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Poetry.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

FANNY FORRESTER'S BIRD. It was mentioned about a fortnight since, that we had received a brief letter from Mrs. Judson, of the mission at Maulmain, of a very interesting character, accompanied by a slip from the Maulmain Free Press, announcing the birth of a daughter. The letter complete was given to the Columbian Magazine, in the June number of which popular monthly it appears. We copy it below:

MY BIRD.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh so lovingly!
Her tiny arms upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies,
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in fad a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh God, then hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me—Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;—
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallell with thine.

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager turn oil rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer:—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And angel plumage there!

Maulmain, January, 1848.

The following lines from the Dublin Nation are a fair example of the appeals now made in prose and verse to arouse the people of Ireland to assert their rights:

COURAGE.

BY SPERANZA.

Lift up your pale faces, ye children of sorrow!
The night passes on to a glorious to-morrow.
Hark! hear ye not sounding glad Liberty's pean
From the Alps and the isles of the tideless Ægean?
And the rythmical march of the gathering nations,
And the crashing of thrones 'neath their fierce exultations,
And the cry of Humanity cleaving the ether,
With hymns of the conquering rising together—
God, Liberty, Truth! How they burn heart and brain—
These words shall they burn—shall they waken in vain?
No! soul answers soul—steel flashes on steel,
And land wakens land with a grand thunder peal—
Shall we, oh! my brothers, but weep, pray and groan
When France reads her rights by the flames of a throne?
Shall we fear and falter to join the grand chorus,
When Europe has trod the dark pathway before us?
Oh, courage! and we, too, will trample them down—
The minions of power, the serfs of a crown.
Oh, courage! but courage! If once to the winds
We fling Freedom's banner, no tyranny blinds!

At the voice of the People the weak symbols fall,
And Humanity marches o'er the purple and pall,
O'er the sceptre and crown with a glorious disdain,
For the Symbol most fair and Humanity reign.
Onward, then onward, ye brave to the vanguard,
Gather in glory round Liberty's standard.
Like France, loudly France, we shall sweep from their
All, all who oppose the stern will of a nation; [station.
Like Prussia's brave children we'll stoop to no lord,
But demand our just rights at the point of the sword.

We'll conquer, we'll conquer. No tears for the dying,
The portal to Heaven be the field where they're lying;
We'll conquer, we'll conquer. No tears for the slain,
God's angels will smile on their death hour of pain.
On, on, in your masses, dense, resolute, strong,
To war against treason, oppression and wrong;
On, on, with your chieftains, and Him we adore most,
Who strikes with the bravest and leads with the foremost,
Who brings the proud light of a name great in story
To guide us through danger unconquered to glory.

With faith like the Hebrews we'll stem the Red Sea—
God! smite down the Pharaohs—our trust is in Thee;
Be it blood of the tyrant, or blood of the slave,
We'll cross it to freedom, or find there a grave.
Lo! a throne for each worker, a crown for each brow,
The palm for each martyr that dies for us now;
Spite the flash of their muskets, the roar of their cannon,
The assassins of Freedom shall lower their pennon;
For the will of a nation what foe dare withstand?
The patriots, heroes, strike! God for our land!

ANGELS.

Earth has her angels, though their forms are moulded
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,
There was the soft tone and the soundless tread,
Where smitten hearts are drooping like the willow,
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubt not, for their spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls—by the lone widow's hearth;
And where they passed, the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused—the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquence commanding,
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast;
The blandishments of ease and wealth withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along the path of life;
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty;
I called her angel, and he called her wife.

Oh, many a spirit walks the earth unheeded
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.

Miscellaneous.

THE LAST KISS.

I WAS but five years old when my mother died, but her image is as fresh in my mind, now that many years have elapsed, as it was at the time of her death. I remember her as a pale gentle being, with a sweet smile, and a voice soft and cheerful when she praised me; and when I erred—for I was a wild thoughtless child—there was a trembling mildnees about it, that always went to my little heart. Methinks I can now see her large blue eyes, moist with sorrow, because of my childish waywardness, and hear her repeat, "My child, how can you grieve me so."

She had for a long time been pale and feeble, and sometimes there would come a bright spot on her cheek, which made her look so lovely, I thought she must be well. But then she spoke of dying, and pressed me to her bosom, and told me to be good when she was gone, and to love my father a great deal, for he would have no one else to love.

I recollect she was ill all day, and my little hobby-horse and whip were laid aside, and I tried to be very quiet. I did not see her for the whole day and it seemed very long. At night they told me that my mother war too sick to kiss me, as she was always used to do before I went to bed, and I must go without it. But I could not. I stole into the room, and laying my lips close to hers, whispered:

"Mother, dear mother, won't you kiss me?" Her lips were very cold, and when she put her hand upon my cheek, and laid my head in her bosom, I felt a cold shuddering pass through me.

My father carried me from the room; but he could not speak. After they put me in bed, I lay a long while, thinking; I feared my mother would indeed die, for her cheek felt as cold as my little sister's did when she died, and they carried her sweet little body where I never saw it again. But I soon fell asleep, as children will.

In the morning I rushed to my mother's room, with a strange dread of evil to come upon me. It was just as I feared. There was the white linen, over the straight cold bed. I tore it aside.

There was the hard cheek, the closed eye, the stony brow. But, thank God, my mother's dear, dear smile, was there also, or my heart would have broken.

In an instant, all the little faults, for which she had so often reproved me, rushed upon my mind. I longed to tell her how good I would always be, if she would but stay with me.

I longed to tell her how, in all time to come, her words would be law to me. I would be all that she had prayed me to be.

I was a passionate, head-strong boy; but never did this frame of temper come upon me, but I seemed to see her mild, tearful eyes fall upon me, just as she looked in life; and when I strove for the mastery, felt her smile sink into my heart, and I was happy.

My whole character underwent a change, even from the moment of her death. Her spirit was always with me, to aid the good and root out the evil there was in me. I felt that it would grieve her gentle spirit to see me err, and I could not do so. I was the child of her affection; I knew she had prayed for me, and that even on the threshhold of her grave, her anxiety for my fate had caused her spirit to linger that she might pray once more for me.

I never forgot my mother's last kiss. It was with me in sorrow; it was with me in joy; it was, in moments of evil, like a perpetual good.

The above is a part of the letter of an old man, who had seen his children and his grand children about him, and who is a cheerful man, with his grey hairs full of reverence.

THE GENTLEMAN.

BISHOP DOANE, in a recent address delivered at Burlington College, uttered the following admirable sentiments:

"You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman, till you have first made a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

"To be a gentleman, does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor.

"A gentleman is just a GENTLE-man: no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed, only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every one better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much a gentleman—mirror though he was, of England's knighthood—as when upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier."

SELLING DRY GOODS.

PEOPLE generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man, that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of salesman embodies, in its duties, necessity for the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of these gentlemen who is in a store in Chatham street, not long since was called to show a very fastidious and fashionable lady, who "dropped in while going to Stewart's," some rich silk cloaking. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly material was stigmatized as "trash,"—everything was common, and not fit for a lady. "She guessed she would go to Stewart's." The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he, in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case of which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law; but it would be useless to show it to you. It is the only piece left in the city."

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."

The salesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceeded as with much reluctance, and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered to be unsaleable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods worthy to be worn—how much is it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that is very high."

"There!" exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she cried—"I'll give you 20 shillings."

"Madam, you insult me, again."

"Cut me off —— yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings," almost entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get 5s. per yard, at the price above indicated. The profits of the sale on vesting and velvet amounted to *thirty-three dollars*, out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods, is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the velvet at the same price.

There is a moral in this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of all our lady readers, who occasionally go shopping.

The *lack* of morality in the salesman is quite palpable.

A CHAPTER ON EATING.

——"Hungering man,
Fretful, if unsupplied."

MR. LEONIDAS BOYD had partaken of a plentiful breakfast; he had read the morning papers through; he had stood directly in front of the fire, with his hands clasped under his coat skirts, and was thoroughly warm; he had kicked off his slippers, and drawn on his nicely polished boots; he had muffled up his sack, neckcloth and gloves, put on his hat, and was passing down the door steps, when a voice from behind arrested his progress; for Mrs. Leonidas Boyd exclaimed, don't forget the salt, my dear! and a moment after, nor the saleratus and starch.

As men go, Mr. Leonidas Boyd was a good man, a kind husband, and an indulgent father. Not a day passed but his handkerchief was tied into half a dozen knots, to remind him of things he never would remember; not a day which he did not say, yes my child, and I will my dear, to requests he was sure to forget. The butchers bill, the coal-man's bill, the house rent, were all quickly settled, and cheerfully he bought cotton cloth, new dresses, bonnets and school books; but there was ever a mystery to his masculine understanding. He could not comprehend what became of the minor groceries that went into his house; and as he paced with quick steps the road leading to his place of business, his meditations ran thus:

"Don't forget the salt, my dear!" No I won't forget the salt; but I wonder what has become of the last I bought! Starch and saleratus, too. I never taste saleratus in any thing; the cook must throw that away; and starch—let me see; that, that goes into my shirts; but it can't take a pound for a shirt. There's soap and a few more eggs, my dear. Last week it was some indigo and a new mop, a little sand and some soda; to-morrow it will be Bristol-brick and a pound of ginger. What women want of so many things I cannot imagine; but my wife shall have what she wants, if she is rational about what she calls *housekeeping*.

Every town has its Mr. Leonidas; men whose perceptions are obtuse on the subject of small domestic needs; men to whom little wants are no wants at all, and to whose minds what they don't see used is sure to be wasted; and men who wonder where the salt goes; men who think women make too much ado about house-keeping; men, in short, who are great connoisseurs of the culinary art in general, but have no conception of multiplicity of details, and who buy butter, sugar, lard, pepper and spice, and verily think that they are doing their wives a great favor. Eating is, on the whole, a serious business. When we take into consideration the sustaining of vital energies and the consequent actions, the office of cook becomes one of solemn interest; and the incessant demands made by that office with which the "human face divine" is garnished, seems but reasonable. Who wants buckwheat cakes on a hot summer morning, chicken pie when they are ill, or gruel when they are well? The man who desires green peas in December and relishes cucumbers in January, is one who would turn the world upside down, and ought himself to be put under a forcing glass until better tastes and aims are developed.—*Knickerbocker.*

Political.

From the Boston Atlas.

The Whig Convention and the Nomination.

The nominations made by the Whig National Convention are now before the nation. It has been decided by the recognized authority of the Whig party that Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR of Louisiana, and Hon. MILLARD FILLMORE of New York, shall constitute the national ticket of the party in the approaching Presidential election.—It now rests with the people to elect it or reject it. Although neither of the gentlemen nominated was our personal choice, yet they are the candidates of the Whig party—a party to which we have ever been devotedly attached, and which—whatever faults it may possess, and no party is without some—we shall ever cling to, labor for it, and labor in it—a party, the principles of which and the men of which, when compared with those who are against us, knit to its fortunes a willing, though a humble advocate. We say then, as ZACHARY TAYLOR and MILLARD FILEMORE are now its chosen standard-bearers, we shall abide by them and support them; and whether they lead us to victory or defeat, no one hereafter shall have it to say that the day was lost by treachery or desertion on our part.

We have an abiding faith that the victory is to the Whigs in this struggle, and that with the election of our Presidential ticket we shall bring also into power a Whig House of Representatives, and eventually a Whig Senate, in whose hands the legislation of the country will devolve.

Never was there a nomination more fairly made than that of General Taylor. We were present and can speak from observation. It will be said, however, that the South took undue advantages in the Convention, but by *whomsoever* this charge is made or may be made, we challenge him to the *proof*. There was nothing done that was not honorable and aboveboard. The Convention on every ballot adopted the open, manly, *viva voce* vote. The constituents of every delegate are therefore aware of how their delegate voted and for whom he voted. Every Congressional district, in every free State in the Union was represented, with the exception of two in Illinois, while there were ten districts in the Slaveholding States, seven in South Carolina, two in Alabama, and one in Missouri, which were not represented, and therefore had no vote. This simple fact shows that the North, even in proportion to its power, was more fully represented than the South in the Convention, yet the choice fell on General Taylor. There must, therefore, have been some other causes than local ones assigned for the choice made; and there were, and we can give them; and first, a settle conviction that with the Whig as a National party, we must have *victory now or never*; and second, that General Taylor alone of the distinguished candidates brought forward could give us victory. It was believed, and it is believed, that while he is as good a Whig as any in the Union, he combined therewith that indefinable yet necessary element of success, AVAILABILITY; that he could draw to his support the great mass of our countrymen; and that with a candidate not possessed of this quality, we could not defeat the Baltimore nomination, and break up the line of succession of the party now in power—a party whose insatiate thirst of power and dominion had, within the last two years, left thirty thousand of our countrymen in foreign graves, and created a national debt of at least one hundred millions of dollars—a party drunk, as it were, with a love of foreign conquest and war; and the next election is to decide whether they have indoctrinated the nation with the same wicked and demoralizing vice. Since the days of Mr. Adams, the Whig party have suffered defeat in every Presidential election but one. This succession of defeats did not come upon us because our cause was not just, our principles not national, our candidates not worthy. Not at all; but they came from another cause—*a lack of availability.* This was most clearly demonstrated in the success of General Harrison in 1840. He was no more a Whig, or no less a Whig, than Henry Clay or Daniel Webster. He was, in point of natural or acquired talent for statesmanship, greatly inferior to either of them. Yet the Harrisburg Convention cast aside both of these distinguished men, and nominated General Harrison. And why? Simply because they believed that General Harrison could be elected, and that neither of the others could be. And the results showed that they judged rightly. General Harrison was elected most triumphantly, and with him a Whig Congress.

His early death and the subsequent treachery of John Tyler, events both of them sadly to be deplored, did not deprive the country wholly of the good resulting from Whig supremacy. It settled the serious difficulties between this country and Great Britain, growing out of the rebellion in Canada, and the burning of the steamer Caroline by a band of Canadian royalists in the Niagara river, which threatened at one time a war with England. It settled forever the question of the Northwestern boundary between this country and the British possessions, by the treaty negotiated between Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton. Whoever has read the correspondence of Mr. Webster, and the speech made subsequently in the United States Senate by him upon the subject, will be able fully to appreciate how important to the peace and well being of this country was that work of Whig administration and statesmanship. The success of the Whigs in 1840 gave to the country the tariff of 1842, which revived the business of the whole country, gave to labor employment and good wages, and gave to the nation an adequate revenue. These were some of the benefits which accrued to the whole country from the election of General Harrison; and we fully believe that if that good old patriot had lived to serve out his full term, and the Whigs could have by their works proved to the people of the country the virtue there is in Whig principles, we should have become so strong in the popular heart that Mr. Webster or Mr. Clay would have been triumphantly elected to succeed him, and perpetuate in the government the principles of the administration.

The action of the Whig National Convention, at Philadelphia, and the nomination of General Taylor, show that the delegates believed that a crisis had arisen in the history of the Whig party like that which existed in 1840. The question which presented itself on both occasions was not—Who *will* we elect? but the opposite—who *can* we elect? and the decision was, WE CAN ELECT ZACHARY TAYLOR, AND WE CAN ELECT NO OTHER MAN. This was the judgment of the Whig delegates—a body of men, we venture to say, second to none for intelligence, patriotism, and an enlarged wisdom, that ever assembled on the American continent. Time may prove that they erred in judgment, but we honestly believe that it will prove that their judgment is correct.

It is folly to say that General Taylor was the choice of the Whig party of Massachusetts. Their affections were centered upon their own distinguished citizen and statesman. They have known him long and they love and venerate him. But he was not nominated though fairly presented. It will be our duty, therefore, to advocate the claims of General Taylor and Millard Fillmore. We shall give to them no half-way support. We shall do whatever is in our power honorably to give them the vote of this State, and we have no doubt that it will be given them. The truth is, the case of General Taylor has never been presented to the people of this State, or to the people of New-England. Not wishing to have him nominated, the Whig press have not felt called upon to present his claims or to urge his election. We have no doubt that facts and arguments can be and will be presented, which will appeal so strongly to the judgment and good sense of the people, that he will receive the cordial support of the true Whigs of Massachusetts, and the votes of many who have not hitherto been identified with the Whig party. That Gen. Taylor will be elected to the Presidency, and Millard Fillmore to the Vice Presidency, we believe as sincerely as we do that the sun will rise and set. That General Taylor will call around him, as his constitutional advisers, the ablest and wisest of the Whig statesmen of the country, we have as little doubt. Being free from the influences of cliques and cabals, having no particular friends to reward or foes to punish in the world, and being, as we believe, and as his whole life proves him to be, both HONEST AND SENSIBLE, and having a nature which begets the attachment of the masses and the respect of all, he will give to his country an honest, prudent, wise and conservative Government, which is all that the people of this country ask or desire.

THE LAST SCENES IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

On the second ballot, MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, was nominated for Vice President of the United States. The result was received with thunders of applause.

Immediately after the result was announced, Mr. McCullough, of New Jersey, arose and remarked:—Mr. President, New Jersey has some claims upon this Convention. It was in New Jersey, sir, that General Zachary Taylor was first nominated as a candidate for the highest office in the gift of his admiring countrymen. (Great cheers.) That nomination was made, sir, upon the battle-field of Trenton, where the liberties of our country once hung trembling in the balance. I claim this nomination, therefore, as emanating from New Jersey. Need I say, sir, that a majority of our delegates voted for General Taylor, in this Convention? Again, sir, our unanimous vote was asked for Millard Fillmore, of New York; and, sir, it was given. Whence, then, sir, can a motion more properly come that these nominations should be unanimously confirmed than from a delegation from New Jersey? I move you, therefore, sir, that these nominations be unanimously confirmed. [Great cheers.]

Gov. Vance, of Ohio. I arise to second the gentleman's motion. I have been, as you all know, sir, an independent but silent opponent of General Taylor and his nomination. But I am like the old soldier, when I am fairly whipped, I will surrender.—[Cheers.] I would say now to some of the young and ardent spirits of the country, think well of this motto, before you dissent from the action of the Whig church of the United States. [Cheers.] Do you think well of this motto, before you separate yourselves from your friends. Ohio has been placed, I acknowledge, in a critical situation during this controversy. We have feared, sir, that the nomination of General Taylor would deprive us of all that we have gained in that State, in fifteen years' campaigns in the political field; and, sir, I hesitate not to say, that we have fought the hardest political battles that have ever been fought in the United States. Yes, sir, there has not been a battle fought by Taylor, from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, nor by Gen. Scott, from Vera Cruz to Mexico, that can exceed them. But, as I have said, the contest is over, and I, for one, although it may appear at first glance as a forlorn hope, will not despair of carrying Ohio for Gen. Taylor. [Tremendous cheering.] I think I can safely say, that after our Whig friends here shall have gone home, and seen their constituents, and mingled with them in council, they will agree to reconcile all differences, and unite in bearing the great standard of the Whig party on to victory. [Cheers.] Sir, when I look abroad upon the assembled representatives of the Whig party here, what do I say to myself? I say, gentlemen, you have come up here to unite with your brothers from all portions of the United States, from Texas to Maine, in rescuing this Government from the spoilers who now have possession of it. [Cheers.] And I hope you will not falter in this great enterprise. Yes, my fellow citizens, you have come up here to rescue the country from Executive usurpation; and if you will only unite in one common cause, success must attend you. [Cheers.] Let the matter go as it may, Mr. President, I can say for one, and I believe it will be a pretty universal opinion in Ohio—although we have had much feeling there, we have felt that perhaps we were to be sacrificed—that we have done our duty to our opinions; and now, before God, I mean to do my duty to my country. [Great and enthusiastic applause, and three cheers were given in honor of Gov. Vance.]

Mr. Carroll, of New York. Mr. President, we have performed a great feat to day; we have made Gen. Taylor surrender—to his friends. He never surrenders to his enemies. (Cheers.) We will now fight under the banner of General Zachary Taylor. We will be triumphant. The Whig party will never surrender. Sir, we have come here from the State of New York. You have taken Millard Fillmore for the candidate for the Vice Presidency. Is there one man in the State of New York who doubts that she will respond to what you have done with an overwhelming majority? No, sir, none. [Great cheers.] I pledge you, sir, that New York will respond to your nominations.

Mr. Johnston, of Pennsylvania. I desire, Mr. President, to say one word. We of Pennsylvania were not able to agree upon candidates prior to the time that the Convention assembled. We came here, sir, with divided counsels on the subject; but as soon, sir, as the decision of the Convention shall be made known to the Whigs of Pennsylvania, I am free to say, sir, that there will be one voice throughout their ranks, and that voice will be "a little more grape, Captain Bragg." [Thundering applause.]

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, obtained the floor, and addressed the Convention in a highly impassioned and eloquent speech, in which he took ground against the nomination of Taylor. He hoped the resolution would not be pressed. When he concluded,

The reading of the resolution was called for, and it was read by the Secretary:

Resolved, That Gen. Zachary Taylor, of Louisiana, and the Hon. Millard Fillmore, of New York, be, and they hereby are, unanimously nominated by this Convention, as the Whig candidates for the office of President and Vice President of the United States.

A Member. I move to separate that resolution. [No, no, no; no separation.]

A member from Ohio, one of the Secretaries. I approve of the principles that have fallen from the lips of my venerable colleague, Governor Vance. I came here, sir, to press the claims of the hero of Cerro Gordo; but, sir, inasmuch as the Convention has selected the hero of Monterey, I shall now use all my influence to sustain him. But, sir, this resolution cannot be carried unanimously.

Mr. Tilden, of Ohio. Will the gentleman give way for one moment? I have a resolution to offer, which was drawn up by all the delegation from Ohio; and the vote of Ohio will depend considerably upon the consideration which the Convention may give to this resolution.

The resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That while all power is denied to Congress, under the Constitution, to control or in any manner interfere with the institution of slavery within the several States of this Union, it nevertheless has the power, and it is the duty of Congress to prohibit the introduction or existence of slavery, in any territory now possessed, or which may hereafter be acquired by the United States.

This resolution gave rise to a very animated debate. Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania, moved to lay it on the table; and his motion was carried.

Mr. Kent, of Maine, here moved a resolution of thanks to the President, for the dignity, ability and impartiality with which he had presided over the deliberations of the Convention; which was unanimously adopted. Mr. Root also moved a resolution of thanks to the Vice Presidents, Secretaries and other officers of the Convention, which was carried.

Mr. Johnston, of Penn., moved that a committee of five be appointed to notify the candidates of their nomination. An amendment was offered, substituting the name of the President of the Convention for the committee of five, which was accepted by Mr. Johnston, and the resolution, thus amended, was adopted.

Resolutions were then adopted, thanking the clergymen who had officiated, and the Committee of arrangements.

After this, Mr. Fowler, of New York, moved an adjournment, which was negatived.

Mr. Collier, of Ohio. I have a good natured brother here from New York: but he is not so good natured or so good looking as I am. [Laughter.] I was born a Whig, have lived a Whig, and, by the help of God, will die a Whig; I know the sentiments of the district I have the honor to represent, and know they will sustain the nominees of this Convention. Why, sir, a year ago, or it may be eighteen months, as soon as the news could travel from the Rio Grande to the Ohio of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, we could have elected old Zack Taylor, President, and his "old Whitey," the Vice President. [Great cheers, laughter and applause.] Mr. President, if these gentlemen make so much noise, they will knock all the noise out of me! Ohio will do her duty in this contest. I shall go home, take off my coat, roll up my shirt sleeves, and go to work for old Zack Taylor.—[Great cheers.]

Mr. Peck, of Ohio, came here with the full determination to abide by the decision of the Convention. We are not here as antagonists, but as friends, to exchange our opinions, and fight for the common good, and we have chosen Taylor and Fillmore as the standard bearers in the coming contest; and I, as one of the representatives from Ohio, pledge myself—and I think I will be pretty safe in pledging the Whigs of my district—yes, sir, and the Whigs of Ohio, to support the nominees of this Convention. I feel that I am perfectly safe when I follow in the footsteps of the veteran Gov. Vance, and that noble Whig, Col. Collier. [Cheers.] I regret exceedingly to differ with a portion of the delegates from Ohio, but I feel it to be a duty which I owe to this Convention and my constituents, not to sit silently by and allow the impression to be created among the friends of the Whig cause and the delegates to this Convention, that Ohio will rebel against our proceedings here. In conclusion, I will simply remark that my best talents and all the strength that God has given me, shall be exerted to secure the election of our nominees. [Enthusiastic cheers.] General Taylor, apart from politics, is enthroned in the hearts of the people of Ohio: no man in the Union has ever enjoyed the affection of the American people to the same degree, save the sainted Washington. Who would not rather be Gen. Taylor, thus enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, than wear the livery of royalty?

Mr. Janney, of Va. Mr. President, had it not been for the discussions that have arisen here, I should have given these nominations a silent vote. I was one of the delegation from Virginia that voted for Henry Clay on the first and second ballots. I went a step farther, and voted for him on the third: and if the voting had continued from now till next November, I should have continued to vote for him, from a sense of duty; but now I have another duty to perform, which is to exert the best faculties which God has given me in support of the nominees. The gentleman from Massachusetts held up his arm this morning, and invoked its aid to defeat the action of this body. I wish to speak with becoming reverence, but I mean to pray as fervently as he did for its aid to defeat his action. I have differed with some of the delegates from Virginia with pain, but I trust we have all discharged our duty according to our understanding of it. We know how to disagree like men, like gentlemen, like Whigs.

But, sir, I have a word to say of far more importance than this. I come from the old District in Virginia that has always been Whig, since the first organization of the party, and never has the shadow of the wing of modern progressive democracy passed over it. When I go home and tell them that their favorite candidate has been lost, they will receive the information with feelings of disappointment, but they will have a sterner, a deeper, a higher, and a holier feeling than that of disappointment, and that is, that so far as in them lies, your decree shall be carried into execution.

Mr. President, our venerable friend from Ohio, (Mr. Vance,) spoke of the creed of the true Whig church, in which the true faith is to be found, and there is not a whig in my district—there cannot from the nature of the case, be a Whig found, from whose heart you can pluck up the roots of this faith. I have but one word more to say, and that is, that every Whig in my district will vote for the ratification of your nomination.

Mr. Babcock, of Connecticut. I come from a small State; but one which exerts a great moral power through her schools, which is felt throughout the Union. It is a State that in the revolutionary contest did as much as any other in the Union, except Massachusetts, for the records of history show us that she sent as many troops as any of her larger sisters. I come from a State that has always exhibited an undying attachment to the recent great Whig leader, Henry Clay. (Cheers.) I voted for him from the beginning to the end. Mr. Clay in 1840 was not taken up as a candidate; in that we were disappointed, but our State was the very first Whig State to vote upon that nomination. There was some apprehension that the nomination would not be received with feelings of co-operation by the Whigs of Connecticut, but it was sustained triumphantly, and I believe that Connecticut will sustain in the same triumphant manner your nominees. (Applause.)

Mr. Langdon, of Alabama. I come, sir, from a State of which I regret I cannot say as much as the gentleman who has preceded me. But I can say that, as our country is the land of my nativity, I can equal him in devotion to our common cause. Alabama, as far as regards the Whig cause, has never done much, but we claim that those who have fought against locofocoism there, are entitled to the respect of the Whigs in other States. We have fought against fearful odds, and have succeeded in building up a party in the state, and have compelled our opponents to respect our principles and fear our strength. I came here under a solemn pledge to abide by the decision of this Convention. Whatever my attachments to men, I will yield them to the common good, but I will never yield my principles. I came to vote for Henry Clay of Kentucky. I fought as long as there was hope, and even against hope, and should have continued to do so on every ballot. But I am now determined, as far as in me lies, by the aid of my colleagues, to revolutionize Alabama. I have labored in times past, and I shall continue to be found tugging at the oar. I give the nomination my hearty concurrence.

Mr. Ewing, of Indiana. The delegation from Indiana, though not united at first, all agree in the doctrines of the Hon. Mr. Vance of Ohio; and I can assure you that Indiana will give a strong vote for General Taylor.

Mr. Henry, of Tennessee. Without intending to detain the question, I wish to tell you I came here in favor of the nomination of General Taylor. Our delegation all voted for him every ballot. By way of redeeming our pledge to the country, we will show in November, that our confidence in General Taylor has not been misplaced. We know him to be a Whig—true and faithful to the cause. And he possesses sound, practical good sense. He is always consistent with himself. Wake him at midnight and he will be sound.

He could never at any moment be taken by surprise, and I will tell my friends from Alabama, if they cannot carry the State with Taylor their case is hopeless. Why, Taylor fought the battle of Buena Vista with five to one against him, and there cannot be that odds against the Whigs of Alabama. I will detain you no longer, but will conclude with an anecdote for which I am indebted to my friend, Haskell, from Tennessee.

Mr. Haskell.—I object to the gentleman stealing my anecdote. I wish to use it myself.

Mr. Henry.—The gentleman cannot complain. I have informed the Convention that I borrowed the anecdote of him.

Mr. Haskell.—I would ask if it be in order for the gentleman to use my anecdote.

The President,—I must rule that it is out of order for one gentleman to use the anecdote of another without consent, (laughter.)

Mr Henry.—If the gentleman will tell the anecdote himself, I will give way immediately. (Cries of "Haskell," "Haskell," who took the stand amid much merriment.)

Mr. Haskell.—I was remarking at a convivial meeting of some friends a short time since, that if we could only get the old hero nominated, just about six months from this time Gen. Cass would find himself in the same condition as Joe Larkin did when Bill Albright struck him. The facts of the case were as follows: Bill Albright lived down at Sugar Hill, and was a very quiet, good fellow, who never struck a man in his life, except Joe Larkin. It appears that Joe was a quarrelsome fellow, and one day he went (to use one of our Western expressions) cavorting down about Bill's neighborhood, boasting that he was the best man that ever put foot on Sugar Hill. "Now," said Bill, "I could not stand that, and so I jest tuck him under the burr of the ear, and knocked him forty rods into a field, carrying with him about twenty sections of rails and posts. He didn't get up immediately, but lay quite still for some time. At length he started up, and looked round kinder wild like for a time, and asked—"Did this storm do much damage? (Great applause.) Did the lightning strike any one else but me?'" (Renewed applause.)

So it will be with General Cass, when he straightens up, after recovering from the blow which General Taylor will give him under the "burr of the ear" next November. He will ask, "Has the storm done much damage? Did the lightning strike any one else but me?" (Great applause. Loud calls for Illinois.)

S. Lyle Smith, of Illinois. Mr. President: I am a human, live SUCKER; (laughter,) and I wish to say a few words for Suckerdom, for we have not said a word yet. We did not come here to talk but to vote. We came as friends of Henry Clay—we came from that dark Egypt of locofocoism, where we are surrounded by a cloud darker than any that ever surrounded Ajax. But we will revolutionize old Suckerdom. We say as did old "Zack," at the battle of Buena Vesta, when the Illinois regiment, led by the gallant Hardin, charged up to serried ranks of the foe, "Now, my boys, pull all together, and victory will crown your efforts." [Cheers.]

Mr. Fowler, of New York. Mr. President: It is perhaps known to many of this Convention, that I have been from the opening of this body to its close, a strong, full-blooded, double-twisted, out-and-out Henry