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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Last year, during the Exposition, Paris was visited by the same mania for lodging-letting which ravaged London in 1851, during the great exhibition. From the middle of April, hanging up at the doors of houses in the fashionable and central neighborhoods of the French capital, might be seen bills with *'Joli appartement meuble a louer presentment ;'* and many a family, many a widow, many a bachelor or widower, migrated to some distant outskirts, giving up their apartments to strangers or foreigners, in consideration of receiving some thousand francs; while they themselves nestled down, during the great influx, in some humble locality, within or without the walls. In letting, there was no distinction of nation made; the terms were the same for one and all—for the native compatriot, as well as the Milord Anglais; for the German baron, as well as the Russian Boyard, the Polish count, the dollar-laden American; for everybody, in short, who could pay; that was the condition.

Madame de Y—, a young and handsome widow of five-and-twenty, who, on the first of April in that memorable year, had thrown off her weeds, resigned herself, among the rest, to the reigning epidemic. One morning she rang for the lodge-keeper of the house in which she resided in the Chaussee d'Antin, and ordered him to nail up the universal bill, 'Lodgings to let.'

'What running up and down I shall have of it!' exclaimed, with a piteous shrug, the seemingly disconsolate porter, who inwardly rejoiced at the circumstance, for he, also, hoped to reap a golden harvest from the new-comers.

'N'importe, Andre,' continued the charming young widow; 'let my apartment for three thousand francs, and you shall have your commission of five per cent. if to a married couple, without any infantine incumbrances; and three per cent. if to a family; and here are five francs, to drink my health.'

'Alas!' groaned Andre, as he pocketed the silver piece, and promised in a tone of melancholy devotedness, to do his best. That evening, the widow, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*, took up her quarters in a small cottage near the village of Fontenay-aux-Roses, outside the Barriere d'Enfer, and contiguous to the pretty Bois de Meudon, where she resided in the full enjoyment of her independent widowhood till the expiration of the term.

On the 2d of August following, Madame de Y— returned to Paris, and drove to her residence, believing that her apartment, which had been let by the porter, was vacated and ready for her.

'Madame,' said Andre, 'the gentleman has not yet gone.'

'What gentleman, Andre?'

'The lodger, madame—Monsieur de R—, a provincial gentleman, very handsome. Yet it is not my fault, for I informed him, three days ago, that this was up, and that he must go; but he said to me it was all right—it was his affair, and he would square all matters with madame.'

'Go and inform him, Andre, that I have returned, and want my apartment immediately.' 'Useless, madame—completely useless; he's as headstrong as a donkey; he wouldn't listen to me; it's with you alone he wishes to confer.'

'Be it so, Andre; go before, and announce me.'

Madame de Y— was received most graciously and politely by the occupant, who thus addressed her:

'You cannot conceive, madame, how comfortable I find myself in this pretty apartment, and how much I desire to spend in it the remaining time I have to stay in your charming capital, and I fondly hope you will have the goodness to allow me to do so; whatever be your terms I accept them beforehand.'

To this the widow replied somewhat surprised, that she had no terms to propose; she wanted her apartment, and must have it. But greater still was her surprise when she heard the provincial declare his determination to keep it if it were necessary to stand a regular siege. Madame de Y— endeavored, as gently as possible, to make him understand the impropriety of his conduct; but all to no avail, for the *locataire* pleaded his cause with grace, eloquence and wit.

The debate became warmer and warmer, the gentleman losing, and the lady gaining no ground; while Andre slipped away to his lodger, informing his better half that the storm was gathering above. At last, after much speculating on both sides, the gentleman, breaking a pause of apparently deep reflection, spoke again:

'Well, madame,' said he, 'there remains but one way to arrange our little dispute, so as to enable you to resume possession of your delightful residence, without costing me.'

'What is your meaning sir?' demanded the bewildered young widow, looking still more charming in her amazement.

'My meaning is this, madame; my name is Arthur—Baron Arthur de B—. I belong to an old and honorable family—am a bachelor, and two-and-thirty years of age. My estates are worth fifty thousand francs a year; but this I mention merely out of respect to the laws of business; and despite the originality and quackery of my conduct, I am considered a very good-natured person; and upon the whole I flatter myself I am fully capable of making a lady happy. Will you therefore, do me the honor of accepting my hand, and my fortune?'

To this sudden proposal, Madame de Y— replied with dignity; 'Your gift is not in very good taste, sir, and all I can do is to laugh at it.'

'Serious, most serious, madame, I am indeed serious; I beg you to believe it.'

'What, sir! you propose marriage merely that you may not have to give up my apartment?'

'A little upon that account, madame, but still more because of a more overpowering reason; for, among the many considerations I have had the honor of laying before you, there is one I dared not mention, but allow me now to confess it—I love you.'

At this avowal, Madame de Y— blushed to the eyes—what lady, young or old, would not have done so, particularly when the avowal came from a young, handsome, and wealthy man? However she took it in good part, and laughed outright at her interlocutor.

'You are laughing, madame, and however—'

'Your folly provokes my laughter, Monsieur le Baron; I really cannot help it.'

'Nevertheless, madame, I can assure you I am fully master of my reason, or at least of as much of it as remains, subdued as it is by intense passion.'

'What, sir! intense passion at first sight?'

'You forget, madame, that I have now been living three long months in your apartment, and that your portrait, which I now see is an adorable likeness, is hanging up there in the next room. It was the first object which caught my attention on entering, and I have looked and admired it every day since. Now I am captivated by the charms of your beauty alone, for I am well acquainted with your merits every way, your many superior qualities, and your irreproachable character. A man,

however so little versed he may be in womanly affairs, cannot spend three months in a lady's apartment without noticing many things disclosing her habits, her tastes, her feelings. I have been an acute, and perhaps an indiscreet observer, madame, and what I have discovered has captivated my heart forever; that heart I offer to you again, and humbly wait your answer to know my fate.'

There was no bombast, no fanfaronade in the baron's language; it was the resolve of a man who had made up his mind, and was determined to succeed. But the more he urged his suit, the less he advanced in it; till at last the widow signified to him in due form and unmistakable phraseology, that he must instantly shift his quarters—thus giving him his leave, and intimating to him, at the same time, that he must never think of setting foot in her residence again.

'Very well, madame—I withdraw, and will not return till you invite me to do so,' the answer to which parting words was a saucy smile, and a toss of the head, which evidently meant, 'You have long to wait, Monsieur le Baron, before receiving such an invitation.'

However, at the end of a few days, the invitation was sent, and the baron arrived just as the widow had completed making herself more charming than ever.

'What have I been apprised of, sir?' said Madame de Y— to him, as he seated himself in an arm-chair right opposite to her—

'During my absence, you brought my long-pending lawsuit to an amicable arrangement.'

'Why, yes, madame; but you must be neither pleased nor displeased with me on that account, as I acted only in my own interest.'

'How so, if you please, baron?'

'The fact is, lawyer's clerks were calling here with their papers every day, and owing to a heavy and protracted suit I once had myself, I have an utter aversion to every limb of the law, as our allies, Messieurs les Anglais, have it. Being acquainted with your plaintiff, who is a debtor of mine, I made use of my influence over him, and soon got him to forego his unfounded claim; and he made over to me what he called his right. It is, therefore, an affair between him and me. But rest assured, madame, that your delicacy and susceptibility shall never have to complain of my proceedings. Your lawsuit is forever quashed.'

Whereon the baron looked the widow steadfastly but respectfully in the face, and gave no further explanation.

Madame de Y— was somewhat confused; but in spite of herself she was continually forced to think of her ex-tenant. In every room of her apartment he had left some souvenir of his sojourn—poetry, pencilling, songs, music composed by himself, thoughts and maxims, etc., written in her albums and scrap-books. All these gallant attentions seemed most charming to her, while they piqued her curiosity, and when that important part of the female constitution is awakened, other sentiments soon come forth and blossom.

Now it happened that the day after the baron's invited visit, a poor woman, the mother of a family to whom Madame de Y— was in the habit of giving stated pecuniary relief, called to thank her for her last munificent donation, which, she said would keep her and hers for ever.

'You were absent, my too generous benefactress, but I had the honor of meeting here with your husband.'

'My husband!' exclaimed the widow.

'Ah, madame, what an excellent, what a kind-hearted gentleman! Ah, how well you are suited, for you suit each other admirably. Yes, madame, I told him everything, and how kind, how Providence-like you were to me. He seems to love you very much, and how could that be otherwise? 'Good woman,' says your husband to me, madame, 'your benefactress is absent from the time being; but ere she went, she left this with me for you'; and thereon he put into my hands a pocket-book containing bank-notes—a fortune, madame. I was loath to accept it at first, but he would have me take it, although God knows you have already done much for me and my poor fatherless children. Ah, dear madame, how happy you must be with such a husband! But 'tis only the just reward of your excellent heart and Christian virtues. May Heaven bless and preserve you both years to come!'

'Strange, strange, passing strange,' thought the widow. 'Settle my tedious lawsuit—provide for my poor widow and her children—leave some trace of himself everywhere around me! But men are such queer characters, originals now-a-days.' She resolved, however, not to speak to the baron of his generous conduct towards her *protégés*, fearful lest she might betray her *sensibilité* at so noble an action. But another circumstance soon came to light, and caused the baron to be invited suddenly and nervously to call a second time.

This circumstance was as follows:—A young coxcomb, Leopold de R—, imagining he had fallen in love with Madame de Y—, because, living in the house opposite to hers, he had chanced now and then to see her at her balcony before missing her at her departure from her apartment. After many days' anxiety, he determined upon writing her a *billet-doux*, informing her of his own love, and stating that he would call upon her that evening for an answer. Having written his note, he wrapped it up in a small parcel, and jerked it over the balcony into the window. It happened that the baron had just finished the second drop of the newspaper when the parcel dropped into the room. He took it up, and finding no superscription, he opened it and read the following:—*Charmante voisine, for weeks and weeks have I admired you from my window-seat opposite. Oh how supinely happy should I be were you to do me the honor of admitting me to your presence, and allowing me to declare myself, and crave pardon for my presumption. At eight this evening I will call, ask for admission, and learn my fate. Till then, minutes will glide away like years for my impatient heart. Farewell till then, goddess of my adoration—Leopold.'*

He came, and the door was opened to him by the baron in person.

'Is Madame de Y— at home?'

'She is not at home for you.'

'And pray, by what right do you refuse me admission?'

'Methinks that right is very evident.'

'And you are here in her apartment?'

'True; but for the time being it is mine.'

The dialogue went rapidly on from gross words to challenge, and on the morrow a duel took place in one of the coppice-woods of the Bois de Boulogne.

This time, Madame de Y— had every reason, she thought, for blaming the baron's conduct; so, another invitation was sent to him, which he duly attended to.

'How is this, Monsieur le Baron?' said the widow, in tremulous and reproachful accents—'expose your life with such a puppy—a life so useful, so precious! I cannot but think you more foolish than wise.'

'I confess, madame, that I was wrong; but I merely wanted to put the young puppy as you justly call him, in his right place, and save you for ever from his importunities. He scratched me, but I gave him a gentle sword-thrust which will prevent him from annoying you for some time to come. Was that not a service worth having, my charming landlady?'

'Yes, but at such a price!—the risk of your own life and my reputation. Baron, what will my friends think of me after this? You have compromised me terribly by your generous, your noble, your magnanimous conduct.'

'Tis true, very true, my dear lady, and I now begin to see I acted too rashly upon the impulse of the moment; and that, in fact, I owe you a reparation.'

Madame de Y— thought so likewise.

'Well, my dear baron,' said she, proffering her hand, 'since it was to be, it must be, so let it be—we are friends.'

'And, my affianced,' cried the enamored baron, fondly pressing to his lips the widow's lily-white fingers. And the marriage-day? When?'

'O dear me, what a man! In a month hence, and the compact was sealed.'

A SONG.

BY J. G. WHITFIELD.

(Whatever his politics, no man can fail to admire this splendid song, by one of the finest of American poets. It is from the National Era, Washington, D. C.)

Beneath thy skies, November!
Thy skies of cold and rain,
Around our blazing camp-fires,
We close our ranks again.

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

For God be praised I New England
Takes once more her ancient place;
Again the Pilgrim's banner
Leads the vanguard of the race.

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Along the lonely Hudson
A shout of triumph breaks;
The Empire State is speaking,
From the ocean to the lakes.

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

The Northern hills are blazing,
The Northern skies are bright;
And the fair young West is turning
Her forehead to the light!

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Push every outpost nearer,
Press hard the hostile towers!
Another Bataklava,
And the Malakoff is ours!

Then sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

But keep the same old banner,
For none can better be;
Pass on the same old watchword:
FREEDOM AND VICTORY!

And sound again the bugles,
Call the battle-roll anew;
If months have well-nigh won the field,
What may not four years do?

Mr. Jefferson's Account of Patrick Henry.

Patrick Henry was originally a bar-keeper. He was married very young, and going into some business on his own account, was a bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen I left the school here, to go to the college at Williamsburg. I stopped a few days at a friend's in the County of Louisa.

There I first saw and became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some question arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with that institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight, at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practice law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequently to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners—Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph and John Randolph. Wythe and Pendleton at once rejected his application. The two Randolphs, by his importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turned out for a practicing lawyer. The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before the Committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons case, already well known. These and similar efforts soon obtained for him so much reputation, that he was elected a member of the Legislature.

He was as well suited to the times as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what he should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the spirit of the Revolution. His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties, and his boldness and their votes overruled and controlled the more cool or the timid aristocratic gentlemen of the lower part of the State. His eloquence was peculiar, if indeed it should be called eloquence, for it was impressive and sublime, beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult, when he had spoken, to tell what he had said, yet, while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion—had produced a great effect, and I myself had been highly delighted and moved, I have asked myself when he ceased: 'What the devil has he said?' I could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice free and manly. His utterance neither very fast nor very slow. His speech generally short—from a quarter to a half an hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten while he was speaking.

He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort; he read nothing, and had no books. Returning one November from Albemarle-county, he borrowed of me *Hume's Essays*, in two volumes, saying he should have leisure in the winter for reading. In the Spring he re-

turned, and declared he had not been able to go further than twenty or thirty pages in the first volume. He wrote almost nothing—he could not write. The resolutions of '75 which have been ascribed to him, have by many been supposed to have been written by Mr. Johnson, who acted as his second on that occasion; but if they were written by Henry himself, they are not such as to prove any power of composition. Neither in politics nor in his profession was he a man of business; he was a man for debate only. His biographer says that he read *Plutarch* every year. I doubt whether he ever read a volume of it in his life. His temper was excellent, and he generally observed decorum in debate. On one or two occasions I have seen him angry, and his anger was terrible; those who witnessed it were not disposed to rouse it again. In his opinion he was yielding and practical, and not disposed to differ from his friends. In private conversation he was agreeable and facetious, and while in genteel society, appeared to understand all the decencies and proprieties of it; but, in his heart, he preferred low society, and sought it as often as possible. He would hunt in the pine-woods of Pluvanna, with overcoats, and people of that description, living in a camp for a fortnight at a time without a change of raiment. I have often been astonished at his command of proper language; how he attained a knowledge of it I never could find out, as he read so little and conversed little with educated men. After all it must be allowed that he was our leader in the measures of the Revolution, in Virginia. In that respect more was due to him than to any other person. If we had not had him we should probably have got on pretty well, as you did, by a number of men of nearly equal talents, but he left us all far behind. His biographer set the sheets of his work to me as they were printed, and at the end asked for my opinion. I told him it would be a question hereafter, whether his work should be placed on the shelf of history or of panegyric. It is a poor book, written in a bad taste, and gives so imperfect an idea of Patrick Henry, that it seems intended to show off the writer more than the subject of the work.—[Correspondence of Daniel Webster.]

A NOVEL WRITER'S SYMPATHY.—The following anecdote of Eugene Sue, author of the 'Mysteries of Paris,' and other popular French novels, is from a Paris correspondent of one of the Boston papers:

Not many months since, Sue used to visit almost daily, one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Madame de D—, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

'Do you ever relieve their distress?' asked Madame de D— at the close of one of these harangues.

'To a trifling extent,' answered Sue; 'but though my gifts are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms.'

'That afternoon as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity.'

'Go away,' was the stern reply.

'But I am starving; give me a single copper to purchase bread with!'

'I will give you in charge of a police officer, if you thus annoy me.'

'You will!' said the beggar, 'and yet Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor; you are the working man's champion; you are.'

'Who are you?' exclaimed Sue.

'Madame de D—,' was the reply; and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his own reflections.

SOUTH CAROLINA MANNERS.—On Tuesday evening last, in compliance with the courteous and complimentary invitation of several of the leading citizens of the city, including some well-known Republicans, William Gilmore Simms, Esq., a distinguished *littérateur* of South Carolina, appeared before a New York audience to deliver the first of a course of lectures upon themes more or less connected with the history of the Southern States.

Under such circumstances it might naturally have been expected that the lecturer would at least forbear to insult his audience by indecent party and sectional allusions. In violation, however, of the proprieties which gentlemen who are so unfortunate as to have been born out of the limits of South Carolina usually regard as sacred, Mr. Simms, in the very commencement of his lecture, illustrated the manners of the plantation by alluding to Senator Sumner as an 'ass' and a 'reptile.' In spite of this and other indecencies, he was heard patiently to the end. Suppose a Northern man—Emerson for example—standing before a Charleston audience, and venturing to apply to Preston S. Brooks epithets which should convey the indignation and disgust generally felt at the North in view of his brutal assault upon the accomplished Senator from Massachusetts; in what manner would such an allusion probably be received? Might not the speaker deem himself fortunate if he escaped without a coat of tar and feathers—nay, if he was not even assassinated on the spot? Verily, the imprudence and audacity of Southern men has no parallel, save in the cringing servility of the North.—[Anti Slavery Standard.]

The Wm. Gilmore Simms above alluded to, is the author of a very popular series of works, illustrating the revolutionary history of the South; and we are very sorry that a gentleman who has required so enviable a reputation in an honorable pursuit, should degrade himself to such an extent, as it appears Mr. Simms has. But it is a matter of his own; let him make a fool of himself if he chooses.

[Temperance Journal.]

WHERE TO STICK A POSTAGE STAMP.—The upper, right hand corner is the place for the stamp. There, it is readily seen when the clerk is running over his pile of letters, and there the mailing stamp serves to obliterate the postage stamp. But if placed upon the other end of the letter the stamp is not easily seen; and besides, the clerk is obliged to stamp twice, once in order to deface the head, and once to impress the post office date stamp. Letter writers, if they would avoid giving extra trouble to the clerks, will govern themselves accordingly.—[Boston Herald.]

Hon. Miss Murray, formerly of the Queen's household, the lady who was enamored of slavery—and who wrote a very silly book—has contributed £5 for the relief of the sufferers in Kansas.

THE NORTH.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

Cold Northern Land! I promptly dwell
Among the icy hills of snow;
And near thy streams, whose currents swell
And shrink by turns, as overflows
And sink the lakes which are their source,
My free-born kindred dwell. The Sun,
In all his high and exulting course,
Looks not on all the lands, on one
So fair as thou, in all thy vales,
On all thy heights, what splendor glows,
While Winter's King rides on his gates,
And Winter's Sun shines on thy snows.

Thou hast not gold, nor sea-like plains;
Nor fields adorned through all the year
With fruit and flowers. Thy children's games
Are only won with toil. The snow
And crimson show of Autumn's morn,
Thy seed-time and thy Summer's heat
Soon follow; so that he who corn
Would reap where he has sown, who wheat
Would gather into barns, must haste,
Ere Winter comes with arid roar,
To make thy whole domain a waste
Of snow and frost with aspect hoar.

Yet, rugged land! to thee I cling!
My ear is deaf to tales of gold
The sea-fowl, that, with tireless wing,
Hastes from the North zone's frozen mold,
And dies to ready southern shores,
Hath power I love not. My heart
Would soar at sight of men with scores
Of slaves; and bid me shun all part
In ease, won by the bondman's toil.

With thee I live in love with man;
I win repose upon thy soil;
And fear not tyrant's frown nor ban.

In sturdy strength, thy yeoman laugh,
When tough winds blow from Labrador;
And health, with jocular hearts, thy quaff,
From arms that chill the Equinox;
And by Katahdin, stern and bold,
And by Penobscot's frozen tide,
And north the North Star, bright and cold,
The noble bondman's friend and guide,
They feed their fires, and spread their boards,
Untroubled by the despot's sin—
Secure from slaves and savage hordes—
With room to let the captive in.

NUMBER OF SLAVEHOLDERS.—From the returns of the last Census, the following facts are derived, which will be surprising to many readers. They show that comparatively a very small part of the people of the Southern States are holders of slaves. The comparison here made is suggestive, and leads us naturally to the reflection that the number must be diminishing with the increase of population.

States. Slaveholders in each. White population.

Alabama, 29,295 426,514

Arkansas, 5,999 162,189

District of Columbia, 1,477 37,941

Delaware, 809 71,169

Florida, 3,520 47,203

Georgia, 38,456 521,572

Kentucky, 38,385 761,413

Louisiana, 20,670 255,491

Maryland, 16,040 417,913

Mississippi, 23,116 295,719

Missouri, 19,185 592,004

North Carolina, 28,302 552,028

South Carolina, 25,596 774,593

Tennessee, 33,864 756,836

Texas, 7,747 154,404

Virginia, 55,063 894,800

Total, 347,525 6,222,418

THE OSTEND POLICY.—The Washington Union prefigures the policy of the new Administration towards Cuba in the following paragraph:—

'The government of the U. States has never interfered, and we feel assured never will interfere with the internal affairs of Mexico or Central America, for any other purpose than that of contracting the intrigues and encroachments of foreign powers, and fostering their new born freedom. With respect to Cuba, the case is quite different; nor do we think it will injure the reputation of Mr. Buchanan or any other American statesman, to be suspected of a desire to emancipate that fine island from colonial servitude, and (if such is the wish of the inhabitants) to admit it as a member of the confederation. It is not fit that the key to the Gulf of Mexico should be in the hands of an enemy, or one who is the mere tool of an enemy. The North and West, equally with the South, are deeply interested in this question, which seems to be sleeping now, but which, we opine will never die.'

DR. KANE.—Dr. Kane has been received with much favor in England. Mitchell's Maritime Register, published in London, concludes an article in relation to his services as follows:—

'We quite agree in the justice and policy of conferring public honor on deeds of high enterprise. It is such men as Dr. Kane—modest, heroic, and skilful—whom a nation delights to glorify; and if not a citizen of this country, he might fairly be enrolled as such by having the freedom of the City of London conferred upon him. No man better deserves such an honor. No man has more skillfully conducted hazardous undertakings to a successful issue, and few have late years added more important discoveries to our geographical stores of knowledge. On the map of Arctic researches the name of Kane will ever stand prominent in connection with Franklin and Parry, Ross, Collinson, McClure, Ingfield, and the other eminent explorers who have distinguished themselves in the field of Arctic discovery. And long may the two principal Maritime nations compete in such useful fields of enterprise, until the lands and ocean channels of the globe shall be accurately defined, for the information of science and the guidance of Mariners.'

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.—Among the Republican members of Congress chosen in Illinois, by a triumphant vote, we are glad to note the name of Owen P. Lovejoy. Nineteen years ago he was murdered—shot down—by the pro-slavery mob of Alton, while defending the freedom of the press. Now, Owen Lovejoy, maintaining the same principles for which his brother was hunted down and slain like a beast of prey, is elected to Congress by 7,000 majority. What a marvelous change in public sentiment! We venture the prediction that Illinois will have no able Representative than Owen Lovejoy. He will stand as peer among the first throughout the Union.—[Pittsburg Gazette.]

Mr. Benton last evening, by lecturing on the Union to a Boston audience, 'brought coals to Newcastle.' New England loves the Union just as devotedly, and we think, a little more intelligently than he does. So far, at least, as his power extends, she will see that it receives no harm. What seemed most singular to us was that Mr. Benton while deploring the con-

THE SOUTH

S. CIAN,
Foster's.

