

there was really so much of the frank William Carleton left, that my observations, at the moment, resulted in no unwelcome suspicions. In the course of our short interview, old recollections were revived, old scenes rehearsed, and new subjects introduced. Carleton was so brilliant, so happy, and so much like his former self, that at the end of an hour I had quite forgotten the embryo impressions excited at the moment of meeting.

In the evening I was at his house. If my attention had been arrested, on meeting Carleton, by some undefinable alteration in his appearance, it was doubly so when Caroline, or Mrs. Carleton, made her appearance in the sitting room. She was cheerful, but her cheerfulness seemed rather forced than spontaneous. Her brow was slightly clouded, and her beautiful blue eyes appeared more fixed and cast down than formerly. She affected to be gay, but evidently it required an effort to be so. There was, too, an appearance of marked submission, mingled with fear, in her manner, altogether unlike her wonted, hearty ebullitions of feeling. I thought I could perceive, also, that when her eyes met those of Carleton, there was an appearance of something like shrinking, or restraint, as though there were certain bounds beyond which she dare not pass. An opportunity was not right I noticed again the unnatural flush on Carleton's face. It was now more apparent than at our meeting in the morning. A sudden conviction of the truth flashed across my mind. I did not embody the idea; I gave it no language, but there it was enthroned like a demon, and as inefficacious as the impress of eternal truth—Carleton was a drunkard.

Of this terrible truth I obtained evidence enough on the following morning. I need not repeat it here. I left the village and saw no more of him for several years; and when subsequently I did, he was a perfect wreck, both in person and in fortune. Indeed I never saw a more disgusting lump of humanity. Bloating, filthy and brutish, he had been at different times, an inmate of the work-house, the jail, and the house of correction, from all of which he came forth seven-fold more a monster of depravity, than when he entered either. Poor Caroline! she had drained the cup of wretchedness to the very dregs! She had been driven from her pleasant home—her furniture and wardrobe, piece after piece, had passed out of her possession, till at last she and her little boy were tenants of a miserable hovel in a remote corner of her native town. To their abode Carleton would at times find his way; and there, instead of meeting frowns and reproaches, instead of being repulsed and driven from the door, as an outcast and a scourge, she, who in the budding hour of womanhood, had sworn fidelity and love before the altar of her God, extended to the lost inebriate, the hand of affection and kindness. There, he who had sunk in the scale of Humanity, even lower than the most degraded of his species, was warmed and nourished, by the very being whose hopes and aspirations he had forever crushed. Woman! thou art, indeed, an enigma! All weakness when danger appears in the distance, but indomitable in the hour of trial!

From the lips of Mrs. Carleton herself, I learnt the sickening story of her long years of suffering and wretchedness, yet in the recital, not one unkind expression, not a single term of reproach, escaped her lips while speaking of her husband. For his conduct she offered no excuses—nothing in palliation of his dreadful course of life, and whatever might have been her hopes, she gave utterance to no expectation that he would ever again return to the sober walks of life. The rich overflowing of her buoyant heart seemed forever dried up, or crushed beneath a load of misery, for whose alleviation, time, the best prop of the wretched, had brought none of its healing balm.

With this interview closed my acquaintance with this once interesting family. Years rolled away and I had ceased entirely to think of their condition, except perhaps at long intervals, when some kindred incident called to mind the ruin of those in whose welfare I had accidentally acquired no inconsiderable interest. In a word, they became to me as though they had never been.

In the course of last summer I had occasion to visit the interior of Massachusetts. Arriving near nightfall at a small town in the county of —, my horse jaded, and myself in need of repose, I drew up at a somewhat uninviting public house, the only one in the village, where I ordered supper and demanded accommodations for the night. I noticed a considerable concourse of people about the house and in the public room, and from the conversation going on, learnt there was to be a temperance lecture that evening at the town house, standing a few rods distant from the hotel at which I had stopped. I enquired of my host who was to address the meeting, whether a townsman of his or a stranger?

"A stranger, I reckon," was the reply.

"We have none of that sort of animal in this town; folks here mind their own business."

"Do you know the name of the lecturer?"

"Hav'nt asked," was the laconic answer, and the publican turned into his bar, to serve a customer to a glass of brandy.

By this time the room was nearly full. Some were drinking, and others ridiculing the great temperance movement, of which they had heard much and seen something. I soon perceived, however, that the cause had made little or no progress here, and I was well satisfied on another point, that those present, at least, were determined it should not; I yet was pleased to notice when the hour arrived, that nearly all made their way to the town house; some perhaps to create disturbance, and others to while away an idle hour before taking their last glass for the night.

With the crowd I passed over and took my seat in a remote corner of the building. The house was soon filled to overflowing. The body of it was taken possession of by

a large concourse of ladies, while the outer seats and galleries were occupied mostly by men and boys. Near the main entrance, in the broad aisle, within the building, stood some twenty or thirty rough looking men, with long beards, poorly clothed, and manifesting that sort of breeding usually picked up in grog shops and low drinking houses. Their vulgar merriment, and their overstrained attempts at wit were insufferably disgusting. But what grieved me most was to see the male part of the audience often join in the half suppressed laugh which their miserable levity would at times provoke, instead of discountenancing their ill-timed and shameful violations of propriety. But this scene was of short duration, for in the very midst of their joking and jeering the lecturer made his appearance in company with a very respectable looking gentleman, who I afterwards understood was a citizen of the town.

"Make way for the steam engine!" cried one of the persons standing in the aisle, as the lecturer was passing through the crowd.

"Now for a cataract of cold water!" exclaimed a companion at his elbow.

"Landlord!" shouted a third, "give us a nipper of gin cock-tail with a tomahawk in it."

This last attempt at wit produced a general laugh which died away in a low titter among the one gentlemen.

In the mean time the lecturer mounted the little desk at the farther end of the hall. He was a large, elegantly formed, middle-aged man, with dark hair and dark eyebrows, beneath which rolled a full mellow pair of eyes, as clear as a living undisturbed fountain of water. He surveyed the audience for a moment, then stepping upon the raised platform, brought himself to a speaking attitude within the niche of the desk before him. His commanding figure arrested every eye; all tumult ceased, and each member as if spell-bound, suddenly became as silent and motionless, as would have been so many marble statues.

"I am here," commenced the speaker, in a clear, strong, yet musical tone of voice, slightly inclining his body over the desk. "I am here to relate the history of a drunkard—a drunkard who during long years of unmitigated inebriation, passed through all grades of human existence, from ease and affluence down to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. In a word, your speaker is here to relate the history of his own degradation.

With this simple exordium, followed by a few other observations, the lecturer entered upon the recital of the incipient steps in his career of ultimate inebriation, detailing in all the simplicity of truth the effects produced on himself, on his standing, and finally on his wife and family. Before the expiration of the first half hour, every thing but the speaker and his subject appeared to have been forgotten, and as he went on, his own sober earnestness began to show itself on the feelings of his audience. While recounting the first deviations from the path of sobriety—his stated drams, and the gradual formation of that habit which in the end overwhelmed him and all concerned with him; in one common vortex of ruin—those poor fellows, standing in the aisle, to whom I have before referred, one after another began so near the speaker, till, without concert, or knowing why, they formed one compact group, directly in front, and almost within reach of the lecturer! Such a scene I had never before witnessed, and I trembled, I confess, lest he who had raised the storm should be able to control and direct it to the end for which it had been excited. I was mistaken. Every new effort was crowned with success.

At length he spoke of the wrongs which inebriation had heaped on the heads and hearts of women. He related with thrilling minuteness the miseries which his own wife had endured—painted in language as dark and gloomy as the subject itself, the damp, lonely hovel in which for years she had resided, in the midst of poverty and wretchedness; and then, as if suddenly impelled by an irresistible flood of inspiration, gave utterance to one of the most thrilling and lofty panegyrics on woman I ever heard. As he enumerated their virtues—their patient endurance of wrong—their angelic meekness in the hour of affliction—their boldness in the midst of danger—their constancy and more than all, their never-dying hope, his flight was fearfully grand, like mountain piled on mountain, while every hearer sat in breathless silence to hear the towering climax of this brilliant display of eloquence and pathos. For my own part, I was wholly unprepared for this effort on the part of the speaker. I trembled at the giddy height to which he had mounted, and sat with my hands grasping the railing, expecting every moment to see him buried under the weight of his own gorgeous ornament; but at this moment of intense anxiety, the speaker suddenly paused on the very summit of his effort, and casting up his eyes, exclaimed, in a tone ever painful from its clearness and energy—"Merciful God! what an inexhaustible fountain of kindness and benevolence hast Thou created in the heart of woman!"

The effect was electrical. A slight air throughout the house indicated the relief of the audience, and I doubt whether, in a moment after, there was a less eager eye in that heterogeneous assembly. For my own part, I went like a child. So brilliant was the picture he had drawn, so giddy the height to which he had carried himself, and so easy and yet so majestic his descent, that at the instant of relief I started to my feet, and in a moment after found myself standing in a side aisle within a few feet of the orator. The first sentence uttered after this change of position arrested my attention. The sound of the speaker's voice seemed familiar. I cast a scrutinizing glance at his countenance—another, and another—"my heart was in my throat"—the lecturer was Wm. Carleton!

At this moment of recognition I forgot myself—forgot every thing. Here was the very man whom years before I had seen in the lowest depths of degradation, a burthen upon society, a disgrace to his species, and an object of pity to all who had known him in his better days. Here he stood before me, redeemed, an apostle of temperance, drawing tears from all eyes, and captivating all hearts.

On recovering once more the current of the discourse, I found the speaker making an appeal to the temperate to come forward and put their names to the Reformed Drunkard's Constitution, a copy of which he threw upon the table before him. He gave a plain unvarnished account of the rise and progress of this new movement; spoke of the hundreds of thousands to which the long catalogue of the ransomed had swollen along the shores of the Atlantic, and wound up by urging, once again, all, however low, however debased, to begin that night the glorious work of reform.

And now commenced a scene of thrilling interest. From every part of the house, men and even women, eagerly pressed toward the table. The old inebriates already pointed out, whose bodies had been for years steeping in liquid fire, and

young men just on the threshold of destruction, one after another, placed their names upon that strange document. It was a grand sight to behold women leading up their husbands, fathers their sons, and sisters their brothers.—All fear of ridicule was forgotten; conviction had overcome every other consideration: the head and the heart were for the first time, perhaps, for many years, found in harmony, and men did the bidding of their consciences as in the days of Paul and his associates. Even the landlord asked tears.

I need not describe my interview with Carleton that night. We both stayed at the same house, occupied the same room, and excepting a slight touch of melancholy, I found him to be the same spirited fellow he was at our first meeting twenty years before. On the following morning we parted, he to labor elsewhere in the great cause to which he was devoting every thought, and I to pursue a tiresome journey over the almost interminable hills of Berkshire. On my return I could not resist the temptation to take M. in my way, though some twenty miles out of my direct route. I found Mrs. Carleton as described to me by her husband on the night of our unexpected meeting at —, she was all life and animation.—Her soft blue eyes had regained their wonted lustre, and the rich glow of her cheeks, a little mellowed by time and sorrow, indicated that all was now right both within and without. They had returned to the identical house formerly occupied by them; and their once beautiful little boy, just now on the verge of manhood, was busy at work in his father's shop. The happiness was complete. And now, gentle reader, we will take leave of Wm. Carleton, the Reformed Drunkard, adding only, that the true original of the foregoing tale is now in one of the Middle States, laboring with unbounded success in the cause to which Providence has so signally called him.

To the Freemen of the Twelfth Congressional District of North Carolina:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I am informed some persons are endeavoring to excite public prejudice, and make political capital out of the appropriations which Congress made to defray the funeral expenses of President Harrison, and to pay the balance of one year's salary to the aged and afflicted widow.

To prevent misapprehension I will briefly submit the facts and reasons which induced me to vote for those appropriations. The history of Congressional legislation abounds with similar instances, approved and voted for by all parties, from the foundation of the Government down to the present session. I will mention a few prominent precedents, taken from the journals of Congress—and now for the law and the testimony.

Gen. Washington was President of the United States from the 4th day of March, 1789, until the 4th day of March, 1797—eight years. He died in December 1799—nearly three years after his Presidential term expired, and when he was a private citizen—and yet, on the 31 day of May, 1800, Congress passed a law appropriating three thousand two hundred dollars to defray the expenses incurred in doing honor to the memory of Gen. Washington. (See the 3d volume of the laws of the United States, page 397.)

Congress likewise authorized, by joint resolutions, that a marble monument should be erected by the United States, in the Capitol, to the memory of Gen. Washington, and a copy of those resolutions were directed to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, entreating her to assent to the interment of the remains of Gen. Washington under that monument. (See the same volume, page 401.)

George Clinton, the Vice President of the United States, who served during the last of Mr. Jefferson's and the first of Mr. Madison's administrations, died at Washington in the year 1812, and he was buried at the public expense.

Elbridge Gerry, another Vice President of the United States, died at Washington in the year 1814, while riding in a carriage from his lodgings to the Capitol; and he too was buried at the public expense, and a monument was also erected over his grave by a special appropriation of Congress.

In the year 1812, the city of Caracas, in South America, was nearly destroyed and annihilated by an earthquake; and on the motion of Nathaniel Macon, who was remarkable for strict economy and strict construction, a resolution passed Congress by a unanimous vote, which caused an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars of the public money to relieve the distresses and sufferings of hundreds and thousands of human beings in that distant and devoted city, who were houseless and homeless and starving for daily bread. Well, if Congress had power to give and appropriate fifty thousand dollars of the public money to relieve suffering humanity among distant strangers in a foreign country, I presume it was right and proper, at least, to provide one year's allowance for an aged and distressed widow in our own country, who was the wife of a good and true old soldier.

From the first establishment of the seat of Government in this city down to the present time, whenever a member of Congress dies here during the session, he is, at the public expense, buried in the Congressional cemetery, or burying ground, and a monument is erected over his grave to mark the spot where the remains of the deceased repose, and to indicate to near relatives and pilgrim strangers the tombs of those who died in the service of their country, far distant from friends and home. The death and funeral of each member of Congress in this city costs the Government about nine hundred dollars. Living is dear in Washington, but dying is much dearer. Not only Presidents and members, but the officers of Congress, have been buried at the public expense, when they died in the public service. I will state two instances which appear upon the public journals, and are fresh in my own recollection. I allude to the cases of Overton Carr, Doorkeeper of the House, and Stephen Haight, Sergeant at Arms of the Senate. They were political friends of President Van Buren, and died during his administration, when he had a majority in both branches of Congress.—The salary of each of these officers was fifteen hundred dollars per annum, to be estimated from the first Monday in December of every year. Overton Carr died in March, 1838, before the fourth month of his duties had been performed, and yet Congress directed, not only that he should be buried at the public expense, but that his widow should be paid the balance of his salary up to the end of the session, just as

though he had lived to perform his year's work for the public. The case of Mr. Carr is a strong one, but the case of Mr. Haight is much stronger, to illustrate and sustain the appropriations now the subject of investigation. Stephen Haight, a citizen of Vermont, was the Sergeant at Arms of the Senate; his annual salary was fifteen hundred dollars; his time of service began on the first Monday in December, 1840, he died on the 13th day of January, 1841, about one month and thirteen days after his public labors commenced, and ten months and a half before his year's work had been finished, and before his full salary had become due. Now, what did the Van Buren Senate of the United States say and do in relation to their deceased Sergeant at Arms? I will give their own words from their own journal:

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.
JANUARY 13, 1841.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to pay, as a part of the contingent expenses of the Senate, the sum of five hundred dollars to the order of the widow of Stephen Haight, deceased, late Sergeant at Arms of the Senate, to defray the expenses of placing his body in a proper manner, and in a secure coffin, carefully protected, in the public vault in the Congressional burying ground at Washington, and the expense of the transportation of the body to his friends in Vermont, and its burial there; and that the Secretary be, and he is hereby, further directed to pay to the said widow the salary of the deceased for the residue of the term for which he was elected.

Amount paid under the above resolution to Anah Haight, widow of S. Haight:	
For funeral expenses	\$500
Balance of salary	1,375
Total	\$1,875

Now, fellow-citizens, you perceive the two cases just stated both occurred under the administration of President Van Buren, and are exactly the same in principle as that of the late President Harrison. They all died before their term of service expired, and before their respective salaries became due, and yet they are buried at the public expense, and the widow of each of those officers was paid that balance of the salary which her husband would have received if Providence had spared his life to the end of his official year. It appears to me that the long services and high public station of President Harrison should, at least, entitle him and his widow to the same rule of justice that has been awarded by his enemies to a doorkeeper under the administration of President Van Buren. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways. This is no new principle. Precedents are numerous in the history of the Republic.

During the last war, Oliver Hazard Perry, a captain in the navy, won a most splendid victory for his country, and captured the entire British fleet on Lake Erie. Very soon after that naval victory he joined the army under Gen. Harrison, and acted as one of his aids in the glorious battle of the Thames. Perry died in 1819, and Congress granted to his widow an annuity during her natural life, and also to each of his four children until they severally came of age; making about one thousand dollars a year to the family. Mrs. Perry is still living, and I hope may long continue to enjoy the bounty which a grateful country conferred for the noble services rendered by her gallant husband. Perry and Harrison were fellow-soldiers and brother-heroes.—One conquered upon the water, and the other upon the land. Now, I think, if it was right to grant relief to Mrs. Perry for life, it could not have been wrong to give Mrs. Harrison one year's allowance.

In the year 1828, Jacob Brown, the commanding general of the army of the United States, whose salary was about six thousand dollars per annum, died soon after his yearly service began, and long before the end of the year when his whole salary would have been due. Congress appropriated to the widow of Gen. Brown the balance of the salary which would have been due her husband at the end of that year. The acts for the relief of Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Harrison are precisely the same in principle. My distinguished and lamented predecessor, the Hon. Samuel P. Carson, Gov. of Md., Duffie, Gov. of Hamilton, and many of the most prominent politicians, of that day voted for the appropriation to relieve Mrs. Brown. The same just principle and patriotic policy has been practised, not only among the high officers of the republic, but among the faithful soldiers. When a soldier dies in the public service, or is killed battling for his country, he too is buried at the public expense. But a grateful country does not stop there. The Government annually makes an appropriation to pay pensions to our old officers and faithful soldiers as long as they live; and, after they are dead and gone, then many of their widows receive pensions in consideration of the public services rendered to the country by their gallant husbands.

Now, with such lights and such examples before the nation, let me ask what manner of man was President Harrison, that we may understandingly determine what public respect should be paid to his memory and extended to his family. Harrison has served his country in almost every capacity, from an ensign to a major general, and from a delegate to a President. His long and useful life has been chiefly devoted to his country, and not to the acquisition of wealth. He owned a good tract of land, and very little other property. He once had a large family, though death had reduced the number of his children, and greatly increased and multiplied his cares and troubles by throwing on his hands and protection the widowed wives and infant orphans of his own children. There were three widows and nine or ten grandchildren, all dependent on him for support and education.—One of those widows was the daughter of the gallant Gen. Pike, who was killed in battle on the northern frontier during the last war with the British. Harrison had adopted into his family a poor youth, — Neville, the grandson of Gen. Daniel Mor-

gan, the hero of the battle of the Cowpens. When William Henry Harrison, a private citizen, and farmer of Ohio, with very limited means, was laboring to support and educate this very interesting little flock of fatherless and fortuneless children, he was called and elected, by an overwhelming majority of the people of the United States, to preside over this great republic. He was welcomed and installed into his high office. The confident hopes and sanguine anticipations of the future were directed towards the patriot President fresh from the people. But the uncertainty of life, like an April day, at one hour shows forth all the beauty of the sun, and by and by a cloud takes all away, teaching us mortals "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." On the 4th day of April, 1841, President Harrison died. His sun then set to rise no more forever. The death of such a man, at such a time, in such an eminent station, was a national calamity. The question still recurs, what was to be done with the dead body of Gen. Harrison; what for his disconsolate widow; and what for the descendants of Harrison, Pike, and Morgan?

Congress not being in session when President Harrison died, his Cabinet issued the following order:

Washington, April 4, 1841.

The Marshal of the District of Columbia will superintend the funeral ceremonies of the late President of the United States, and will proceed to make all the necessary arrangements. Whatever expenses shall be necessarily incurred will be paid."

The Marshal (Gen. Hunter) is a decided friend of President Van Buren, and a very honorable man. He made all the necessary arrangements, and caused whatever expense was incurred in the funeral ceremonies of President Harrison. All that Congress did in this matter was to appropriate three thousand and eighty-eight dollars and nine cents to pay the items in the account sanctioned and presented by Gen. Hunter. That sum appears large, but it is near two hundred dollars less than Congress appropriated in May, 1800, to pay funeral honors to the memory of Gen. Washington. If your father died a great distance from home, among strangers, and was decently buried, you would dislike to dispute the account if some of the items were high.—When a great and good man dies while presiding over seventeen millions of people, it is not expected the funeral will be one of ordinary character; but such ceremonies should be manifested as will be respectful to his station, and to the Government and people over which he presided.—But, at all events, I do not think it becomes the political friends of President Van Buren to endeavor to make political capital out of the amount of this appropriation, when the whole expenditure was caused and made under the direction of Gen. Hunter, one of their own party.

Congress, at the beginning of the extra session of 1841, resolved, by a unanimous vote, to hang black crepe over the Speaker's chair of each House; and that each member would wear crepe on his left arm, for thirty days, as a mark of respect to the memory of President Harrison. All that was done at the public expense. Now, I apprehend it will puzzle loco loco logic to convince any body that it was right to vote and appropriate public money to buy crepe for two hundred and ninety-four members of Congress to wear mourning for President Harrison, and yet it was not right to buy one winding sheet to enshroud the dead body of that same President! Away with all political Pharisees—they often have the people in their mouths, and seldom in their hearts. That man must have the disposition of a hyena who can dig into the grave and uncoffin the dead to make political capital for party purposes.—If a bilious, biliary party man has a natural passion to play game, and act the demagogue, let him select some other place for his theatre than the grave-yard, and some other subject than distressed widows and helpless orphans.—It must be a bad cause that requires a Christian to turn Turk.

Harrison was a soldier, an officer, and a President. According to the declaration of Col. R. M. Johnson, he won more battles than any other general during the last war. His first commission was from Washington, and his last from the people of the United States. To do justice to the family of the deceased, Congress had only to follow the precedents prescribed in the cases to which I have referred; that is, the widow of Commodore Perry, the widow of Gen. Brown, the widow of Overton Carr, and the widow of Stephen Haight. To relieve the widow of the late President, (herself surrounded by indigent widows and orphans.) Congress appropriated to Mrs. Harrison the balance of the President's salary. The whole amount of the salary is twenty-five thousand dollars; but Congress only allowed the widow the balance of that sum which had been paid prior to the passage of that act.

Mrs. Harrison was entitled to that appropriation, not only upon former precedents and patriotic principles, but in consideration of sacrifices made, and compensation for large sums of money expended, and debts contracted by Gen. Harrison in making necessary arrangements preparatory to entering on the public duties of President of the United States. When a private man is compelled to leave home for four years at one time, he must make great sacrifices, and necessarily neglect much private business, as well as make large outlays to meet out life before going home. If a private individual has to encounter heavy losses and expenditures in anticipation of such a protracted absence, what must have been the enormous sacrifices and expenditures of a plain farmer, of limited circumstances, like Gen. Harrison, when he was breaking up his home, and going to live in the Presidential mansion, where custom and public duty required him to see and entertain, not only hundreds of American citizens, but foreign ministers from all the courts of the civilized world. Upon this very same principle, when any citizen of the United States is appointed a foreign minister to any foreign country, he receives by appropriation from Congress \$18,000 for the first year—that is \$9,000 for his outfit, or preparatory arrangements, and \$9,000 salary for each year he acts in that capacity—and then one quarter of that salary when he returns home. In the year 1835, Wm. T. Barry, of Kentucky, was appointed by Gen. Jackson our minister to Spain. Mr. Barry left the United States, and got as far as Liverpool in England, where he died, but never reached Spain. Well, Government then paid

nine thousand dollars for his outfit, his salary up to his death, and a quarter of his salary to defray the expense of his family back to the United States, making the aggregate amount of fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. The only difference in the two cases is this—Gen. Harrison got to Washington, took his oath of office, signed his administration, and acted as President one month; but Mr. Barry never got within five hundred miles of Spain, and never acted as foreign minister one minute. Now, fellow-citizens, compare the two cases; look on that picture, and then upon this. Mr. Barry and his widow received fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, which is five thousand two hundred and fifty dollars more than a foreign minister's yearly salary. Gen. Harrison and his widow both together only received one year's salary, and no more. And yet, strange as it may appear, the very persons who approved of that large payment to Mr. Barry and his family for starting out to Spain, are the very same individuals who now make objections to relieve and indemnify the widow Harrison for the losses and debts sustained and created by her husband in anticipation of his public service. No principle is better settled and established than that private property shall not be taken for public use without adequate compensation. Surely so just a man will say it is right to let Mrs. Harrison out of home and home because her husband was elected President of the United States, and died before his official term expired. I cannot conceive how any man who has the head of a patriot and the heart of a Christian can object to the funeral expenses of a veteran warrior and a noble commander—or to an act to relieve and indemnify an aged widow, whose dwelling-house, during the last war, was most freely and kindly thrown open to receive and comfort the sick and afflicted in our army. He who can object to, and attempt to make political capital out of such humane acts, I fear would begrudge the price of the shroud that covers the dead body of his father, and deny his mother that one year's allowance" which the just law of North Carolina gives to the poorest widow in the State. The favor and mercy of Divine Providence can never rest and abide with those who wrong the soldier, widow, and the orphan. Patriotism, piety, and charity forbid it. But if political pedants, regardless of social duty, and fatally bent on mischief, will trade and speculate on such political capital, let them beware of the wrath to come. On this birthday of our Independence, let me make no appeal to the discernment of the Whigs of my district, who fought and conquered at King's Mountain and the Cow Pens. The history of these scenes we learned from our fathers, now silently sleeping in death, almost within cannon-shot of those battle-grounds. No son of a Whig in North Carolina will ever stand by the grave of his father and say, he objects to the funeral expenses of a good soldier, or to one year's allowance to his surviving widow. No, never, never.

I ask you to consider the protracted catalogue of morality; but when the bitterness and madness of party spirit will spare neither the living nor the dead—neither age nor sex—neither the widow nor the orphan—I felt that a sense of duty and the cause of truth, justice, and patriotism, required some one to present to the people the facts and circumstances of this case, collected and taken from the journals of Congress and the history of the country. I now, with confidence, submit the whole matter to a virtuous and intelligent community for their impartial verdict.

Respectfully presented,
JAMES GRAHAM.
Washington July 4, 1842.

SAMUEL L. SOUTHWARD, the beloved and respected Senator from the State of New Jersey, and late President of the body of which he had long been a distinguished ornament, is no more. Our forebodings of the fate that awaited him in the living world, which he had long suffered, have been realized. He died at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, in the midst of his friends, and surrounded by all the members of his family, on Sunday last, at about 10 o'clock in the morning.

We shall not dim the deserved eulogy bestowed upon his memory in the announcement to the Senate of his loss, by any attempt on our own part to do justice to the various merits of the deceased. He was, to our personal knowledge, with few equals in all the relations of Son, Husband, and Father; and he was, of all things, as true a Friend as ever breathed. As a citizen he ever enjoyed the highest estimation; and his abilities are best proved by the elevated stations to which they have induced his fellow-citizens successively to call him.

The age of Mr. SOUTHWARD was about 55 years. He must have been generally thought to be much older, so young (for this country) did he attain high reputation, and so early did reputation bring him into Public notice. He was chosen to be Chief Justice of his own State, at the age of twenty-eight years of age. He became a Senator of the United States in the year 1821; and in the year 1823 he was appointed by President Monroe to the highly responsible post of Secretary of the Navy, the duties of which office he discharged with pre-eminent ability up to the close of the Administration of Mr. ADAMS. In the year 1833 he again took his seat as a Senator from his native State, and just before the close of the term of his last illness, faithfully discharged the duties of that honorable station.—Nat. Int., June 28.

A COLLEGE.—How do you do, Mr. Smith?
"Do what?"
"How do you find yourself?"
"I never lose myself."
"How do you feel?"
"Pretty smooth, I guess—feel of me and see."
"Good morning, Mr. Smith."
"It's rather a bad one—wet and nasty."

GOOD SENSE.—A Kentucky girl, having married a fellow of more reputation, was taken to task for it by her uncle.
"I know, uncle," replied she, "that Joe is not good for much, but he said I dare not have him, and I won't take a stump from any body."

"This is my dog, and that is my place in the sun," says a child to his weaker playmate. "This is the type and image of usurpation and tyranny among children of a larger growth."

SPECTACLES.—"Do you suppose that a person can see any better by the aid of glasses?" said a man, in company.
"I know he can," answered a toper, "for after I have taken half a dozen glasses, I can see double."

FATHER HAMILTON relates the following good anecdote: An Irishman just from the old country, and four Yankees, went into a public house to get some dinner together.—A turkey and four quails were set before them, and Paddy not knowing exactly how to proceed, waited till others helped themselves to quail each. "Och, by my soul," thought Pat "and I'm every man for his bird as it is," and so he helped himself to the turkey without further ceremony.

"I am so tired," said the big wheel to the little one. "Who spoke?" said the little wheel to the cart. "Not me—I always hold my tongue," said the cart turning round the corner.—Baltimore Post.

The fellow who wrote this is not "up to the hilt." A cart never has a tongue.—Baltimore Sun.

Did the minky ever see an ox cart four times as tired as the oxen?—Pie

THE COLLEGIAN'S CONFESSION.

O! it makes my head ache to read Payne.
And yet I confess I like Alvin—
I'm decidedly partial to Hogg.
But own I'm no lover of Bacon.

I have read the "Descendants of Ham,"
And "Lard-bait on Greece's shore,"
Pope, Milton and Byron are good;
But Southery's a terrible bore.