The Middlebury Register.

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For the Middlebury Register.

To a River.

Flow onward, sweet river,
So tranquil and bright,
While the last rays quiver
In ripple of light,
Ebbing away from the borders of night.

While the evening star
On thy bosom shall sleep,
Mildly beaming afar
In yon ether deep, [sleep.
Where it seems, in its silent stillness to

Thou mirror of the sky,
The star-spangled blue
When no raptured eye
Is gazing on you,
Can it be you, give it so lovely a hue?

Though on earth thou seem'st to be
But a shallow river;
Thou art deep as yonder sky,
Which within thee seems to quiver,
Thou art an embodied Peace, flowing on for ever R. W. D.

To the Sea.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of the crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

☞ The following lines from Punch, purporting to have been "written in a Lawyer's Office on the approach of Spring," are exceedingly [illegible] to—

Whereas on every [illegible] and sprays,
Now dawn [illegible]
And [illegible] the [illegible] made way
Has [illegible] of Spring!

The [illegible] and birds around
The memory of our youthful bower
As green as the second sprays and tough,
As fresh and sweet as this—and ll were

The birds are [illegible]—happy pair—
Love, and the aforesaid boughs, embrace,
In freehold nests; the moiety, their heirs,
Administrators and assigns.

Oh, busiest term of Cupid's Court,
When tender plaintiff's actions lying—
Season of frolic and of sport,
Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

From "Recollections of a Housekeeper."

Early Friends.

Where are they?

I cannot sit now, as once, upon the edge of the brook, hour after hour, flinging off my line and hook to the nibbling roach, and reckon it great sport. There is no girl with auburn ringlets to sit beside me, and to play upon the bank. The hours are shorter than they were then; and the little joys that furnished boyhood till the heart was full, can fill it no longer. Poor Tray is dead, long ago; and he cannot swim into the pools for floating sticks, nor can I sport with him hour after hour, and think it happiness. The mound that covers his grave is sunken; and the trees that shaded it, are broken and mossy.

Little Lilly is grown into a woman, and is married; and she has another little Lilly, with flaxen hair, she says,—looking as she used to look. I dare say the child is pretty, but it is not my Lilly. She has a little boy too, that she calls Paul;—a chubby rogue—she writes,—and as mischievous as ever I was God bless the boy!

Ben,—who would have hiked a mile in the coach that carried me away to school—has had a great many rides since then—rough rides, and hard ones, over the road of life. He does not rake up the falling leaves for bonfires, as he did once; he is grown to a man, and is fighting his way somewhere in our western world, to the short-lived honors of time. He was married not long ago; his wife I remembered as one of my playmates at my first school: she was beautiful, but fragile as a leaf. She died within a year of their marriage. Ben was but four years my senior; but this grief has made him ten years older. He does not say it; but his eye and figure tell it.

The nurse who put the purse in my hand that dismal morning, is grown a feeble old woman. She was over fifty then: she may well be seventy now. She did not know my voice when I went to see her the other day, nor did she know my face at all. She repeated the name when I told it to her—Paul, Paul,—she did not remember any Paul, except a little boy, a long while ago."

——"To whom you gave a purse when he went away, and told him to say nothing to Lilly or to Ben?"

——"Yes, that Paul"—says the old woman exultingly—"do you know him?"

And when I told her—"she would not have believed it!" But she did; and took hold of my hand again, (for she was blind); and then smoothed down the plaits of her apron, and jogged her cap strings, to look tidy in the presence of 'the gentleman.' And she told me long stories about the old house and how other people came in afterward; and she called me 'sir' sometimes, and sometimes 'Paul.' But I asked her to say only Paul; she seemed glad for this, and talked easier; and went on to tell of my old playmates, and how we used to ride the pony—poor Jacko!—and how we gathered nuts—such heaping piles; and how we used to play at fox and geese through the long winter evenings; and how my poor mother would smile—but here I asked her to stop. She could not have gone on much longer, for I believe she loved our house and people, better than she loved her own.

As for my uncle, the cold, silent man, who lived with his books in the house upon the hill, and who used to frighten me sometimes with his look, he grew very feeble after I had left, and almost crazed. The country people said that he was mad; and Isabel with her sweet heart clung to him, and would lead him out when his step tottered to the seat in the garden, and read to him out of the books he loved to hear. And sometimes, they told me, she would read to him some letters that I had written to Lilly or to Ben, and ask him if he remembered Paul, who saved her from drowning under the tree in the meadow? But he could only shake his head, and mutter something about how old and feeble he had grown.

They wrote me afterward that he died, and was buried in a far-away place, where his wife once lived, and where he now sleeps beside her. Isabel was sick with grief, and came to live for a time with Lilly; but when they wrote me last, she had gone back to her old home—where Tray was buried, where we had played together so often, through the long days of summer.

I was glad I should find her there, when I came back. Lilly and Ben were both living near to the city, when I landed from my long journey over the seas; but still I went to Isabel first. Perhaps I had heard so much oftener from the others, that I felt less eager to see them; or perhaps I wanted to save my best visits to the last; or perhaps—(I did think it) perhaps I loved Isabel, better than them all.

So I went into the country, thinking all the way, how she must have changed since I left. She must be now nineteen or twenty; and then her grief must have saddened her face somewhat; but I thought I should like her all the better for that. Then perhaps she would not laugh, and tease me, but would be quieter, and wear a sweet smile,—so calm, and beautiful, I thought. Her figure too must have grown more elegant, and she would have more dignity in her air.

I shuddered a little at this; for I thought,—she will hardly think so much of me then; perhaps she will have seen those whom she likes a great deal better. Perhaps she will not like me at all; yet I knew very well that I should like her.

I had gone up almost to the house; I had passed the stream where we fished in that day, many years before; and I thought that now since she had grown to womanhood, I should never sit with her there again, and surely never drag her as I did out of the water, and never chafe her little hands, and never perhaps kiss her, as I did, when she sat upon my mother's lap—oh, no—no—no!

I saw where we buried Tray, but the old slab was gone; there was no ribbon there now. I thought that at least Isabel would have replaced the slab;—but it was a wrong thought. I trembled when I went up to the door—for it flashed upon me, that perhaps,—Isabel was married. I could not tell why she should not; but I knew it would make me uncomfortable, to hear that she had.

There was a tall woman who opened the door; she did not know me; but I recognized her as one of the old servants. I asked after the housekeeper first, thinking I would surprise Isabel. My heart fluttered somewhat, thinking she might step in suddenly herself—or perhaps that she might have seen me coming up the hill. But even then, I thought she would hardly know me.

Presently the housekeeper came in, looking very grave; she asked if the gentleman wished to see her?

The gentleman did wish it, and she sat down on one side of the fire;—for it was autumn, and the leaves were falling, and the November winds were very chilly.

—Shall I tell her—thought I—who I am, or ask at once for Isabel? I tried to ask; but it was hard for me to call her name; it was very strange, but I could not pronounce it at all.

"Who, sir?"—said the housekeeper, in a tone so earnest, that I rose at once and crossed over, and took her hand:—"You know me," said I,—"you surely remember Paul?"

She started with surprise, but recovered herself, and resumed the same grave manner. I thought I had committed some mistake, or been in some way cause of offence. I called her—Madame, and asked for—Isabel?

She turned pale, terribly pale—"Bella?" said she.

"Yes, Bella."

"Sir—Bella is dead!"

I dropped into my chair. I said nothing. The housekeeper—bless her kind heart!—slipped noiselessly out. My hands were over my eyes. The winds were sighing outside, and the clock ticking mournfully within.

I did not sob, nor weep, nor utter any cry.

The clock ticked mournfully, and the winds were sighing; but I did not hear them any longer; there was a tempest raging within me, that would have drowned the voice of thunder.

It broke at length in a long, deep sigh,—"oh God!"—said I. It may have been a prayer;—it was not an imprecation.

Bella—sweet Bella was dead! It seemed as if, with her, half the world were dead—every bright face darkened—every sunshine blotted out,—every flower withered,—every hope extinguished!

I walked out into the air, and stood under the trees where we had played together with poor Tray—where Tray lay buried. But it was not Tray I thought of, as I stood there, with the cold wind playing through my hair, and my eyes filling with tears. How could she die? Why *was* she gone? Was it really true? Was Isabel indeed dead—in her coffin—buried? Then why should anybody live?—What was there to live for, now that Bella was gone?

Ah, what a gap in the world is made by the death of those we love! It is no longer whole, but a half-world that swings uneasy on its axis, and makes you dizzy with the clatter of its wreck!

The housekeeper told me all—little by little, as I found calmness to listen. She had been dead a month; Lilly was with her through it all; she died sweetly, without pain, and without fear—what can angels fear? She had spoken often of Cousin Paul; she had left a little trinket for him, but it was not there; she had given it into Lilly's keeping.

Her grave, the housekeeper told me, was only a little way off from her home—beside the grave of a brother who died long years before. I went there that evening. The mound was high and fresh. The sods had not closed together, and the dry leaves caught in the crevices, and gave a ragged and a terrible look to the grave. The next day, I had them all smoothed—as we once laid them on the grave of Tray;—I clipped the long grass, and set a tuft of blue violets at the foot, and watered it all with tears. The homestead, the trees, the fields, the meadows—in the windy November—looked dismally. I could not like them again;—I liked nothing, but the little mound, that I had dressed over Bella's grave. There she sleeps now,—the sleep of Death!

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A hundred years ago a German monarch reigned over those United States—then colonies of Great Britain—and on the whole earth, with the exception of Switzerland, there was not a single republic of any pretensions. A hundred years ago the French lilies floated over Quebec, Pittsburgh, and New Orleans. A hundred years ago the old French monarchy existed—the Bastile reared its accursed towers—Louis XV. dallied with infamous wantons, squandered his subjects' money, and blasphemed, in his own person, the name of man. Fifty years ago the name of Napoleon was still comparatively unknown. Fifty years ago, cotton mills had, as it were, just been invented, and railroads, locomotives, and magnetic telegraphs were practically unknown. Fifty years ago there were scarcely five millions of people in the United States, and Ohio was almost as much of a wilderness as Oregon is now. Fifty years ago Washington had just died, Jefferson was still living, and Clay, Webster and Calhoun were names as yet unknown to fame.

☞ Somebody, having been much troubled to learn the keys of the Piano Forte, proposes the following lines as an alleviation of the labor:

HOW TO LEARN THE PIANO KEYS IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

All the G and A keys
Are between the black *threes*,
And 'tween the *twos* are all the D's.
Then on the *right* side of the threes
Will be found the B's and C's;
But on the *left* side of the threes
Are all the F's and all the E's.

☞ Humboldt says that it was the sight of a colossal *dragon tree*; and of a fan palm in an old tower of the botanical garden at Berlin, that first implanted in his mind, the irresistible desire to undertake distant travels.

HARD LANGUAGE.—We heard an honest faced Dutchman a day or two since, addressing an animated harangue to his son in Dutch, and it struck us as being the hardest language for a parent to address to a child that we had ever heard. —*Carpet Bag.*

Kit North.

A correspondent of the *Worcester Spy* has these personalities of Christopher North.

"Professor Wilson, the renowned Kit North, is yet a handsome man, although age has grizzled the long hair that falls upon his broad, square shoulders, and has stolen away some of the elasticity from his step. I do not know whether his carelessness of attire partakes of that affectation of singularity which so often seizes on "little men" of letters; certain it is that Horace Greeley's old coat and hat can hardly begin to look so poor as the correspondent appurtenances to the outer man of John Wilson. One side of his dickey will usually be as high up his cheek as the ear of Midas, while the other will nestle in the regions of his heart. One leg of his pants will totally conceal one boot; while the other will be hid in his brogan, in the way Young America's very often is on sposhy days. It is rather amusing to see the cane that 'John Wilson' usually carries with him. It reminded me of the club which the 'Hercules after Phidias' leans on, in the garden of the Tuilleries.

"I heard it whispered, in circles likely to know, that 'Old Kit's' '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*, had been modified. The wit still sparkled at the reunions which took place under his presidence; but the *wine* had suffered extradition. They say that once upon a time the compositors could exactly designate the extent to which 'Christopher's' clay was wet, by the thermometer evidence of his 'copy.' They could tell at what precise stage of inebriation he had written every page. A paralytic attack, however, has warned the Aristarchus of toryism that he must either discard the 'Phalarian,' or hold himself ready to die at a moment's notice; and he has aligared the wine. It is rather singular that Wilson will not admit gas-light into his dwelling. The reason assigned to me was that it did not arise from an inveterate adherence to old ways, but from the results of the Professor's own negligence or forgetfulness. He introduced the subtile fluid into his house, and was pleased with the brilliant light it shed around him the first night of his experience. Gradually, however, he became interested in something else, and his mind soon was totally abstracted. At length sleep touched his eyelids and admonished him to retire. He undressed, *blew out* his gas-light, and laid his head down upon his pillow.

Anybody may anticipate the result. The author of the 'City of the Plague' awakened with a snort like that of the walrus; he sprang from his bed, and the tocsin was sounded through the dwelling. Next day every gas-pipe, burner, and bracket, was torn down and pushed out of the doors of the redoubtable 'Kit North,' and from that time to this, cotton and spermaceti, or tallow, has lighted him to bed."

ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR.—The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce mentions that the King of Belgium has issued a decree for a universal exhibition at Brussels of objects of art and works of living artists, on the 15th of next August. It is meant to attract a part of the concourse at London to the Belgian capital. Long editorial essays abound in the French journals, to prove that a grand exhibition should be undertaken for July in Paris. The London World's Fair is limited to four months. In July, he says, the French metropolis will overflow from the British: two hundred million francs may have been thrown in circulation in England, yet Paris can attract a large sum from the host of strangers. It is not improbable that the Government will lend its aid to some grand arrangements of "industrial and artistic magnetism."

☞ A new and very funny difficulty has arisen in the glass palace for the World's Fair. During a violent shower, many panes of glass were broken, and all the sparrows in Hyde Park, and St James' Park, availed themselves of the opportunity to enter. It is estimated, says the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, that there are at least three hundred thousand of these birds in the building, and much alarm is entertained lest they should damage the goods and annoy visitors. To get rid of them is no easy matter. To shoot them would be destruction to the glass, and the Council of Supervision have sent to Edinburgh for thirty of the best falconers who will come to London in their national costume. The chase is to commence some days before the exhibition.

☞ Rev. John Pierpont, who "has a way" of making people understand what he means, in writing upon the Telegraph, concludes thus.

A hero's chieftain lay ng down his pen,
Closes his eyes in Washington at ten;
The lightning courier leaps along the line;
And at St. Louis tells the tale at nine;
Halting a thousand miles whence he departed,
And getting there an hour before he started.

Fireside Amusements.

The Wonderful Hat.—Place three pieces of bread, or other eatables, at a little distance from each other on the table, and cover each with a hat; you then take up the first hat, and remove the bread, put it into into your mouth, and let the company see that you swallow it, then raise the second hat, and eat the bread that was under that, and do the same with the third. Having eaten the three pieces, give any person in the company liberty to choose under which hat he would wish these three pieces to be. When he has made choice of one of the hats, put it on your head, and ask if he does not think they are under it.

The Apparent Impossibility.—You profess yourself able to show any one what they never saw, what you never saw, and which, after you two have seen, nobody else shall ever see.

After requesting the company to guess this riddle, and they soon profess themselves unable to do so, produce a nut, and having cracked it, take out the kernel, and ask them if they ever saw that before; they will of course answer, No. You reply, neither have I, and I think you will confess no one else ever shall see it again; saying which you put the kernel into your mouth and eat it.

Go if you can.—You tell a person that you will clasp his hands together in such a manner that he shall not be able to leave the room without unclasping them, although you will not confine his feet, or bind his body, or in any way oppose his exit.

The trick is performed by clasping the party's hand round the centre of a large circular table or other bulky article of furniture, too large for him to drag through the door-way.

The Visible Invisible.—You tell the company that you will place a candle in such a manner that every person in the room, except one, shall see it, yet you will not blindfold him nor in any way restrain his person, or offer the least impediment to his examining or going to any part of the room he pleases. The trick is accomplished by placing the candle on the party's head; but it cannot be performed if a looking glass is in the room, as that will enable him to turn the laugh against you.

The Double Meaning.—Place a glass of liquor of any kind upon a table, put a hat over it and say, "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." You then get under the table and after giving three knocks, you make a noise with your mouth as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then, getting from under the table, you say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look." Some one, eager to see if you have drank the liquor, will instantly raise up the hat, when you instantly take the glass and drink the contents, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

Quite Tired Out.—You undertake to make a person so tired by attempting to take a small stick out of the room, as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burthen, nor lay any restraint on his personal liberty. To perform this manœuvre, you take up a stick, and cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this can be made to amount to several thousands, he will of course gladly give up the undertaking.

To Rub one Sixpence into two.—Previously wet a sixpence slightly, and stick it to under edge of a table (without a corner) at the place where you are sitting. You then borrow a sixpence from one of the company, and tucking up your sleeves very high, and opening your fingers to show them that you have not another concealed, rub it quickly backwards and forwards on the table, with your right hand, holding your left under the table to catch it. After two or three feigned unsuccessful attempts to accomplish your object, you lower the concealed sixpence with the fingers of the left hand, at the same time you are sweeping the borrowed sixpence into it; and rubbing them a little while together in your hands, you throw them both on the table.

Magic Circle.—You tell a person you will place him in the centre of a room, and draw a circle of chalk round him, which shall not exceed three feet in diameter, yet out of which he shall not be able to leap. When the party has exhausted his ingenuity in trying to discover so seemingly easy a task, you ask him if he will try, and on his assenting you bring him into the room, and having requested him to button his coat tightly, you draw with a piece of chalk a circle round his waist, outside of his coat, and tell him to jump out of it.

—It will greatly improve this trick if the person be blindfolded, as he will not be aware of the mode of performing it till the bandage is removed, provided his attention be diverted while you are drawing the line around him.

☞ Girls get ripe much earlier than boys. The moment the former get beyond fifteen, they are "young ladies," while boys of that age are only thought fit to lug water and shovel away snow-storms. A girl at eighteen knows more than a boy at twenty-one—after that age, however, conformity not only overtakes calico, but passes her. Females seldom improve after they are twenty. Males don't begin to improve till after that age. It is with people as with vegetables—the faster they grow the sooner they get done with it.

☞ ENERGY.—Goethe said—"The longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men, the great and significant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then death or victory. The quality will do anything in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged thing a man without it."

Instinct of Animals.

Mr. Mudie, the writer of the article 'Fox,' in Partington's Cyclopedia, relates, from his personal knowledge, the following particulars: One morning, early, a man in the north was going to his work, through furze bushes, on a common, and came upon a fox, stretched out at full length, under the side of one of the bushes. The fox was drawn by the tail, and swung right and left, and then laid on the ground, but not a symptom of motion or life did he show. The man, never doubting that Reynard had gone the way of all foxes, and nothing loth to add a fox-skin cap to the list of his personal furniture, and the brush to the tail of a peacock feather, and other ornamental trophies over the little looking glass, that stood inclined from the wall of his cottage, took the animal by the tail and swung it over one shoulder, at the same time placing his mattock on the other to keep up the balance; and having done so, onward he trudged to mend the high road. The animal had counterfeited death to admiration, and he did not mind being carried in the manner of a dead fox; but he had no inclination to undergo that species of dissection which the point of the mattock was ever and anon giving to his ribs; so at last he gave the decisive snap which is the characteristic bite of foxes. The man felt that something was the matter, but knew not very well what; so throwing the fox and mattock from him, he turned round to face his foe, whoever he might be, and, in turning, he espied his dead fox, at at the distance of full fifty yards, making for the brake with all imaginable speed.

We shall mention one other anecdote, which came within the personal knowledge of the writer of this article, because it throws some light on the mode of action of the fox. The parsonage of Kilmorie, in Inverness-shire, is situated in a highly romantic spot, and the clergyman of Kilmorie was a man of great taste and very hospitable. A well stocked poultry yard is an essential requisite in such cases; but the foxes were so numerous, and their covers so near, that a poultry yard was out of the question. A poultry house was thus requisite, and the reverend doctor prided himself not a little in having constructed one which was completely fox-proof, and for a good many years it had been impregnable. A friend of ours had spent a night in this romantic and hospitable abode, and while fresh salmon from the Bay formed one article for the breakfast table, new laid eggs from the stronghold of the hens, were of course to form another. The purveyor of these articles took the key and marched off, basket in hand, to bring the supply; but when she opened the door, a scene of the most direful havoc presented itself. Every perch and every nest hole was bedabbled with blood; dead hens lay in dozens on the floor, and in the middle was a full-sized fox, stretched out at full length, and apparently a sharer in the common mortality. The maid never doubted the death of the fox, but attributed it to a different cause, namely, that he had so gorged himself on the poultry that he had burst. Here were three causes to rouse the mingled wrath and contempt of the servant; and after some exclamations, she took him by the tail and swung him with all her might into the receptacle in which were accumulated the requisites for garden compost. The fox fell safely, and rose again speedily, and scoured along until he gained the cover of the woods, leaving the servant in utter consternation.—*Church's Illustrations of Instinct.*

☞ HORACE GREELEY is on his way to Europe. We should admire to see that gentleman in a state of sea-sickness. We will bet high that, between the upheavings, he will argue to his next neighbor that half the pain of *mo-sis* would be removed by some plan of association, and that vomiting, under the control of such a system, would tend inevitably, to the restoration of man to his original dignity and purity, besides furnishing him with a farm protected by "homestead exemption"—*Springfield Republican.*

WHITE AND BLACK BASIS IN VIRGINIA.—Western Virginia wants and insists upon having a representation founded solely upon the white population. Eastern Virginia insists that blacks to some extent shall be counted as well as whites. This long controversy before the Convention, is likely to be settled, it is said, by adopting the mixed basis for the Senate, and the pure white basis for the House. H. A. Wise, though from the East, has been pressing the pure white basis.

"According to the official census of Virginia, there are in the eastern portion of the State, seventy-one counties, and in the western, sixty-eight—or one hundred and thirty-nine counties in "the Old Dominion." In the eastern there are 401,510 whites, 46,779 free colored, and 469,768 slaves; in the western, 452,609 whites, 8,123 free colored, and 63,233 slaves. The total free population, 948,054; slaves, 473,026—an aggregate of 1,421,081 in the State. It will be seen that there is a slave for every two free persons."

☞ AN ENLIGHTENED BODY.—There are no less than nine editors in the two branches of the Wisconsin Legislature.

☞ "Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, cowhide in hand.

☞ At a Graham boarding house the bill of fare for breakfast consists of shingles fried in pump water—dinner of the soup left by the shingles thickened with saw-dust.

☞ Philander, of the Yankee Blade, says that prejudices against color are very natural, and yet the prettiest girl he ever knew was Olive Brown.

Daniel Webster in Boston.

The friends of the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER, in this city, gathered in front of the Revere House, yesterday forenoon at 11 o'clock, and welcomed him to the city. The number present was about 5000. The windows of the Revere House were filled with ladies.

At 11 o'clock, Col. N. A. Thompson appeared upon the platform, and called the meeting to order, by proposing that the Hon. Jos. Bell, Col. John T. Heard, Daniel L. Gibbens, Adam W. Thaxter, Jr., Geo. Darracott, and Levi A. Dowley, Esqrs., be a Committee to wait upon Mr. Webster, and inform him of the gathering of his friends. The Committee soon after appeared, accompanied by Mr. Webster, who was received with the most enthusiastic applause, which was continued for some minutes. Mr. Webster spoke from a temporary stand, fronting the Bowdoin Square church, as follows, which report we copy from the Journal:—*Boston Atlas, 23d inst.*,

FELLOW CITIZENS OF BOSTON:—You rather take me by surprise this morning—but it is a very agreeable surprise. I am as much pleased to see your cheerful and satisfied faces, as I am to see again the face of that luminary which shines out from the heavens above us; and if, gentlemen, you are half as glad to see me as I am to meet you, there is at this moment a great quantity of happiness and good feeling in Bowdoin Square. (Applause.)

Gentlemen, a long and violent convulsion of the elements has passed away, and the heavens and the skies smile upon us. There is often an analogy between occurrences in the natural world and occurrences in the moral and political world, and sometimes political agitations pass away, bringing after them sunshine, joy and gladness. May it be so now. I greet you as citizens of Boston; I welcome you. I offer you my heart and hand with the deepest gratitude for what you and your fathers have done for me, from the days of my early manhood, when I came from the North to throw myself among you, to partake of your fortunes, for good or for evil, to the end of my life. I am not vain enough to suppose, fellow-citizens, that I have done an essential service to my country in my day and generation. If I have so done, however little, or however much it may be, I owe it mainly to the constant, the warm, the unwavering friendship and support of the people of Boston. I am bound the way of all the earth. I shall ere long follow your fathers and my fathers to my last home. But while I live and breathe, while I have the power of language, or of thought, while my heart beats or my tongue moves, I shall feel and I shall speak of Boston, as the cherished object of my public, political, I may say, friendly regard.

Gentlemen, you do not expect to hear from me to-day any discourse. I come to see you, and you come to see me. It is not an occasion for the discussion of any political topics. You do not expect me to detain you from your affairs, while I rehearse any opinion of my own, or state the grounds of those opinions. But let me congratulate you, and let me ask you to congratulate me, that the events of the last year or two have placed us under better auspices. We see clearer, we breathe freer, we feel a new assurance that our political institutions, the rich blessings and inheritance which we derive from our fathers, will endure, be perpetual, be immortal, if an institution of man on earth can be immortal!

Yes, fellow citizens, the youngest of your children, the youngest of your grand-children, will grow up to manhood, in the proud feeling that they are born to an inheritance of imperishable liberty in these United States of North America, and in this ancient and beloved—I say beloved, and to be always venerated, under all circumstances—beloved and venerated Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Why, fellow citizens, we need not be vain, we need not be too much self-satisfied, but after all who is among you at this moment that would exchange his political and social condition for that which befals the inhabitant or the resident of any other country under the wide sweep of the canopy which is over us? Where would you go with satisfaction? You would say under the institutions of your country with satisfaction; you would enjoy that political power which is so universally disseminated on popular principles, with satisfaction and gratification. For here every citizen feels himself a man. If he is one of the governed, he is one of the governors, and he has a voice in every discussion of public policy and national concern. Let others say what they will; let others commend what they please; let them like either a more royal, a more despotic, or a more democratic form of government; for myself, and I believe I may speak for you, we are satisfied with our condition, as people of the United States and citizens of Massachusetts—living under a free, popular, and glorious representative government, which makes us known favorably all over the world.

Gentlemen, let us despair of nothing in behalf of our country. We see it growing in prosperity. We shall see that the returning sense of the community, the great principle of love of liberty—and, we might add, and I would add, with all the emphasis that I can pour out of my heart—the love of Union will keep us together. (Applause.) If I had ten thousand voices, if I could speak so as to be heard on the shores of the Pacific, if I could gather around me the whole of this vast nation I would say, fellow citizens, union, UNION, UNION, now and forever! (Great cheering.) What are all these petty distinctions; what are all these cavils, and questions, and sectional quarrels. They are but the dust in the balance. They are not fit to inhabit the heart of a true American, for the heart of a true American embraces his whole country, and if it is not big enough for that, he had better tear it out and throw it from his bosom. (Applause.) I have said, gentlemen, that the little I have done, if I have done anything for good, is mainly attributable to the support which you and your brothers and your fathers have given me here in the city of Boston. I am not ungrateful for it. As I have found you in times past I find you now, and I am sure I