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june 23

PROCLIVIOR.

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june 9 CAMPBELL & GOLDSBOROUGH.

The Blind Bard of England.

The following sublime and affecting production was but lately discovered among the remains of our great epic poet, and is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's works:

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme to thee.

O, merciful one!
When men are farthest then thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrap'd in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go:
Shades of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes?
When airs from paradise refresh my brow
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime,
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

NEW FURNITURE:

A Wife worth Having.

"Wife," said Edward Lincoln, as he settled himself on the sofa, one evening after tea, "we must have some new furniture for this parlor, there's no two ways about it; our's is getting to look decidedly shabby."

"Do you think so?" quietly replied Mrs. Lincoln. "I thought it looked very comfortable and nice here," and her eye glanced with a housekeeper's pride over the room, which did wear an aspect of taste and comfort, though every article of furniture was the same which was bought at the time of their marriage, ten years before.

Nothing was new; but the ingrain carpet was of bright, fresh colors, and of such graceful pattern that it was still pleasing to the eye; there was a large, well-filled book-case, some pretty engravings scattered about on the walls and side-tables, and the centre-table, with its brightly-burning solar-lamp, its little vase of flowers, and its work basket, books and papers, wore the coziest look imaginable; while the sofa on which Edward Lincoln was lying, though covered with inexpensive material, matched the carpet and paper, and looked the very picture of ease and comfort. Refined taste and culture were visible in the arrangement of every article, as well as the hand of the neat and thrifty house-wife; well might Mrs. Lincoln say, "everything looked nice and comfortable."

"Why, yes, comfortable enough, perhaps," rejoined her husband, "but so old fashioned, and behind the times! There's John Waters has just had both his parlors newly furnished, and I can tell you, Helen, that things look elegant there. The carpets and curtains are really splendid; and the sofas and chairs are covered with damask of a beautiful pattern. I haven't seen anything so handsome for a long time; ours looked dingy enough when I came home."

After a little pause he added, "I know John Waters isn't, any better able to furnish a house in that style than I am; and the Brights and Bennetts, too, what rich and costly furniture they have! The truth is, Helen, I don't think you are quite ambitious enough about the appearance of things. I have made money in my business the last five years, and we can really afford now to live a little more like other people. Don't you feel a little mortified sometimes when callers come?"

"Not at all, Edward, because I know everything is in good taste and nice order; and as we make no pretensions to elegance we are not ridiculous if we are plain. But, she said, laying her hand softly in her husband's "I am ambitious of one thing, dear Edward; it is to make a happy home for you and the children. If I fail here, I shall indeed be bitterly disappointed."

"O, Helen, certainly our home is one of the dearest and best in the whole wide world; and I know it is your self-denying industry and affect that makes it so. No man loves his home better than I do, but," he added laughingly, "I do think it might be made a trifle happier by some Brussels carpeting, and damask sofas and curtains."

"I don't think so," said Helen, "and that is why I cling so fondly to this dear old furniture; it is so homelike, so full of charming and tender associations. Home might be made more stylish more showy and brilliant, but not more happy—I doubt that. How cold and cheerless that elegant parlor of the Bennett's looks! It is too handsome to be used, and the chairs and sofas, even the very books and vases on the centre-table, have a touch me-not company look about them; and instead of having a cheerful sitting room, as they once had, they now keep in that dark, dingy dining-room, except when callers come; and I dare say, poor John Waters won't get half so comfortable naps in that magnificent lounging chair, as he did in the old chintz covered one. No, I really believe their home happiness will be lessened, rather than increased by the change."

"I don't want things too good to use; I confess that would be foolish. But I should use them just the same, if they were handsomer."

"Would you? Just fancy yourself, you lazy man, stretched out on one of those superb crimson damask sofas. You couldn't do it comfortably to save your life, and you need not pretend you could," said Helen, with a merry laugh.—"Why, I don't dare even to put a new chintz cover on this old sofa, lest you should feel a little out of place."

"Nothing but your economy, Helen, your awful economy. It has been the making of me, I know; and a poor miserable fellow I should have been but for your industry and judicious council; but we are no longer poor, we have a good income, and can afford some luxuries."

"So we can; and I too want luxuries; but what is a luxury, Edward? Is it not a great luxury, to be cozy and comfortable, more than showy and elegant? Is it not a luxury to know that we owe no man anything; that we are laying by something every year for the children; and then," she said with a tender tone of voice, and a tear shining in her soft blue eye, "it is such a luxury to help those poorer than we. O, what a heart satisfying pleasure it was to settle the Woods on that little farm last year; and to be able to carry flannels, fuel and food to so many poor sick people. Do let us look at things as they are and not through other people's eyes. We don't want more costly furniture for our own enjoyment, it is only that other people may admire it, and what a poor gratification is that, compared with other pleasures can bring! Why, it was only to-day I was thinking it seemed almost wrong for us to be so fully gratifying every taste and wish when there was so much suffering in the world, so many children crying with hunger, so many shivering with cold, so many lying on sick beds without the little comforts they used, and above all, so many sunk in vice and degradation, who perhaps might be saved by the hand of charity held to them. O, Edward, those words of Jesus about self denial, must have some meaning for us who profess to be His disciples. When I look at things in this light, it does seem to me that if we have one or two hundred dollars to expend, it might be better invested than in furniture."

"I believe you are right, Helen. You always see the light more clearly than I do. Still it cannot be wrong to indulge our tastes to some extent, and to enjoy what is beautiful in nature and in art."

"To enjoy what is really beautiful is a different thing from being merely fashionable, from having costly dresses and furniture, which are oftener in bad taste than good. Still I do not believe we ought to be too self indulgent even in these lines. The poor and ignorant have a claim upon us, which should be met before we gratify even our innocent and laudable tastes. Don't you think so."

"Undoubtedly; but where are we to draw the line between a proper and improper indulgence of taste?"

"We cannot draw it for others, but conscience, I think, is a safe guide for ourselves. If on the same day, we see a beautiful picture and poor, sick widow, suffering for want of necessaries, if we can't do both, I think conscience would tell us to relieve the poor, suffering sister first: and if we did, would not the thought of her, made comfortable by our assistance, be a luxury to us, as we lay down on our beds that night?—Should we not by that means obtain a beautiful, bright picture to lie soft and warm in our hearts though we had none to hang on the wall? I should like a whole gallery of such pictures, Edward, and we should find more real enjoyment in them than in the finest oil paintings."

"But still, Helen, I believe in having pictures, both kinds, if we can."

"So do I; for cultivating one's taste for art is such a different thing from getting upholstery.—I do really think there is something low and vulgar in making a display of fine furniture, and in trying to be smarter than our neighbors. It is in this love of display that the essential vulgarity of Americans, so obvious to foreigners, consists; no other nation has so much of this foolish rivalry, and so much courting of popularity, and it is certainly very ridiculous to sacrifice time, ease and money as we do, to outshine our neighbors. I am disgusted with it, and long to have more simplicity prevail among us—for simplicity is, after all, the truest elegance."

"Why, Helen, how do you come down on a poor body? You make me out selfish, unfeeling and unchristian, just because I want to smarten up a little; and as if all these were not enough, you cap the climax by making me out vulgar too. And so I suppose I am to be compelled to live on in the old humdrum, homely way, looking as old fashioned as Time in the primer, because my little wife always manages to get the better of me in argument."

"Because your little wife knows you are quite as anxious to do right as she; and because your views and hers really coincide. O, Edward, don't think because I preach so much, that I consider myself better than others. I don't live up to my theories, and every day I feel reproved, when I see how courageously and cheerfully you go to your daily labor, working hard from morning till night, and then coming home, so thoughtful of me, so gentle and cheerful, if you are ever so tired, while I so often get impatient and irritable."

"And why am I so cheerful? Why can I toil so faithfully? Because I have such a blessed home to come to, such a loving wife to labor for!"

And he drew the true and gentle wife beside him, and encircled her with an embrace as full of devotion and tenderness as ever lover gave his mistress, while his eyes beamed with joy and pride as he gazed upon her sweet face, blushingly upturned to meet his gaze.

* * * * * * * *

A year has passed away, and we enter again the Lincoln's parlor. It is little changed: the same air of perfect neatness and comfort prevails; no showy damask curtains, nor velvet sofas, nor tapestry carpets have been introduced; there are two choice pictures added, and the air is fragrant with the breath of some rare flowers which are blooming on a stand by the southern window.—Helen Lincoln is alone, and a shadow rests on her fair, matronly face, as if sad thoughts filled her mind as she sits and sews. But it brightens as her husband's step is heard entering the hall.

"O, Helen!" he exclaimed, when he had warmed himself by the bright, open grate—"it is a great deal worse than I expected; everything is gone; the stock is all under mortgage, so is the house and furniture; and yet the whole will be but a drop in the bucket, there is no end to the claims that come in; yes, John Waters is a ruined man! He can't pay ten cents on a dollar of what he owes."

"What will become of his family?" said Helen. "Poor things; they have been so little accustomed to any sorrow or hardship; they are ill fitted to encounter them."

"Yes, that is true; and the creditors seem to blame him for living so extravagantly."

"But let us be charitable, Edward, they have but done as hundreds of others have, and what every one, almost, praised them for doing at the time. Are not all those whose words and actions go to make up a false standard of public sentiment to blame, as well as the victims of such false views?"

"Yes, they are; and I do wish from the bottom of my heart, we might learn how to live—live uprightly, comfortably and simply, as sensible, honest men and women should."

"Amen," said Helen.

"And if all wives were like you, there would be fewer bankrupts, fewer heart-broken wives and children, and fewer defrauded creditors. It is the love of show that ruins so many, the living as well as their neighbors, the aping of those they fancy elevated far above them in position, the running in debt for what does not make them any happier—O, it is all miserable! miserable!"

Helen was reminded of the conversation of the year before, but like the prudent wife, did not refer to it. It was not the first time she heard her husband giving her sentiments as his own. The memory of it perhaps occurred to him, for he said:

"You, Helen, have been the balance wheel that kept me steady; without you, my naturally hasty and ambitious temperament would have led me into all kinds of excesses, I fear."

"Let us thank God!" she replied, "with all our hearts, for enabling us to resist temptation, and let us be thoughtful of those who have fallen before it, and more earnest than ever for strength from on high to guide and bless us."

The Syrian Slaughter.

A correspondent of the London *News*, writing from Beyrout, gives the following shocking account of the massacre at Lebanon, &c.

For the last twenty days it has been nothing less than a wholesale massacre of Christians by the Druses, and a wanton destruction of all property belonging to the former by the latter. To give you some idea what these Druses are, I will enumerate a few instances of their frightful barbarity, all of which I have heard from the unfortunate sufferers themselves, now refuges from Lebanon.

One poor woman—I knew both her husband and herself well at Deir-el-Kamar, where they were wealthy people—told me that when the Druses attacked the town the second time, (I should mention that it had been surrendered, and all the inhabitants had given up their arms, some twenty days previously to the Druses, and had been promised protection by their sheiks,) her husband was hacked to pieces before her eyes by the large knives of the Druses, who then declared that they must kill all the male children in the house. The mother tried to hide her two sons, one 15, the other 9 years old.—The Druses, however, found them out, and as she begged and prayed for their lives, and endeavored to cover them in a corner with her person, but the Druses hacked at the lads over her shoulder, and gashed them until they both dropped down apparently lifeless.

The Druses then made off, and the woman thinking her two sons dead, remained in a sort of stupor for two hours—so far as she can calculate. At last she was roused by hearing the eldest lad call her in a faint voice, trying to assure her that he was not yet dead. On this she felt the body of the youngest boy, and found his heart beating. She got some water, and after giving it to both her children—so far as she could get them to drink it—started into the town to see whether she could procure assistance to get her and her boys away. She got as far as the seraglio, or government house; but there she found that 500 Christians, who had taken refuge, were being cut to pieces by the Druses, who had been invited to enter the precincts of the building by the Turkish soldiers of the garrison, these latter helping in the butchery, and being so far worse than the Druses, that they abused, in the most infamous manner, all the women.

Seeing no help could be obtained here, the poor woman turned to fly, when she came across an old Druse, who had formerly been a farm servant of her husband's. After a great deal of entreaty on her part, the man consented to protect her and her children down to the sea coast, about four hours' journey, on condition of receiving an order on her brother, a wealthy man in Beyrout, for 10,000 piasters. To this she agreed, and they returned together to her house. She had not been absent more than an hour, but she found her two children cut into pieces, joint by joint, "limb and trunk covered" (to use her words) "as butchers cut up sheep,"—heads, legs, arms, and bodies being hacked up into a shapeless mass of bloody flesh and reeking bones.

Some other poor women then joined her, and together they made their way to a mulberry plantation outside the town, where they passed the night. At daybreak they were discovered by a party of Druses, who, after stripping them to find whether they had any money on their persons, and taking away what little they possessed, told them they might go where they liked.—Four of the poor creatures had babies, all under a year old. Of these infants two were girls and two boys: the former they did not touch, but the latter they said might grow up to be men and bear arms against the Druses; they therefore took the poor little creatures, and before their mothers' eyes tore them up the middle and limb by limb—"Exactly," to use the poor woman's own expression, "as you tear up a fowl that is to be cooked with pillau." Remember, all this was done, not in the heat of fighting, but deliberately, in cold blood. And I have heard of eleven other exactly similar cases of child destruction by the Druses, in nine of which I implicitly believe, having every reason to do so.

Deir-el-Kamar contained, a month ago, a population of 8,000 souls, of which about 2,000 were men and lads; 3,500 women and girls, and 500 children under ten years old. Of the men not more than 150 have escaped: of the women and girls about 2,000 have reached Beyrout: and of the young children less than 200 are alive.—Don't forget, too, that this fiendish massacre was perpetrated upon a population which, twenty-four days previously, had surrendered to the Druses, had been promised protection by them, and were disarmed previously to the murder.

THE EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.—*Executions.*—The excitement in Texas, growing out of the threatened insurrection of slaves, continues unabated. A letter from Dallas, in that State, says:

Three negro men, the leaders in the insurrectionary plot, were executed at this place on Tuesday evening. One of them, Pat Jennings, was the man who applied the torch to the town of Dallas, and one of the most prominent of those who were engaged in the work. Sam Smith—another, and a preacher—was a hardened old scoundrel; and the third, old Cato, has always borne a bad character in this county. They were taken out of jail, escorted to the place of execution by the military, and in the presence of a large concourse of people expiated their crimes as justice demanded. They betrayed no discomposure in view of the awful fate before them.—Pat positively refused to say anything, and died with as much indifference as if he had been about his ordinary occupation.

THE AGE OF A HORSE.—The age of a horse is now more easily told by his eyes than his teeth, in this way:

After a horse is nine years of age, a wrinkle comes on his eyelid at the up-corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one more defined wrinkle: add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will have the age of your horse. So says a writer, and he is confident it will never fail. As a great many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried.

HOW TO EFFECT A CURE.—Prof. Fowler, in a lecture at Lancaster, Penn., gave the following receipt as a cure for tobacco chewers:

Throw away the weed, eat nothing for two or three days, drink plenty of cold water, and then take a good sweat. If this is done in a close room, the exhalations from the skin will give the room a strong odor of tobacco. This sweats the poison all out of the system, and with it departs also the appetite for tobacco.

Be very kind to woman; she is the mother, sister, daughter and companion, without whom life would be intolerable to man.

If a servant will lie for his master, his master need not be astonished if the servant lies for himself.

Mr. Crittenden on the Presidential Election.

Hon. John J. Crittenden made a speech at Louisville, Ky., on the 2d inst. He compared the candidates as follows:

ABE LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln may be a very worthy, upwright and honest man. He married a Kentucky girl, and that is a wholesome influence. [Laughter and applause.] I am told he is a Kentuckian himself, which is another salutary fact. Mr. Lincoln may be a very honest, worthy man; but in a political point of view, he must be regarded as the preservation of the party that has made him a leader. He is the Republican leader, and, like all political leaders, he must obey the party that brought him into existence or be put down and crushed out by it. * * * *

His election would create and continue an alarm that would keep the country agitated and unhappy, if not create an opposition and resistance to the government itself. It is greatly to be desired that he should not be elected. It is hardly necessary to say that we should be forced to apprehend from Mr. Lincoln's election that the impulse which the Anti-Slavery feeling would receive therefrom would go further than it has yet gone, and create still greater danger to the peace and security of the South. This pervading apprehension would necessarily make his election a great calamity.

MR. DOUGLAS.

I know Mr. Douglas very well, ladies and gentlemen. From Mr. Douglas, personally, I should apprehend no danger. I have never been a Democrat, as you all know. [Applause.]—A frank, fair, and honest opponent of the Democratic party, I have ever been acting upon Whig principles, from the first to the last. [Increased applause.] But I have known Mr. Douglas in the public councils, and have acted with him. Although generally opposed, and especially upon party questions, we have at times acted together, and particularly upon one momentous occasion when we acted together in opposition to that infamous Lecompton Constitution. [Deafening applause.] Mr. Douglas was there making a great sacrifice to his sense of duty. [Applause.] He was sacrificing his connection on that occasion with many old political friends, he was sacrificing as flattering prospects for the highest office in the Government as any man in the country had. I fully believe he did what he conceived to be his duty; and, in defiance of all opposition, the rack of the President, pretended friends, and open foes, he acted like a man. [Tremendous cheering.] He might have been mistaken in what he did, but that little diminished the value of the act. He thought he was right, and he knew he was making a sacrifice, and he was capable of making it when he believed the interests of his country demanded it. [Cheers.] I can have no quarrel with him; he is a Union man. [Cheers.] And a Union man I can always trust, when I believe him to be sincere and in earnest, as I believe Douglas to be. [Continued applause.]

Mr. C. proceeded to argue that the Bell and Everett platform was sufficient, and showed that a great deal more was said about the Territorial Slavery question than it deserved. He illustrated the state of the case by the following story:

Two Italians were walking out together on a bright mid-summer night. One looked up to the heavens, thick with innumerable stars, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I had a farm as spacious as the heavens; that would be an estate worth having!" His companion exclaimed, O, that I had a heard as numerous as the stars above." "Well," said the other, "in the name of heaven, what would you do with such an enormous herd?" "Why," said he, "I would turn them on to your farm." [Laughter.]—"You would, aye?" answered the other. "Yes, what else could I do with them?" Upon that they quarrelled and fought for an hour. [Great laughter.] Now, it does seem to me that we are about to make out just such a moonshine sort of case. [Continued laughter.]

But still this is not the question. Mr. Douglas represents an old party at feud, in the first instance, with the Republican party, calling forth its bitterest opposition, and now at feud with the Southern wing of his own party, that has rejected him for another. His would be the administration of continual conflict. The country could hope for no restoration of peace and good government. He, therefore, ought not to be preferred, in my judgment, to Bell and Everett. [Cheers.] I have spoken not to compliment Mr. Douglas merely, I have spoken because I desire to give my testimony to his truth. I believe Mr. Douglas to be a patriot, and I know him to be a Union man by all the evidences that one public man can give nother of his sentiments. [Applause.] He is a generous, bold man, speaking what he thinks, and doing what he knows to be right. [Renewed applause.] But I am opposed to Mr. Douglas. I am for Bell and Everett. [Immense applause.]

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

And here again, as in respect to Mr. Douglas, my objection is not to the candidate as an individual. I should hope that Mr. Breckinridge was not a disunion man. [A Voice—Yes he is.] He ought not to be. He belongs to a tribe of faithful, devoted Union men—the tribe of Kentuckians. [Great applause.] He must have been seduced away from the path of his duty, far from the path in which all the impulses of his blood ought to carry him, if he has become a disunionist. But Mr. Breckinridge has made himself the head of a party. He is part and parcel of the present purposes of that party; and, as in the edge of Mr. Lincoln, we must judge of his public course by the party that he consents to represent.

Who are they? There is not a disunionist south of Mason and Dixon's line that I know of who does not belong to that party. [Applause.] We have for a long time heard mutterings of disunion in the South—more than mutterings—more than whisperings of such sentiments. We have seen them proclaimed by high men in high places.

DENUNCIATION OF SOUTHERN DISUNIONISTS.

These sentiments pervade the South, and make up the body and soul of the party which has nominated our fellow-citizen, Mr. Breckinridge, as its candidate for the Presidency. Is there no danger that by electing him you would give new energy to that destructive impulse, and new power to this disunion sentiment, and to the cause of disunion? Mr. Breckinridge himself follows in the lead. He is part and parcel of the great party. You see this by his nomination and acceptance of it, and can hence foresee with clearness the disasters that would follow his success. Possibly it may be the policy of those who nominated him to unite Old Kentucky to this new Confederacy. Old Kentucky is quite an important State in this Union [Applause.] She is in the heart of it—she is the heart of it. [Immense enthusiasm.] To obtain her concurrence is of the greatest possible consequence to those who fancy that they can make a Republic in the South more glorious and more prosperous than the great Republic of which we now form a part. Such have been their plans for a long time. Kentucky and Tennessee, which old General Gaines called the two military States of the Union, have lain in the way of that sort of treachery to the Union. [Long and loud applause.] They are two States not easily overcome, and though I would not diminish the honor of Mr. Breckinridge's nomination, as he himself conceives it, yet I imagine there are thousands in the South who would go for Mr. Breckinridge mainly in the hope that it might be the means of annexing Kentucky as a sort of frontier province to this Southern Republic of Cotton States that is to be made. [Cheers and laughter.] If they can bring about that union, if they can bring over Old Kentucky and make her an ally of their scheme for the dismemberment of this Confederacy and the erection of a separate Republic, it would be a matter of very little consequence whether Mr. Breckinridge was elected or not. [Continued cheering.]

NO DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION IF LINCOLN IS ELECTED.

If a man is constitutionally elected President of the United States, shall a minority of the people start up and say, "We will make a revolution: this man shall not be President of the United States; we will by force of arms resist it, and drive him out?" Is not that a destruction of all government? The majority must of necessity rule in all republics, and if you do not like the law of the majority, set aside all free government and go to some place where you will have no elections, where hereditary rulers shall take the place of your elective government. Who will say that if Mr. Lincoln, or anybody else, is constitutionally elected to the Chief Magistracy he shall not take his seat? Have we come to this? If so, let us change the whole government, and let the minority rule, though even then would not the majority men object to the election of a man by the minority?

The Constitution provided that the term of the President should be comparatively short, but four years, thinking that now and then a dangerous man might be elected, but that he could not, with all the guards that Congress set up around him; in the short space of four years, do much to undermine and destroy the liberties of the people. Shall we now introduce the principle of anarchy, and say the man elected who does not please us (the minority) shall not take his seat? Would not there be time, when he misgoverns, to call him to account, according to the constitutional forms provided for such cases.

It is upon great principles that Governments depend, and these great principles must bear a relationship to you. They must be recognized, or you have no government at all—nothing but anarchy.

The Chances.

George T. Curtis, who for a season, was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, but who resigned his place that he might devote more time to his profession, on Wednesday evening made a solid, able and brilliant speech in Roxbury, Mass. We have read nothing more seasonable, statesmanlike and masterly for a long time. Discussing the chances of the Presidential contest he said:

"Well, gentlemen, they tell you that you will not carry a single State; and as to the vote of Massachusetts, they have whittled that down to less than 20,000. Now, gentlemen, it is not my habit on these occasions to make predictions, but I am in the habit of forming opinions upon grounds which I believe to be reliable, and of determining for myself what appear to be the moral probabilities of the case; and let me state that case to you. I take it for granted that no man of correct information, and who has not an object to subserve by making some assertions about it, expects that Mr. Lincoln will be elected by the vote of the people. It may be so.—You hear great confidence expressed on the part of the Republicans. Gentlemen, believe me, that confidence is neither very strongly felt, nor is it well founded. The view which I am going to present to you on this subject assumes that there will be no election by the people. Under these circumstances, I desire you to consider, and if my voice or words could reach every man in Massachusetts, I should desire every vote in the State to consider what is his duty in reference to that peculiar contingency which is in the highest degree likely to happen.

"There is, gentlemen, a very strong probability that the Union party will obtain the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, North Carolina, Florida and Texas. [Voice—"and Louisiana." I think it fair, also, to add Louisiana, and I was about to say that if you add Louisiana it gives you, without the vote of Massachusetts, ninety electoral votes. Now, nobody can entertain so irrational a supposition as to imagine that Mr. Douglas and Mr. Johnson, or Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Lane will obtain anything like ninety electoral votes apiece. The consequence will be, that the election if thrown into the House, will go there in this position—that Mr. Lincoln will be on the part of the Republicans, that Mr. Bell will be there on the part of the Union party, and that one of the other gentlemen will of course be there, because the three highest go in. Now, the same vote which places Mr. Bell in the House of Representatives as one of the constitutional candidates, will, in all human probability, and upon every reasonable calculation, place Mr. Everett in the Senate as one of the two constitutional candidates for the Vice Presidency.—Well, sir, who will be the other candidate that will go into the Senate for the Vice President?—Why Mr. Hannibal Hamlin, down East there in Maine. Now do you suppose that the Senate of the United States is going to hesitate long in the choice between these two men? [Voice—'No,' 'Guess not.']

"Why, sir, it is not within the bounds of human propability that any Democrat will vote for Mr. Hamlin, and I greatly doubt whether any Republican Senator, when the personal responsibility for his vote, in the eyes of the American people, and of the world, shall rest upon him, will cast his vote for Mr. Hamlin against Edward Everett; for, sir, the responsibility of that vote will be, under the circumstances, nothing less than the responsibility of a vote cast to determine who is to be President of the United States; because if the House fail to choose a President before the 4th of March, the office, of necessity under the Constitution, devolves upon the Vice President; and I say, in all human probability, or speaking in moderation, there is very high degree of probability that the Vice President will be Edward Everett. The Senate are not restricted as to the time when they shall make their choice. They may choose the Vice President out of the two candidates before them before the fourth of March or after the fourth of March. Either way, the States voting in the House—for the House must vote by States, and the Republicans not having a majority there, of course cannot elect Mr. Lincoln; the House, I say, voting by States, the Senate will stand, in relation to them, in this position—you must either make John Bell President of the United States, or must take Edward Everett for the office. There it is, gentlemen. That is the contingency, and I say that it is a contingency very likely to happen. I go further, and say that it is more likely to happen than any other result of this complication of things that can be foreseen."

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

"How did you enjoy your visit to your sweetheart's?"—"Oh, I didn't like the *feeting* with which I was received by her father."