready for occupancy early in the spring.

This addition will give us the largest and most beautiful exhibition room in the city, six large professor's rooms, eighteen additional high, airy lodging rooms, and the whole of the high basement will be fitted up for a gymnasium for the young ladies to exercise in during inclement weather. These improvements make it one of the most extensive and complete establishments in the United States.

This Institution has an able and efficient Board of Professors and Teachers, a good Library, excellent Musical Instruments, an extensive Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, and it is confidently believed that it offers as many facilities for imparting a thorough, extensive, and refined education as any Seminary in the land.

The school is not sectarian, on the contrary, the young ladies are strictly required to attend such Church as parents designate, accompanied always by a Teacher.

For Board and Tuition, including furnished Rooms, Lights, Fuel, Washing, etc., $200 per scholastic year; payable half yearly in advance.

For Circulars, and other particulars, address

H. WINCHESTER, President.

References in Washington City, D. C.

Josiah F. Polk, Esq., Vespasian Ellis, Esq.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

STOCKTON'S BOOK AND JOURNAL:

A NEW DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Begun January, 1857.

T. H. STOCKTON, HAVING REMOVED from BALTIMORE to PHILADELPHIA, and transferred the publication of the *Bible in Separate Volumes*, the *Bible Tracts*, and *Bible Times*, to the latter city, now also issues a *Dollar Monthly Magazine*, called "STOCKTON'S BOOK AND JOURNAL."

I. THE BOOK DEPARTMENT.

The "BOOK" department opens a *Select Series of Original Works*, by the Editor himself, to consist of—

I. SERMONS FOR THE PEOPLE;
II. LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE;
III. ADDRESSES FOR THE PEOPLE;
IV. MISCELLANIES FOR THE PEOPLE;
V. POEMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

II. THE JOURNAL DEPARTMENT.

The "JOURNAL" department opens a *Variety of Briefer Articles*, both *Original* and *Selected*, to consist of—

1. BIBLICAL EXPOSITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS;
2. AUTOBIOGRAPHIC RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES
3. LITERARY NOTICES;
4. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL COLLECTIONS;
5. PULPIT AND PASTORAL LESSONS;
6. ORATORICAL AND LITERARY, LOGICAL, AND RHETORICAL CRITICISMS
7. SKETCHES OF CHARACTER, SCENERY, AND INCIDENTS;
8. POETRY, APHORISMS, &c., &c.

THE MARCH NUMBER.

The March number of the "Book and Journal" commences a New Series of "Sermons for the People." Of the former series, Five Editions have been issued, and it is hoped that the New Series will prove worthy of still more extensive circulation. Subscriptions are coming in constantly.

The *Subject* of the New series is, "The Peerless Magnificence of the Word of God; or, the Supremacy of the Bible, as the only Sensible, Infallible, and Divine Authority on Earth." The *Text* is—"Thou hast magnified Thy word above all Thy name."—Ps. cxxxviii, 2. The *Design* is to assert and maintain the distinctive character of the Bible, as, from beginning to end, the Book of Christ, and, as such, the Mediatorial Law of the World.

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