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Poetry.

To Mary in Heaven.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to the breast,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Miscellany.

The Wreck of the Friendship.

(From "*My Schools and Schoolmasters*," by Hugh Miller.)

Early in November, 1797, two vessels—the one a smack in the London and Inverness trade, the other the master's square-rigged sloop—lay wind bound for a few days on their passage north, in the port of Peterhead. The weather, which had been stormy and unsettled, moderated toward the evening of the fifth day of their detention; and the wind chopping suddenly into the east, both vessels loosed from their moorings, and, as a rather gloomy day was passing into a still gloomier night, they bore out to sea. The breeze soon freshened into a gale; the gale swelled into a hurricane, accompanied by a thick snow storm; and when, early next morning, the smack opened the Frith, she was staggering under her storm-jib, and a mainsail reefed to the cross. Whatever wind may blow, there is always shelter within the Sutors; and she was soon riding at anchor within the roadstead; but she had entered the bay alone; and when the day broke, and for a brief interval the driving snow-rack cleared up toward the east, no second sail appeared in the offing.—"Poor Miller!" exclaimed the master of the smack; "if he does not enter the Frith ere an hour, he will never enter it at all. Good sound vessel, and better sailors never stepped between stem and stern; but last night has, I fear, been too much for him. He should have been here long ere now." The hour passed; the day itself were heavily away in gloom and tempest; and as not only the master, but also all the crew of the sloop were natives of the place, groups of the town's folks might be seen, so long as daylight lasted, looking out into the storm from the salient point of the old coast line, that, rising immediately behind the houses, commands the Frith. But the sloop came not, and before they had retired to their homes, a second night had fallen, dark and tempestuous as the first.

Ere morning the weather moderated; a keen frost bound up the wind in its icy fetters; and during the following day, though a heavy swell continued to roll shorewards between the Sutors, and to send up its white foam high against the cliffs, the surface of the sea had become glassy and smooth. But the day wore on and evening again fell; and even the most sanguine relinquished all hope of ever again seeing the sloop or her crew. There was grief in the master's dwelling—grief in no degree the less poignant from the circumstance that it was the tearless, uncomplaining grief of rigid old age. Her two youthful friends and their mother watched with the widow now, as it seemed, left alone in the world. The town-clock had struck the hour of midnight, and still she remained as if fixed to her seat, absorbed in silent, stupefying sorrow, when a heavy foot was heard pacing along the now silent street. It passed, and anon returned; ceased for a moment nearly opposite the window; then approached the door, where there was a second pause; and then there succeeded a faltering knock, that struck on the very hearts of the inmates within. One of the girls sprang up, and on undoing the bolt, shrieked out, as the door fell open, "O, mistress, here is Jack Grant, the mate!" Jack a tall, powerful seaman, but apparently in a state of utter exhaustion, staggered rather than walked in, and flung himself into a chair. 'Jake,' exclaimed the old woman seizing him convulsively by both his hands, "where's my cousin?—where's Hugh?" "The master's safe and well," said Jack; "but the poor *Friendship* lies in *spoons* on the bar of Findhorn." "God be praised!" ejaculated the widow. "Let the gear go!"

I have often heard Jack's story related in Jack's own words, at a period of life when repetition never tires; but I am not sure that I can do it the necessary justice now. "We left Peterhead," he said, "with about a half cargo of coal, for we had lightered ship a day or two before; and the gale freshened as the night came on. We made all tight, however; and though the snowdrift was so blinding in the thick of the shower that I could scarce see my hand before me, and though it soon began to blow great guns, we had given the land good offing, and the hurricane blew the right way. Just as we were hoisting from the quays a poor young woman, with a child in her arms, had come to the vessel's side, and begged hard of the master to take her aboard. She was a soldier's wife, and was travelling to join her husband at Fort George; but she was already worn out and penniless, she said; and now, as a snow-storm threatened to block up the roads she could neither stay where she was nor pursue her journey. Her infant, too—she was sure, if she tried to force her way through the hills, it would perish in the snow. The master though unwilling to cumber us with a passenger in such weather, was induced out of pity for the poor destitute creature, to take her aboard. And she was now, with her child, all alone below in the cabin. I was stationed ahead on the outback beside the foresail *boom*; the night had grown pitch dark, and the lamp in the binnacle threw just light enough through the gray of the shower to show me the master at the helm.—He looked more anxious, I thought, than I had almost ever seen him before, though I have been with him, mistress, in very bad weather; and all at once I saw he had company and strange company too, for such a night; there was a woman moving round him with a child in her arms I could see her as distinctly as I ever saw anything,—now on the one side, now on the other,—at one time full in the light, at another half lost in the darkness. That, I said to myself, must be the soldier's wife and her child; but how in the name of wonder can the master allow a woman to come on deck in such a night as this, when ourselves have just enough ado to keep footing! He takes no notice of her either, but keeps looking on, quite in his wont, at the binnacle. 'Master, I said, stepping up to him, 'the woman had sure better go below.' 'What woman, Jack?' said he. 'Our passenger, you may be sure, is nowhere else.' I looked around, mistress, and found he was quite alone, and that the companion-way was barred down.—There came a cold sweat all over me. 'Jack,' said the master, 'the night is getting worse, and the roll of the waves heightening every moment. I'm convinced, too, our cargo is shifting. As the last sea struck us, I could hear the coal rattle below, and see how stiffly we heel to the larboard. Say nothing, however, to the men, but have all your wits about you; and look meanwhile, to the boat-tackle and the oars. I have seen a boat live in as bad a night as this.' As he spoke, a blue light from above glimmered on the deck. We looked up, and saw a dead-fire sticking to the cross-trees.—'It's all over with us now, master,' said I. 'Nay, man,' replied the master, in his easy, humorous way, which I always like well enough except in bad weather, and then I see his humor is served out like his extra grog, to keep up hearts that have cause enough to get low.—'Nay, man,' he said, 'we can't afford to let your grandmother hoard us to-night. If you will ensure *me* against the shifting coal, I'll be your guarantee against the dead-light. Why it's as much a natural appearance, man, as a flash of lightning. Away to your berth, and keep up a good heart; we can't be far from Cuvesa now, where, when once past the Skerries, the swell will take off; and then, in two short hours, we may be snug within the Sutors.' I had scarcely reached my berth ahead, mistress, when a heavy sea struck us on the starboard quarter, almost throwing us on our beam-ends. I could hear the rushing of the coals below, as they settled on the larboard side; and though the master set us full before the wind, and gave instant orders to lighten every stitch of sail,—and it was but little sail we had at the time to lighten,—still the vessel did not rise, but lay unmanageable as a log with her gunwale in the water. On we drifted, however, along the south coast, with little expectation save that every other sea would send us to the bottom; until, in the first gray of the morning, we found ourselves among the breakers of the terrible bar of Findhorn. And shortly after, the poor *Friendship* took the ground right on the edge of the quicksands, for she would neither stay nor wear; and as she beat hard against the bottom, the surf came rolling over half-mast high.

"Just as we struck," continued Jack, "the master made a desperate effort to get into the cabin. The vessel couldn't miss, we saw, to break up and fill; and though there was little hope of any of us ever setting foot ashore, he wished to give the poor woman below a chance with the rest. All of us but himself, mistress, had got up into the shrouds, and so could see round us a bit; and he had just laid his hands on the companion hasp to undo the door, when I saw a tremendous sea coming rolling towards us like a moving wall, and shouted on him to hold fast. He sprang to the weather back-stay, and laid hold. The sea came tumbling on, and, breaking full twenty feet over his head, buried him for a minute's space in the foam. We thought we would never see him more; but when it cleared away, there was he still, with his iron gripe on the stay, though the fearful wave had water-logged the *Friendship* from bow to stern, and swept her companion-head as cleanly off by the deck as if it had been cut by a saw. No human aid could avail the poor woman and her baby. Master could hear the terrible clocking noise of her dying agony right under his feet, with but a two-inch plank between; and the sounds have haunted him ever since.—But even had he succeeded in getting her on deck, she could not possibly have survived, mistress. For five long hours we clung to the rigging, with the seas riding over us all the time like wild horses; and though we could see through the snow drifts and the spray, crowds on the shore, and boats lying thick beside the pier, none dared venture out to assist us, till near the close of the day, when the wind fell with the falling tide, and we were brought ashore, more dead than alive, by a volunteer crew from the harbor. The unlucky *Friendship* began to break under us near mid-day. We saw the corpse of the drowned woman, with the dead infant in her arms, come floating out through a hole in the side. But the surf soon tore mother and child asunder, and we lost sight of them as they drifted away to the west. Master would have joined the Frith himself this morning to relieve your mind, but being here worn out than any of us he thought it best to remain in charge of the wreck."

Who Fanny Fern Is Not.

A humorous writer remarks, that Fanny Fern has been accused of being "somebody's sister," whereon, adds he, she is "somebody herself!" and he is right. The fact that a considerable portion of the public have settled upon the belief that this lady is a sister of N. P. Willis, shows with how little judgment some people form conclusions, and how ready they are to believe improbable not to say impossible things. To one at all acquainted with the writings and the character therein displayed, of these two individuals, there are abundant reasons for deeming it impossible that Fanny Fern and N. P. Willis are brother and sister. They have nothing in common and everything in contrast. Two beings more unlike could hardly be named together; as we shall show.

1. It is evident that Fanny Fern has a heart, fresh and warm. Does any one believe that N. P. Willis has such an organ?

2. The writings of Fanny Fern are free from affectation, pretence and every other description of humbug. N. P. Willis is an actor in print; well practised, skilful and elegant, it is true; but always an actor—always felt to be an actor, and never so much as when performing his favorite role of ladies' champion.

3. Fanny Fern is a writer for the people; and the people love and take pride in her. N. P. Willis among the people, has been for twenty years another name for whatever is effeminate and frivolous. Perhaps the people are wrong; but that is their opinion.

4. "The test of a piece of writing," says Emerson, "is to read it in the open air, to a group of farmers, standing around a plough." Put Fanny Fern on her trial, in such a court, before such a jury, and you will hear the verdict in bursts of laughter, and read it in the unconscious tears that trickle down sun-burnt cheeks. The dainty Willis, on the other hand, in order to be sufferable, must be read upon the carpet and by the deceptive light of a chandelier. His are artificial flowers, pretty and ingenious, that will not bear the blowing of the winds or the searching light of day.

5. Fanny Fern, like Dickens, Kingsley and McKay, shares in the humane spirit of the times. She respects an honest man in homespun, and she despises a sneak in broadcloth. Her heart is with the *victims* of that artificial life, which her soul abhors, and in the hypocrisy of which she has no share. N. P. Willis looks at human nature through an imaginary Park Gate, or from the Bow Window of a Club, or from the saddle of "my mare;" and in his writings there is no trace of sympathy with the oppressed and the miserable.

6. Fanny Fern kindles with noble rage at the sight and the recital of wrong. To fancy N. P. Willis in anger at injustice done to another, would demand a very violent exercise of the imagination.

7. Fanny Fern is evidently a church-going, *religious* woman. N. P. Willis, it is equally evident, inclines to anything but the devout.

8. Fanny Fern is said to be, by those who know her, a lady to whom snuff is the horror of horrors. N. P. Willis's bills—well, everybody has heard enough of *that*.

9. With regard to their works, Fanny Fern's go; his don't. Hers sells at the rate of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes a year; a number which, it is said, exceeds the entire sale of all the works written by N. P. Willis.

10. Fanny Fern evidently dashes off her little inspirations without premeditation, and with little effort. It is no less evident that N. P. Willis tugs at the oar of composition like a galley slave. She creates; he manufactures. She has founded a Fern school, wields a most potential influence;—he has founded no school—his influence is unfelt. Her heart and mind are like a well spring, ever sparkling, ever flowing, sweet and pure; his are like an artificial fountain fed from an uncertain and insipid source, that plays spasmodically and refreshes not.

11. Fanny Fern is a thorough-going, patriotic, American, democratic woman, after the pattern of Bunker Hill and Seventy-six. N. P. Willis has not only little sympathy with what is peculiar to this country, but sometimes appears to cherish an aversion to it. A popular writer remarks, that he left what little republicanism he may have had on the other side of the Atlantic, in the Anteroom of a Mrs Blessington.

Consider the following facts, which have frequently been a topic of conversation in literary circles: There are two individuals in New York, named Willis, brothers, and both editors of journals supposed to be influential. What has been the course of these gentlemen with regard to the new star that rose with such brilliancy in the East? If they *are* the brothers of Fanny Fern, they must have known who she was, what she was, what was her position, and with what bitter necessities she was anxiously contending in the earlier stages of her career. Commendatory articles from them, would have smoothed her way to celebrity and accelerated the coming hour of her pecuniary independence.—*Such articles were not written*. While her fortunes were critical and doubtful, while she needed recognition and sympathy, both the journals under their control were silent respecting her merits. We have heard it asserted, and we believe the assertion to be true, that no words of welcome, encouragement or praise have to this day been written by them in her behalf—that such articles concerning her as have appeared in their journals have been written by other pens than theirs and inserted independent of their wishes. Now, granting—and we have not the slightest objection to grant it—that they could not perceive the merit and promise of the new writer, we consider the fact of their silence on the subject, as a convincing proof that no relationship exists between her and them; for, a mere regard to appearances and the after opinion of the world, would have prompted both to offer at least a show of welcome to one, who (were these reports true,) would soon be known as their sister.

Brother and Sister? The public never swallowed a story more improbable.—*N. Y. Tri. Mirror.*

Mrs. Swisshelm's Opinion of Woman's Rights.

Miss Lucy Stone is now delivering a course of lectures in Pittsburgh upon the subject of woman's rights. Hitherto crowded audiences, mostly drawn by curiosity, have gathered to hear the indignant fair one descant upon the fancied wrongs of her sex and the tyranny of man. In the course of her lectures Miss S. dwelt at length upon the 'enforced idleness of women of wealth.' She insisted that public sentiment allowed to young ladies of fortune no occupation but 'working cats and dogs in worsted,' or 'making pretty things to wear'—that the noble aspirations of their souls were crushed under the iron heel of conventionalism.

Mrs Swisshelm, the accomplished editress of the Pittsburgh Visitor, in an ably written editorial suggested by the above remarks of Miss Stone, exposes their fallacy, and points out the true position of the sex. She says that the great root of this undoubted evil, this inactivity of females is a lack of noble aspiration; and where such aspiration exists society opposes no more obstacles in the way of woman's carrying them out than in man's. She heartily believes that the only barrier which society offers in the way of woman's carrying out her aspiration is "the shadow of a shade, too faint to be perceptible to the naked eye of reason, and altogether impalpable; it exists only in the imagination of those who are harried by it." So far as she herself is concerned, she has ever done exactly whatever she thought right and proper to be done, and up to the present moment was not conscious of ever overtaking an obstacle thrown in her way by society.

On the contrary, when a woman boldly carries out a noble aspiration, her actions always meet an approving response in the bosom of society. Wealthy women have no excuse for spending their days in 'making pretty little things to wear,' or quietly folding their hands while God's poor and their fellow women are forced into the paths of vice, or wearing out their lives in ceaseless toil to gain bread for famishing children.

Opinions of Goethe.

The world cannot do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world.

Almost all the English write well; they are born orators and practical men, with a turn for the real.

Superstition is the poesy of practical life; hence a poet is none the worse for being superstitious.

I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.

The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary it strikes us more, the more familiar we are with it.

Certain books are written, not to instruct you, but to let you know that the author knew something.

How can I come to know myself? Not by contemplation; by action only. Do your duty, and you will know your value.

Shakspeare's dramas want ease now and then; they are more than they ought to be. This shows the great poet.

I hate all bungling as I do sin, but particularly bungling in politics, which leads to the misery and ruin of many thousands, many millions of people.

Literature is fragmentary, and yet it deals in endless repetitions, showing how cabined, cribbed, and confined the human mind really is.

The sentimentality of the English is humorous and tender, that of the French is popular and lachrymose, and maudlin; German sentimentality is naive and realistic.

Lord Byron's talent has all the truth and grandeur of nature, but also its savageness and discomfort. He stands alone; nobody comes near him, and nobody is like him.

Superstition is part of our being. Try to expel it, and you will find that it makes its escape into the strangest holes and corners of the mind. Give it a few moments' respite, and it will come out again.

Nobody, they say, is a hero to his valet. Of course; for a man must be a hero to understand a hero. The valet, I dare say, has great respect for some person of his own stamp.

Curious Facts.

Gun metal is 12 pounds of tin and 100 pounds of copper.

The emerald is ranked among the gems, but is now found only in Peru. It is green, harder than quartz, and always in crystal. Oriental emerald is a green sapphire.

The narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts about one and a half miles.

The Amazon falls but a foot in fifty miles, the Rhine one foot in a quarter of a mile; the Loire a foot in one and a half miles.

Ninety species of bones of quadrupeds have been found, which are now unknown.

The waters of the Red Sea appear to be thirty-two feet higher than the Mediterranean, and the Gulf of Mexico is twenty-two feet higher than the Pacific.

Hawaii is in the cone of a volcano higher than Mont Blanc.

Lamps were used by the ancients, and candles were an invention of the middle ages. At first they were made of rushes. Ox and sheep tallow is now preferred.

Extreme cold produces the same perception on the skin as great heat. When mercury is frozen at 40 degrees below zero, the sensation is the same as that of touching redhot iron.

Eggs are hatched at 104 degrees of heat.

When a bulk of lime and water are combined, the heat is caused by a condensation equal to the bulk of lime, for the mixture is the same bulk as at first.

Water boils at 127 degrees, at the top of Mont Blanc.

The coldest hour of the twenty-four is five in the morning, and the warmest is from two to three in the afternoon. The mean heat is from half past eight to half past nine. The greatest range is in July and the least in December.

Central Africa.

The discovery, by Dr Barth, of a magnificent river in Central Africa named Benue, forming the upper course of the Chadda, tributary to but larger than the Kowara, commonly called the Niger, flowing through the most fertile and extensive kingdom of Adamaua, has been followed up by intention on the part of the British government to send an expedition up the river, and a steam vessel, built for the express purpose, will be ready the ensuing month. The plan of the expedition is to arrive at the mouth of the Kowara (Niger) before the 1st of July, and to steam at once up the river with the waters. It is estimated that the kingdom of Adamaua will be reached in three or four weeks after leaving the Bight of Benin. It is a well grounded opinion, if any thing can open up the vast interior of Central Africa to European commerce, it will be the magnificent river, discovered by Dr. Barth. The country is covered with splendid herbage and is densely populated. Ivory is in great abundance, and exceedingly cheap. Elephants are found in great numbers, and various articles of commerce largely exist. The chief articles of import are muskets, robes, glass, pearls and salt. The current medium of barter is narrow strips of coarse cotton, called gebbega. There is no desert to be passed over, as in Northern and South Africa, and the absence of these natural barriers to civilization and commerce render the probabilities of opening up an extensive trade with Central Africa not only practicable but comparatively easy.—*Scientific American.*

WEALTH OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—It would appear, by a late article in the *Edinburgh Review*, that the wealth of the English Church has been greatly exaggerated. The whole number of parochial ministers is 17,155, including 4,885 curates; who have, in the aggregate, an income of £3,460. About £283 a piece is the average annual income of the incumbents, exclusive of the curates. This is but little above the average income of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, or even of the clergy of the Presbyterian Church, when the difference in the cost of living, as between England and the United States, is taken into consideration. Moreover, these incomes are more equitably distributed than is the popular impression. For instance, out of the 12,270 benefices in England and Wales, there are only 174 which amount to a thousand pounds a year, and only a thousand which bring in five hundred pounds a year. But a thousand pounds in England will go no further than half that amount here, and five hundred pounds will not support a family better than twelve hundred dollars. The emoluments of the British clergy are, therefore, not so *very much* greater, after all, than those of their brethren in the United States.

As contrared with other professions in England the Church, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, is really worst paid of all. That journal instances a case in which a rector receives a thousand pounds a year, and proves that, after making necessary deductions for poor rates, charities and inevitable charges on the income, the net amount is but £625. The rector in question, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, has a brother who is a county judge, and receives £1000 salary; but in this case the deductions are slight, so that the nett income is £950. The parallel, if carried up to the dignitaries of either profession, exhibits similar results. There are twenty-eight bishops and archbishops in England, receiving incomes of about five thousand pounds a year. There are twenty-two principal judges, however, who receive an average of six thousand pounds apiece annually. Moreover, these twenty-eight mitres are competed for by 17,155 clergymen, while for the twenty-two judgeships the competitors are but 4,000. The chances of winning one of these great "prizes" is consequently four to one for a barrister as against a clergyman. These statements are verified by official documents, and correct ideas about the English church, which have been widely disseminated, and which have often brought it into undeserved discredit.

THE CHINESE.—Dr. Bowring, in a lecture, lately delivered in London on the eve of his departure for the East, took occasion to say that in his opinion the empire of China was destined to fulfil a great mission, by the emigration that was now going on from thence through all the eastern nations. Such was the population of China, that there was not a foot of it scarcely but was cultivated. Such was the over population, in fact, that notwithstanding the most violent interdicts against emigration, its surplus streams were overflowing the countries of the East. In the islands of Java he found 250,000; in the islands of the Archipelago, there were not less than 70,000 Chinese; whilst in San Francisco there had been settled 25,000 more; and great numbers were emigrating to Australia, and the islands of Polynesia, or wherever there was a field of labor open to them. It appears to be a law of Providence that the superior races of mankind should supplant the inferior, and we saw in the progress of time the inhabitants of the West India islands swept away—that the Anglo Saxon population was invading and removing (he would not say destroying) the red Indian tribes of America. So the Chinese race was setting aside the Malay in the same way that they (the Malays) had set aside the Dyaks.

SPEECH OF HON. SOLOMON FOOT,

On the bill making a grant of Public Lands to the several States and Territories of the Union, for the benefit of Indigent Insane Persons; in the U. S. Senate, Feb. 21, 1854.

Mr. President. The Committee on Public Lands reported an amendment to this bill, in the form of a substitute for the original bill which was introduced by myself, and referred to that committee; and to that amendment or substitute there is now pending an amendment offered by the Senator from Indiana, (Mr. Pettit,) who is not now in his seat.

Mr. President, this bill, with but slight modification, has been pending before Congress for the last five or six years, and has passed each House by decisive majorities at different terms, though unfortunately not at the same time in concurrence. The object of the bill and its provisions are doubtless well understood by most, if not all, the members of the Senate. It has been very fully and carefully considered by your Committee on Public Lands, and we think it well guarded in all its provisions. It can hardly be deemed necessary, therefore, to enter upon any extended discussion at this time, with a view to enforce its claim upon the favorable consideration of the Senate.

By the last census it appears there are over thirty thousand persons in the United States laboring under the most fearful and terrible of all afflictions, mental alienation or insanity; a very large proportion of whom are in circumstances of indigence and want, destitute alike of the ordinary physical comforts of life and of that remedial care and treatment which are afforded only at well-endowed hospitals, devoted exclusively to that purpose, and which all observation and experience show to be indispensable to their restoration.

The amelioration of the condition of this large and increasing class of our citizens, suffering under the most direful calamity which can befall a human being; to restore them, so far as it may be done, to reason, to usefulness, and to happiness, is no secondary object of public interest or of national concern. The subject is one which appeals not to our sympathies only, but it addresses itself emphatically to our regard as legislators for the public weal. It seems hardly possible to conceive of any other or more practicable mode than the measure proposed by this bill, by which the Federal Government, not transcending its constitutional powers, can more effectually contribute to the accomplishment of this most beneficent and most desirable object.

The bill proposes a grant of ten millions of acres from your immense public domain for this object, to be apportioned among all the States, new and old, according to a prescribed and equitable ratio, in sections and parts of sections, after it shall have been surveyed. The States in which there are public lands of the value of $1 25 per acre are to have their distributive shares selected from such lands. The States in which there are no public lands of that value are to receive the amount of their distributive shares in acres in land scrip, to be sold by the States at a price not less than one dollar per acre. No State to which scrip is to be issued is authorized to locate it in any other State or Territory; but their assignees may locate their scrip upon any of the unappropriated lands of the United States which shall then be subject to private entry at $1,25 per acre.

This provision will prevent the location of this scrip upon any of the public lands along the lines of proposed railroads, whose minimum value shall have been fixed at the duplicate price, or at any price above $1.25 per acre. The expenses of these proceedings are to be borne by the several States respectively. The moneys realized from the sale of the lands and from the sale of the scrip are to be invested in the United States stocks, or other stocks yielding not less than five per cent. upon their par value, and this is to constitute a perpetual fund, the interest of which shall be applied to making provision for and to the support and maintenance of the indigent insane in some public hospital or institution devoted exclusively to their care and treatment, and having full corps of officers, physicians, and attendants attached to them. The previous assent of the States to the grant, with all its provisions and conditions, is to be signified by legislative enactments. If any portion of the fund shall be lost, or if it shall become diminished from any accident or cause whatever, the State must make up such loss or diminution, and keep the fund entire and inviolable.

These are the principal features of the bill. The object is a good one. It is, indeed, an object of growing and national importance. The measure proposed by the bill is not circumscribed, nor local, nor partial in its operation, like very many of your grants; but, on the contrary, it is general and equitable, and as universal in its operation and influence as the miseries it proposes to relieve. It passes clear of all the objections to merely local and partial grants. It comes clearly within the limits of your constitutional power upon general principles, and has the authority of precedents almost without number. Indeed, the precedents, many of them, go far beyond this proposition, and which, from their local and partial character, were obnoxious to objections of which this case stands clear. Objects of humanity and charity, both at home and abroad, have not unfrequently claimed the attention and consideration of Congress, and have shared the bounty of the Federal Government in different forms. Without stopping to comment upon them, I beg leave to call the attention of the Senate to several acts in which the principle and the power we ask to be exercised and applied in this case have been fully recognized by Congress.

In 1819 Congress granted a township of land for the support of an asylum for the deaf and dumb in Hartford, Connecticut. In 1826 they granted another township of land for the support of a similar institution at Danville, Kentucky; and in 1812 Congress appropriated $50,000 to be expended in the purchase of provisions to be sent to the people of Venezuela who had suffered from the great earthquake; and in 1815 they granted a tract of land in the territory of Missouri, called the "New Madrid Grants," for the benefit of such persons as had suffered by earthquakes. In 1827 Congress voted $20,000 to the city of Alexandria for the relief of persons who had suffered by the fire which had consumed a considerable portion of the town; and in 1847 Congress authorized the employment of the United States ships Macedonian and Jamestown to transport provisions for the famishing poor of Ireland and Scotland. These were all objects of charity, of benevolence, and humanity. They were objects local and temporary in their character, and, in two instances, among a foreign people. Yet the Congress of the United States answered to the calls of human suffering and in bestowing these gratuities, while you inflicted no blow upon the Constitution, you struck a responsive chord in the American heart.

In 1831 Congress granted a tract of land to the trustees of Shawneetown, Illinois, for the purpose of graduating and paving the river bank within the limits of that town; and at another time a similar grant was made to Tuscarawas county, Ohio, for the improvement of streets and alleys. But I need not multiply instances of this sort. Special grants in almost unlimited numbers have been made for purposes of local improvement; for educational purposes; for sites for court houses; for churches and cemeteries, and the like.

Of a similar character was the large grant in 1841 of half a million acres in each of the States in which the public lands are situated for purposes of internal improvement. Your whole system of annuities, your pension and bounty land system, is but a system of beneficent and charitable gratuities, and founded upon no consideration springing from any contract for service. Your statute books abound with acts making grants of lands and money for particular and local objects; for local and specific improvements; for local institutions within the States; for the support of schools, academies, colleges, and universities, to say nothing of your annual appropriations for your numerous marine and military hospitals.

In addition to all this, there are now bills upon your table by which it is proposed to invite the landless of our own country and of other countries to go and take possession, each man, of a hundred and sixty acres of your public domain, without money and without price. In the fulness of your liberality to all other claims, you are now asked to bestow this comparatively small pittance for the relief of those who are not only destitute, but are mentally and physically unable to avail themselves of your proffered boon upon that condition—who have not the ability to go and personally occupy your lands. The only mode in which they can be benefited by the bounty of the government through its public lands is in the manner proposed by this bill. Why shall we hesitate to pass it? Humanity, public policy, and impartial justice alike demand the adoption of the measure. Pass the bill, and the sentiment of the country will respond to it as one of the most just and beneficent acts of your legislation. Pass this bill, and it will accomplish more substantial and lasting good, it will alleviate more suffering and sorrow; yes, sir, it will illumine, with the rays of hope, more dark and desolate places of anguish and despair than an equal appropriation of your public lands in any other manner or for any other purpose.

It is no argument against this proposition to tell us that it is the duty and the proper business of the States to provide for and take care of their indigent insane. We do not propose to take from them that duty, but the rather to encourage and aid them in the discharge of it. And with the multiplied examples and precedents before us, it is quite too late to make a serious question of the power of Congress to grant such aid. If Congress may give lands to the States to aid them in building roads, and canals, and railways; to support schools, and academies, and colleges; to improve streets, and alleys, and river banks, in particular localities; if it may give sites for court houses, and churches, and cemeteries to particular towns, or counties, or parishes; if it may grant annuities, and pensions, and bounty lands to particular individuals or classes of individuals—the very terms of which imply a gift, or bounty, and independent of any contract obligations; if it may give money and employ its ships to furnish provisions to the sufferers from earthquake or from fire or famine in foreign lands, as well as in our own; if it may give lands for the benefit of local asylums in Connecticut or Kentucky; if it may give lands, as you propose to do, to all the destitute among those who are vigorous and robust enough to go and take possession of and occupy them; if we may do all this, why, in the name of common justice and of common humanity, may we not grant lands, in equitable proportions, to all the States, embracing the new as well as the old, to aid them in making suitable provisions for the proper care and treatment of the thirty thousand of our fellow-beings who are in a more helpless and deplorable condition than any other class upon whom your bounty has ever been bestowed?

If it be said that Government receives a consideration for these land grants, in the enhanced value of its remaining lands, by the increased settlements and improvements, the argument applies with equal force in the present case. You are furnishing another means, an additional agency to encourage and promote settlements, and thereby to create an increased demand and to give a greater value and more ready sale for your other lands. The exercise of the power claimed in this case comes within the rule of the most strict construction, that the Federal Government, as the trustee of the public lands, may dispose of them only in such manner as a proprietor would do in the exercise of a sound discretion.

Mr. President, if I may be allowed to express the opinion, this is the only measure which is likely to command favorable action of Congress by which the old States will receive directly any share or benefit from the public domain, which is the common property of all the States. I am not complaining of injustice to the non-landholding States; but, with the records of its acts before me, I feel authorized to say that Congress has dealt liberally, to say the least, with the land States in the way of grants to them. The grants to the new States and Territories for various purposes amounted in the aggregate, on the 30th of June last, to a fraction short of one hundred and thirty millions of acres. I hope the policy of the Government will always be characterized by a spirit of liberality towards them; but, at the same time, that it will not be forgetful of a proper regard to what is just and due the old States of this Union.

Now, when the new States are asking the votes of the representatives of the old States for grants of other millions of acres of this common domain to aid them in the construction of various lines of railroad and for other purposes, is it a vain or unreasonable expectation on our part that the representatives from the new States will characterize their action by a spirit of justice and liberality in cheerfully according to us the small portion of this common fund which is called for by the provisions of this bill for an object so commendable and worthy, and in which they themselves are to enjoy an equal participation? "They who ask justice must do justice," is a maxim of policy as well as morality, even in legislation. I am not prepared to believe that honorable Senators from the new States will assume the position of demanding all for themselves and denying everything to us. It gives me pleasure, indeed, to bear my testimony to the very kindly and generous disposition of those Senators from the new States upon the Committee on Public Lands towards this beneficent measure.

Mr. President, if it were needful, or if it were possible to invest the proposition before us with any additional interest aside from its intrinsic merit, it is found in the consideration of its origin. It comes commended to our attention and our regard in the memorial of an accomplished and gifted lady, the prime and energy of whose years have been devoted to the study and amelioration of the condition of this most unfortunate and neglected class of people. She has visited in person nearly State in this Union, and made herself acquainted with the condition and personal history of more than twenty-five thousand of this class of persons, most of whom were found in a lamentable state of destitution and neglect. Fitted by rare endowments to have attained popular eminence and applause in the higher and more inviting departments of life; to have moved among the more attractive and admired scenes of its proudest and gayest circles, her days and years and an ample private fortune have been expended in seeking out and alleviating the condition of those whom the world beside had forsaken. With the vigilance and devotion of a patron saint, she has sought out the stricken maniac in jails and in poor-houses, in private cells, in garrets, and in dark dens, often in rags, and in chains, and administered to their physical wants, and poured the accents of inspiring hope and consolation into their dark and troubled spirits. Like an angel of mercy, her visitations by day and by night have been among the abodes where poverty and wretchedness and wild delirium dwell. This, sir, is but a feeble tribute to the purity and disinterestedness of motive, to the excellence and energy of purpose, to the moral heroism and true nobility of character of her whose prayer is before you in her memorial for the aid of the Government in behalf of suffering humanity. Look at the picture which that memorial presents; look at your abundant means; look at what you have done and are daily doing for others, then let those who can reject the prayer of that petition.

A word or two now, Mr. President, in reference to the amendment offered by the Senator from Indiana, (Mr. Pettit,) which proposes to limit the appropriation exclusively to the States in which the public lands lie. The proposed amendment is incompatible with the main object of the bill, and inconsistent with all its provisions. It is an adversary proposition, and as such it may be considered as coming within the parliamentary rules of legitimate opposition to the bill, with a view to defeat its passage. If the Senate agree to the amendment, it defeats the bill; if they reject it, the vote may be taken as an indication of the judgment of the Senate in favor of the bill. I am quite willing, therefore, that the issue should be made upon the proposed amendment, and that the fate of the bill be tested by that vote.