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The Northern Galaxy

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lawyer's Bride.

BY MISS S. A. HILL.

From the Freeman and Visitor.
'Jane Sullivan is really going to be married,' said Hannah Piersol, entering my room one bright morning.
'Ay, when is the important event going to take place, and who is to be the bridegroom?'
'Why, as to the time we are not certified, but John Fulson is the gentleman.'

'Why, I thought Emma Green was his betrothed. I hope our young lawyer is not a coquetish gentleman.'

'Emma dismissed him; she thought his habits were not good, and that a man who would not lay aside his pipes and pipes, to please a young lady, would not be liable to do it to gratify a wife; she therefore requested him to discontinue his visits.'

'Wisely done, too; but is lawyer Fulson intemperate? I never heard it suggested before. He is esteemed a smart enterprising man.'

'Yes, but he does sometimes dip into the forbidden cup, too deep for his own good, and he smokes tobacco constantly.'

'That is very disagreeable, but not so deleterious as the other habit. Strange that in the present age of reform, a young man of enterprise should fall into such excesses.'

'I think Jane ought to understand that he is addicted to these things, for it will be too bad for her to marry him,—she is so sensitive, it will certainly kill her, if she finds her husband is a drunkard.'

'She will make the discovery before she is married; however, you might casually drop a watchword to place her upon her guard.'

'I do not like to interfere in such an affair, yet, certainly, Jane ought to know,—I reckon I know how to fix it.'

'How Hannah! you know Jane is so plain-hearted she would be as liable to ask him the question as any way.'

'Not quite;—but Jane, you know has somewhat of a tincture of enterprise and romance in her composition; now if I can prevail upon her, to enter upon my scheme, she will find out her character, by her own observation, without my actual assistance.'

'What mad project have you in view now?'
'Be patient, and you will find out? I am afraid you could not keep the secret, and by getting air the whole would be lost.' So saying, the gay laughing-loving girl ran out of the room, and in a few moments I saw her enter Mrs. Sullivan's residence, who with her only daughter, Jane, had a few moments before come into our village to reside. Mrs. Sullivan was a widow; of a numerous family, Jane alone was spared to be a solace and comfort to her declining years. One by one her brothers and sisters had dropped into the grave, and she alone remained. Reared in affluence, her every wish a law, it might have been expected that she would have been self-willed, but on the contrary it was remarked by her acquaintances, that none were more mild and amiable than Jane Sullivan; and all valued the acquisition into our village circle, when the young, gay, and wealthy heiress, entered the group. Jane was peculiarly diffident of her own abilities; but she had that love of romance which would often carry her into a frolic, from which she otherwise would have instinctively shrunk. Hannah Piersol was a gay, lively girl, of great energy, and full confidence in her own powers; she knew that she possessed the ability to do whatever she chose; and was therefore often led into scenes of life, from which young ladies are generally excluded.

On the evening of the day, in which she had called upon me, she entered our parlor, and after a few casual remarks, she inquired of a gentleman present, how soon the Court sat at Clifton?

'Next week, Thursday,' was the reply.
'Is it expected Lawyer Fulson will be there?'

'Yes, he is certainly expected to be there; he is counsel in a number of cases; and if he should happen to be himself, he will undoubtedly do well. I fear, however, he will not resist the temptations which will present themselves. He is, I am afraid, in the road to ruin.'

Hannah soon took her leave. I could form no conception of what plan she was forming; I was certain, however, there was something in view, connected with the Clifton Court.

Next Tuesday morning, the stage coach drove up to Mrs. Sullivan's door, and two respectable aged women entered the house, while their baggage was deposited on the rack. Supposing them to be some company of the family, I thought no more of it, till I understood by some passing friends, that casually dropped in, that neither Hannah Piersol, or Jane Sullivan could be found; they had gone off on an excursion somewhere,—no one knew whether. The thought flashed on my mind in a moment, that they were gone to Clifton. I could hardly restrain my impatience to learn the result. Five days passed—when the wheels of the stage again rattled along the street, and stopped again at the dwelling house of Mrs. Sullivan; the same old ladies alighted, one of them hobbled on a cane towards the house, while the other adjusted the spectacles to count out the money to pay their fare. Surely these could not be the girls; in a few moments, however, I heard the merry laugh of Hannah, ringing forth from the house, and impatient to learn the result, donned my bonnet and shawl, and sped over to hear the report. When

I entered the parlor, two old ladies arose to greet me, attired in rather coarse, but perfectly tidy apparel, with their neat muslin caps tied under their chins by a broad black ribbon, which passed over the top, while their iron-rimmed spectacles were confined on the outside by a strip of tape; their old-fashioned gowns were faded, but perfectly neat. The Misses Jones, said Mrs. Sullivan, while I returned their 'how d'ye do's,' with all courtesy and taking the proffered seat began to inquire about their journey, when from one of the poor infirm old ladies, I heard the lively laugh of Hannah Piersol, while Jane Sullivan's voice coming from the other showed at once who the Misses Jones were. 'Ah, Kate, you may well be deceived,' said Jane, 'for no one has known us since we left home, and you know that a great many of our villagers went over to court at the same time we started.'—'And you have really been to Clifton?' 'Really, and surely,' said Hannah; 'but Jane, we must change our dress, or the secret will get out. Kate, you must give us the right hand of fellowship, and not for the life of you, say a word about the Misses Jones, and when we come down we will tell you the whole story; come Jane.'

When the girls were gone, Mrs. Sullivan said, 'those are sad girls, Kate, but they are so full of frolic that they must have some fun. I was terribly afraid they would be found out; but did they not make capital old ladies; how well Jane limped off, and complained of her rheumatism. Hannah can do anything she tries; how I want to hear the story; hear they come.'

'Now for the adventures of the old ladies.'
'Well, Hannah must be the narrator, for she did all the talking; I could not say a word, all I did was to take snuff, and have the rheumatism,' said Jane.

'To begin then, we understood that Mr. Fulson was not to go till Thursday morning; so we started, as we supposed, in season to get there, and be located before he should arrive, but judge of our surprise, when we found ourselves seated exactly opposite him in the coach. Certainly expected to be detected, but poor Jane got the veil over her face, and I suppose went to sleep, for she did not speak once till we got to Clifton; but left me to do all the talking; and I never knew Fulson to be more sociable. He inquired very particularly about all the whys and wherefores of our visit to Mrs. Sullivan, and then began to refer to Miss Jane. He thought her a very fine young lady. I said she was a very good girl,—he esteemed her as very amiable and intelligent,—I liked her for being good-natured,—he wondered whether she was going to be married,—I guessed not,—did she have many calls from the gentleman? Why there was a Mr. Fulson, a young lawyer, I said, that called there a number of times, and I reckoned that Jane liked him well enough, and I guess he liked her, but it was all over with now. Why so said he. Why here came in one morning, a rattle-headed girl, that they called Hannah, and she told Jane a lockram story about John Fulson's being intemperate, and how he smoked all the time; and that sometimes he got so bad in consequence of drinking, that he could not attend to his business, and folks were afraid that he would disgrace himself if he went over to court at Clifton.'

'What did Jane say to it?' said he, and his face was as crimson as a red rose. 'Why, she looked sober, and said she was very sorry,—for Mr. Fulson was a fine young man, but he might now give up all thoughts of marrying her, for she would never marry a man that used strong spirits, and as to smoking that was next to it, and she almost cried when she repeated it—I will never wed John Fulson,—and then Hannah told her that perhaps he would leave it off: she had better talk with him about it, and she thought she would speak about it to him, but she would never think of him again only as an acquaintance.' Well, he looked quite sober, and did not seem to want to talk any more, and when he called to the hotel where they changed horses, he would not go into the bar-room, but stood on the piazza; and when he met an acquaintance who invited him to go in and take a glass of wine, he refused. 'What is the matter, John?' said he, 'why, I never knew you to refuse a glass of spirits before.' 'I am almost a temperance man,' said Fulson.—'What has turned your mind so suddenly? I should think it was time for a young man to begin to alter his course when one young lady turns him off because he is intemperate, and another is just going to dismiss him for the same reason.' You see now, Mr. Sullivan, that our plan of employing him as a counsel would not do, and as it would be of no use for us to call at Clifton, we went on as far as the Springs, and then returned by the next stage, and if we have not had a novel time, I am mistaken. It was, I am sure, romantic enough for Jane.'

'Well done, Miss Hannah,' exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, 'you are quite a heroine.'
'But mother,' said Jane, 'if you could only have heard Hannah's voice tremble, and seen how she took snuff while talking with Mr. Fulson, you would have laughed outright, I am certain I had to try hard to keep sober and grave.'

'Poor Fulson,' said Hannah, 'I fear I have got his last vengeance fixed upon me. But I am used to the storm; it will blow over, I think, but surely, there is Mr. Fulson coming in. Now girls,—Jane,—act as ever, and don't for mercy's sake say a word about going away. If he knows the old ladies have come back, you know that they have laid down to rest.' 'Mrs. Sullivan, how is your health?'

said the young lawyer, entering the room; 'good afternoon, Miss Jane, Miss Piersol, a fine day; how are you, Miss Kate?'

'When did you return from Clifton?' inquired Jane.

'Yesterday. We did not have as many cases as we do sometimes, and I hastened home as soon as I could be spared.'

'You are more prompt in your return than usual,' remarked Hannah; 'perchance you have some attraction at home.'

'Perhaps so,' said Fulson, 'I may have learned to place a greater value on my time than formerly.'

'I believe young lawyers assume the privilege of having a glass after the duties of court session are past.'

'True! Miss Piersol, that has been the custom, and I may say my practice heretofore; but I hope I have chosen a wiser course now. When I review my past conduct, I wonder at my infatuation in so long indulging in habits which had well nigh proved my destruction.'

'What day did you go to Clifton?' inquired Mrs. Sullivan.

'Tuesday last; and I had the company of your relatives, the Misses Jones, as far as Clifton. I shall owe them my lasting gratitude in arresting my attention, to look back upon the course I have pursued in times past. Miss Jane, may I solicit your company for a few moments?'

Months rolled on, when one morning a card was handed me, which upon perusing I found to be an invitation to a wedding at Mrs. Sullivan's.

At the appointed hour of attendance, I arrived there, and was ushered into the parlor, which had been recently furnished in the most elegant manner. A large company was present. Soon the bride and bridegroom appeared, in the persons of Mr. Fulson and Miss Sullivan; the ceremony was performed, and the congratulations of the guests were heaped upon the lovely bride and her noble looking companion.

'How I wish your cousins, the Misses Jones were here to witness this ceremony, and my happiness, as the result of their conversation in the stage coach,' said Fulson to Jane.

'They are here, but were fearful you might construe their remarks harshly, and declined on that account to come down. If you wish, Hannah and I will summon them.'

'Certainly, I wish to see them, and tender them my heartfelt thanks for their endeavors, which were no less useful, because I was in need of them.'

Hannah and Jane retired to assist the infirm ladies in their descent from the chamber to the parlor, and in a few moments we heard the clatter of the rheumatic old lady's cane upon the stairs, and the treble pained voice of the other sister announced that they were approaching. Fulson advanced to the door to greet them. He almost confounded them by his thanks and protestations of eternal gratitude, for their inestimable service, which had snatched him from destruction, as a brand from the burning fire. The poor old ladies hardly knew what to say, but were very glad if they had done any good, and were very happy to have him for a cousin, &c. Just then Mrs. Sullivan entered the room, exclaiming, 'where are Jane and Hannah?'

'Here,—here,' ejaculated the Misses Jones, springing to their feet, and flinging their snuff boxes, cane and spectacles from them, to the perfect amazement of the bridegroom, who could hardly comprehend the sudden transformation of his lovely wife, from a decrip old lady.

'My guardian angel,' said he, folding his arms round his bosom, 'what do I not owe you?'

'Not anything, John. It was all Hannah, she planned it all, and I did nothing but what she told me.'

'My sister spirit,' said he kissing the forehead of Miss Piersol, 'be to me still a directing guiding friend.'

Mr. and Mrs. Fulson are still alive, and never has Jane found occasion to regret her ride to Clifton in the stage coach. Hannah still remains their warmest friend; and many and happy are the hours which she passes under the roof of her friends. Jane still retains enough romance in her nature to paint all life's varied scenes with raptures, and also she has experienced heavy trials, having followed her mother and several little ones forward to the church yard, yet she looks onward to future life with calmness and hope; and her husband, kind, respected and prosperous, has never given her cause to repent the promise which bound her as the Lawyer's Bride.

East Randolph, Vt.

War between the Mexicans and Indians—One Hundred and fifty Killed and wounded.

By an arrival at New Orleans from Tampico, with intelligence to the 26th October, we have accounts of several disastrous engagements between the Mexicans and the Camanche and Tahacanos Indians.—The latter, it would seem, made an incursion among the Mexicans and carried off a large number of women and children. We have not the particulars of this fight unfortunately observes the N. O. Picayune, but it must have been very severe, as we have a list of the names of 46 Mexicans killed upon the field and 22 wounded. This fight occurred some time prior to the 9th of October, near the Pasa de los Moros, in the district or precinct of Reynosa. Contemporarily with this, at the rancho of Cosmoros, 22 were shot or burned in the house attached to the rancho, and many women and children carried off captives.

On the 17th of October another engagement took place. There were, according to Mexican accounts, upwards of 400 Indians engaged in this. The affair lasted over two hours, a lively fire being kept up all the while. The Indians then abandoned the field, giving up the 55 Mexicans, women and children, whom they had previously carried off captives, a quantity of muskets, and some horses which they had stolen. Twenty of the Indians were left dead upon the field, while many more were believed to have been carried off in the flight, according to Indian usage, both dead and wounded. Immediate steps were taken by the sub-

fect of Ceynos to raise a sufficient force to cut off the retreat of the savages, who retired by the way of the North. The Mexican editors pretend that upon several of the Indians were found medals of silver, with the bust of Mr. Van Buren upon them, and on the reverse the arms of the United States. This they imagine to be a sign of the utmost significance of the hostile designs of the country upon their own. How idle the supposition we need not say.

TEMPERANCE.

For the Northern Galaxy.

I have observed the late calls of County Conventions for the purpose of nominating candidates for County Commissioners under the new License Law; one of which was addressed to "those who are in favor of a well-regulated and judicious system of licensing," and who "will not submit to the dictation of ultraists on either side." As the proceedings of this latter Convention have not yet been published, I am not able to speak of the character of this movement, only as it is shadowed forth in the call referred to. When the proceedings shall be published, they will be open to examination. In the mean time, as the call of that Convention was evidently intended to draw a portion of the friends of Temperance into the support of men for Commissioners who will license the opening of establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors, under the idea of acting judiciously, and avoiding ultraism, I beg leave to submit a few remarks for their consideration.

I do not now address those who have been in the habit of selling, and who wish to continue to sell intoxicating liquors. I expect they will continue to sell, regardless of consequences to the community, until prevented by the execution of the penalties of law.—But I address myself to the friends of Temperance—those who really desire to see the use of intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, discontinued—who believe that the community would be better off without them, and who are desirous of preventing by all means necessary to occupy any space in undertaking to prove that such use is an evil—tending to waste the estates, impair the health and injuriously affect the morals of the community. If there are any who honestly believe that such is not its tendency, I shall leave them to reconcile that position, as best they can, with the facts which the Temperance discussions have brought out and established.

The friends of Temperance in the County of Addison are asked to give their sanction to a "well-regulated and judicious system" of opening establishments for the sale of liquors that intoxicates. "Well regulated and judicious!" Let us look at this. We have a statute relating to "offences against the public health," which subjects "every person who shall knowingly sell any kind of diseased, corrupted, or unwholesome provisions, whether for meat or drink," to a penalty of \$300.—Suppose that instead of a penalty of \$300, the penalty of legislation in this regard, to the people of this County to control the matter of the sale of such "meat and drink," and they should be asked to sanction a "well-regulated and judicious system" of licensing such sale, what would they think of it? Who indeed, would be willing to take the responsibility of calling a public meeting to consider such a proposition? And yet we have a call (not directly to any body) asking the people of this County to assemble together for the express purpose of authorizing the absurdity of a "well-regulated and judicious" system of opening establishments to tempt men, not only to throw away their money for that which will not profit them, but to indulge in the use, as a beverage, of liquors that intoxicate—that tend to impair health, corrupt morals, break the peace, make families wretched, invite to the commission of crimes, waste estates, make widows and orphans, and create a host of ills more. How greatly does the danger of granting such licenses exceed that of licensing these of "diseased, corrupted, or unwholesome provisions." The effects of the consumption of such provisions would, generally, very soon admonish the consumers to purchase no more, and would even drive the community, for all the purposes of trade, from every establishment where they should have been sold. And especially if nature, recoiling at the thought of such substances, should cast them from the nauseated stomach, would men be admonished of the danger, and take heed against renewed exposure to them. But not so with the intoxicating beverage. Every draft of it begets a thirst—too often, alas! irresistible—for another and a deeper one.—Yea, the very sight and smell of the poisonous liquor, which, in case of the corrupted unwholesome "meat or drink" would often warn and deter from their use, does, in this case, irresistibly tempt to a further use, even in the face of the most terrible warnings of the fatal consequences of indulgence. And then the unwholesome food, if used, would act only on the body, while the intoxicating liquor strikes with its insidious but deadly influence, at the nobler part of man, blunting the moral sensibilities and brutalizing the heart, often long, very long, before it consigns the body to the drunkard's grave.

The total illustration of my idea in regard to the "well regulated and judicious system" of licensing establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors by considering some other things prohibited by our Statutes; as for example gambling, the keeping of implements of gaming by innkeepers, and the selling or distributing of obscene prints, books or pamphlets. But it is only necessary to make these bare references, to enable any one to see at a glance, how absurd it would be to talk of a well regulated and judicious system of licensing in such cases. Well, have the legislatures prohibited in all these cases; but with no more reason than should the temperance, under the existing law, prohibit the sale for a beverage, of intoxicating liquors.—The truth is, that the only well regulated and judicious system, applicable to these cases, is prohibition. Regulate? why I would as soon think of regulating the introduction of the small pox, or the cholera. The only safe 'regulation' in regard to them, is to keep them out of the community, and if a case of the small pox happens in spite of all our precautions, to get among us, to shut it up in the abodes of men. So should we do with rum, brandy, gin, wine, and strong beer.—Of course I say nothing, because the law does not, though I think the apple had better be useful nourishment than for the mere purpose of exhilaration, and as an introduction to the dominions of King Alcohol with his grim visage, his iron sceptre, and his remorseless rule.

But what is a well regulated and judicious system of licensing the sale of intoxicating

liquors? The 'many' by whose request the call in question professes to have been made, have not told us. It may have reference to the number of establishments, or the extent to which the persons licensed shall be allowed to sell. Shall there be one establishment only in each town? If there are to be any, why restrain to one? Let the spirit of anti-monopoly answer this question. Why should retailing be confined to one merchant, or even to two, say in Middlebury? And if the privilege is granted to any, then why withhold it in Cornwall and New Haven and Salisbury, or any other town in the county? Why should one or two merchants in Middlebury have the advantage with regard to general trade which a monopoly in the sale of intoxicating liquors for a beverage would give them? Begin as we may, our 'well regulated and judicious system' will, in time, embrace every applicant who will pay the license money. We shall slide inevitably into the old system, under which every man sold and drank as much as seemed good in his own eyes. The same remark is true with regard to taverns. And even if you have but one tavern and one retailer in a town, that is enough to make drunkards, to fill the poor houses with paupers, and to send annually, a corps of recruits to the state prison. I speak of taverns in distinction from inns, which may be licensed under the new law, for the public accommodation, but without the right to sell intoxicating liquors. Of this distinction I shall speak hereafter.

But the well regulated and judicious "system" may have reference to the individuals to whom intoxicating liquors shall be sold, and the quantity that shall be sold to each. And who is to determine to whom liquor shall be sold, and how much? This law fixes no limit, the commissioners can fix none. And experience has shown that there will be none short of the beastly drunkenness of some, the steady "soaking" of more, and the occasional indulgence which leads on to the confirmed habit of a vastly greater number. I would as soon think of letting loose a menagerie of ferocious animals, and relying for safety on a "well regulated and judicious system" of watching and cornering them, as to think of securing the community from the evils of intemperance by a "regulated and judicious system" of licensing establishments for the sale of intoxicating liquors. Much has been done, it is true, in advancing the temperance reform, while those establishments have been kept open; but everybody knows that the reform cannot be consummated until caprice, shall be compelled to remove the temptation from the sight of its victims. And this none know better than those who have put forth the call to which I have alluded, and who profess to take moderate ground, and avoid ultraism. What they are aiming at, is to get the friends of temperance to come to their aid, and once more open the flood-gates of licensed intemperance upon this community. Will the friends of temperance suffer themselves to be caught in this snare? We shall see.

A. B.

P. S. I shall hereafter have something to say upon the construction which is given by some to the new license law, by which it is made to be imperative upon the commissioners to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and also upon the "judicious" movement in the temperance reform in this county, which would be effected by the giving of licenses, under such a construction, and the effect of such retrograde movement of the county of Addison upon the cause of temperance generally in this State.

A. B.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—The following extract of a letter from LANAI, (Sandwich Islands) gives an account of a horrible occurrence which happened at a neighboring island, dated March 23d, 1844.

'You will have heard from Captain Green of the Ontario, that three men deserted from him last Friday night. Today, two of them returned; they were brought to the United States Consulate Agency, and made one of the most horrible statements I ever heard.

'They, as they say, hired a boat of three natives on Friday evening, and started for Hawaii. There were three in the boat, viz. Walter G. Pike of N. Y., Robt. McCarty, New York City, and Jacob Van Clief, of Middletown Point, N. J.—the latter colored man. They pulled all Friday night, Saturday, Sunday and their nights, and became exhausted, and were unable to pull any longer.

'On Tuesday they drifted on the rocks at Lanai, and having been without food or fresh water, the whole time and having drunk salt water, they were in a state of starvation. They were not able to get up the pali (precipice), and agreed to cast lots to see who should die for the other two. The lot fell on Van Clief, who was killed by blows on the head with a stone. They then cut his arm and throat, and drank his blood; after which, they cut a piece from his arm, and ate it.

'After they became strengthened, they got up the pali, and met with some natives, who gave them food, and brought them across the island, and to this place in canoes. The natives have been examined, and confirm the statement made by the men. The dead body was found, as they described, and buried by them.

The Governor will send to Lanai tomorrow for the women they first saw after landing, and for the remains of the boat.'

Another letter states that these men were tried for murder, and acquitted, and subsequently tried for stealing the boat, and fined \$80 and costs.—Having no means of paying the fine, they were working it out on the public roads.—New Bedford Mercury.

It is now said Hon. John M. Clayton will be returned to the U. S. Senator from Delaware, in place of Mr. Bayard, also whig. Mr. Clayton is one of the ablest men.

Dr. Anson Jones, President elect of Texas, was formerly a school master in the upper part of the town of Wheeling, Va.

A jury in Philadelphia has given \$6,479 damage for the mob burning of the Catholic Nunnery in Philadelphia. The city pays.

In the Tribune of yesterday is an excellent letter from the Hon. J. B. Kennedy of Baltimore, to the President of the Young Men's Henry Clay Association of New York city, in answer to a note informing him that he had been elected an honorary member of that Association. It is dated Nov. 21. The editor of the Tribune says he esteem the letter "above all praise." He dissents only upon one point—that relating to the Naturalization Laws. There will be found to be a considerable difference of opinion among Whigs upon this subject; but not so much as to divide them we imagine, for the attempted reform would fail. But many think that the present Naturalization Laws are well enough if honestly carried out,—they complain only of fraudulent foreign voters. Others think the term of residence before naturalization, should be 21 years; and others again think this unreasonable, and that the extension of the present time to three or five years more, would be all that is necessary. We doubt not that the honest minded will all ultimately arrive at satisfactory conclusions, and we earnestly hope will be successful in their efforts at just reform.

Mr. Kennedy goes for the Whig party and all the principles for which it so gallantly contended in the recent contest. His language is, "stand firm upon your present organization; Fight no—fight no! until you have plucked up the drowned head of the country by the locks."

We extract a few paragraphs from his admirable letter as follows:

"We may all gather consolation in this disaster, from the generous alacrity with which every true Whig in the land renews his vows of devotion to his country in this hour of peril. We have lost our battle, it is true. Our present hopes have been crushed in a great national calamity; but the spirit of the Whigs has not been crushed, and we look steadfastly forward to the rising of a brighter day, when the still persevering exertions of our friends may retrieve the shattered fortunes of the Republic. * * *

In the midst of this general sorrow which pervades the ranks of the Whigs, we are not without topics of joy and congratulation. We have a joyful pride in the consciousness that the great mass of the worthy, the patriotic and the intelligent of the land are united, stronger and truer in this its adversity, because they feel that it makes a still more earnest proof of their attachment to the country. * * *

Ashamed of its false pretences, its concealments and its discords, Locofreedom made no proclamation to the people of its designs. Its May Convention practiced the use of appointing a Committee to prepare an address of exposition of principles, but November came without that document. No committee had been appointed to venture upon the ordeal of such a proclamation of opinion.

It is the misfortune of the late struggle, above all others, that our country has ever engaged in, that the victory leaves no space for conciliation of the good will of the vanquished. If the strife had been to establish a system of administration which was opposed from a difference of opinion as to its value; if the ascendancy of one set of statesmen had been contested against the effort to elevate another set, if it had been, in any point, a war of conflicting principles, the popular indignation might and would have changed difference and respect, and all animosity would have subsided with the subsiding ardor of contention. But this has not been the character of the fight. Our opponents have found means to exasperate the public mind against the Whigs by sharper devices than arguments.

They have assailed, as I have said, with unparalleled malignity, the honor and virtue of that great name which we had chosen to represent our cause; they have made it their chief labor to convert that name into the foulest reproach that can be heaped upon the most infamous; they have essayed to strike down that precious fame which, earned in a long life of devotion to his country, has become rather the property of the nation than of its personal subject. The insult we resent and most ever resent. It is a rare compliment to the virtue of a man, that his name should be so abused. We have no object but to vindicate our cause; we have no object but to convert that name into the foulest reproach that can be heaped upon the most infamous; they have essayed to strike down that precious fame which, earned in a long life of devotion to his country, has become rather the property of the nation than of its personal subject. The insult we resent and most ever resent. 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