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NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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THE TRIBUNE.

For The New-York Tribune.

Scene in a Prison.

"Bring flowers to the captive's lowly cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free, blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from her languid eye:
They will bear her a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of her youth!—bring her flowers, wild flowers!"

AMONG the hopeful indications that society is slowly, but surely, emerging from the darkness of the Past into the dim twilight of that glorious Future whose vision has so often inspired the soul of Prophet and Bard, is the cheering fact that a wiser as well as truer and deeper interest is beginning to be felt in the welfare of the unfortunate inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries. I call them unfortunate, not in sympathy with that specious philosophy which denies their guilt, but the more because they *are* guilty, and on account of the blindness and degradation involved in that sorrowful fact. The too prevalent opinion has been, that a person whose crimes imposed the necessity of imprisonment was beyond the hope of genuine reformation; and as little has been expected, so little, comparatively, has been achieved by the means hitherto employed to raise from their fallen state this numerous class of our fellow men. Not a few regard our prisons only as places of punishment—cages for the safe-keeping of persons whom it would be dangerous to permit to go at large; while the duties of the keepers, like those of the menagerie men, are supposed to consist chiefly in feeding and exhibiting the animals committed to their care. In selecting persons to take charge of the abodes of criminals, we have not been sufficiently careful to inquire for those of high moral excellence, an exalted sense of the dignity and worth of the human soul, and a deep spiritual insight—persons of enlarged philanthropy, solid Christian experience, and warm sympathy. The trust has too often been confided to persons whose chief recommendation was, that they were willing to undertake a disagreeable task for a small compensation, and that they would administer the punishment prescribed in the statute with the necessary degree of sternness and hardihood.

This inattention on the part of society to the dictates of humanity, like every other wrong, has been productive of bitter evils—evils which have been felt not by the criminal alone, but by the whole community. It is obviously no less the dictate of policy than of religion to treat the inmates of our prisons in such a manner as to foster all that remains within them of virtue and self-respect, that they may go out into the world at the expiration of their sentence, if possible, better prepared than they were before to struggle with the temptations to which they will be exposed. Instead of this, they are too often discharged with minds more debased and hearts more obdurate than when they entered. The prison to them has been a nursery of evil passions, a school of sin, when peradventure it might have been, under a wise administration of its discipline, the means of developing the higher and nobler faculties of their nature to such an extent as to save them from subsequent transgression. The lurking fires of selfishness and passion, which, under more genial influences, might have been extinguished, have been kept burning with fearful intensity during their confinement, to burst out in a still more terrible conflagration when forceful appliances are withdrawn.

No person who has investigated the causes of crime can for a moment doubt, that a large proportion of the inmates of our prisons might have been saved from their present condition, if in early life they had been blessed with the needful opportunities for intellectual and moral improvement; and as society has shamefully neglected to furnish these opportunities, it is to a fearful extent responsible for the crimes which render imprisonment necessary. There are signs that this responsibility is beginning to be felt, and that the public conscience is awaking from its long and dreadful slumber. The Christian and the Philanthropist are anxiously inquiring into the condition of the prisoner, and Faith in the power of Love is rapidly supplanting Reliance upon Force. The sentiment so beautifully expressed by Honeywood, one of the earliest of American Poets, is now extensively appreciated:

"Wise is the law, and godlike is its aim,
Which frowns to mend, and chastens to reclaim.
Which seeks the storms of passion to control,
And wake the latent virtues of the soul;
For all, perhaps, the vilest of our race,
Bear in their breasts some smothered sparks of grace;
Nor vain the hope, nor mad the attempt to raise
Those smothered sparks to Virtue's purer blaze."

The change which has recently taken place in the management of the Female Department of the State Prison at Sing Sing has already been noticed in the Tribune in appropriate terms of congratulation and hope. I took my pen, not to write an essay, but to describe, as well as I may, a touching scene which recently occurred at that prison, and which I think worthy of especial notice, as illustrating the power of Kindness and Love over the fallen and degraded. The story deserves to be told by a more skillful narrator, but I hope I shall not quite spoil it by my awkwardness.

Mrs. Farnham and her Assistants commenced their labors under very unfavorable circumstances. Their predecessors, however good their intentions, had utterly failed to maintain that wholesome discipline, without which a prison must ever resemble Bedlam. Loud conversation and profane and obscene language were constantly heard, and not unfrequently did the prisoners get into an open quarrel with each other, and sometimes even with their keepers. I do not mention this to condemn the former Matrons—for aught I know they did their best to keep order—but simply to show the state of things at the prison when their successors entered upon their duties. Not a month, perhaps not a week, had elapsed, before Mrs. Farnham and those associated with her had gained by a kind moral influence complete ascendency over the minds of those committed to their charge. The rules of the prison, with few exceptions, were readily and cheerfully obeyed—the look of rage and passion gave place to the smile of cheerfulness and hope, and profanity and obscenity were exchanged for the language of modesty and self respect.

The Matrons, encouraged by these first fruits of their well-directed labors, and desirous of testifying to the prisoners their appreciation of their general good conduct, obtained leave of the Board of Inspectors to signalize the Fourth of July by some appropriate testimonials of friendly interest in their welfare. The Chairman of the Board, J. W. Edmonds, Esq. desired to unite with them in this tribute of friendship, and he accordingly sent to each of the seventy-three prisoners a beautiful bouquet of flowers, accompanied with a letter, which, forming, as it does a part of my story, I here insert:

"This is my contribution to assist the females in the prison to celebrate the 4th of July, and I wish them to receive it as a testimonial of my approbation of their general good conduct.

"If it shall remind them of the indulgences which forbid to them the enjoyment of the beauties which surround us, let it also remind them that He, who is all benevolence and goodness, while he has conferred upon Man alone of all the creatures he has made the power of knowing and choosing between good and evil, has so formed our minds, that in every situation and under every change of circumstances, Virtue is sure of its reward and Vice of its punishment, and that in all the productions of nature, and in our capacity to enjoy them, we are taught the lesson that goodness and virtue are the most certain instruments of happiness.

"I wish the large bouquet, which has my name attached to it, to be given to her who shall be regarded as '*most amiable*' among the females. I should like to have the selection of this person made by the females themselves, subject to the approval of the Matrons. Thus I shall be able to discover how well they understand what it is that forms the character, which we most love and regard, for nothing is more true than this, that while we struggle against the power of Genius, Beauty and Fascination, we yield with reluctance to the charms of an Amiable Heart. J. W. EDMONDS.

July 3, 1844."

On the morning of the Fourth the prisoners were permitted before breakfast to walk in the little garden within the walls of the prison, and to assemble in the shop for reading and singing. They were told that, on going to breakfast, each one would find a present in her cell; and, writes one of the Matrons, "I can give you but a faint idea of the kindling of the eye and the lighting up of the whole countenance at this announcement. They marched quietly to their places, each anxious to know what she would find. By the time the Matrons were on the galleries, every woman stood in her cell door with her bunch of flowers in her hand, and the whispered thanks and the earnest 'God bless you' broke upon our ears at every step."

They remained in their cells only long enough for breakfast, and were again taken to the shop while their food for the day was being prepared, and to give opportunity for the distribution of the presents of fruit and confectionary. All things being ready, they were assembled in the Chapel, each bearing her flowers in her hand, and whispering expressions of thankfulness as they passed. Mrs. Farnham, the principal Matron, being absent, one of the Assistants made to them an appropriate address, expressing on her own behalf and that of her associates the satisfaction it afforded them to be able to give such an expression of approbation of their conduct, and such a testimonial of heartfelt interest in their welfare. She endeavored to impress on their minds the importance of forming habits of self-government while in prison, that they might be better prepared to resist the temptations they would meet in society, and to bear up against the vicissitudes to which they would be exposed on being released from confinement. She spoke to them of the influence which their present conduct would exert on their success in future life, and, in tones of kindness and love which were as a balm to their wounded hearts, besought them not to despair of rising above all the adverse influences by which they were surrounded. Many of them were melted to tears, and indications were not wanting of that stronger and deeper emotion of which tears are but a feeble expression.

At the close of her address, the Matron read the letter of Mr. Edmonds, which I have inserted above. Its influence was as delightful as the communication itself was unexpected. Admonishing them of the responsibility which this manifestation of his confidence imposed, one of the Matrons then called upon them, agreeably to his suggestion, to select from their number the one whom they thought most worthy to receive the large bouquet. Many voices simultaneously uttered the same name, and no other being proposed, those who approved the selection were requested to raise their hands. The vote was almost unanimous. The Matrons having expressed their hearty concurrence in the choice thus made, the bouquet was presented to the fortunate woman amidst the smiles and the tears not only of the prisoners, but of those who were so fortunate as to be spectators of the scene.

One of the Matrons then informed them that there was still another bouquet, which, with their approbation, they wished to give to another prisoner whose kindness to them all had made her a general favorite. On her name being mentioned, the wishes of the Matrons were ratified by the other prisoners, who almost simultaneously sprung to their feet to testify their concurrence in the selection. All were deeply affected, particularly the recipient of this most unexpected favor, who, as she received the bouquet, kissed it and the hand which presented it, her gushing tears bearing witness to the grateful emotions which filled her heart.

This was to the Matrons a moment of heartfelt triumph. Their experiment, which many would have deemed hazardous, had succeeded even beyond their most sanguine expectations. Their faith in the power of Love had not deceived them. One of them writes thus:—"The effect of this little experiment has been manifest in the more quiet and gentle movements of the prisoners, in their softened and subdued tones of voice, and in their ready and cheerful obedience. It has deepened my conviction that, however degraded by sin or hardened by outrage and wrong, while reason maintains its empire over the mind, there is no heart so callous or obdurate that the voice of sympathy and kindness may not reach it, or so debased as to give no response to the tones of Christian love and affection."

What heart will not utter a prayer to Heaven for a blessing upon the Matrons at Mount Pleasant, and upon the unfortunate prisoners committed to their charge? REVILO.

WHO ARE FOR THE TARIFF?—Hon. D. Tod, Loco Foco candidate for Governor of Ohio, is stumping the State, and speaking for himself and Mr. Polk and against Mr. Clay and the Tariff. He addressed his party in Ravenna, on the 14th of June, and in the course of his speech, uttered the following characteristic sentiment:

"It is for its inequality and injustice that the Democratic party denounce the present Tariff as an odious law—as 'the Black Tariff,' *and I trust in God they will continue to denounce it, until that odious law is repealed.*"

An honest expression of the feeling and purposes of the party, by one of its leading members. Mr. Polk has repeatedly said the same thing, and yet the small politicians of his party in this State, where the law is popular, claim the credit of being in favor of it. The shallow pretence is preposterous. [Cincinnati Adv.

IN A QUANDARY.—Postmaster Wickliffe has served a notice upon the New York Railroad Companies that carry the U. S. Mail, that he shall fine them $50 every time they carry the agents of Pomeroy & Co.'s Letter Express over their roads. On the other hand, Mr. Wells, of the firm of Pomeroy & Co., not to be outdone, has signified to the agents of the Railroad Companies, his intention to commence a prosecution against the first Company that refuses to carry himself or his agents. The Companies are thus placed like a mule between two bundles of hay, with their duties as common carriers on one side, and their contracts as mail carriers on the other.

Letter from William Slade.

The following letter from Hon. WM. SLADE, Whig Candidate for Governor in Vermont, was addressed to the Mass Convention at Sheldon.—It is a commanding expression of lofty sentiments and important truths:

MIDDLEBURY, July 10, 1844.

Geo. Fred. Houghton, Esq.

Dear Sir: Your letter in behalf of the Whig Committee of Franklin County, inviting me to attend a Mass Convention at Sheldon on the 13th inst. has been received. I have delayed an answer from my strong desire to make it affirmative, if I could find it possible to dispense with other engagements long enough to allow me the pleasure of meeting my friends at the contemplated gathering. But I find myself compelled to decline your invitation, the duties of my office being, at present, too urgent to admit of any relaxation.

I shall long remember the pleasure I enjoyed in my visit to Sheldon in 1840, and should be exceedingly happy again to mingle with my fellow-citizens of Franklin County, and commune with them concerning the great matters of national interest which now occupy the public attention.—The contest of this year, I need not say, exceeds in importance, the contest of 1840, for there are superadded to the questions of that year others of great and absorbing interest. The question of Protection to our Industry, then little discussed, has come to assume an importance which makes the Protective policy the leading theme in all our public discussions. At the termination of a contest more severe, protracted and hazardous than any Tariff contest, perhaps, which the country ever witnessed, the Whigs of the XXVIIth Congress succeeded in establishing a Tariff, whose adequacy for Protection, and whose beneficial influence upon the exhausted Treasury and the deranged exchanges of the country, the lapse of less than two years has abundantly attested.—That Tariff, I need not say, is in danger of destruction—at least, in *so much* danger as there is danger that our opponents shall triumph in the pending contest. The undeniable hostility of their Presidential candidate to the Tariff of 1842 brings the question of its destruction to an issue which cannot be avoided. Shall that Tariff stand, with no changes but such as its most cautious friends may find, on experience, the equalization of Protection to all interests demands? or shall it be swept from the statute-book, as was attempted at the late session of Congress? are questions which are suspended upon the discussions and decisions of this very year. I know there are not wanting efforts to make it appear otherwise to the people of Vermont—efforts, in fact, to show that the very father of the Protective policy has become indifferent to its support, while his rival for the Presidency, whose whole public career has been marked with undisguised hostility to it, has become its friend. The discussions of this year will dispel this delusion; and while they demonstrate, if demonstration can now be needed, the adequacy of the existing Tariff, will show who are, and who are not, the true and reliable friends of this great interest.

I am glad to see the people awake to this subject, and rejoice to witness their disposition to gather in mass meetings to discuss it. When they come thoroughly to understand this great question, they will decide it right; and they will determine that it is safer to commit this interest to its old and tried friends, than to trust to new professions made for a special occasion.

But there is a new and fearfully important question which has been suddenly thrown before the country, to be decided in the present contest. I mean the question of annexing a foreign nation to our confederacy—a question involving, as it seems to me, nothing less than the very existence of this Union. The consummation of this project, which awaits the triumph of our opponents in this year's contest, will be tantamount to an act declaring the Union dissolved; and if actual dissolution does not follow, it will not be owing to any cohesive power in the Constitution, after the confederacy shall have lost its identity, in the new and monstrous connexion with a foreign state.

There is no aspect in which this measure can be viewed, in which it does not portend evil; and yet there are thousands who are suddenly going for it, with as much confidence as though they had made this great question—the greatest, in fact, that ever agitated this nation—the study of their whole lives. In the facility of change thus exhibited, upon a question of the greatest conceivable moment to the country, there is ground of alarm, extending far beyond the limits of the question itself. What may not the power of party accomplish, if it can work the wonder of suddenly raising up, as by magic, friends to such a measure as this? What is to become of our country, if its highest interests are thus to be made the sport of party?—if men are to be thus moved in masses, and wheeled into line, at the bidding of party leaders? I do not ask this question in the spirit of party. No!—no! *This* is a matter which rises far above all party considerations, and appeals to a higher sentiment than ever found place in the bosom of a mere partisan. Opposition to this gigantic scheme is not among the things which may be given up for the sake of securing some good which a party may aim to accomplish, and which can only be accomplished by party union. To hold on to a party union, with such a sacrifice, would not be "union for the sake of the Union," but union with the certainty of its destruction.

I need not say that the success of our opponents in this Presidential election would be the success of this measure. Their candidate has been selected for the very purpose of carrying it. He is committed to it irrevocably. And where is HENRY CLAY?—*opposed to it;* and opposed for reasons of perpetual force. The act of taking a stand in opposition to this measure, has given him a new claim to the confidence of the nation. He has in effect said—let us strengthen and consolidate our present Union, rather than hazard its existence in an attempt to extend and perpetuate the institution of Slavery. Mr. Clay does not wish to perpetuate Slavery. He has no sympathy with the absurd and monstrous sentiment, that its perpetuity is essential to the perpetuity of republican institutions; and whatever may be his views in regard to immediate emancipation, he stands, in reference to the great issue on which the question of Slavery is now turning, on the side of freedom and of his country.

The Whig party occupy, at this moment, a position of unparalleled interest. Beside their advocacy of the measures to which they have long been committed, they constitute to all present, practical purposes, the true "Liberty party;" because, with their great leader, they are coming to the rescue of the Union by resisting the consummation of a scheme, whose avowed object is to augment the power of Slavery, and fasten its rule irrevocably on the country. I respect the motives, and concur in the main with the ultimate aim of my friends of the "Liberty party," however I may deem their organization inadequate, and inappropriate, to the end proposed; but I shold do violence to my own feelings, and disregard the dictates of my most deliberate judgment, if I were to withhold my support from the Whig party—since it is not only pledged to the policy of Protection—to the beneficent measures connected with the disposition of the Public Domain, and to the effecting of reforms loudly demanded by a suffering and misgoverned country, but stands at this moment as the only effectual barrier against the speedy consummation of the dangerous and suicidal scheme of Annexation for the purpose of perpetuating Slavery.

I tender my salutations to my fellow citizens who may be assembled at your meeting, while I remain,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
WILLIAM SLADE.

☞ The 'Coons' are not all Whigs it seems.—J. P. Coons, Esq. of Attica, recently addressed a Loco-Foco meeting at Batavia.

Water-Cure in High Fever.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

I hope, sir, you will find room for the following case and statements in your widely circulating paper. It was that of a lady who had taken a violent cold, which, with a bilious state of the system, in the course of three or four days resulted in a high general fever, attended with delirium. The friends being anxious that Hydropathic treatment should be resorted to, as the only alternative, a woman, who has a knowledge of Water-Cure, was prevailed upon to undertake the case.

At the time of commencing, the fever was so high that the pulsations could not be counted for frequency. The determination of blood to the head, and the delirium, were truly alarming. The tongue and mouth were completely parched, and the lips and tongue cracked. The patient had been mostly without sleep for three days and nights. The cooling wet sheet was immediately applied, *secundem artem*, and frequent draughts of cold water administered. So intense was the thirst, that the patient, in her phrensy, held the tumbler in both hands with a convulsive grasp. By frequently changing the sheets as fast as they became warm, together with ice-cold applications constantly at the head, and the internal applications of water, in less than three hours the fever was completely reduced, and the pulse brought very nearly to its natural state. Perspiration—so desirable in such cases—came on; the violent pains of the head and back were wholly removed, and the patient, in her right mind, sank quietly to sleep *in the wet sheet*. After remaining about an hour, she was removed, washed *very quickly* with Croton water without ice, rubbed perfectly dry, and placed comfortably in bed; after which she slept well through the night, and in the course of the next day walked out in the open air; and has continued to improve ever since.

In every possible case of high fever of the system, I care not what it is, or what the cause, if it has not already proceeded beyond the reach of any kind of cure, similar results to the above can with the most positive certainty of demonstration be easily brought about. On the plain principle of the conduction of calorie—with the same certainty that we can cool a piece of iron, we can by means of simple water cool the human body in a state of high fever, and this amounts to a removal of the disease. This is one of the various results of the proper use of water to enable the body to throw off disease. These plain and simple truths of Nature, illustrated in Water-Cure, reasonable and reasoning men and *women* will not be long in finding out. The utter foolishness of swallowing drugs will in time be appreciated.

The case related was treated during my absence from the city. I have been particular to find out the true facts, and I could add a variety of cases treated by myself and others, in which the results have been as striking as in the above case. Already, more than once, I have been threatened with prosecution for using pure clean water instead of drugs, the use of which, as to efficacy, I know to be mere boys' play in comparison to that of water, leaving out of question the fact that drugs are always, even in the best hands, more or less doubtful and dangerous, which is never true of water if rightly used.

JOEL SHEW, M. D. 233 Fourth street.

DESTRUCTIONBY LIGHTNING.—On Tuesday evening, during the violent thunder shower, the house owned and occupied by Jared St. John, in Ridgefield, was struck with the fluid, and entirely consumed. The family in the house at the time consisted of four persons, who had retired. They were unconscious of the situation of their tenement, until they were aroused to an examination by the collection of smoke in their sleeping apartments. The house was new, having been occupied but a short time. The furniture was saved. There being no insurance, the loss falls heavily upon a worthy and industrious man, but of moderate means. [Norwich (Conn.) Gazette.

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All kinds of Job Printing, such as PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, CHECKS, CARDS, INSURANCE POLICIES, BILLS OF LADING, CIRCULARS, MAMMOTH SHOW BILLS, LECTURE BILLS, CONCERT BILLS, Plain and Fancy, POLITICAL BILLS, CIRCULARS, (neat) &c. promptly executed at the Office of the Tribune, No. 160 Nassau street—opposite the Park.

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☞ **James T. Hodge**, who is practically familiar with Mining operations and the working of Ores in the United States and Cuba, may be consulted on the value of mining-lands, ores, and minerals, at his room, No. 22 Granite Building, corner of Broadway and Chambers-Street.

He will analyze Minerals, Soils, Waters, and articles of Commerce, as Potash, Barilla, White Lead, &c. &c. Specimens of Minerals, Ores and Earthsmay be sent to him from the country, and he will either state their value and uses at once, or submit them to an exact analysis, as may be required; and his charges will vary accordingly.

References: Grinnell, Minturn & Co., Prof. J. Revere, M. D., W. C. Redfield, Esq.

We have employed Mr. Hodge to perform some chemical analyses for us, and from the exact manner in which they were executed, we can chee fully recommend his services to those requiring such work. A. B. SANDS & CO.

New-York, June 1, 1844. je2 eodtf

☞ **North American Phalanx,** Monmouth Co N. J. (Address Leedsville, P. O.) 35 miles from New-York, via steamboat ORUS, from Fulton Market to Red Bank daily during the summer. Mr. EDWARD GILES is the accredited Agent of the Phalanx in New-York, and may be consulted on its business from 3½ to 6 o'clock P. M. at his residence, No. 122 Walker-st. jy1 3m

☞ **Water Cure.**—J. Shew, M. D. an author on Water Cure, 288 Fourth-st, is ready to visit his friends and others who care to be treated medically *without drugs.* Water Cure, for efficacy, is a system without a parallel in the healing art.—Most cases, if not all, can be as well treated in private dwellings as elsewhere. The poor advised gratuitously. jy2 3m*

☞ **The Tariff as it is,** *compared with the Substitute proposed by its Adversaries in the Bill reported to the United States House of Representatives by Gen. McKay of N. C.* By H. GREELEY.

The above Tract is ready and for sale at The Tribune office. Price $15 per 1000.

☞ **Thomson's Clay Medal.**—For sale at the Tribune office, 160 Nassau-street, THOMSON'S CLAY MEDAL. The Medallion is an acknowledged likeness, and pronounced a master-piece of art. Price $10 per hundred. Orders from Clay Clubs solicited. jy11 tf

☞ **The Letters of Cassius M. Clay,** on Slavery and on the Presidency, are printed in a Pamphlet, and for sale at the Tribune Office. Price $1.25 per 100, or $10 per 1000 copies.

☞ **The Books of Subscription** to the Capital Stock of the New-York and Erie Railroad Co. are now open at the Office of the Company, No. 54 Wall-street, between the hours of 10 and 3. WM. M. GOULD, Secretary.

New-York, April 8th, 1844 a26

☞ **Hardware, Cutlery, &c.**—LEWIS BENEDICT & CO. respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they have removed to this city, and have taken the Store 81 Pearl-street, (opposite the Pearl-street House,) where they are now opening a large and well-selected assortment of Goods, both Foreign and Domestic, to which they would call the attention of those wishing to purchase. ap30 tf

☞ **Mutual Life Insurance Company of New-York.**—This institution, during the month of June, has issued fifty-one policies, viz:

To Merchants	20	To Clergymen	2
" Manufacturers	1	" Physicians	2
" Clerks	5	" Agent	1
" Grocer	1	" Student	1
" Gentlemen	3	" Watchmaker	1
" Stationer	1	" Druggist	1
" Farmer	1	" Ladies	2
" Broker	1	" Miller	1
" Auctioneer	1	" Porter	1
" Dentist	1	" Tailor	1
" Publisher	1	" Cooper	1
	38		15

Total Lives Insured....51 jy1 1m

☞ **Dr. Phinney's Family Pills** constantly for sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, 79 Fulton street, 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway je5 6m*

☞ **Graham House, 63** Barclay-street, by ROSWELL GOSS. je6 tf

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I. A MEMOIR OF HENRY CLAY—clear and glowing, written expressly for this work, by HENRY J RAYMOND, Esq.

II. THE SPEECHES OF MR. CLAY, from 1810 to 1842 inclusive, carefully collected from various sources for this work, compared and corrected, and all restored to the first person—many of them having been only reported in the third person—"Mr. Clay said" so and so, and so, &c., instead of giving his own vigorous and graceful diction, without interpolation or dilution. No collection of Mr. CLAY'S Speeches at all comparable with this, in completeness or correctness, has ever before appeared.

Each Speech is prefaced by a brief introductory paragraph explaining the circumstances which called it forth, and, whenever it is desirable and not otherwise indicated, a note at the end gives the fate of the measure under discussion.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. A PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY, from an original painting by Linen, engraved by Prudhomme

II. A VIEW OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY CLAY, in "The Slashes of Hanover," Virginia—engraved on steel.

III. An Engraved FAC-SIMLE OF A LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.

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