

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES...VOL. 5. NO. 47.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1853.

WHOLE NO. 327

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY H. J. HOWARD & B. R. COWEN.

OFFICE ON NORTH SIDE OF MAIN ST.
A few doors west of Marietta Street

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
If paid within three months, \$1.50
If paid after that time, 2.00
Papers discontinued only at the option of the editor,
while arrears are due.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
Each square, (11 lines or less) three weeks, \$1.00
Every additional insertion, .50
Yearly advertisements one column, \$4.00
Quarter column, 15.00
Professional cards \$2 per annum.
If all letters addressed to the editor must be paid to
ensure attention.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office in which they are directed, they are held responsible for the same, and the publishers are not liable for their non-receipt.
4. If subscribers remove their papers to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that relating to take papers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POETRY.

ADVANCE!

The following most beautiful poem is taken from a volume recently published by a young Irishman, named Dennis Florence McCarthy, a writer who, to the proverbial rich fancy of his countrymen, adds all that scholastic learning which circumstances have placed so abundantly within their reach. A cotemporary says: "Mr. McCarthy may be ranked foremost among the great poets of whom his country has been so productive in all ages of her history."

God bade the Sun with golden step sublime
Advance!
He whisper'd in the listening ear of Time
Advance!
He bade the guiding Spirit of the Stars,
With lightning speed, in silver shining cars,
Along the bright floor of his azure hall,
Advance!
Sun, Stars, and Time obey the voice, and all
Advance!
The river at its bubbling fountain cries,
Advance!
The clouds proclaim, like heralds, thro' the skies,
Advance!
Throughout the world the mighty master's laws,
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause,
The earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
Advance!
And summer hours, like flowery harpica's steeds,
Advance!
To man's most wondrous hand, the same voice
Advance!
Go clear the woods, and o'er the bounding tide,
Advance!
Go draw the marble from its secret bed,
And make the cedars and the giant head,
Let domes and columns thro' the wandering air
Advance!
The world, O man! is thine. But wouldst thou
share
Advance!
Unto the soul of man the same voice spoke,
Advance!
From out the chaos, thunder-like it broke,
Advance!
Go track the comet in its wheeling race,
And drag the lightning from its hiding place,
From out the night of ignorance and tears,
Advance!
For love and hope, borne by the coming years,
Advance!
All heard, and some obeyed the great command,
Advance!
It passed along from listening land to land,
Advance!
The strong grew stronger, and the weak grew
strong,
Advance!
As passed the war-cry of the world along—
Awoke ye nations, know your powers and rights,
Advance!
Thro' Hope and Work, in Freedom's new de-
lights,
Advance!
Knowledge came down, and waved her steady
torch
Advance!
Sages proclaim'd 'neath many a marble porch,
Advance!
As vap' lightning leaps from peak to peak,
The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman and the Greek,
The painted Briton caught the winged word,
Advance!
The earth grew young, and carroll'd as a bird,
Advance!
Oh! Ireland—Oh! my country, wilt thou not
Advance!
Wilt thou not share the world's progressive lot?
Advance!
Must seasons change, and countless years roll on,
And thou remain a darksome Ajlon?
Advance!
'Tis time thine heart and eye had wider scope—
Advance!
Dear brothers, wake! look up! be firm! be strong!
Advance!
From out the starless night of fraud and wrong,
Advance!
The chains have fall'n from off thy wretched hands,
And every man a seeming freedom stands;
But ah! 'tis in the soul that freedom dwells—
Advance!
Proclaim that thou art free, no manacles,
Advance!
Advance! thou must advance or perish now!
Advance!
Advance! live with wretched heart and brow!
Advance!
Advance! or sink at once into the grave;
Be bravely free, or artfully a slave!
Why fret thy master, if thou must have one!
Advance!
Advance three steps, the glorious work is done,
Advance!
The first is COURAGE—'tis a giant trial!
Advance!
With bounding steps up freedom's rugged side,
Advance!
Knowledge will lead ye to the dazzling heights,
Tolerance will teach and guard your brother's
rights,
Advance!
Faint not! a pitying Future waits—
Advance!
Be wise, be just, with will as fix'd as Fate's
Advance!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Extracts from Mr. Choate's Eulogy on
Webster.

Among the recent commencement exercises at Dartmouth college was the Eulogy of Mr. Choate. It is considered as the best of the many good eulogies delivered on the death of Webster. It certainly must have been a grand literary feast to listen to such an address from such a man on such a theme—a feast the like of which is not seen every day, no nor every century. The Eulogy occupies about nine closely printed columns of the *Tribune* in fine type, we have room for but a few extracts.

It would not be unpleasing and would be quite within my plan and my actual preparation, to pause and recall the names, and attempt to appreciate the influence of some of that succession of competitors of judicial friends—of Mason, and Smith, and Story, & Dexter, and Parsons, by whose rivalry & counsels he was honored, and stimulated, and trained—but that time forbids it. Equally within my plan it would also be to enumerate the names, at least of some of the great causes by which his fame was built, and try to convey some impression of the novelty of the questions involved, and the importance of the principles adjudged. But there is only one of which I have time to say anything, and that is the case which established the inviolability of the charter of Dartmouth College by the Legislature of the State of New Hampshire. Acts of the Legislature, passed in the year 1816, had invaded its charter. A suit was brought to test its validity. It was tried in the Supreme Court of the State; a judgment was given against the college; and this was appealed to the Supreme Federal Court by writ of error. Upon so'enn argument the charter was decided to be a contract whose obligation a State may not impair. The acts were decided to be invalid as an attempt to impair it, and you hold your charter under that decision to day. How much Mr. Webster contributed to that result, how much the effort advanced his own distinction at the bar, you all know. Well, as if of yesterday, I remember how it was written home from Washington, that Mr. Webster closed a legal argument of great power by a peroration which charmed and melted his audience. Often since I have heard vague accounts not much more satisfactory, of the speech and the scene. It was aware that the report of his argument as it is published; did not contain the actual peroration, and I supposed it lost forever. By the great kindness of a learned and excellent person, Dr. Chauncey A. Goodrich, a Professor in Yale College with whom I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance, although his virtues, accomplishments, and most useful life were well known to me, I can read to you the words whose power, when those lips spoke them, so many owned, although they could not repeat them. As those lips spoke them we shall hear them nevermore, but no utterance can extinguish their simple, sweet and perfect beauty. Let me first bring the general scene before you, and then you will hear the rest in Mr. Goodrich's description. It was in 1818 in the 37th year of Mr. Webster's age. It was addressed to a tribunal presided over by Marshall, assisted by Washington, Livingston, Johnson, Story, Todd and Duvall—a tribunal unsurpassed on earth in all that gives illustration to a bench of law, and sustained and venerated by a noble bar. He had called to his aid the ripe and beautiful culture of Hopkinson, and of his opponents was William Wirt, then and ever of the leaders of the bar, who with faculties and accomplishments fitting him to adorn and guide public life, abounding in deep professional learning and in the most various and elegant acquisitions, a ripe and splendid orator made so by genius and the most assiduous culture, consecrated all to the service of the law. It was before that tribunal and in presence of an audience select and critical, among whom, it is to be borne in mind, were some graduates of the college, who were attending to assist against her, that he opened the cause. I gladly proceed in the words of Mr. Goodrich:

"Before going to Washington, which I did chiefly for the sake of hearing Mr. Webster, I was told that in arguing the case at Exeter, N. H., he had left the whole Court-room in tears at the conclusion of his speech. This, I confess, struck me unpleasantly—any attempt at pathos on a purely legal question like this seemed hardly in good taste. On my way to Washington I made the acquaintance of Mr. Webster. We were together for several days in Philadelphia at the house of a common friend; and as the 'College question' was one of deep interest to literary men, we conversed often and largely on the subject. As he dwelt upon the leading points of the case in terms so calm, simple and precise, I said to myself more than once, in reference to the story I had heard, 'What ever may have seemed appropriate in defending the College at home, and on her own ground, there will be no appeal to the feelings of Judge Marshall and his associates at Washington.' The Supreme Court of the United States held its session that winter in a mean apartment, of moderate size,—the Capitol not having been built after its destruction in 1814. The audience, when the case came on, was therefore small, consisting chiefly of legal men, the elite of the profession throughout the country. Mr. Webster entered upon his argument in the calm tone of easy & dignified conversation. His matter was so completely at his command that he scarcely looked at his brief, but went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man of his audience without the slightest effort or weariness on either side. It was hardly eloquence, in the strict sense of the term, it was pure reason. Now and then, for a sentence or two, his eye flashed and his voice swelled into a bolder

note as he uttered some emphatic thought, but he instantly fell back into the tone of earnest conversation, which ran throughout the great body of his speech. A single circumstance will show you the clearness and absorbing power of his argument. "I observed that Judge Story, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself, pen in hand, as if to take copious minutes. Hour after hour, I saw him fixed in the same attitude, but so far as I could perceive, with not a note on his paper. The argument closed, and I could not discover that he had taken a single note. Others around me remarked the same thing, and it was among the *on dit*s of Washington, that a friend spoke to him of the fact with surprise, when the Judge remarked: 'Everything was so clear, and so easy to remember, that not a note seemed necessary, and, in fact, I thought little or nothing about my notes.'"

"The argument ended; Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the Court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice Marshall he proceeded thus: "This, Sir, is my case. It is the case, not merely of that humble Institution, it is the case of every College in our land. It is more. It is the case of every Eleemosynary Institution throughout our country—of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestry to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped, for the question is simply this: Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use and apply it to such ends or purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit? Sir, you may destroy this little Institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century have thrown their radiance over our land! It is, Sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet there are those who love it. Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down, broke forth. His lips quivered, his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears, his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost, simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the College. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the trials and preventions through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart, which sought relief in words and tears."

"The Court-room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion and eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side with his small and emaciated frame and a countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any other human being—leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the Court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look, and every movement of the speaker's face. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster, as he then stood in the midst, it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the *pathetic* depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child. Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his keen eye on the Chief Justice, said, in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience:—'Sir, I know not how others may feel,' (glancing at the opponents of the College before him,) 'but for myself, when I see my alma mater surrounded, like Caesar in the Senate House, by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not for this right hand have her turn to me and say, 'et tu quoque mi fili!' And thou, too, my son!' He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling."

It happened to me to be a member of the Senate of the United States when the treaty was negotiated, and ratified in secret session. Of the general difficulties which beset our British relations, at that moment, the complexity, the irritation, of the embarrassments of every description, too many for the popularity of Monroe, too many for the will of Jackson, occasioned among other things, by the relation of the State of Maine to the controversy, you are all aware. But my opportunity of frequent access to Mr. Webster may have enabled me somewhat better to discover with what profound convictions of these difficulties, what anxieties for the issue, hope & fear alternately preponderating, he entered on that great trial of temper, firmness, spirit, discretion, ability and good fortune, and carried it through. As if it were last night, I recall the time when, after the Senate had ratified in an evening Executive session, by a vote of 39 to 9, I personally carried to him the result, at his own house, and in presence of his wife. Then, indeed, the measure of his glory & of his happiness seemed full. In the exuberant language of Burke, "I stood near him, and

his face, to use the expression of Scripture 'of the first martyr, was as if it had been the face of an angel. Hope elevated, and joy brightened his crest. I do not know how 'thou feel, but if I had stood in that situation, I would not have exchanged it for all 'that kings or people could bestow.'"

You are now to add to this extraordinary power of influencing the convictions and actions of others by speech and you have completed the survey of the means of his greatness. And here again I begin by admiring an aggregate, made up of excellencies and triumphs, ordinarily deemed incompatible. He spoke with consummate ability to the bench, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon of taste and ethics, the bench ought to be addressed. He spoke with consummate ability to the Jury, and yet exactly as, according to every sound canon, that totally different tribunal ought to be addressed. In the halls of Congress, before the people assembled for political discussion, in masses, before audiences smaller and more select, assembled for some solemn commemoration of the past or dead, in each of these, again, his speech, of the first form of ability, was exactly adapted to the critical proprieties of the place. Each achieved, when delivered, the most instant and specific success of eloquence, some of them in a splendid and remarkable degree, and yet stranger still, when reduced to writing as they fell from his lips, they compose a body of reading, in many volumes, solid, clear, rich, and full of harmony—a classical and permanent political literature."

But it is time this eulogy were brought to its conclusion. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went—it is a day or two since—alone to see again the home which he so passionately loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him down, all habituated as when "His look drew audience still as night,
Or summer's noontide air."

In all that spacious and calm scene, all things to the eye looked at first unchanged. The books in the library, the portraits, the table at which he wrote, the scientific culture of the land, the course of agricultural occupation, the coming in of harvest, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered, the animals and implements of husbandry, the trees planted by him in lines, in orchards, by thousands, the seat under the noble elm on which he used to sit to feel the south-west wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens,—all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterance of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best, still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside—the great presence to be with you. You might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolation, and loneliness, and darkness, with which you see it now, will pass away. The sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed. Men will repair thither, as they commemorate the great days of history. The same glance shall take, and the same emotions shall greet and bless the Harbor of the Pilgrims and the Tomb of Webster."

Gen. Ogle, Again.
The general was by no means a booklearned man. On the contrary, quite the reverse. And upon this circumstance, is founded the capital story we are about to copy. Here it is:

"Probably (says the writer) not one man in a hundred can learn to write his own name, spell February, or to hit the case of the personal pronouns, after forty years of age. The General suffered something by his lack of formal training in his youth, which marked his style of speech and composition while he lived.—An amusing instance will illustrate a slight defect of this sort, and his mastery skill in extricating himself, which never deserted him in any such exigency. Immediately after Madison's second election, the General called upon Gov. Findlay, then holding the office of State Treasurer, with the manuscript of a long letter which he had written to the President, covering the whole ground of our foreign and domestic policy, and especially the principles and measures of the Democratic party. Mr. Findlay heard it with not a little admiration of its merits, matter and form; but glancing at the paper, observed that the General had, in some hundred instances, written the pronoun I in little with a pop over it; and sincerely desiring to reform it for the writer's sake, and for the effect that it ought to have, but impressed also, with his sensitiveness to criticism which, in any way, impeached his capabilities, he coaxingly suggested the much desired correction after this fashion: 'An excellent letter General. A sound letter, sir: full of most capital advice, which Mr. Madison will be glad and proud to receive, and thoroughly Democratic in every sentiment.—A letter, generally, that any man might be proud to write. Equals, sir, that will make the administration equal to Jefferson's, if they are fully adopted. But General, they have a court custom at Washington, a small matter, such as you and I are not apt to treat with much consideration—an indifferent little piece of etiquette.—' Here Mr. Findlay began to stammer.—'The General's keen eye was on him, and he felt it.' 'Correctly! what is it?' 'Oh, nothing, looking over the paper as if it were hard to find. 'Nothing at all, and yet it would be easily altered. A stroke of the pen here and there merely.' 'Pine-blank,' said the General, 'what is it?' Mr. Findlay!

'Why, General, it has become the custom lately, at Washington, to write the pronoun I with a capital letter.'

The General was caught, who knew how he was caught, and he must recover himself.

'Perceive, Mr. Findlay, all right.—Most assuredly—I knew—pine-blank, you're right.' By this time he was ready. 'Look here, my dear sir,' laying his hand on Mr. Findlay's shoulder, as if to reassure him, for the embarrassment was all on the one side now. 'You see, my dear fellow, I had a design in it. When I write to a small pattern of a man I make my capital I's two inches long; when you yourself, I make the usual length; but, sir, when I address myself to great a man as Mr. Madison, or Mr. Jefferson, I always make them as small as possible, with a pop over them, per-cisely.'

I need hardly say that the General walked straight to his room, and raised every letter of the dignity required by the rules of grammar and the etiquette of Washington city, before he despatched the epistle."

[From the Knickerbrocker.]

Second Marriages.

A lady-friend in Ohio shall not appeal to us in vain for a hearing on the subject of "second marriages." She must bear in mind, also, that while we give free expression of opinion to the contributors, we do not always endorse their conclusions. Our fair friend writes: "It was in your February number, wasn't it that 'Second Marriages' were 'read out'?" Now, ever since my first remembrance, I have looked upon you as unquestionable authority. Only think of me then, a young, and as I had supposed until now, a very happy wife, reading from your ever respected page a denunciation of all my theory of bliss; a perfect crushing of the crystals through which life's richest colors. I have been studying upon the matter, trying to get resigned to my unfortunate destiny, hoping that may be, no one else thought as did your contributor. But now even that hope is destroyed, for another, in your May number, returns a vote of thanks. Now it isn't in my heart to dispute their views of the matter, but then they, of course, are not reasoning from experience, no more than did our little Frank, who with a faint vision of his angel-mother playing about his childish memory, wondered, upon the advent of his new mamma, what we were to do when we all got up to Heaven? "for," added the little thinker, "I shall want to be with you some and with my other ma." The matter was at last settled in my own mind by deciding that we would "all sit up close together." Tears stood in my eyes as I listened to the little prattler, but they were not tears of regret; and the halo seemed to brighten around my heart at the thought of training that beautiful boy for the angel-sphere as yet so faintly comprehended, not by "him" alone. I am no logician, but I know that God has given me a heart that gives and claims an ocean of love; I know that in our dear cottage-home the memory of the departed one is cherished with beautiful devotion, and comes to us like some guardian-angel, a link between our earthly Eden and the Heaven we hope to win. I enclose you some lines suggested by the articles already alluded to. It may be that their only claim to merit lies in their being the truthful breathings of a second wife:

The Second Wife.
They told me he had won before
Another heart than mine,
And laid his first and deepest love
Upon an earlier shrine.
They said my spirit oft must grieve,
If I my lot would cast
With one who held so sacred still
Remembrance of the past.
I heeded not; my bark was launched
With his on life's swift tide,
And earth holds not a happier heart
Than mine—'tis a second bride.

I know that he has loved and lost
What life may never give back,
The flowers that bloom in freshness once
Have withered on his track.
I know that she, the angel-called,
Looks out from yon blue heaven,
A watcher o'er the earth-bound soul
From which her own was riven.
Together do we oft recall
This dream of other years;
Nor do I love him less to know
He once had cause for tears.
More bliss am I that it hath been
My love-appointed task
To wake anew the "light of home,"
In which his soul may bask.

MARY.
ARTHUR T. CLARK, legislative reporter for the *Sentinel* a year and a half ago, has been appointed to a \$2,000 clerkship in Washington.—*Indiana Sentinel*.
Is this the ARTHUR T. CLARK who once conducted the *Jeffersonian*, at Cambridge, Ohio? We ask the *Jeffersonian* and the *Ohio Patriot*, to give us the country, and the authorities at Washington, too, that information. If he is that man, then somebody has shamefully imposed upon the Government one of the most unmitigated scamps and degraded reproaches that the whole West could produce. It is an outrage upon capacity, honesty, morals and even common decency to tolerate such a knave, even in the most menial official capacity.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.
If this is the CLARK who formerly conducted the *Jeffersonian* the *Enquirer* is correct in saying that the "Government has been most shamefully imposed upon." When in Cambridge he was very intemperate and left that place rather precipitately, and forgot, in the hurry, to liquidate numerous bills that he had contracted and which his friends and relatives were compelled to settle. Truly the administration must be hard run when compelled to call to its aid such characters.—*O. Patriot*.
A sheep girthing nine feet, with fine wool 35 inches long, has been sent to the World's Fair, from Erie, Penn.

LETTER OF HON. R. C. WINTHROP.

Mr. Winthrop received an invitation to be present at the pilgrim celebration at Plymouth on the 1st inst.; being unable to comply he addressed the following letter in reply.—We would that our public men would more generally speak and act on the lofty sentiments advanced in the letter and learn to plant their faith firmly upon the "Rock of Ages," if they would excel. Let them remember that "righteousness exalteth a nation," & in proportion as her leaders are as Mr. Winthrop hopes they may be, so will her prosperity be.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 23 1853.

MY DEAR SIR: Your obliging communication of last month, inviting me to unite with the Pilgrim Society in celebrating the anniversary of the Embarcation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven on the first of August was duly received.

I thank you for it sincerely, and still more for the very kind and complimentary terms in which it was conveyed. I have deferred giving it a formal and final answer until this late day from a real reluctance to say no, and from the hope that I might still see my way clear to be present on the occasion. But I am journeying in this region with my family for their health as well as my own, and there is no longer the slightest prospect of my being within striking distance of Plymouth for some weeks to come.

I have united heretofore in commemorating the virtues and heroism of our Pilgrim Fathers, both on the 22d day of December and on the 17th day of September, and I should cordially join in consecrating still another day to their memory. They cannot be remembered too often or reverend too deeply; and that not as a mere matter of respect and gratitude to the dead, but for the improvement and instruction of the living.

Rarely, indeed, has there been a moment in our history when it was more important than at this moment that the American people should remember not merely the rock on which the Pilgrims landed, but the Rock in which they trusted, & should cherish and hold fast to the principles which fitted them to become the fathers and founders of a great country.

We are rushing along in the path of national development and extension with a velocity of which the rapids at this moment in my view hardly furnish an exaggerated emblem; and there is too much cause for apprehension that the roar of the torrent, and its sparkling spray, and its many-colored mist may deafen and dazzle and blind us to the dangers which always beset an impulsive and precipitate career. It will be well if we do not forget that the only safe and sure progress is the Pilgrim's Progress; a progress begun, continued, and ended in the fear of God, in respect for Government, in the love of freedom, and in justice to all mankind.

The descendants of the Pilgrims & the sons of New England are now scattered far and wide over a vast continent, and their enterprise and influence are upon every plain and hill-side and river of our land. Let them see to it that their lives and practice are in keeping with the origin of which they are so justly proud, and let them prove their title to hail from Plymouth Rock, not merely by genealogies and pedigrees, but by emblazoning their virtues and principles of the Pilgrims upon their own character and conduct. Then will our country be secure.

Accept once more, my dear sir, my cordial thanks for your friendly and flattering invitation, with an assurance of my sincere regret at being unable to be with you; and allow me to place at your disposal for the occasion the subjoined sentiment, which has been suggested by the scene before me:

"Plymouth Rock—May it never become a 'Table Rock upon whose crumbling platform the descendants of the Pilgrims shall assemble to contemplate the decline and fall of the American Union.'"

Believe me, very faithfully, yours,
ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

THE PRESS—PUBLIC ASSEMBLIES.

The Editor of the *N. Y. Tribune* got considerably riled at the recent Plymouth celebration on account of the scurvy manner in which the press was treated, and forthwith lets the world know it. Give it to them Mr. *Tribune*, its all right. Hear him:—
After the session had lasted some four or five hours, Mr. Warren gave 'The Press' as a toast, and called on Mr. Fuller, of the *New York Mirror*, to respond. Now, we see no imperative reason for toasting the press at public banquets, but if it is toasted, it should be done in decent time, and due notice should be given to whatever editor to respond. Preparation, on such an occasion, was necessary, and the editor in question was allowed none, and very properly declined to address beyond a dozen words to the company. We have, it may be, a certain partiality for the press, but while we ask nothing for it on such occasions, we take nothing less than it deserves. Fully respecting the talent now involved in the profession, we do not care to see it set aside for mere function which a few years of reform may abolish, while the press will never be abolished. The press, which was so treated at the Plymouth Celebration, is the life and soul of that celebration. Not ten thousand people would know of the speakers' names or periods without the press, but now, twice ten million will read it. Full five hundred thousand readers of the *True Patriot* alone, will peruse it. The Press: the King of Labor Machines. Did it not so strike the company present, as they saw twenty-five Reporters at work within ten feet of the President's Reporters—men of education, who, besides the ordinary art of writing, have the calligraphic signs by which the hottest, quickest words are seized and dashed on the paper, and the orator who addresses two thousand or all mankind! The press, too, when a halting, inarticulate Congress failed to assist

country his invention, which now by a miracle of bold thought and enterprise, writes out the heart's throbs and the head's calculation with the zig-zag of the skies, and says to Plymouth, Stand thou side by side, with New-Orleans—and it is obeyed! The press, that gives the pilgrim's traveler's and reformer's observations in every land, not dulled into literary circumsppection and cowardice, but the outpourings of feelings without lock, chain or dam; that organizes victory over detail, and difficulty into grand distance, and time; that turns day into night and night into day, that works when others rest, that has least of routine and most of fresh elaborations in its diurnal labors; that gives a living voice to the poor, the feeble, the imprisoned and the enslaved; that opens its stalwart columns to the cry of the oppressed; that hears the bay of the bloodhound and the shriek of the fugitive, and strikes boldly for humanity! The Press, when at public feasts the dishes are licked clean, the bread is crumbled, the nuts are dug out, the glasses are empty, overturned, or broken; the last declamation of stumping stereotype has finished his Clay, his Calhoun, or his Webster, the company is two-thirds gone, and one-third tired, "The Press" fellow-citizens, is then toasted, with a ghastly smile and an asthmatic cheer, in which the public men who are left do not join, though the public men are indebted nineteen parts of twenty to that Press, for their reputation and fortunes,—to the body of educated Reporters for the good taste and philanthropy in mending so freely their vulgar rhetoric and contemptible grammar.

Facts, "said some one, 'are stubborn things.'" Under the head 'stubborn things' may be classed the following paragraph. The pocket argument is one that produces the greatest effect, and brings the beauties (of the liquor traffic) right home to every tax payer.

A FEARFUL ACCOUNT.—MR. EVERETT, late Secretary of State, is generally known as a gentleman of extensive information, and one who will not "speak without book" on important subjects involving statistical facts. From a computation of his it appears that the use of alcoholic beverages cost the United States directly, in ten years, \$120,000,000; has burnt or otherwise destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of property, has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 250,000 to prison and 100,000 children to the poor-house; caused 1,500 murders and 5,000 suicides; and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

BALTIMORE August 1.
A dispatch from New Orleans, on Saturday evening, states that there have been 154 deaths within the last 24 hours, of which 120 were from yellow fever.

THE YELLOW FEVER IN NEW-ORLEANS.

Its Terrible Ravages—disreputable Conduct of the Common Council.

Correspondence of the *N. Y. Tribune*.

NEW-ORLEANS, Saturday Evening, July 23 1853.

You have no doubt noticed that all city papers have for some time engaged in a discussion as to who is to blame for the present state of the health of our city, and all have come to the conclusion that the present Council are to blame. The Board of Aldermen and their Assistants are nearly all Democrats, and were elected as a *Reform Board*. Their neglect has been most shameful; and although the press and people are down upon them, yet they have done nothing. The Upper Board adjourned until the third Tuesday in October, but were called together again yesterday by the Mayor, in order that they might do something to stop the dreadful progress of the Epidemic, which is now killing off its hundreds. At the meeting last night it was a long time before the Board of Aldermen could get a quorum. When they did get one, Ald. Burke offered resolutions for the establishment of a Board of Health. It was voted down. Mr. Converse then offered a resolution to employ not exceeding one thousand men for fifteen days to clean the streets and lime the gutters of every inhabited street. This resolution was opposed, on the ground that the remedy came too late, and Mr. Burke asserted that "the Council by its culpable negligence to take proper measures to preserve the health of the city, should be held responsible for the lives of those who had fallen by fever." On the resolution being voted down, Mr. Converse offered another to purchase three thousand bis. lime for liming the gutters. This was voted down, and resolution to purchase one thousand bis. lime was carried, and sent to the Board of Assistant Aldermen (then in session) for their concurrence, but they voted it down; and thus ended the lime business.

Mr. Converse then offered a resolution that the Street Commissioner employ twenty-six additional deputies for one month to visit and inspect every yard and privy and vacant lot in the city. This resolution met the same fate as the others. Mr. Converse would not give up the ship; he was determined to do his duty, as also was Mr. Burke—the only Whites in the Board—and Mr. Converse then offered a resolution placing \$10,000 subject to the order of the Howard Association—a Association which is doing much good in its attention to the poor. This was also voted down. The next resolution to employ eight carts to carry the sick to the Charity Hospital was, for a wonder, agreed to; also a resolution was passed to employ two men to remove dead dogs, cats and other vermin from the Third District to their last resting-place. One of the Aldermen then left the Board, and broke up the quorum. The course of action of the Assistant Board was on a par with the Upper Board, and thus have our Council adjourned without doing anything for the benefit of our suffering city. Our Council act like boys, and some of them, in fact, are but