NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

At 160 Nassau-st. (opposite City Hall,) New-York, And delivered to City Subscribers for NINE CENTS per week, or when they prefer, they can pay in advance at the Desk for six months, or a year at the same rate. Single copies TWO CENTS. Mail subscribers $5 per annum, in advance; and the paper in no case continued beyond the time for which it is paid. Subscriptions taken for Six Months.

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THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE
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At the low price of TWO DOLLARS per annum, in advance.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF HENRY CLAY.

☞ The undersigned have in press, and will publish some time during the month of March, a new and greatly improved edition of

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF HENRY CLAY:

By Epes Sargent, Esq. of the City of New York.

Brought down to the year 1844. This work will be published on clear and new type, in a neat octavo form, and put up with paper covers. It will be sold at 12½ cents for the single copy; $1 per dozen.

☞ Postmasters remitting $1 will be entitled to 13 copies.

☞ Clay Clubs, Whig Committees, Booksellers and others, will please send in their orders as early as possible.—Country Merchants now about visiting the city will afford a favorable opportunity to those wishing to order.

GREELEY & McELRATH,
Tribune Buildings, 160 Nassau street.
fe24

THE JUNIUS TRACTS.

No. I. The Test; or Parties Tried by their Acts
No. II. The Currency.
No. III. The Tariff.
No. IV. Life of Henry Clay.
No. V. Political Abolition.
No. VI. Democracy.
No. VII. Labor and Capital.

"These little pamphlets are working infinite good to the Whig cause, and we observe with pleasure that they are becoming the standard publications among our party." [New Orleans Bee.

"The Junius Tracts are becoming the standard Whig publications for the present campaign." [Lexington Express, Missouri

☞ This Series of Political Tracts, from the well known author of "*The Crisis of the Country*," in 1840, uniform in size and price, is published and for sale at the Tribune Office, New-York, at $2 50 cents a hundred copies. or $20 a thousand. Orders from any part of the Union supplied with despatch. Remittances by mail, *post paid or free*, at the risk of the proprietor and publishers. None sent out out on commission.

☞ Orders must be accompanied with the cash.

GREELEY & McELRATH,
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Important to Parents.

FACTS AND ARGUMENTS ON THE TRANSMISSION OF INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL QUALITIES FROM PARENTS TO OFFSPRING: A most curious and interesting Collection of Facts illustrating the primary causes which determine the Character, Constitution, and Sex of every Child, and the means of directing and controlling them: By a Lady of New-York, who has devoted many years to the patient observation and study of this important subject, with citations of the testimony of eminent Authors, Physicians, and many cases of Maternity within the circle of the author's acquaintance.

The whole forms one of the most important and interesting works ever given to the public, embodying facts which no Mother or one likely to become such can remain ignorant of without imminent peril to herself and serious if not fatal injury to her offspring.

The work will be published on the 1st of March in a handsome volume of over 200 pages, by
26f 2awD&Wtf J. WINCHESTER, 30 Ann st.

Important to Mothers.

CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT PAIN: Being an Account of an Experiment, with the Principles and Reasoning on which it is founded: showing that the agonies of Childbirth may be greatly modified if not entirely obviated by a simple avoidance of improper (though common) articles of Diet, and a strict adherence to the Regimen prescribed by Nature to Women in a state of pregnancy.

This work will be printed in a neat pocket volume. Published for the Author by
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A National Clay Song.

J. W. Harrison, corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, has just published a song entitled "HENRY CLAY—an Historic, Patriotic, National Song," with an explanatory engraving.—Air—'*Auld Lang Syne*.'

"In after times, when years roll on,
And ages pass away,
Your great-grand-son, a great grand-sire,
Will speak with pride of Clay," &c.

"Ye yeomanry—both rank and file!
You've trod the downward way,
Attention! Right about! and face,
And, Forward! March! for Clay."

☞ The above song contains 43 verses. Price $2 per 100.—For sale by Wadleigh, 459 Broadway; Christy, 2 Astor House, and Saxton & Miles, 205 Broadway. 29f 1weod

☞ Complimentary Benefit to Signor Palmo.

—The undersigned, anxious to support an Italian Opera as the true School of Music, and bearing a lively and pleasing remembrance of the days of Garcia, Malibran, Pedrotti, Caradori, Fanti, and other eminent vocalists who have at various times visited our city, are desirous of giving to Mr. PALMO a Complimentary Benefit, as a mark of respect for his zeal and liberality, and an earnest desire in this way to enable him to sustain the enterprise he has successfully commenced.

The Benefit will take place on THURSDAY, March 7th. Tickets, at Three Dollars, may be had of either of the subscribers, or at the Box Office, where seats for the occasion may be secured.

The evening's entertainment will be designated hereafter.

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☞ Grand Dedication Festival, Wednesday, March 6, 1844.

—Ashland Division No. 17 Sons of T would inform the friends of total abstinance and the public, that they have fitted up a beautiful Temperance Hall, corner of Hudson and Grove streets, and will dedicate it to the Order of S. of T. March 6th with appropriate exercises; and to accommodate the public they have procured the large hall on the 2d floor of St. Lukes Building for public exercises. Rev. Edwin Holt will make the Dedication Prayer. Address by Br. B. S. Whitney; oration by Mr. Thos. H. Oakley; vocal music under the direction of Mr. McGregor; instrumental music by the New York Musical Association, composed of gentlemen amateurs, 24 in number, leader Mr. S. Kneubel, who have kindly volunteered for the occasion.—Benediction by Rev. Mr. Ostrom.

His Honor the Mayor and Common Council have accepted an invitation.

The Grand Division will be present in regalia; the order of S. of T will appear in regalia. Officers of divisions will have a place assigned them.

Tickets 25 cents each—for sale at Mr. S. W. Cronk's, 258 Bleecker street; Br. Fisher's, 142 8th Avenue; Br. Wilcox, 116 8th Avenue; Br. Underhill, corner 16th street and 9th avenue; of the W. P. of Division, and at the Division room during the day, and at the door in the evening. Marshal designated by Rosettes of red, white and blue.

Tea and coffee will be served to ticket holders through the day and evening.

The rooms will be open from 9 o'clock P. M. until after the close of the exercises. The Committee will be in waiting to supply those with tickets who are unprovided for. Doors open at 6 o'clock; exercises commence at 7 o'clock

S. W. CRONK, S. B. JENNINGS, J. TURNER, } Committee of Arrangements.
mh2 4t*

☞ Free Lectures on Man!

—Or Phrenology and Physiology applied to the study of character, to the Education and Government of Children; to Self-Improvement, to cultivating the Memory, to Matrimony, Hereditary Descent, Religion, Morals, Politics, Temperance, Existing Evils and their Remedy, &c. by O. S. FOWLER, at Clinton Hall, every Monday and Wednesday evening, and at Hall's Buildings, Brooklyn, every Friday evening, commencing at 7½ o'clock, and closing with public tests of the Science. Seats free.

Professional examinations and books Daily and Evenings, at 131 Nassau st. in Clinton Hall. His splendid cabinet of Busts free to visiters. fe28 1m*

☞ Health, Quiet, and Comfort.

—The Greshare House, 63 Barclay-street, New-York, proffers advantages to strangers stopping a few days or weeks in the city, such as are rarely offered. It is eligibly located on a clean and airy street, very near the business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the principal steamboat landings. Its apartments are convenient and neat, while its table is supplied with the best Vegetables and Fruits that can be procured, excluding entirely Animal Food and stimulants of all kinds. Charges moderate, and every effort made to render Boarders comfortable. Shower Baths free. Remember, 63 Barclay-street. jy25 tf

☞ Spring Course of Lectures at the College of Physicians and Surgeons,

No. 67 Crosby-street, New-York.

The "Spring Course of Lectures" at the College of Physicians and Surgeons will be commenced on Tuesday, 12th of March, 1844, and continued until the first of June. Three Lectures will be delivered daily, except Monday and Saturdays.

The Course will consist of the following Lectures on

Diseases of the Skin, by H. D. Bulkley, M. D. late Physician to the New-York Dispensary.

Pathology Diseases of the Chest, by A. Clark, M. D. Professor of Pathology Berkshire Med. Inst.

Infancy and its Diseases, by Chandler R. Gilman, M. D. Prof. Obsts. Col. Phys. and Surg.

Poisons, by Benjamin W. McCready, M. D. Prof. Mat. Med. N. Y. Col. Pharmacy.

Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, by Willard Parker, M. D. Prof. Surg. Col. Phys. and Surg.

The Anatomy of the Vascular System, Human and Comparative, by James Quakenboss, M. D. Prof. Ant. &c. Willoughby Med. Coll.

Pathology of the Intestines, and its Relations to Fever, by William C. Roberts, M. D. Phys. to Northern Dispensary.

Dislocations and Fractures, by Robert Watts, Jr. M. D. Prof. Anat. &c. Col. Phys. and Surg.

The Anatamy and Diseases of the Eye, by George Wilkes M. D. Surgeon to the New-York Eye Infirmary.

The several Courses will be illustrated by clinical instruction at the College, and at the New-York Eye Infirmary.

Fee for the whole Course $10.

GEORGE WILKES, M. D.
President, Spring Course Association.
W. C. Roberts, M. D. Sec'y. mh2 1t2M

☞ The Metropolitan, 599 Broadway!

—The new Literary Establishment is now open, every day, from day-light until 11 P. M., for the reception of its members, transient visitors and strangers. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine its various departments, comprising the most complete and extensive READING ROOM in the City—a large CIRCULATING LIBRARY—CHESS, CIGAR and CONVERSATION ROOMS.

THE EXCHANGE ROOM will be supplied with American, English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, Spanish and Italian Newspapers and Periodicals, both secular and religous—every State in the Union being represented by two or more of its best papers.

THE LIBRARY will consist of standard and miscellaneous works in every department of Literature, and all the "CHEAP PUBLICATIONS," of a respectable character, will be added as soon as published.

COFFEE or TEA will be served, to those who desire either, in the Chess, Cigar or Conversation Room. The patrons of the METROPOLITAN may depend upon every exertion being made by the proprietors to render it the most fashionable and popular resort in the city, and that the strictest attention will be paid to the comfort of visitors.

TERMS—One year, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1 50; one month, 50 cents—payable in advance. To the Reading Room, Library or Chess Room, separately, half these prices. Admission to transient visitors, 10 cents.

Connected with the Metropolitan is an office for SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY EXCHANGES, in Books, the Arts, Spimens in natural History, Geology, Mineralogy, Antiques, &c. &c. Persons desirous of making exchanges are requested to address the proprietors.

mh2 1w SNELLING & TISDALE.

☞ Cotton Canvas,

COMPRISING HEAVY SAIL DUCK, LIGHT RAVENS, for BOAT SAILS, AWNINGS, &c. Also, HEAVY TARPAULINS, PAPER FELTINGS, 32 to 72 inches wide; BAGGING, plain and twilled, 22 and 44 inch. Also, Grain and Meal Bags, 2½ and 3 bushels. For sale by

BRINCKERHOFF, FOX & POLHEMUS,
f15 6mis 69 Pine street.

☞ Commercial Circular Foreign Letter Office, 63½ Wall-street.

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THE COMMERCIAL CIRCULAR, devoted to Financial and Commercial information of every description, published twice a week, on Monday and Thursday mornings, at $5 per annum, or 5 cents per single number. Merchants will find this one of the most valuable publications of the day.

☞ New Express for Detroit.

—Messrs. Wells & Co. having established an Express from Buffalo to Chicago and intermediate points, will, in connection with

MESSRS. POMEROY & CO'S
NEW YORK, ALBANY AND BUFFALO DAILY EXPRESS.

Leave office No. 2 Wall street, New York, on the morning of the 9th inst. for DETROIT and the intermediate places, (American side,) for the transportation of specie, bank notes, packages and bundles of goods; collecting bills, drafts, notes, and accounts, and all such other business as may be entrusted to their care.

Packages must be delivered at P. & Co.'s office on or before the evening of the 8th inst. to ensure immediate despatch.

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☞ Lots in Williamsburg for Sale.

—Six eligible BUILDING LOTS of extra size, located on the main thoroughfare East from the South Ferry, surrounded by new and good buildings. They will be sold cheap to close a partnership. Apply to P J FISH, 77 Nassau-st. New-York or in the evening at his residence in Williamsburg. fe29tf

☞ Dr. Felix Gouraud's Poudre Subtile

will completely and permanently eradicate superfluous human hair from females' upper lips, the hair concealing a broad and elevated forehead, the stubborn beard of man, or any kind of superfluous hair. Be sure to get the genuine at the original office, 67 Walker street, one door from Broadway.

$1 per bottle; directions French and English.

Agents—Guthrie, 4 Maiden lane, Albany; Myers, New-Haven; Brown, 76 Chesnut street, Philadelphia; Jordan, 2 Milk-street, Boston; Gray, Poughkeepsie; Green, Worcester; Carleton, Lowell; C. Dyer, Jr., Providence; Matthewson, Norwich; Tousey, Rochester, N. Y.; Guild, Bangor; White, Calais.

Can be seen and tested before buying. Proof positive this, and no mistake. 29f 1m

AMERICAN MUSEUM AND PERPETUAL FAIR.

EVERY DAY AND EVENING THIS WEEK!

Signor FRANCISCO, the Magician and Equilibrist, is re-engaged for one week longer.

The original KENTUCKY MINSTRELS, the best band of Etiopian Melodists in America, are engaged, and give their Grand Concert at each performance. Also,

Mr. WHITLOCK, the renowned Banjo Player and Negro Melodist.

Mr. B. WILLIAMS, the delineator of Irish Character, Singer of Comic Irish Songs, and favorite Hornpipe Dancer.

Mr. T. G. BOOTH, Comic Singer.

Mr. HOWARD, the Violinist.

Mr. H. G. SHERMAN, the popular Ballad Singer.

LA PETITE CERITO, the Danseuse.

Gen. TOM THUMB! in wax, faithfully represented, together with the celebrated POLLY BODINE! and DANIEL LAMBERT!

The GIPSY FAMILY, six in number, recently from Germany, and faithful representatives of the ancient people of Egypt, may be seen in their native costume.

The GIPSY QUEEN, the Fortune Teller, may be consulted privately at all hours of the day and evening.

Performances every evening at 7½ o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents; children under 10 years, 12½ cents.

Twenty-five cents extra for private consultations with the Gipsy Queen.

PEALE'S N. Y. MUSEUM.—ADMISSION ONLY 12½ CENTS.

The Manager is happy to announce an engagement with Miss LOUISE DOROTHEA WAGNER, the Fortune Telling Gipsey Girl, sister to

THE CELEBRATED GIPSEY QUEEN

of the American Museum. She can be seen from 9 o'clock in the morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, dressed in her native costume, and can be privately consulted regarding PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE EVENTS. She cannot be seen in the evening. National Portrait Gallery—Grand Cosmorama and 500,000 curiosities. Admission one shilling; 12½ cents extra to those who consult the Gipsey Girl.

SEMINARY FOR PERSPECTIVE DRAWING AND PAINTING,

No. 509 Broadway, New-York.—MISS DAVENPORT would respectfully inform the citizens of New York, that she has opened an Institution, for instruction in those elegant arts, at 509 Broadway. Her method of teaching is new and entirely different from those commonly employed by teachers of these accomplishments; she has specimens of improvement from her pupils, and testimonials from competent judges, to show that her efforts have been attended with complete success. She enables her scholars in a very short period to use the pencil and brush with freedam and skill, and to take such sketches of nature as prove to them and to all, that she fulfills all which she promises, even in those cases when a natural taste for these arts has not been supposed to exist.

Miss D. will exhibit specimens of her pupils' proficiency to all who will favor her with a call.

Lessons will be given in Drawing to pupils in the evening, if desired.

Terms, payable in advance.

For twenty-four Lessons in Drawing $10 00
" " Painting in Water Colors. 10 00
" " " Oils 12 00

Instruction will also be given to Classes, which may be formed in any of the schools in the city, on moderate terms.

Miss D. is permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, who have had the best means of becoming acquainted with the merits of her system, and can speak not only from personal observation, but actual experiment:

Mr. H. P. Peet, Principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where Miss D. has been engaged in giving instruction for several months to a class of 30 pupils.

James Milnor, D. D., New-York.
William Patton, D. D., "
Dr. James A. Washington, "
Dr. H. Greene, "
David Hale, Editor of the N. York Journal of Commerce.
William L. Stone, Editor of the N. York Commercial Advertiser.
Dr. C. L. Mitchell, "
Professor H. P. Tappan, "
Dr. J. M. Smith, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

From the Rev. E. N. Kirk.

"Having taken a few lessons in Drawing from Miss Davenport, I recommend her system of instruction, as founded on the true principles of education in all the imitative departments of instruction. I certainly consider myself indebted for her aid in looking at nature with more precision and discernment."

"Miss Davenport has given lessons in Drawing to the pupils of the Misses Campbell, in New York and in Oxford. From the uniform improvement of those committed to her charge, and their own advantage from her instructions, the Misses C. cordially recommend her system of instruction as superior in all respects to the ordinary methods." d21 2awTh&M 3m*

INSTITUTION OF THE Messrs ABBOTT,

Lafayette place, New-York City.

The third term of this institution for the instruction of Young Ladies will commence on Monday, March 4.

TERMS. Per Quarter.

Pupils under 12 years of age, studying English, only ... $10 00
Pupils over 12 years of age, studying English, only ... 12 00
For those studying the Ancient or Modern Languages, or the higher branches of Mathematics, an additional charge of 5 00
The *Stationery* and *all the Books* required will be furnished, and an additional charge for the use of them of 1 00
When more than one pupil from the same family attend the school, a deduction will be made from the bill of each 1 00

Pupils are received at any time during the term.

For further information inquire at the Seminary or by letter through the Post office, directed to the Messrs ABBOTT, 45 Lafayette place, N. Y. fe19 2aw3w*

THE TRIBUNE.

DR. BACON'S ORATION,

Before the immense gathering of Whigs in the Tabernacle last evening.

The Time, the Purpose, and the Man.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose." So, too, there is a purpose to every time: and as the moment brings its duties to the man, so the age has its great duty to perform—its great purpose to achieve—its great problems to solve—its great truths to proclaim.

But the truths which are for the whole world to know and feel, are not left in the form of cold, inanimate abstractions. The age, to appreciate its own objects, must see them vividly represented and exemplified in that human life in which our temporal sympathies begin and end. And, therefore, in the order of Providence, these leading ideas of the age are always concentrated, personified, embodied and incarnate in living form that we admire and revere; and thus we are fondly led to love the truth, which, in its disembodied existence, might have been too high, too distant and too spiritual for our observation or appreciation. Thus we learn the great objects of the age, the Purpose of the Time, in the person of the Man, whose life exemplifies and whose genius illustrates them.

We speak of times—seasons—ages—meaning thereby distinct portions of time. This distinction is matter of fact, not fancy. It is practical, real, not imaginary. Time has its tides—its flow and its ebb—its long high waves, with deep intervals. A glance at the past shows it broken by great accumulations of prominent events, divided by intervals of comparative inaction. We have passed but one such epoch in our national history—and are now approaching the acme of another. The period from the commencement of our Revolutionary War to the organization of the Federal government was the first. The time from that point to the present has been an interval made by the subsidence of the Revolutionary wave and the gradual, prolonged rising of another surge. The intermediate objects, questions and interests have been incidental, casual, temporary. The mass is now swelling and pointing again.

That first great epoch was, in our history, like the chain of the Alleganies in our chorography. The present brings us to a longer, wider and loftier range. We are scaling the summit of a Rocky Mountain chain, whence we look back over the broad valley and turbid rivers we have traversed, to the peaks on which our fathers stood, now brighter with the rays of our late day, and beyond them to the ocean of time past, while before us is the vaster and illimitable sea of time to come.

"Say not thou—what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." In our admiring retrospect of the past, we often overlook the dignity of the present. We forget that we ourselves are a bearing part in what shall soon be history. In every age, the great mass of men have acted but for the moment, insensible to the purposes to which they contributed. It is our privilege, at this moment to look farther than the moment—to act with a wide view of our relations to the past and to the future.

It is said that—"history is *philosophy* teaching by example." It is more. It is God teaching by his Providence even as in creation—giving evidence of the same all-controlling design and benevolence in both. He gives the time its purpose—the age its crisis. He "calls the man to execute his counsel," and "gives him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people." In the light of this truth, let us look at the first epoch in our national history, to see the "purpose" of that "time" and the manner of its accomplishment, that we may learn not only what our fathers *did*, but what they left for us to do,—thus "declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done."

In a new country and a new world, arose a new nation, "born in one day," called into being to achieve purposes before unaccomplished though often attempted, to reveal truths and establish principles which had been groped after in vain for thousands of years by the sages of the old world. It is now familiarly and universally acknowledged that the establishment of our independence and of our national government was the commencement of a test experiment on the higher capabilities of the great mass of mankind, and of a calculation of the problem—"Can the people govern themselves wisely and justly?" Yet we often speak of it as an experiment already complete, and a problem now fully solved. Our Revolutionary age *did* indeed establish some great facts, before *unknown*, and did remove some difficulties fatal to popular liberty *of old*. The republican experiment in ancient Greece failed for want of a federal union among the States. In Rome, it failed by consolidation and centralization of all power in one State, which was bounded by the walls of a single city. Rome had subject provinces where she ought to have made free States with equal rights and common liberty, a common interest, a common bond of union. Greece had free States, but no national unity.

The evils of these two opposite extremes were well avoided by our fathers, and the good of both was blended into a firm basis, upon which we stand to work. *They founded: we build.* The task of the Revolutionary age,—the "purpose" of that time,—was *not to overthrow and destroy, but to establish, to fix*. It was not to show that a free united people could successfully resist tyranny and repel invasion; for that was an *old* fact,—associated with all the most inspiring remembrances of classic ages. That lesson had been taught to all the world through all time at Marathon, at Thermopylæ, at Salamis, and had been repeated in the earliest history of republican Rome, reiterated through modern ages in Switzerland, in Sweden and in Holland. Our Revolutionary war, but added one to numerous evidences of a familiar truth which the world could never deny or forget.

The patriots of that age knew when their work was done. They knew that the cause of liberty was only half vindicated by the sword. That only showed the power to get; the right to keep liberty could only be vindicated by making a good use of it. The Revolution proper was not complete till the national government was organized by Congress, and the people had felt—and the world had seen—the beneficial operation of a Republican Government. That Revolutionary age, therefore, includes a period of fifteen or twenty years, throughout which one great work was in progress. It was one Time, with one Purpose and one Man.

The wonderful and perfect adaptation of that man to the great purpose of that whole time, and the complete identification of the cause of the nation, with his life and character, are a perfect illustration of this general truth, and are best demonstrated by the fact that at this moment his name need not be uttered. In all this assembly, there is not a heart that does not thrill with grateful and enthusiastic impressions of that name. And not here alone—not merely where our language is spoken—not merely in those countries and places with which we have frequent and familiar intercourse—but in other lands, that name—

"Is still a Watchword to the Earth."

In Greece you need but speak of our Revolutionary time, and they will anticipate your utterance by murmuring that name in accents so strange that you will hardly recognize it in the perverted sounds into which it has been transformed to suit it to the language of Leonidas, Aristides, Phocion and Philopœmon. And in the far Southern regions of this continent, in the valleys of the Orinoco and the Paraguay—on the llanas of the Andes, and among the forest-overgrown ruins of vast primeval Empires that left no record and no name—from California to Patagonia—there are many in every country and in every city who will long repeat that name, in tones of sorrow that they had not known, "at least in that their day," one like him—mourning that he only

"Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one."

It is instructive to look at the relations of Washington to his time. He was so placed and he so acted in his place, as to become the exemplar of the nation,—the concentration and personification of all the distinctive virtues of the age. If you analyze and coldly criticize his character without reference to his connexions with the purposes of his time, you may find cause to wonder at his reputation and perhaps doubt his title to that singular and undisputed glory which is now his everywhere and will be his forever. He was not a brilliant man, nor was he learned and eloquent. His moral sense, moral dignity, judgment and sagacity were preëminent; but in many of the traits which we might hastily deem important to the completeness of a great character, he was decidedly inferior to many secondary men who surrounded him through his whole career, contributing each a part to that greatness which shone through his actions. He was a perfect general, yet you never rank with him such men as Green and others, who never showed themselves his inferiors in that respect—however tried. A more valiant warrior never led a host to battle; you never think of comparing him with Prescott, Wayne, Marion, Paul Jones, or the infamous Arnold, who all showed themselves unsurpassed in desperate military courage. No single act of Washington's life was, for mere personal self-sacrifice, equal to the martyr-deaths of Warren, Mercer, Montgomery, Wooster or that more than heroic youth, Nathan Hale. He was not a great writer. He found men inferior to himself who could write for him. He was not a philosopher like Franklin, nor a jurist like Jay, nor an orator like Richard Henry Lee or John Adams, nor a constitutional commentator like Madison or Hamilton; and yet he was truly greater than each and all of them, though he might avail himself of each of them and profit by their gifts. He was the man of the age. He was the centre, the representative, the director, the genius of that mighty scheme of which they, with all their several excellences, were but incidental parts.

The genius of that age, the good genius of our country was not personal heroism or chivalry,—not mere military skill and renown,—not mere science or rhetorical power, but the moral dignity of law and order, the supremacy of uniform and stable legislation over mobish caprice, and of steady judicial ministration over wild, impulsive, natural justice,—submission to the necessary concessions and conditions of well ordered society,—system, self-restaint, self-renunciation and self-government;—and all these were embodied in Washington, bound up in his being, displayed in every act and moment of his public life, and were stamped by him upon the age, the nation and the government.

In him the people saw exemplified all the great virtues that best became the character of the Nation. In him they saw the majesty and the beauty of Law and Order—of patriotic faith, and laborious discharge of duty, of disinterested renunciation of all honors when they ceased to be associated with duty: they saw, till they admired, revered, loved, imitated and adopted the public virtue which they saw thus embodied. Thus the character of Washington was the character of the age. As he seemed to absorb and concentrate all gifts, excellences and glories from each individual patriot, so he seemed to diffuse them again through the great mass—until he became the heart of the Nation, the mind of the age, the soul of the time. For he was given not only "to be a leader and commander to the people," but "a *witness* to the people." In his own person he formed the model of the American citizen—the patriotic, law-loving, orderly freeman.

Having finished the work which was given him to do, Washington departed; and with him, the purposes of that time being accomplished, the age departed. The unity of that great drama was complete; and the curtain falls—to rise upon another and a greater scene.

In the Revolutionary age, if what is now history had then been prophecy, and if one had been commissioned to select the man who should in the next generation come forth to be the leader of the nation in the developement of its purpose,—whither would he have gone to seek him destined to be the man of the people and the man of the age?

Perhaps to the halls of some school, college or university, where the favored few were acquiring in studious seclusion the wisdom of antiquity and arming themselves with the weapons of science and literature for the coming contests of their time. Perhaps among those who by association with other nations, by familiarity with foreign countries, were learning the world and thus appreciating, by comparison, the peculiar excellence of our goodly heritage, and the peculiar glories of our opening destiny. No; not there shall he find the man; though among these there are some who shall bear their part "and stand in their lot in the end of the days." Shall we seek him then here, growing up amid the refinements of associated wealth, surrounded by the advantages of dense, well-organized society, among the sons of the rich and the honored? No: not here; though these influences are developing mighty masses of intellect and moral power which shall be felt in their time, and in their place. Shall we seek him then among those who are looking to military service for the means of adapting themselves to the natural tastes of a nation born in war and baptized in blood,—whose infancy was fed on the mangled carnarge of a thousand battle-fields? No: No!—not there—not there; though thence shall come those who shall in their turn receive their share of honor, and do their allotted portion of good and evil.

The nation shall, at one time, worship the incarnation of Moloch, the demon of lawless tyranny, violence, base vindictiveness, murder and rapine,—and, at another time shall bow in the dust before the golden image of Mammon, the god of selfishness, covetousness, avarice, meanness and fraud;—but at last these abominable idols shall crumble and tumble down upon their besotted adorers, crushing with them their own false prophets who made the people to sin,—men of Belial, who with intrigue and trick perverted the truth, and "loved and made the lie" which misled the honest and the simple.

But, far away from the scenes of violence and crime, and the monsters that shall engender and nourish these agencies of evil,—far away from the home of ancestral pride and hereditary honor,—away from the classic hall,—and far from foreign lands and courts,—far away, in a humble rustic scene, we shall find him who is appointed unto the mission of the age,—to achieve the "purpose" of his "time."

There, in that wild woodland, on that rough road leading from the little one-story farm-house to the mill, through groves, and swamps, and fields, there paces an old horse, laden with bags of grain, on which sits a careless looking, bright-eyed boy, sunburned and barefooted, in his coarse homespun dress, evidently an exclusive patron of domestic manufactures, and pledged to retrenchment.

That simple rustic scene is one unassociated with high achievement in history. It is not one of the fields on which our fathers fought the murderous savage or the haughty Briton. Yet it has associations which shall make it as dear to Americans, as rich in its peculiar glories, as Bunker Hill, Yorktown or Tippecanoe. It shall be to the republicans of every age and clime one of the places holy to liberty, one of

"the Palestines,
"The Meccas of the mind."

It shall be the source of a nation's hopes and happiness. Patriots, poets, philosophers and historians shall trace from it the mighty stream of the events of the age, "and pilgrims come far to salute the blest spot," and find in it a lesson to the world.

That scene is "the Slashes of Hanover;" and that poor little orphan-child is "the Mill-boy of the Slashes,"—an appellative whose rude provincial sound shall not hinder it from becoming more than classical; for with all its harshness it shall make the music of ages and nations; and it shall be the watchword and rallying-cry of millions rushing on to bloodless battle. It shall be shouted in the assemblies of the patriotic and faithful, and repeated with intonations of enthusiasm and rapture in the great congregation of the just.—The day shall come when the utterance of that name shall raise the awful voice of a mighty nation in tones of thunder from the Lakes to the Gulf, from the Ocean to the mountains, and from the mountains to the distant sources of the Father of Rivers; for it shall associate with that nation's most inspiring remembrances and exalted hopes. It shall be their glory—their pride, their boast to the world,—heard throughout Christendom, and welcomed everywhere as the sign of republican faith vindicated and American honor retrieved. Long shall ring through the Continents and over the Oceans that glorious name, associated with that of Washington, from Peru, La Plata and Oregon, to Sparta, Athens and Thebes.—These two names shall be heard when nothing else that belongs to America is known,—shall be heard as the exemplification of all that is good and hopeful in the cause of republican principles, popular rights and human liberty. The name of "the Mill-boy of the Slashes" should be a name "above all Grecian and all Roman fame," above all classic and romantic glory,—rich in more than the historic and poetic associations of antiquity. It shall be cherished and endeared in the remembrance of the learned and unlearned alike, when the story of the wolf-nursed, fratricidal founder of Rome shall be discarded as a miserable fable, and consigned to oblivion or contempt, with all the absured vagaries of the heroic and the silly romances of the chivalric age. Romance shall cease its inventions, wild adventure shall restrain the utterance of its wonders; and history shall pause and look back in vain over all the recorded and unrecorded past for a parallel to the forty years' movement which he shall begin and end.

He shall unite all hearts in a divided and widespread nation,—shall concentrate and harmonize all interests,—shall be supreme and alone in the love and confidence of all classes and sections. "The rich and the poor shall meet together" in affection for him; and each shall proudly do his part—the rich pouring out his gold in tens of tens of thousands at his feet, and the poor lavishing breath, energy and soul, in oratory and song for his advancement. His name shall be a spell—a bond of fellowship—a pledge of hospitality, that shall open to the stranger alike the hut in the forest and the palace in the metropolis. The aspirations of the venerable and saintly for his preservation and triumph, shall rise all over the land with every morning's orisons and in the incense of the evening sacrifice. "Prayer shall be offered for him continually, and daily shall he be praised."

He shall be the incarnation of the spirit of Democracy—a thing which shall long be a mere name, a vague abstraction, an unmeaning byword, a trick to cheat the people of the real benefits of free Governmect, to dishonor Republicanism throughout the world—and all to enrich and promote a few banded plunderers. And still the people shall love that abused word, for the sake of what it should mean. They shall fondly follow that false light in that true love, often to their own undoing, though it shall lead them through bogs and morasses and pools, in mist and gloom, over slippery places, and to the very verge of the abyss, till at last (you cannot tell how or why, but you shall know *when*,) suddenly the mist and fog-damps shall roll away; the earth-engendered will-o'-the-wisp shall vanish; and they shall see in *him* the light they sought, beaming on them from the West, clear and bright, like a star in the Empyrean. Then they shall rush with one heart and impulse in thronging millions to the high places through whose pure air it shines brighter; and the whole people shall hail it with a voice of rapture, that shall waken the world to see and share the joy of that realization of the long-vainly-sought Ideal,—democracy not in the abstract, but in the concrete—living, perfect—not lawlessness but love of law pervading a people not *un*governed, but *self*-governed, and so governed as to solve the problem of the age, and proclaim to the fast-succeeding, inquiring generations of the teeming future, the truth that the people can make themselves not only free, but more obedient to law and more prosperous under it than kings or nobles could make them, with the power of fleets and armies.

All this would have been astounding prophecy if uttered before that careless child; but it is now history. So ride on, little bare-footed child! "in glory and in joy," all unconscious of these magnificent destinies. Go on to the mill, faithful and affectionate son of a widowed mother, and bring home to her the product. But the world to come knows what you yet know not—that you are also going a long, straight road to a mill that will take half a century to grind what you will carry to it, while you wait and watch in faith; and you shall at last bring home to our common mother the product that shall be multiplied, beyond the miraculous loaves, into the food of millions through ages. Then "the Mill-Boy of the Slashes" "shall return with rejoicing."

He was born within one year after the Declaration of Independence, and was therefore among the first offspring of our Republic, among the first of those who never knew what it was to have a King or a Government in which they were not represented. Before attaining manhood he left the region of his birth, and went over the mountains to "the dark and bloody ground," away from the influences of comparative refinement.—Entering public life he began his career as a Statesman by presenting resolutions in the Kentucky Legislature, in favor of the protection of American Labor by National Legislation. At one glance, he saw the duty of Government, the duty of the people to themselves, the duty to promote the cause of Liberty throughout the world, by making this the greatest, the best, and the happiest nation on earth—an example, an encouragement, and a boast to all who love liberty.

It is remarkable that the idea which Washington, at the close of his career, seemed most especially desirous to impress upon the Nation, (next to the preservation of the Union,) was the necessity of National self-reliance, self-protection and independence of the influence of Foreign Governments—separation from their policy and power—not *dependent* on them for any thing—particularly not for the manufacture of opinions. He sought to make us a truly independent Nation—"a peculiar people, zealous of good works," that would demonstrate the excellence of our institutions by their beneficial results upon ourselves. He left the Nation with a character of quiet independence—with the disposition and power to supply themselves and develop their own resources—not to be mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to other Nations, mere producers of raw material for Europeans to shape into the fabrics of skill, and then return to us at our double cost. He knew that the American genius and mind, the activity, energy and ingenuity of this free people, were preëminent, and that good Government with independent self-protective National legislation would make us preëminent in power, prosperity and glory.

To reöriginate the idea, to present it in a new and enlarged form, to make it *practical*, was the great political movement of the man of our age. From that time he proceeded steadily in the gradual developnent and modification of the mighty scheme of national measures which the Whig party now upholds. The life of that man is the history of the nation for a quarter of a century. The American who knows not the connection between that life and the benificent influences of Government during that period is sadly ignorant of the history of his country. It is to be inferred that there is no person in this assembly so ignorant, and therefore all details may be omitted as superfluous.

Out from the Revolutionary age the Nation came, a mighty mass of materials, with certain general proportions and capabilities, yet without distinct form, without definite outline, expression or finish. To shape that mass of material was to be the *purpose* of another Time,—the work of another MAN.

There was once a sculptor who said something like this—"In every block of marble there is a statue, an image of perfect beauty, which only needs the eye of genius to discover it and the hand of genius to uncover it." Our modern artists first mould in some plaster material the figure which they have imagined, and then with due corrections, commit it to a stone-cutter, who performs the heavy labor of copying it in the lasting marble—leaving to the designer only "the finishing touches." But about three hundred years ago, there was in Italy an artist, great in every thing he undertook—a real genius, who did these things in his own way; and that was often a little different from other people's ways. The consequence was that he did two or three remarkable things which are likely to be remembered with admiration when whole schools and generations of critics who have censured him for his violations of rules, are forgotten. This man is commonly called Michael Angelo, in our rude way of perverting the sounds of continental names. Whether he suits the cognoscenti or not, it is enough for us to know that he designed and reared "the vast and wonderous dome" of St. Peter's—that he painted the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, and that he was not only such an architect and painter, but he was also eminent as a sculptor. And he so far disdained the aids and conveniences of art, that having looked at the block of marble, and having developed in his mind the form of beauty to which it was adapted, he struck boldly into it himself, chisel in hand, and worked without model or pattern, till he brought out in the marble the form which before existed only in his mind.

That was the way in which our man, the man of our age, worked to achieve the purpose of our time. If he had been a scholar, a philosopher, an abstractionist, he would have made a proper model for some practical genius to perpetuate in the never dying reality. If he had been such a one, he would have left us an essay on Government which would have ranked above those of Sydney, Locke, Montesquie. But that would not satisfy him. He saw in his mind's eye the image of human perfectibility, of approximate perfection in Government. He saw it in the fervid imagination of warm youth, which is so full of the spirit of heavenly charity that it "hopes all things, believes all things, trusts all things." He saw it thus, and forever retained that patriotic "faith, hope and charity," and that youthful fervor; for he is one of those who are always young. He did not wait to develop his idea experimentally in plastic and perishable material. He saw it in his own mind and he struck boldly into the block itself. He saw that the Revolution quarried the mighty mass from the mountains: it must have shape, expression. He saw—he felt in himself the Ideal, the image of American Republicanism, the future nationality, the genius of Democracy, ardent, energetic, bold, confident in its own resources, and resolute to develope them into action and utility. Embodying in himself the genius and character of the coming age, he thus conceived the principles and measures that were essential to our nationality. He foreshadowed them in his earliest movements, and produced, perfected and illustrated them through all his long career, which brightened as it proceeded like "the dawning light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

He stood at that early moment in magnificent contemplation of the unformed mass produced by the Revolution. He gazed at it as Michael Angelo did at the half-shaped gigantic block, which, under his chisel, afterward became the colossal statue of David, immortal and holy as the sacred fame of its Scriptural original. He saw in it the glorious undeveloped form, the fair proportions of good government, animated by the majestic, benign expression of harmony, peace, good will—and poised on itself in the heroic, commanding attitude of independence and protection. He saw, and under the first impulse of his grand conception, he struck into the huge mass hammer and chisel at once. He needed not to mould his Ideal in perishable forms. Like Michael Angelo he had his model in his mind or only in the Clay—as formed by a divine hand.—For all that is distinctive, peculiar and eminent in his character, he is remarkable for his perfect Americanism and nationality, embodying and combining in a wonderful degree the great traits of the whole American mind—presenting on every side the characteristics of every grade and section of his countrymen. This is the secret of his power, and that strong sympathy and impassioned enthusiasm which he excites in every part of the country. It is also the secret of his genius. He is not only American, but America itself—the Republic personified. He has made his own character the character of the age, as Washington did in his time. Washington left the nation sober, orderly, high-principled and patriotic, but on the whole rather with negative qualities. But the man of our time came to give the nation additional traits, of a positive and active character—to make it while it yet retained all those Washingtonian virtues, still more enterprising, bold, energetic, ardent, enthusiastic, aspiring, self-improving and self-protective. His early life of poverty and adventure fitted him eminently to appreciate this purpose. He knew the value of credit and enterprise as the elements of self-improvement in the rising mass of the new democracy growing up with him and after him. He knew that the Ameri-