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SYMPATHY.

By Lena Linwood.

My soul deep oppressed, I wandered forth,
As passed the last faint ray
Of day light; and the lovely Earth
In night and shadows lay.
I sighed as I thought that shade and gloom
Should e'en our earth enshroud—
But as I sighed the pale sweet moon
Arose in beauty proud.
In the moon's pale light, low at my feet,
Lay a flower, drooped and sore—
I sighed for the death of the flower sweet,
With none its loss to mourn—
I looked again: on its bosom fair
A clear drop trembling lay—
Sweet Eve had ta'en a tear drop there,
Thus teaching sympathy.
Ah, yes! I sighed, fond Nature weeps
For the loss of her gentle ones,
But when low in the grave I sleep,
Ah, who will weep I'm gone?
The wild bird's song will be as gay,
The flowers smile as bright,
The sunshine with the brooklets play,
The breezes float as light.
My burning, fevered brow I pressed,
The tear-drops filled my eye,
I started—my brow felt a soft caress,
My ear caught a gentle sigh:
'Twas a light winged zephyr, wandering away
From flowers to sit, e'en me,
My brow to cool, and to breathe a lay,
A lay of sympathy.
Eve's lovely queen, from her distant light,
Sent a clear and silvery beam,
And my tears, no longer tears, but bright
On my cheek they trembled gems.
Nature taught me a lesson, and now as I wend
My steps through life's rough way,
To affections call may I ever attend,
And bring a sweet sympathy.

Powell, O.

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."

What a text for a sermon! I wonder if the painter of those words upon that rough board knew that he was going to be a street preacher, and to the wandering and wayward soul, point the way. 'All men are preachers,' says a German proverb, 'forever pointing to others the way, but never walking therein themselves.' Every man who paints upon a board 'keep to the right,' is a preacher whatever his life may be. If this one command stood alone in the book called holy, it would be a sufficient guide to Heaven.

Keep to the right on the highway. No matter whether poverty in rags, or wealth in ermine meet you, if you move steadily on to the right of life's highway. Never ask what saith law or custom; ask which is the right way, and zealously walk therein. Keep to the right, young man! Your beautiful sister is pressing her face to the window panes watching for your coming. She loves you with all the ardor of her poor young soul; go to her, and learn wisdom and purity.—Your mother awaits you. She has whispered your name in her sweet prayer—has asked good angels to lead you away from sin and temptation. Your good father weary and worn has gone to his dreams, saying as he went—'Would to Heaven my child would keep to the right!'

'Keep to the right,' daughters of fashion! Avoid the path marked out for you by soulless men and weak-minded women; it leads through thorny ways, to an early grave.—Do not barter your glorious inheritance for glitter and gold in their whirlpool of folly. To the right you will find true, brave hearts to welcome you into the field of earnest labor. There will you learn life's great lesson—its holy mission.

'Keep to the right,' faltering sister! Let not the syren song of the seducer lure you into the crowded path on the left—it leads to degradation. Robbers are in the way, who steal your peace of soul, your angelic beauty, and your priceless purity.

True, the path at the right has few travelers but the few are glorious souls. They have not bowed down to the golden gods of man's making, they have not borrowed the flimsey garb of virtue of the Lord, nor masks from sham Christianity to serve his majesty the devil in. They have asked the nearest way to Heaven, and are clearing a road that way. 'Keep to the right.'

THE HOUR OF DEPARTURE.

The hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and best—the hour is coming when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, this body, which is warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless with death.—The countenance will be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature; but our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die; and though we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it. The reflection haunts still; it haunts us in solitude, follows us it into society, it lies down with us at night, at awakens with us in the morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it: 'Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return.'

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"Beautiful exceedingly" used to be the approach to Sunday in old times, with its threshold made of a Saturday night. The tide of passion and the glow of ambition went down with Saturday's sun, and life's fever was followed by a sleep. The blacksmith's bellows grew breathless, and his hammer lay silent upon the anvil; the fitfel tinkling of a bell denoted the last wanderer of the flock safe in the fold; the mill's "big wheel" stood still, and the upper and lower sections of its battened door were closed; the "ironing" of the old-fashioned mother was aired and folded and laid away; the last loaf was drawn from the glowing cavern of the old brick oven; the boys had come back from the creek, their brown feet twinkling lighter in the grass, and their damp hair a shade darker than it was; a light glimmers dimly through the great windows of the church; young men and maidens go in by pairs, and pretty soon, through the shadowy air, there float the blended voices that we used to love, in Windham, Mear and Silver Street, "Dundee's wild and warbling measures rise," and sweet old Corinth falls upon the ear; the moon surmounts the woods, and rides a moment like a ship upon the leafy waves, then bears away for the blue waters of God's Ægean, and over all that scene and night it rules. The dews grow radiant and restless in the grass beneath it, as if earth were our mother and she really breathed; the mists of grey that with the willows fringe the stream, are silver and the memory of that hour is gold.

A very beautiful provision of nature is it when Death has done his worst with us, and sealed lips that shall never more be parted; when the summer winds have borne away upon their wanton wings the dust we have so often clasped, and fancied to be ourselves; when the hungry moths have devoured the records we have left, and dreamed to be immortal; when Time has turned to sands and sifted through his hour-glass the mansions we have builded, and thought would "last till dooms-day"—a very beautiful provision is it, we say, that sometimes that second immortality we longed to leave is confided to a *name*.

IMPATIENCE THE VICE OF THE AGE.

The eager desire to press forward, not so much to conquer obstacles as to elude them; that gambling with the solemn destinies of life, seeking ever to set success upon the chances of a die; that hastening from the wish conceived to the end accomplished, that thirst after quick returns to the ingenious toil, and breathless spurrings along short cuts to the goal, which we see everything around us, from the Mechanic's Institute, to the stock market—beginning in education with primers for the million," and Sciences made easy;" characterizing the books of our writers, the speeches of our Statesmen, no less than the dealings of our speculators, seem, I confess, to constitute a very diseased and very general symptom of the times. I hold that the greatest friend to man is labor; that knowledge without toil, if possible were worthless; that toil in the pursuit of knowledge is the best knowledge we attain; that the continued effort for fame is fame itself; that it is not wealth suddenly acquired which is deserving of homage, the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth—the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed; in a word that Labor and Patience are the true echoo-masters on earth. —Bulwer.

FINDING A HUSBAND.

BY PEGGY MORENEAD.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.

"Ride Milo!"

"Yes! It's such a beautiful day."

"But he'll throw you!"

"Throw me!" And I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear uncle," I continued, coaxingly "there's no fear and I'm dying for a canter."

"You'll die of a canter then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times, twice by myself and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe." Joe was a stable boy.—"That's good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him.

I knew by experience, that, when I did this, I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern; but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort, however, to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.

"Dobbin!" I cried. "Old, snail paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this. One might as well ride a rocking horse at once."

"Well, well," he said, "if I must, I must, you'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your way. I wish you'd get a husband, you minx, you're growing beyond my control."

"Humph! A husband. Well since you say so, I'll begin to lock out for one to-day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as short as a pie crust, if you can't have your own way. There,' seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready, while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house a fire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door, a gay mettlesome colt, who laid his ears back as I mounted and gave me a vicious look I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late to give it up."

I was piqued.

"I never give up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband eh!"

"No, I'll ride down to the poor house and ask old Tony, the octagenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Poll Wilkes to cook your dinners." And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously, for uncle was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women, and held an especial aversion to Poll Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because, years ago, she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply I gave Milo his head.

John Gilpin we are told went fast; but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had it all his own way. At first I tried to check its speed; but he got the bit in his mouth, and all I could do was to hold on and try tiring him out. Trees, fences and houses went by us like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear we did well enough, but suddenly coming to a blasted oak, that started out, spectre-like from the wood, Milo shied, twistep half around, and planted his fore feet suddenly in the ground. I did not know I was falling, till I felt myself in a mud hole, which lay at one side of the road.

Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship! But as the mud was soft, I was not hurt, and the ludicrous aspects of I presented, soon got the upper hand of my vexation. "A fine chance I have of finding a husband, in this condition," I said to myself, recalling my jest with uncle. "If I could find some mud dryad now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance." And I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you Miss!" suddenly said a deep, rich, manly voice.

I looked up and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose black eyes brought the blood to my cheek and made me for an instant ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the tops of my shoes. My riding skirt was plastered all over so it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them, as I fell, in order to protect myself.

The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking off the top rail he placed it across the puddle, then putting his arm around my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind an enormous oak, to hide my blushing face, and scrape the mud from my stockings and skirt. I had managed to get the first a little cleaner, but the last was still as thick as ever when my companion made his appearance with the missing shoes, which he had scraped till they were quite presentable, and leading Milo by the bridle.

"Pray, let me see you home," he said. "If you will mount again, I'll lead the colt; and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."

I could not answer for shame, but when in the saddle murmured something about not "troubling him."

"It's no trouble, not in the least," he replied standing hat in hand like a kingly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle "and I can't really let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be to-day. Look at his ears and and the red in his eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute, till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened, if he hadn't wheeled and stopped, like a trick horse in the circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids, at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields, overlooking the men; but as we entered the gate I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came out, his eyes brim full of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but turning to my escort, I said, "My uncle, sir, won't you walk in," and then rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door, my uncle's knock, I could not but open. He was laughing a low, silent laugh, his portly bodyshaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said. I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said in a malicious whisper.—"You've my consent, for I like him hugely, only who'd have tho't of finding a husband in a mud puddle!"

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of uncle's wit; and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton, for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest, turned out to be in earnest; for in less than six months, in that very room, I stood up to become Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue tissue floating about me so like a cloud wreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that not expecting such an apparition, he lost his heart at once. He adds, for he still knows how to compliment as well as ever, that my gay, intellectual talk, so different from the demure Miss he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been to college, so that I had never seen him; but uncle remembered him at once and had insisted on his staying till I came down, though Harry from delicacy would have left after an inquiry about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained. "The luckiest thing," he says, "I ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me; and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insists in our living with him, and I told him, at last, I would consent, "if only to keep Poll Wilkes from cooking his dinner." To which he answered, looking at Harry, "You see what a spitfire she is, and you may bless your stars it you don't rue the day she went out to hunt a husband."

Charles Mackay on New York.

In a letter to the Illustrated London News, written in New York on the 27th of October, Mr. Mackay says:

"Of late years the unparalleled growth of the city of New York—a city far richer than Paris and second only to London in the extent of its commercial operations—has encouraged the idea that it was impossible to set limits to its enterprise and prosperity. The large influx of California gold has added strength to this conviction. New York has rapidly become a city of palaces—palaces of white marble, to which no city in the European and Asiatic hemisphere can offer a parallel. Marble hotels, accommodating a thousand guests; marble and gigantic warehouses, shops and stores, marble dwellinghouses, which Kings in the Old World might envy, have arisen on every side, and Broadway has become, beyond comparison, the richest, gayest and most splendid street in the world—dwarfing the Regent street of London, and eclipsing the glories of the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris. Needless, as well as needful, railways have been constructed in every State of the Union, and English capital, greedy, credulous as is its wont—capital that is thirsting and hungering for five, six and seven per cent.—has invested its if in American securities, until by degrees it has risen to the amount of $150,000,000, or about £90,000,000 pounds sterling. In New York more especially, the centre of fashion, as well as of commerce, almost every thing within the last two or three years has been bought upon credit and at credit prices. To be obliged to pay ready money is the most wholesome drag upon the imagination of the purchaser; but no such drag has been of late employed in New York. Even the ladies have bought their silken robes and crinolines (which by the way, are at least double the circumference of the crinolines of London and Paris) at credit prices, averaging form 100 to 300 per cent beyond what they would have paid in cash. And everything else has swollen in proportion.—House rent, the cost of living, and of clothing, all have experienced a rise; and New York has become the most expensive city in the world, both for the passing traveler and for its habitual residents.

The Sub-Treasury Bill.

There are two Sub-Treasury bills before the Legislature. One was introduced in the House by Mr. Brooke of Cincinnati, and the other has been reported to the Senate, by Mr. Hatch of the same city. We are inclined to think the last named bill has received the endorsement of the "tin pan." We have only examined a portion of it, for it is quite long, it fills twenty-seven printed pages. It provides for the gradual collection of taxes in specie. Next year no bills less than five dollars can be taken for the payment of taxes. After 1860, none less than ten, and after 1865, none less than twenty, and after 1872, no bills of any kind shall be taken. It provides, also, that as soon as taxes for the State are paid into the State Treasury, all the bills are to be run back upon the banks and specie taken in their stead. All monies received for taxes for county purposes, received in bank paper, are to be run back upon the banks by the county Treasurers, and specie taken instead thereof.—The specie is then to be locked up in the State and County Treasuries. It provides for an examination four times a year by certain parties, into the vaults of the State Treasury, and also into those of the counties which would cost no small sum. We believe the bill to be unconstitutional, for it makes a distinction between the rich and poor man. The heavy tax payer can pay his taxes in paper money but the poor man must pay his in specie.

As was said the other day by the member from Mahoning, in the House, a large proportion of the tax payers of Ohio, pay less than five dollars each, yet this numerous class must, if this bill passes, pay their taxes in specie, while those whose taxes exceed five dollars, can pay in paper money. What justice is there in such a rule? Why should the poor man have this onerous burden put upon him, from which his wealthier neighbor is extempt! Does the Constitution permit such a distinction! We are very confident it does not, but even if it does, what justice is there in it! And then the carpet bag feature of the bill! The section which demands that the State Treasurer and the county Treasurers shall run the bills they receive back upon the banks, and draw from them specie, is, in effect, creating all these state and county officers into so many carpet bag brokers, a class of of itinerants not particularly popular with the people of Ohio. We have not room to discuss this matter at length to-day. We shall recur to this subject again. In the meantime, the people of the State will have an opportunity to think of this legislative elephant adorned with his carpet bag trunk and his five and ten dollar "specie claws."—[O. S. Journal.

Cheerfulness is the test, not only of health but virtue. The man who has turned rascal, has taken the first step towards hollow eyes and thoughtfulness.

EXTRACTS FROM LATE CONGRESSIONAL DEBATES.

SENATOR HALE ON DISSOLUTION.

Mr. President, I have generally found, in my experience of the Senate, difficulties attending questions that were presented, without inviting the body to the consideration of other questions that might be involved in other issues and other matters which were to come up at another time. I had proposed to act on this supposition in my action upon this floor. But, sir, the remarks that have been thrown out by the Senator from Virginia [Mr. Mason] seem to my mind to require a brief and passing notice. The manner of the Senator from Virginia indicated that they were not the result of heated blood that had been stirred up in an angry and excited debate, but they appeared to be the deliberate convictions of his understanding and the announcement of his settled purpose. In that sense they seem to demand more weight than they would have in a different view of the subject. If I understand the Senator, his position is that he will not consider the application of any State for admission into the Union until the Kansas controversy shall be settled. That was the amount of what he said. I do not give his very phraseology, and it is to that announcement that I ask the attention of the Senate, and I hope to call to it the attention of the country.

The Senator from Virginia objects to considering the application of any State, no matter how regular may have been her proceeding, no matter how literally she may have pursued every requirement of the Constitution and every provision of the enabling act, no matter how unexceptionable may have been her whole history in her territorial state and in the manner in which she proposes to emerge from the condition of a territory to that of a sovereign State—I should have said a State, for we are not to have any more sovereign States in this Union—no matter how unexceptionable it has been, here is a block thrown in the way over which Minnesota and every other State must pass before she can gain admission into this Union.

Now, sir, the eloquent Senator from Texas [Mr. Houston] said something, and the Senator from Ohio, [Mr. Pugh,] the other day, said something, which I did not hear, but have read since in the papers, lecturing us for speaking lightly on the danger of collision, and of the danger of the union. Well, sir, I am always willing to be lectured, glad when anybody undertakes it, because it satisfies me, at least, that if there is not any body here that knows more than I do, there is somebody who thinks he does. [Laughter] But let me say that there never has been a sentiment avowed on this floor, which looks so directly, so seriously to a conflict, and one that may end in the dissolution and disruption of this Union, as the avowal which has been made by the Senator from Virginia, and in which I understand him to intimate the great array upon the other side of the Chamber would act with him; and that is to make the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton constitution the touchstone by which fidelity is to be tried, and without which acceptance no other State can never come into this Union. Sir, I am not here to speak for any party, nor for anybody, but myself and the State which I in part represent; but I am free to say, and I am bound to declare, that so far as my action has anything to do with the voice of the Government, and the proceedings of this body, if that is the condition, it will be a long while before your numerical number of States will exceed thirty-one. I deem it be contrary to the whole genius of our Government, to the principles of our Constitution, and that bond by which the States are bound together, for any one State, or any set of States, to say that in a certain case, which I think a majority of the people of this Union believe not to be so characterized as to entitle the Territory to come into the Union, her admission shall be made the *sine qua non* without which no other State shall ever come into the Union.

I disclaim now and forever the idea of threatening anybody or of speaking lightly of the Union, and I am willing to sit at the feet of anybody who chooses to lecture me, because I am used to being lectured; but I have thought sometimes that some of these lectures would do very well if applied to somebody else. [Laughter.] There is an eloquent and able Senator who sits near me—I allude to the Senator from Louisiana, [Mr. Benjamin]—and I remember that at the close of a very eloquent and able speech which he made on this floor not long ago, abounding with the richest figures of rhetoric and the choicest ornaments of oratory, he closed with this significant figure: that if certain things did not turn out in a certain way, the South would throw the sword into the scale, and settle the weight in that way. I remember that but do not recollect that any lecture was ever delivered to the honorable Senator for it from that time to this, and I do not mean to lecture him now. I think it was a beautiful figure; but whether it was appropriate to the subject or not, I do not know. I remember one significant fact that all these lectures come upon us who sit upon this side of the Chamber, upon the minority, and a very small minority it is. It seems to me that if gentlemen want to throw out censure in a place where it will have effect, they should sometimes take some of the gentlemen on the other side. I thought the honorable Senator from Georgia, [Mr. Iverson,] the other day presented as fair a case for a good wholesome homily as I had ever seen in the Senate, but nobody ever thought of administering it to him. When my friend from Michigan, [Mr. Chandler,] however, fired, I suppose with the magnetism which the Senator from Georgia threw out, got up and undertook to respond to him in the same style, perhaps not so eloquently and presented simply a counter opinion to the one which had been announced by the Senator from Georgia, he had to take a lecture; but the Senator from Georgia went scathless.

I do not wish to lecture anybody; but I must say that I look upon the avowal of the Senator from Virginia, made coolly and deliberately as it was, as being something, if it is to be backed up by the great array which the honorable Senator intimates, of very serious import. I do not know how we shall be able to meet this crisis. I do not know but that you can carry your Lecompton constitution through this body. I rather think you can; that is my decided opinion. I do not know but that you will carry it through the House of Representatives. I think you would be more likely to do it if you had raised the five regiments: for without meaning any disrespect to the members of that House, I must say there is a sort of weighed that the great amount of patronage which the appointment of so many officers would create, would have a kind of an insensible influence on the atmosphere. [Laughter.] There is a great amount of pressure pervading the atmosphere, when one of these bills which has such a large amount of patronage in it, is passed, that has an effect, and I have no doubt an insensible effect sometimes, even upon the men that ought not to be affected by it.

SENATOR TOOMBS ON ARMY INCREASE.

There is no necessity for the increase on account of the Indian hostilities, for there has not been an embodiment of Indians within the country for twenty-five years past which was capable of fighting 2000 men.—With regard to the Mormon troubles, he deemed it ridiculous to suppose that Brigham Young was able to compete with 3000 United States troops—hence there was no necessity for the measure on that score. In alluding to the remarks of Mr. Iverson (Ga.) yesterday, who said that if it had not been for the troops in Kansas, the Abolitionists would have been exterminated, and to those of Mr. Chaddler (Mich.) who thought that if such had been the case, a fearful retaliation would have been visited on the border settlements of Missouri, Mr. Toombs remarked that he would not enter into any controversy on those points, but he would not vote a single man for the purpose of maintaining the peace of Kansas, whoever might there hold power. Experience and history of over forty centuries had demonstrated that order maintained by regular soldiers was despotism and that peace only thus maintained was the cemetery of liberty. He would not maintain peace in Kansas on such terms or have order there at such a cost. If freemen could not maintain peace among themselves, they were unworthy of the exercise of self-government, they were not fit to be freemen. A regular army has always been the instrument of despotism. There was not a despotic Government in Europe to-day which could stand ninety days without it. When John C. Calhoun was Secretary of War, the expenses of the army were reduced to $273 per man; but now, estimating only the legitimate expenses of the army, they amount to more than $1,000 for each man per annum.

He earnestly expressed his opposition to regular soldiery, except so far as was actually necessary for the common defense. The last soldiers seen in Georgia were sent thither to help the Indians against the whites, and he expressed the hope that the sole of the foot of another Federal Soldier would never again press the soil of that State.

MR. KELLOGG ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

Mr. Chairman, if ever a President of the United States needed the supporting hands of his friends, it is now. Who, sir, can tell which is the Administration party on this floor! Who can tell in this day of Democracy, which and what are the Administration measures! Look you to the Senate. The Warwick of the Administration in that body has refused it his support; and standing aloof, proudly conscious of his strength, like Warwick of England, he hurls defiance at the Administration. In this House, sir, who are the friends of the Administration! In this House the Iron Duke—the Wellington of the party—has refused his support to the measures of the Administration, now tottering beyond the first quarter of its existence. It came into power with a national Treasury bursting with plethora. Now, before the end of the first year, the Treasury is empty and the Government bankrupt. The Central American question is pressing hard upon your President. Filibusterism is about to overwhelm him. Then, again, the Kansas outrage, which he seems to be pressing forward with the view of the destruction of freemen's rights, is hurled back upon him from nearly every portion of the country until he is ready to sink under it. Yea, sir, Utah has defied the powers of the General Government; and Brigham Young, from his harem, laughs the Government to scorn.—This, sir, is the position of our Administration. Sir, methinks I hear the President now exclaiming: "save me from my friends!" May we then not exclaim: "What an immortality of fame awaits the sage of Wheatland!"

SENATOR HAMLIN ON ARMY EXPENSES.

Mr. President, while the Senator from Georgia [Mr. Toombs] was addressing the Senate the other day, I remarked, in an undertone, and I saw that it was incorporated into what he said, that the expenses of the Army per man for the past year were equal to $1,500. The Senator from Louisana now states that, taking the number composing the Army at fifteen thousand, and such I understand to be the number from the chairman of the Military Committee, and deviding fifteen millions by that number, it will make $1,000 per man. The amount is sixteen millions, which would be a little more than $1-000 per man. What the Senator states is true but is irnot equally true that we have before us an appropriations of about six millions asked for for legitimate Army purposes for the past year, outside of the fortifications! You may tell me it is for extraordinary state of things. Grant it; but add to your Army, and if they are to be located in the very position now occupied by your Army, will not the same state of things exist, demanding of us a like appropriation to supply the deficiency for another year. I say, then, by every just rule in the world in ascertaining what is the amount of expenditure for the Army proper for the past year, you should take into the account the appropriation of about six millions which is now asked of us to supply deficiencies. Take, then, these two sums together, and what do they amount to! Fifteen millions and six millions are twenty-one millions. Divide that sum by fifteen thousand, and you have to a dollar—excluding the odd dollars in the millions—$1,400 to a cent, and I insist that that sum, and not $1,000, is the amount which is to be set down legitimately as the expense of your Army for the past year, and it is an alarming expense.

Mr. President, it was my purpose at one period of time to address the Senate on this question, but other Senators have anticipated me in what I proposed to say. I shall, therefore, content myself with voting upon reasons which have been given by others. I wish, however, to state one suggestion which occurs to me as worthy of remark, and which has not been stated to the Senate. These troops, if they are to be used at all, if I understand the State of things existing, are to be used for the same purpose, and in the way, that our Army is now employed. The war-making power, in all its ramifications, is delegated expressly in the Constitution to Congress. Are we to have war in Utah. I hold that it is a question for us to determine; and while I have a seat here, I will not vote a dollar or a man to support executive wars anywhere. If there is to be a war, if there are to be forces used in Utah, I insist that it is a question for us to settle, and to determine the mode and manner in which they are to be used. I concur in what fell from the Senator from Vermont. I would withdraw our troops from there; I would send no additional forces there; because, in my judgment, is not the best and most appropriate way to effect the object desired.

Now, sir, step by step you witness the aggression of the executive power. I speak in no party sense; I speak in no sectional sense; I bring into the discussion nothing of local questions; basing it upon principle, upon principle alone, I would not vote a single man to send into that Territory until we have determined, ourselves, in a preliminary manner, the necessity that shall exists for sending them there. I would not vote to increase the Army a single man for ordinary purposes; but, as other Senators have said, I will vote now. I will vote this minute, to reduce it to ten thousand men, and that number, in my judgment, is more than ample for all purposes.

SENATOR CRITTENDEN ON THE UNION.

During the discussion on the question of taking action upon the bill to admit Minnesota to the Union, Mr. Crittenden said:

"With all these arguments and views, and in almost every argument and controversy that I now witness on this floor, are mingled, to give them strength and point, either prognostics of the overthrow of this Government, or threats against its existence. This is the common strengthening means now thrown into every argument here. While we prize the Union, while we would, I am sure, and the very gentlemen who use this language would do all they could to preserve and perpetuate the Constitution and the Union, there is not a day that we are not doomed to listen here, over and over again, to threats of its overthrow; predictions made, little prophecies thrown out, that to-day, or to-morrow, or at some near day at hand, this Government is to be no more. Sir, this is the most unfortunate and ominous sign that exists in the whole country, in my judgment. If such language can be familiarly used, and thrown into every argument as a make-weight—as dust in the balance—if these threats can be made here against the existence of the Union, and if they can have any effect upon the people of this country, then, indeed, sir, we may well apprehend that it cannot last long. I hope it will last forever; and if nobody threatened it until I did, it would last forever. [Applause in the galleries.] Yes, sir, and it will last much longer than gentlemen here, by continual repetition and reflection, and meditation, believe to be so near at hand; and it would last much longer, perhaps, but for these meditations. They prize it so highly that the remotest danger affects them; and they forthwith begin to prophecy that the end is near at hand; or they are provoked at something which is done which they think is adverse to the interests of the Republic and the Union, and then they threaten; but all this is promoting the very purpose and end against which I know, in their hearts, they are opposed, and with their hands would oppose.

We would do well, I think, to throw out of all our ordinary course of argument these threats and these prophecies. I believe the Union is to live, not because I wish it, or you wish it, sir, but it is to live for ages; I believe it is enstrined in the hearts of the people, and they will be its sustainers and maintainers even if we should be recreant to the part we are to act, and desperate overthrow. It is not in our power—thank God it is not in the power of the Senate, or of the Congress of the United States, to overthrow this Government; and I rejoice in it. [Applause in the galleries.]

Mr. Mason. I trust the order of the Senate will be preserved. This is not the first occasion since I have been here, by many, when the order of the Senate has been disregarded by those present. I hope the order of the Senate will be preserved.

Mr. Crittenden. Mr. President. I did not intend to have said this much, and this, perhaps fortunate, interruption, brings me to a speedier conclusion than I should otherwise have done. I do not think, in all soberness and earnestness, that we can, in justice to the State of Minnesota, refuse to consider her claims to admission here. She is here in an unquestionable form. I say in an unquestionable form, if the report of the committee can be relied upon, and I will rely upon it. Why should she be held back? Shall she be held back to be used by gentlemen on the one side or the other, as a mere argument, a mere matter of constraint to carry or prevent some other measure? I trust not. I do not think that is just. I feel that I can do justice now in reference to Minnesota, and I feel that I can do equal and unswayed justice in the case of Kansas, when that shall come up. It is not necessary as to me that one should be made to operate on the other. Nothing but reason, nothing but justice should operate on the decision in either case. Let us, then, act on this. It is not a mere matter of courtesy to be sure—it is far, far above it. It is an act of justice to this State; it is an act of justice to ourselves, and to the Union of these States, that Minnesota should come in, and that without unnecessary delay. There has been a week's delay since the report was made. There is no reason why it should be postponed—no reason at all adequate which has been alleged by any gentleman who has spoken against the present consideration of the subject.

SENATOR FESSENDEN ON THE RIGHT TO TAKE SLAVES INTO THE TERRITORIES.

I assume, as I have always assumed, that in the Territories no State has any right.—There is no such thing as the right of the States in a Territory. The rights if they exist are the rights of the people of the States—personal rights, and when an individual, a citizen of a State, leaves that State with a design to go to another, and passes beyond its limits, he loses every right which he had as a citizen of that State, for he ceases to be its citizen. It being a personal right, if you wish to put it on that ground, and wish to divide this Territory according to the interest the people have in it, in proportion to numbers, how much, I ask, would the slaveholders of the Union be entitled to! How much would the half million of slaveholders, with their wives and children, be entitled to out of the Territories of the United States when put against more than twenty millions of free people, who have the same rights with themselves! And yet the doctrine is taught here that because in some of the States of the Union slavery exists, therefore we are to take the number of States and on the ground of State rights claim that the Territory be equally divided, with equal privileges.

Sir, it is a personal privilege. So far as you may be a slaveholder, and desire to go to the Territories, you have all the rights which belong to you as an individual. If the Constitution enables and authorizes you to carry slaves there, take them there and try it. I deny the fact. It never was so held until very recently, when individuals of the Supreme Court gave that opinion. When Mr. Calhoun broached the doctrine in the Senate of the United States it was received with derision, and it died. It hardly had an existence long enough to have it said that it lived; and when Mr. Calhoun, at a latter day said, as he did say, that if the Supreme Court should decide that the doctrine was not a true one, that the decision would be entitled to no respect, to no observance, pray, was not he uttering sentiments undermining the Constitution of the United States and our institutions! He said then in a supposed case, what I say now. He said that if the Supreme Court established the doctrine that the Constitution did not carry slavery into the Territories, that opinion of theirs would be entitled to no respect. I say that they have decided according to his wish, and that the decision is entitled to no respect, for it is opposed to all the precedents of this Government, and opposed to all the doctrines which lie at the foundation of our institutions, and opposed to the previous decisions of that court.

Now the Senator says we are aggressive. Pray who began the aggression? Was not this country at peace after the compromises of 1850? Was not the country quiet? Who reopened the agitation? Who introduced the torch of discord among the people of these States? Those who advocated the repeal of the Missouri restriction. You opened it at a time of profound peace, not we; and we warned you then, that if you insisted on it these flames would be kindled again, and God only knew how long they would burn. That aggression has been going on in Kansas from that day to the present. It has not ceased even now; and the issue is here presented in such a shape that the Senator from Illinois is compelled, from a sense of justice and duty, and regard to his own honor, to oppose the perpetration of the outrages that have taken place there.

You say that you make no aggressions on us; you attack none of our interests. Look at the attack made on them this very session. The fishing interest is an important matter in this country, protected by the Government of the United States. Has there been no attack on that? Has not the honorable Senator from Georgia given notice of a bill to repeal all the navigation laws of the United States? Has he not put that question before a committee? Is that no attack on the interests of the North? I am speaking of their interests. I do not feel disposed to argue the matter now, but I regard it only as the beginning. I know not how far it will go. I did not allude to it in the speech which I made, but if the Senator asks me for proof of any desire on the part of the southern people which is to be found to attack the interests of the North, all I have to say is, look at your policy. You have broken down our manufactures as for as you could. Some of you are now seeking to break down our commerce, and you ask us what you have done, and when will we cease our aggressions! Sir, we have been on the defensive from the beginning. We were on the defensive in 1854 when the Missouri compromise was repealed. We have been on the defensive ever since; we stand on it to-day. What we advocate is that same line which was then established. If the consequences are injurious to you, blame yourselves for that; we have had no hand in them; we warned you from the beginning.

Terrible Catastrophe at Hastings, Minnesota.—We learn by a gentleman from Hastings, that on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., a terrible accident occurred there, involving the loss of four lives. The rope ferry at that place had been in operation nearly all winter, but was interrupted for a week or two recently by the increased severity of the weather. The thaw and rain, however, of the few days back induced the ferryman to cut out the ice in the way of the passage of their boat across the river. This made a narrow channel with ice on either hand.—Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of the day mentioned, the ferryman proceeded to take over three passengers in a skiff; these were Mr. McDonald and his wife who had a house and farm on the opposite bluff, and a gentleman from Prescott, name unknown. When midway of the river the wind forced the skiff against the edge of the ice on the ice on the lower side, when it is supposed the suction of the current suddenly capsized the boat, and before any of them could jump upon the ice to save themselves, the passengers, ferryman, boat and all, were drawn down, and disappeared under the ice, to appear no more. The ferryman's wife stood on the bank and saw the sad accident which hurried her husband from before her eyes into eternity. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald were old settlers, and leave a large family of helpless children behind them. —[Minnesotian.

A She Devil.—The Conneaut Reporter says that the reason Huldah Morrison gives for setting the Ashtabula County Infirmary on fire is that the superintendent would not give her tobacco and whisky. The way she fired the building was thus:

That part of the building used for the confinement of malicious persons was arranged with a tier of cells on each side, and a partition through the center, leaving a hall on each side of the partition, extending to the back yard and also to the interior of the building, where a large stove answered the purpose of warming the inmates, by their coming into the hall. An iron grating or partition kept the paupers from coming directly to the stove. Mrs. Huldah Morrison was released from her cell to warm a few minutes. Her little boy about 8 years old, was in the room where the stove stood, and she requested him to light a stick and hand it to her to light her pipe—although she had no pipe—when she immediately ran into her room and fired her straw bed. She threw open the back door, the wind rushed in, and in five minutes the house was filled with fire and smoke.

After this creature was lodged in jail for this act of incendiarism she set the Ashtabula jail on fire which would have burned had not other prisoners interfered.

Oxford Precinct.—The investigation of the Kansas election frauds, under legislative authority, is going on with commendable vigor. The people are determined to ferret out this iniquity "in their own way." A census of the legal voters at the famous Oxford precinct, in Johnson County, has just been completed, from which it appears that the number of *bona fide* voters is *thirty-three*. Of these it is claimed that at least fourteen are Free State men. And yet this is the precinct at which a majority of sixteen hundred has been returned for the Pro Slavery side, and more than a thousand majority repeatedly. And what is more immediately to the purpose, the Lecompton Constitution recognizes these fraudulent returns as genuine, and bases on them its apportionment of members of the Legislature for Johnson County. Whoever sustains Lecompton, therefore, will openly and knowingly sustain this Oxford fraud.

Feeding Out Corn—Use to Cattle.

A writer in the Country Gentleman gives some important information in regard to feeding cattle corn stalks cut short, as follows