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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 6, 1858.

Selected Poetry.

THE WELL-DIGGER; AN OVER-TRUE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

Come listen all while I relate
What recently befell
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.
Full many a yard he dug and delved,
And still he dug in vain;
"Alack!" quoth he, "e'en water seems
Prohibited in Maine!"
And still he dug and delved away,
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye;
For by the breaking of the bank
That tumbled from his station,
All suddenly his hope was dashed
Of future liquidation!
And now his sands were running fast,
And he had died, no doubt,
But that just when the well eaved in,
He happened to be out!
"Alas!—I have a lucky thought!"
Exclaimed this wicked man—
"To dig anew this wretched well
I see a pretty plan—
"I'll hide me straight, and when my wife
And she my neighbors know
What's happened to my digging here,
They'll think that I'm below!"
And to save my precious life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
E'en deeper than 'twas dug at first,
Before they'll find me out!"
And so he hid him in the bars
Through all the hungry day,
To hide the digging of his well
In this deceitful way.
But list what grief and shame befell
This false, ungrateful knave,
While he sily watched to see
The working of his plan—
The neighbors with one accord
Unto each other said:
"With such a depth of earth above,
The man is surely dead."
And then the wife, with pious care,
All needless cost to save,
Said:—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,
E'en let it be his grave!"

Miscellaneous.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF BOLIVAR.

When Bolivar, at the head of a few patriots, raised the standard of independence in New Granada, the unfortunate Spanish colonies were already stricken to the heart by the numerous abuses of a deplorable government. The arbitrary spirit of the kings of Spain, their insatiable and impolitic cupidity, their narrow minded spirit, making them seize upon all, united to the excessive intolerance of the Catholics, of necessity made of one of the richest countries, from its extraordinary fertility and mineralogical treasures, the most wretched spot in the new world.
It would be difficult to conceive to what an extent the kings of Spain who had succeeded one another since the discovery of America, labored to ruin their possessions beyond the sea. After the peace of Badajos, France was alone permitted to have consuls, or agents, in Spanish America; and even then, all they did was carefully watched by the double police of the civil and religious authorities. The Inquisition often seized upon persons who had been acquitted by the civil tribunals; for the clergy acted *proprio motu* with perfect independence of all political authority. In consideration of all the privileges accorded to the church during the three last centuries, Bolivar thought that the most formidable army against the independence of New Granada would be that of the priests and monks, if it declared itself against the insurrection. He therefore begged the clergy to remain in a neutral position during the events about to take place, and they consented. The price of this neutrality was, that Bolivar promised to preserve intact all the privileges of the Church, if he succeeded; and, in fact, the heads of the clergy took their seats in the Congress, and were acknowledged as the most efficient in all civil and even military employments; and they were paid in preference to all other citizens; the Catholic religion was acknowledged to the exclusion of every other form of faith; the large, and even increasing riches of the Church were rigorously respected; education was monopolized by the clergy; and, in fine, the Inquisition worked as well after, as before the declaration of independence.
The circumstance we are about to relate occurred in the commencement of 1823. Bolivar, at the head of an army of four or five thousand volunteers, marched towards Caracas, his native town, which he was determined to deliver from the Spanish yoke. The minds of all were exasperated by the savage acts of the governor Monteverde and the commanding officer Suosola. The affair of Aragua, above all, filled every heart with the deepest indignation against the army of Royalists.
Suosola had entered, as a friend, with the troops of the Spanish government, the little town of Aragua, and the townsfolk wished to give a *fete* in celebration of his entrance. He ordered public rejoicings, and after a religious procession, the indispensable prelude to every *fete* in New Granada, he ordered a review of his troops to take place. The inhabitants warmed, and completely reassured by the friendly deportment of the Spanish, rushed to accept Suosola's invitation. All went off perfectly well at first, and the people filled with gratitude because its good government was not doing any injury, cried with enthusiasm:—"Long live Ferdinand VII! Long live Suo-

sola!" This latter replied by charming and gracious smiles, and then gave an order to his soldiers to surround the place, and cut off the ears of all present, without distinction of sex or age. Several large baskets were brought, which were filled with the ears cut off, and sent to the governor of Monteverde. The governor saw in this present from his commander in chief, a pledge of his fidelity to the good royalist cause. Monteverde wrote as much to Suosola, who, enchanted by the approbation of his superior, cut off many more ears and made cockades of them. The example found many imitators in the army, and the soldiers would henceforth wear no cockades but those made with ears. It became a fashion, and wherever the Spanish army passed, the inhabitants' ears are cut off to ornament the soldiers' shakos.

This monstrous act served the projects of Bolivar by exasperating the Americans against the Spanish government. The taking of Caracas was the consequence. At a little distance from the plain where the chief of the independence was encamped, some days before the taking of Caracas, was a hillock of double celebrity, on account of a spring of warm water, and of the miracle performed by a celebrated virgin, whom they entitled the Virgin of Hot Water. Numerous pilgrims came from all parts to implore her protection, offering costly presents. Consequently the chapel was full of precious objects. The reputation of Madonna had extended far beyond the sea. In fact, a king of Spain being ill, came like a poor co-anomer to the Virgin of *Aguila Caliente*, and sent her a magnificent golden crown out of gratitude for his restoration to health. The gift gave occasion to a solemn ceremony, when the crown was placed on the head of the Virgin of Miracles, whose renown was much augmented by such an event.

Nevertheless, nothing had changed in the camp of Bolivar since the arrival of the Independents near Caracas. The liberator of Colombia, as was usual with him, had just settled the pay due to his troops, (who were crying out for food and clothing,) by reading them a fresh proclamation. It was thus that for a length of time, in consequence of the difficulties of his positions, he acquitted his debt toward the bravest volunteers who composed his army. A singular army it was. The soldiers who possessed a uniform complete, formed a select corps, and marched in the front ranks; the soldiers who had shoes, trousers, and hats, but no coats, formed a very respectable body of the first-named, and marched in the second rank; those who had shoes and trousers, but no hats or coats, composed the third rank; those with trousers, but possessing no other article of uniform, marched in the fourth rank; in short, the more unfortunate and lightly clad still were lost sight of in the crowd of the last ranks. Bolivar had just finished editing beforehand a last proclamation—which was to liquidate the pay of next month, when it should be due—when they came and told him that a stranger wished to speak to him.

This stranger was Juan Rodriguez Caballos Jardines d'Alfandiga, Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Caracas.

Bolivar's countenance became thoughtful, he felt that the Archbishop of Caracas would not derange his Grand Vicar to bring him good tidings.

The Father Don Juan Rodriguez Caballos Jardines d'Alfandiga was a stout man of about forty, of a narrow mind, having received a very incomplete education. He had risen rapidly to the post which he occupied, thanks to his jovial temper, and conciliating humor, and thanks, to his rotundity of figure, which made him very sympathetic with worldly infirmities.

When Bolivar entered the tent where the Grand Vicar awaited him, he found him just finishing a cigarette, smoking being a habit with all then, even with ladies.

Don Juan Alfandiga offered his hand to Bolivar, according to custom, which the other respectfully kissed.

"I have come about a very serious affair," said the Grand Vicar, with a joyous countenance, and a tranquil tone of voice, sadly in discord with the words he uttered. He continued:—"An odious and sacrilegious theft has been committed within the last few days in the Chapel *Aguila Caliente*, by one of your soldiers."

"How so—is it possible, my lord?"

"A brigadier of your army, one of those who had shoes and trousers, but no coats."

"The first rank after the select corps?"

"Yes, one of your brigadiers, in short, of the first rank after the select corps, entered the chapel, and dared to carry off the massive golden crown from the head of the glorious Virgin of Miracles."

"Assuredly 'tis a great crime," replied Bolivar, "but is your lordship certain that you are not mistaken?"

"I am never mistaken; his name is Pedro Francisco, he is thirty-one, and a native of Bogota."

"The bravest of my soldiers!" thought Bolivar frowning. "The unhappy wretch! he is lost." Then quickly suppressing his voluntary movement he added:

"And what must I do, my lord, to satisfy your justice?"

"You must first," answered the Grand Vicar, "make the criminal restore the precious relic, or, at all events, the pieces which he may still have, in his possession; then, when we have obtained that result, we must, to make an example, try and shoot him."

"What you require, my lord, is quite right."

"In so serious an affair," continued the Grand Vicar, "his lordship, the archbishop, thought that to make the example more salutary, it would be better for him to come here himself, in the midst of the camp, and preside over the tribunal which is to judge the criminal. To-morrow, therefore, at 12 o'clock, his lordship and I will be here, if you see nothing to prevent it."

There was nothing for it but resignation.—When Bolivar returned to his tent, he began to reflect on the deplorable effect of the con-

demnation and execution of one of his soldiers on the eve of the decisive blow he was about striking. Francisco was much beloved by his comrades; he was the most intrepid soldier in the army, and without excusing him, Bolivar found, in the poverty of his soldiers, who were fed on little else but proclamations an extenuating circumstance in favor of those who allowed themselves to be tempted by the sight of gold. Bolivar would fain have saved the brigadier, but he durst not refuse the archbishop justice, still less could he declare open war against him. In a fit of anger, which he took no pains to disguise, the general summoned the brigadier before him.

"So here you are!" cried Bolivar, in a voice of thunder; "thief, hang-dog brigand! Sit down there; we have something to say to one another."

Without uttering a word the brigadier seated himself on the extreme edge of a wooden bench.

"'Tis you wretch!" continued Bolivar, "who have not hesitated before committing the most shameful sacrilege, in robbing the holy Madonna of *Aguila Caliente*. Well, then, you will be shot. Do you hear?"

The brigadier still kept silent.

"Double fool that you are!" burst from Bolivar. "You 't'ot, doubtless, that the archbishop would allow himself to be thus outrageously robbed, in the person of the Madonna without taking the necessary steps to discover the guilty party, and that the criminal would escape punishment!"

"I do not deny my fault, general; I am resigned to all."

"A pretty resignation, forsooth! but a pretty death for a soldier of the Independence and that at a moment when you know how useful you could be to me in the taking of Caracas! I thought you my friend, Francisco, and I think that, out of delicacy to me, you might have waited till the assault was over, at least."

"I'll expiate my fault by dying like a man!"

"Glad Heavens! I never prevented your dying whenever your death might have served some purpose. Die whenever you please, but in the good cause!"

"By my faith! 'tis high time to deal in sentiment. I think the memory of your mother which ought only to have inspired you with good ideas, comes rather late."

"Alas! 'twas for her only I committed the crime, for her alone I shall die."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

"A simple truth, general. My mother, since the affair of the cutting off of ears in Aragua, has been perishing of misery and sickness, and no one to help her—she has me alone on earth and my general knows that for some time past money is scarce in the army of the Independence."

"Well, well; pass over those details."

"Some days since I entered the Chapel of the Virgin, to pray the Madonna to aid my poor mother! I prayed to her knees, bowed down to the earth, and with all the energy of my soul: 'Oh! holy Virgin, I cried, do not let my poor mother die for want of a little gold! And then, my brain troubled, my heart bursting, the fatal thought took possession of me, to seize the crown of the Madonna, which I sent to my mother to relieve her distress.'"

This frank recital made a deep impression upon Bolivar; he would have given much to save the brigadier, but he knew the inflexible severity of the archbishop. Suddenly the expression of his countenance changed, and a smile of malicious satisfaction curled his lips.

"What you tell me, Francisco," he said, in a calm tone cannot justify your conduct; if I pity you from the bottom of my heart as a man I cannot absolve you from your guilt as your judge; all I can promise you is, to soften your punishment in consideration of your good sentiments and repentance; you shall be shot the moment the trial is over, that you may not have long to languish. But I impose a condition for my kindness. This is, that you reply in the affirmative to all my questions before the tribunal."

"Nevertheless, general—"

"I'll not be trilled with, *monbleu!* you know I dislike observations."

"Yes, general."

"Come, then, 'tis settled; now go till to-morrow."

"Yes, general."

Next day Bolivar probably wrote some other nutritive proclamation, after which he breakfasted, then dressed himself in full regiments ordered the construction of a stage for judges, bade his staff be ready by twelve o'clock, and awaited with much uneasiness, the arrival of the archbishop.

Exactly at twelve a blast of trumpets announced the arrival of the camp of the Archbishop of Caracas, his Grand Vicar and suite, composed of a black Capuchin, a sandalled Carmelite, a benedictine and a monk of the rich order of Begging Brothers.

Bolivar hastened to meet the pious procession and respectfully kissed the archbishop's hand.

"All is ready, my lord, but his excellency will excuse me, I trust, if it has been impossible for me to receive him in a manner more worthy of him."

"The tribunal of a day cannot be fitted up like that of the Inquisition of Caracas," said the Grand Vicar, "where, Heaven be thanked! nothing is wanting for the judges or the accused."

The procession having arrived in Bolivar's tent, where the stage had been erected, the archbishop seated himself in the chair of honor the grand vicar on the bishop's left hand, and Bolivar chose a place on the opposite side.—The black Capuchin, the sandalled Carmelite, the Benedictine and the begging monk, were installed on a bench near the Grand Vicar and the general's staff sat opposite the brotherhood in the middle of this hedge of spectators, was a little bench on which sat the accused.

Bolivar opened the proceedings.

"Accused, you know the odious crime imputed to you?"

"Yes, general."

"This crime entails capital punishment upon you, and the tribunal, I have full confidence, will show itself inflexible against an act which

makes every upright and honest heart heave with indignation."

At these words, the archbishop turned towards Bolivar, and gave him a nod of approbation.

"Do you admit," continued Bolivar, following up the interrogatory, "having penetrated into the Chapel of *Adne Caliente* the day the crown disappeared?"

"Yes, general."

"Is it true, brigadier, as the witnesses affirm that you sent the crown belonging to the Madonna, to your mother, who is, they say, poor and infirm?"

"Yes, general."

"Do you believe that none ever solicited her in vain?"

"Yes, general."

"Do you believe in her power?"

"Yes, general."

"Is it true that after your invocation addressed to her, that her face became illuminated as if by a ray of setting sun?"

"Did you feel that was a sign of Divine intervention, and a mysterious notice in your favor?"

"Yes, general."

"That's not all; you said, so it is reported to me, that you thought you saw the Madonna smile upon you and, taking the crown from her own head, say, holding it towards you: 'Take it; I give it to you for your old mother! Dare you persist in this assertion, which would be prodigious, but which, nevertheless, would be nothing extraordinary nor impossible on the part of a Madonna whose miracles are so numerous? Dare you persist in this assertion?'"

"Yes, general."

At this unexpected affirmation, there was moment of hesitation in the audience; Bolivar's officers whispered among themselves; and the brotherhood, moved by the same thought, attentively observed the archbishop.

"By my faith," cried Bolivar, to put an end to all uncertainty, "tis one miracle, that's all!"

"In truth," said the Grand Vicar, simply, "it is very like one."

"It is one!" exclaimed all the officers, on a sign from the general.

During this time, the archbishop kept silent; he frowned and glanced around the auditory, seemingly a prey to some internal combat. At last he spoke:

"So be it," said he, with, 'tis a miracle!"

"'Tis a miracle!" repeated all the brotherhood, clasping their hands and looking up to Heaven.

"Yes," said the archbishop, slowly, as the same time gently caressing his chin, like a man seeking an issue out of a difficult position, "yes, 'tis a miracle. We will find a ceremony in commemoration, and the produce of the collection shall be employed to the purchase of another crown for the Madonna!"

"You have heard, Pedro Francisco," said Bolivar, whose countenance, though serious, betrayed a secret joy, "the tribunal to a man acknowledges your innocence. Human justice must bow before the will of Heaven. Go in peace, and continue to merit the esteem of your companions and the favor of Heaven, by proving as you have hitherto done, a good soldier, a good Catholic, and a good son!"

The accused rose, and bowing to his judges was about to depart. As he was passing the threshold, the archbishop, who had never ceased caressing his chin mechanically, called him back.

"An instant, brigadier! Come back here, I have something more to say to you!"

"I am at your service, my lord," answered Francisco, returning.

"Listen well to what I am about to say, and don't forget it. In your interests, believe me, if ever a saint no matter which, offers you anything, refuse it! Saints don't like always to be taken at their word, and it is a proof of good taste to refuse them in such cases.—You must not impose on their generosity; it will get you into trouble another time."

Small School Districts.

Another reason why in some of the towns of the county, the schools are not more prosperous, and the school law is looked upon by many of the citizens, at least, with distrust, is, that the inhabitants or directors, or perhaps both, allowed the towns to be divided into so small districts or sub-districts, as they were formerly termed. All now agree that the schools, or many of them, are too small, that the number of school houses is too great; but now the division has been made, the houses have been built, the people have become accustomed to send to schools in a certain place, it is difficult to break up these divisions, and directors are unwilling to act in the matter. By making less schools and changing the location of some, at least, of the houses, a portion of the citizens may, and most likely will be, somewhat accommodated. Houses will be erected too near to some and too far from others—some will be necessarily associated in school matters with those with whom they prefer to have no business transactions whatever, and occasionally extra expense will be incurred in building a new house but a short distance from one that would answer several years if no change had been made. All these objections, and scores of others render directors averse to making changes.

This last objection is of but little force, for in the towns where a new arrangement of the schools, together with a change of the location of some of the houses is most needed, the buildings used for school purposes, are most of them so poor that new ones are imperative-

ly demanded, and where this is the case, it seems to be a peculiarly favorable time for re-

districting the towns and constructing suitable school houses.

The difficulties and inconveniences that would grow out of a change, would, in most cases, be but temporary, while the benefits would be permanent. Some children would be under the necessity of traveling a greater distance to school it is true, but they would find a better school. Some new houses would be required, but are they not in very many cases required now, even if they are to be placed on the sites of the old ones?

Let us examine the question a little more closely, and see how the matter operates.—Every man who has a family of children to educate would, of course, like to have a school house so near to him that his children can attend school conveniently when they are small; this is in itself commendable and his wishes should be complied with, when it can be done without prejudice to the rights of others or injury to the general cause of education, but as our school are to be supported by the taxable property of the whole town, no man has a right to claim that his interests must be looked after, and the education of his children attended to, to the neglect or injury of others.

All cannot be as well accommodated with schools as they might desire; especially is this the case where the country is just filling up with inhabitants. Some must of absolute necessity be too near to the school house, and others too remote from it.

This is a state of things that always exists to a greater or less extent in a comparatively new country, and it cannot be obviated wholly by establishing new schools in every separate neighborhood. Schools when thus established must be supported and kept open four months, or the State appropriation cannot be drawn. The schools being small, and there being so many in the town to be kept open, the directors are obliged under the pressure of the circumstances to employ cheap teachers, for, although the number of the schools is increased the taxes must not be raised. More (not better) houses must be erected, but the taxes must be kept down. Directors find themselves thus placed between two fires, as it were. The necessity of supporting all the schools, notwithstanding they may feel assured that fewer schools would accomplish the object of educating the whole children of the town far better, and with less expense; this stands upon the one hand, and the disapprobation of some portion of the citizens of the town, if they attempt to interfere with schools as they are established, upon the other.

They dare not increase the taxes, and consequently, inexperienced and sometimes illy qualified teachers are employed, because they will work for less wages than will those who are competent and experienced. Children attend school term after term and parents see no improvement; the school has been kept, but the scholars have not been taught, and as soon as the individual employed has by experience acquired sufficient skill and tact to begin to impart knowledge successfully, he or she must be transferred to a larger school, because the former one is too small to pay for experience. Thus small schools are always taught by inexperienced teachers.

Less schools would be less expensive to the whole town, both for houses or teachers.—Every one knows that it costs but a trifle more to build a house forty by thirty or twenty-five, than it does to build one twenty-five by fifteen. The additional expense is a mere trifle, compared with the cost of erecting two even small houses.

If too, one good competent teacher costs less, so far as dollars are concerned, than two incompetent ones, so far as the real value of the labor performed by competent or incompetent teachers is concerned, there is no comparison to be made between them. Now if schools were fewer in number, and more pupils attended, better instructors could be employed and better houses built, or those already erected could be kept in better repair, not only without an increase of taxation, but with less tax. Several schools in the county averaged during the past winter but sixteen pupils; in such schools of course a first rate teacher could not be sustained. It is not pretended that those individuals who have taught the longest, and who demand the highest wages are therefore, and as a matter of course, the best teachers, but the principle that low priced articles are in the end the most expensive, holds true in the case of teachers as frequently as in any other case. Neither is it asserted that an inexperienced person cannot be a good teacher, or ought not to be employed, but the general and acknowledged fact, that our schools are too small, and in consequence of this, cheap teachers are employed because they are cheap, is asserted, and directors and all the friends of common schools are earnestly requested to look at this matter in its true light, and take such action as shall result in the advancement of the cause of universal education.

C. R. C.

Towards, April 30, 1858.

Correspondence of the North American & U. S. Gazette.

HARRISBURG, April 22.

The session has finally closed—both houses having adjourned *sine die*, at a little before 1 o'clock. There was much merriment in the House during the morning, whilst that body was waiting upon the Senate and the Governor. Many resolutions, which would appear rather funny in print, and I think, have a decided tendency to bring the House into public disregard, were offered. They arose, however from the feeling of rejoicing and exultation which the members experienced at the idea of getting away from here, and reaching home. Whenever any member offered a resolution which contained a telling hit at some occurrence of the session, or in relation to some course of procedure upon the part of a particular member the House grew uproarious with mirth. Some of the speeches made upon them were exceedingly rich, and a series of attacks and retorts, of mental thrusting and parrying was kept up in a spirit of excellent good humor and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the session.

But the most exciting and interesting affair which has occurred during the session, was the debate, and the scenes which followed it during the session of the House yesterday afternoon. The bill creating the Twenty-seventh Judicial District, which had passed the House, and was amended in the Senate, so as to destroy Wilnot's Judicial District, came back to the former body. It had been known some time ago that a majority of the House had been opposed to any such project. But it had been known also that a decided majority of the Senate, including Buckalew himself, had been opposed to it. Yet that majority had yielded, and forced the bill, with the obnoxious amendments, through the Senate. Not content with that the outside levers from the Judge's district, headed by Victor Piolet, and a number of the Senators, led by Buckalew, made a most determined onslaught upon the democratic members of the House, in order to get them to concur in the amendment.

In the morning after the bill passed the Senate, the friends of Mr. Wilnot were anxious to have it brought over and tested at once. They were afraid that delay might weaken their cause. They knew Buckalew's great weight with the members of his own party, and they justly dreaded the effect it might have if left to work for a length of time. The bill did not come over until the afternoon.

When it did come, the friends of the amendment were afraid to call the previous question. Mr. Calhoun made the motion to concur. Mr. Chase, of Susquehanna, one of the scholarly and finished gentlemen in the House, opened the debate on the motion to concur, and spoke at length against it. He was followed by Mr. Armstrong, of Philadelphia, who had the magnanimity to rise above party, and vote according to his sense of right.

Mr. Goepf, of Northampton, the most learned lawyer and the most lucid reasoner in the House (a Democrat,) opposed the amendment upon the ground that it was unconstitutional to deprive the people of a district of their right to elect a Judge; for if this bill passed instead of having a right to elect a Judge, as they have under existing laws, the people of Bradford would be deprived of that privilege for two years and those of Susquehanna for eight years. Besides, he did not wish to place the crown of political martyrdom upon the head of David Wilnot.

Messrs. Calhoun and Owen favored the motion to concur.

Judge Nill, of Franklin, a leading Democrat in the House, also spoke freely and effectively against it.

Mr. McClure, of Franklin, one of the most accomplished leaders of the Republicans closed the debate. Whilst he was speaking it was evident that he was dealing most powerful and telling blows; some of his sentences were very strong. He declared "that if Mr. Calhoun returned to the courts of Armstrong County, having accomplished the overthrow and severance of that district, he would enter those courts with his hands stained with judicial homicide."

Mr. Calhoun fairly writhed under this and a half a dozen other such sentences. He rose twice to explain, but only became the more embarrassed. At last, as the hour of five approached, and as Mr. McClure seemed to be growing the fiercer in his attack, as it was evident that if a vote was not had ere that time, the bill would fall any how. Mr. Calhoun sprang to his feet, and amid much excitement called the previous question.

Mr. McClure still continued to speak. Half a dozen other members called out for the order of the day, which was an adjournment at five, then only five minutes off. Others moved to adjourn. Twenty men were struggling to get on the floor. One with a deep bass-toned voice would call out Mr. Speaker—another in a shrill tenor would halloo the same thing.

Mr. Imbrie, of Beaver, in particularly persistent in his calls. He has a point of order to raise. He catches the eye of the Speaker. He makes his point and the Speaker rules it against him. Mr. Calhoun is still upon his feet demanding the previous question. Mr. McClure is still upon his feet. He has not yielded the floor. He announces that he does not intend to fill his seat against the bill.

The Speaker grants the previous question. Twelve gentlemen stand up to sustain it. Mr. Calhoun announces that this is a test vote.—Mr. McClure receives it as such, and announces that he is ready. The clerk begins to call. The hall is crowded almost to suffocation; one-half the Senate is in the House. Every man who has a pencil and piece of paper is tallying the vote for and against the call, as the clerk announces the names of members. Whilst the first forty or fifty are answered to, the interest is breathless. By the time the sixtieth is reached, so many Democrats have voted no, that it is evident to all the motion to sustain the previous question is lost. Then the noise and bustle of congratulation among the opponents of the bill begin. They gather in groups, and congratulate each other upon the result.

The vote is announced 62 to 33. But the fight is not yet over. The question upon the