THE EASTON GAZETT

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown—RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ALL AROUND AND ALL ABOVE THEE.

ALL around and all above thee
In the hushed and charmed air,
All things woo thee, all things love thee,
Maiden fair!

Gentlest zephrys perfume breathing,
Waft to thee their tribute sweet,
And for thee the spring is wreathing
Garlands meet.

In their caverned, cool recesses
Songs for thee the fountains frame;
Whatso'er the wave caresses
Lisps thy name.

Greener verdure, brighter blossom,
Whereso'er thy footsteps stray,
O'er the earth's enamored bosom,
Live alway,

Whereso'er thy presence lingers,
Whereso'er thy brightness beams,
Fancy weaves with cunning fingers
Sweetest dreams.

And the heart forgets thee, never,
Thy young beauty's one delight,
There it dwells and dwells forever,
Ever Bright.

HOW SHE DID IT.

"I never undertook but once," said Tom, "to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet but determined as ever: Just after we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning. She never *asked* me to do it, you know, but then the why it was done just in this way. She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream; and sat it just where I couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly enough, and churned till the butter had come. She didn't thank me but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time Not a word said, you know, of course.—Well, by & by, this began to be rather irksome. I wanted she should ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it, to save my soul; so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard, to give her time to call me, but never word said she, and so, with a palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove.—I felt as if I had done a wrong. I didn't exactly feel how, but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner. I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny for life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn, just where I left it! Not a word was said: I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and, shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn, and went at it in the old way. Splash, begun the butter paddle, splash, splash; but as if in spite, the butter never was so long coming! I supposed the cream standing so long, had got warm, and so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the afternoon wore away while I was churning, I paused at last from real exhaustion when she spoke for the first time:—'Come Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermik quite long enough, if it's only for fun you are doing it!' I knew how it was in a flash she had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with. I never set myself in household matters after that."

THE THORN.—"Tell me;" said the Willow to the Thorn, "why art thou so covetous of the clothes of those who pass by? Of what use can they be to thee!" "None whatever," replied the envious Thorn, "I have no desire to take them, I only want to tear them." How many thorns there are in the living world.

A WESTERN COURT SCENE.

BY JERRY NOBS.

Judge B—— of Missouri, was in many respects, a remarkable man. He stood six feet two in his boots, and was fond of a frolic as the most rattling lad in the country. He could drink more liquor, "lift" a heavier "bag o' meal," and play a better game of "poker" than any man in the circuit. These admirable qualifications, of course, rendered him the most popular judge on the bench of his state. Yet he never lost his dignity while on the bench. *There*, he was stern, haughty, and dignified. The least approach to familiarity, while he was setting in court; was always resented by a fine, and sometimes by imprisonment.

"Well, it happened one day, while he was "holding court," that Mr. Dewzenbury, a rough looking, but independent customer, came into the court room with his hat on his head. This the judge considered an indignity offered to the court, and forthwith ordered Mr. D. to take off his hat.

To this Mr. Dezenbury paid no attention, which being observed by "his honor," he ordered the sheriff to "take that man's hat off."

"Take your hat off," cried the sheriff Mr. Dewzenbury remained motionless while the judge proceeded to business.—At last, raising his eyes, "his honor" again discovered the incorrigible standing with his hat on his head.

"Sheriff!" cried the court, "take that man's that off."

The sheriff approached and repeated the command of the judge.

"I'm bald," said Mr. D., "and can't comply."

"You can't!" exclaimed the judge, waxing angry, "then I fine you five dollars for contempt of court."

"What's that you say, judge?" replied Mr. D., as he walked deliberately up to the judge's stand.

"I fine you five dollars, sir, for contempt of court."

"Very well," said Mr. D., as he carefully put his hand into his pocket and pulled out a fifty cent piece. "Very well, here's the money," handing the judge the half dollar; "this squares us, judge. *You owed me four dollars and a half when we quit playing poker last night and this half makes us even.*"

The bar roared, the crowd smiled, and the judge pocketed his "change" without uttering a word.—*Yankee Blade.*

A Caution to Merchants—We heard a good story of a sagacious country gentleman, who came to our city some days ago with a bill on a highly responsible firm of this city. The bill was duly presented for acceptance, and a young member of the firm, a fashionable, showily dressed gentleman, who had cultivated a very dainty moustache, wrote with a gold pen his endorsement on the bill, giving his middle name in full, thus:—J. Templeton Tompkins. The countryman looked at the signature, read it slowly, glanced at the fashionable merchant, who was very facinatingly twirling his whiskers, and handing the bill over to him, remarked:

"Here, stranger, cash that document."—"What!" indignantly replied the merchant, "discount my own paper!—it is a positive insult." "Well, cant, help it," said the countryman, "if you don't, I must get somebody else to do it." To prevent this paper from getting on 'Change the merchant concluded to cash the bill, and paying over the money to the countryman, asked him quietly, "Why, my friend, do you offer me the gratuitous insult of requiring me to discount my own paper?" "I don't mean any harm, stranger, but I have just got this idear in my skull, that when you see a merchant with that har on his upper lip, who writes his middle name out in full, and endorses bills with a gold pen, you may set it down as purty certing he's gwine to bust up in a week."—*N. O. Delta.*

FINE PALATES.—As to de men passengers, I always let dem shift for themselves, for dere isn't werry few of dem as is real superfine gentlemen, but just refidge a little varnished over de surface like, all pretence. Dey all make believe dat dey know wine, when dere isn't hardly none of 'em know him by name even. One buckra says "Steward, I can't drink dis wine: it is werry poor stuff, what de debil do you mean by giving me such trash as dis? He no fit to drink at all! Change him directly, and gib me some dat is fit for a gentleman."—Well, I takes up de wine, and looks at um werry knowing, and den whisper in his ear not to speak so loud, lest ebery body hear, and I put dis finger on my nose and nod, and I goes and brings him anoder bottle of the werry identical same wine, and he tastes him, smack his lip, and say, "Ah, dat is de wine, steward! Always bring me dat wine, and I remember you when I leab the ship." "Hush!" I say, "massa! Not so loud, sir, if you please, for dere is only a werry few bottles of dat ere wine, and I keep him for you, for I sees you knows the good wine when you sees him, which is more'nor most gentlemen does." Dey is cussed stupid is dem whites, and werry conceited too, Mr. Labender; but there is nothing like letting him hab his own way.

HARD TIMES COMING, BOYS.—It is said that the breakers at the sea shore have commenced a run upon the banks; but the current sea has not been effected.

The Ratification Convention.

APPROVAL OF THE NOMINATIONS.

THE HERO OF BUENA VISTA.

AND

THE STATESMAN OF NEW YORK.

[Reported for the N. Amer. and U.S Gaz]

The ingathering of the populace from all quarters of the country, into council for the consideration and ratification of the nominations of the Convention, took place last evening in Independence Square. It was a fitting place for the occasion, and the Square presented a spectacle which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Neither trouble nor expense was spared by the Committee of Arrangements, in the preparations for this Convention of the People. Against the rear window of the Hall of Independence was erected a vast stand, the floor of which was some twelve feet above the ground. It was very capacious, containing ample accommodations for the large number of Secretaries and Vice Presidents, as well as the distinguished speakers present from all parts of the Union, and the numerous reporters of the daily press, as well as the Committee of Arrangements. At the eastern and southwestern gates of the square, were also erected very large stands, all, like the main stand covered, and well lighted.

At this meeting the earliest members present, were the Baltimore delegation, over a thousand in number, with banner and band. They were enthusiastically cheered. There were besides, delegates present from many of the rural districts of this State, as well as from the remote sections of the country.

The assemblage was a very large one, probably the largest ever seen in this city. Around each stand were gathered, in the course of the evening thousands of attentive spectators, each gathering making a much larger array than many common political meetings.

The soul-stirring strains of martial music, the flash of fireworks, the report of guns ever and anon, and the glare of Drummond lights, mingled with the pealing shouts of the assembled thousands, and the eloquent tones of the favorite orators of the party. We present below but a meagre outline of the proceedings, regretting that want of time and space obliges us to be brief.

The meeting was called to order by ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., of Philadelphia, who nominated the following list of officers, which was unanimously agreed to.

President—W. F. JOHNSTON, of Pa., assisted by a Vice President from each State, and fourteen Secretaries.

On taking the chair, Mr. Johnston made a few very pertinent remarks. The names of the candidates were received with great cheerings He said that no good Whig would withhold his support from the ticket which had been nominated. He concluded by introducing to the meeting Ex-Governor Morehead of N. C., the President of the nominating convention.

Mr. Morehead spoke in eloquent terms of the candidates before the nominating convention. At the mention of the name of Clay an electric cheer burst forth. He condemned in strong language the treatment of General Scott, and said that his country would yet place him in a higher niche of fame than the miserable administration was willing to allow him. He then did justice to old Zack, the man who had never lost a battle, and who never surrendered. He excused himself after a few remarks, on account of his exhaustion from his official duties.

Gen. Barrow, of Tenn., was next introduced. He said that he was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but there were those on the stand who would bear him witness, that on the anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista, the 22d of February, in this city, he had proclaimed amidst darkness and clouds, that the Whig Convention would nominate Zachary Taylor—and now he would prophecy, although he was not a seventh son, nor the son of a seventh son—that the people would elect Zachary Taylor President.—He next commended the harmony of the party in regard to the nomination, and proceeded at some length in a brilliant strain. He spoke of Clay and Webster till the whole assembly again burst in spontaneous shouts.

The following resolutions were then read by W. S Price, Esq, of Philadelphia.

1. Resolved, That the Whigs of the United States, here assembled by their Representatives, heartily ratify the nominations of Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR as President, and MILLARD FILMORE as Vice President of the United States, and pledge themselves to their support.

2. Resolved, That in the choice of General TAYLOR as the Whig candidate for President, we are glad to discover sympathy with a great popular sentiment throughout the nation—a sentiment which, having its origin in admiration of great military success, has been strengthened by the development, in every action and every word, of sound conservative opinions, and of true fidelity to the great examples of former days; and to the principles of the Constitution as administered by its founders.

3. Resolved, That General TAYLOR, in saying that, had he voted in 1844, he would have voted the Whig ticket, gives us the assurance—(and no better is needed from a consistent and truth speaking man)—that his heart was with us at the crisis of our political destiny, when HENRY CLAY was our candidate, and when not only Whig principles were well defined and clearly asserted, but Whig measures depended on success. The heart that was with us then is with us now, and we have a soldier's word of honor, and a life of public and private virtue, as the security.

4. Resolved, That we look to General Taylor's administration of the Government as one conducive of Peace, Prosperity, and Union, *Of Peace*—because no one better knows, or has greater reason to deplore what he has seen sadly on the field of victory, the horrors of war, and especially of a foreign and aggressive war.—*Of Prosperity*—now more than ever needed to relieve the nation from a burthen of debt, and to restore industry—agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial to its accustomed and peaceful functions and influences. *Of Union*—because we have a candidate whose very position as a Southwestern man, reared on the banks of that great stream whose tributaries, natural and artificial, embrace the whole Union, renders the protection of the interests of the whole country his first trust, and whose varied duties in past life have been rendered, not on[e] soil, or under the flag of any State or section, but over the wide frontier, and under the broad banner of the Nation.

5. Resolved, That standing as the Whig Party does, on the broad and firm platform of the Constitution, braced up by all its inviolable and sacred guarantees and compromises, and cherished in the affections because prohibitive of the interests of the people, without fraud to have, as the exponent of our opinions, one who is pledged to construe it by the wise and generous rules which Washington applied to it, and who has—(and no Whig desires any other assurance)—that he will make Washington's administration the model of his own.

6 Resolved, That as Whigs and Americans, we are proud to acknowledge our gratitude for the great military services which, beginning at Palo Alto, and ending at Buena Vista, first awakened the American people to a just estimate of him who is now our Whig candidate. In the discharge of a painful duty—for his march into the enemy's country was a reluctant one,—in the command of regulars at one time, and of volunteers at another, and of both combined; in the decisive thought punctuated some of his camp where all respected and beloved him; in the negociation of terms for a dejected and desperate enemy; in the exigency of actual conflict when the balance was perilously doubtful,—we have found him the same, brave, distinguished and considerate, no heartless spectator of bloodshed, no trifler with human happiness; and we do not know which to admire most, his heroism in withstanding the assaults of the enemy in the almost hopeless fields of Buena Vista—mourning in generous sorrow over the graves of Ringgold, of Clay, or of Harding,—or in giving in the heat of battle terms of merciful capitulation to a vanquished foe at Monterey, and not being ashamed to avow that he did it to spare women and children, helpless infancy, and more helpless age, against whom no American soldier ever wars. Such a military man whose triumphs are neither remote nor doubtful, whose virtues these trials have tested, we are proud to make our candidate.

7. Resolved, That in support of such a nomination we ask our Whig friends throughout the nation to unite, and to co-operate zealously, resolutely; with earnestness in behalf our candidate, whom calumny cannot reach, and with respectful demeanor to our adversaries, whose candidates have yet to prove their claims on the gratitude of the nation.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Speeches were then made by George R. Richardson, Esq., of Md. Col. Haskell, of Tenn., Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, Mr. Maxwell, of New York, & a number of others.

At the southeastern stand, Gen. James Irvin, of Pennsylvania, presided. The General made a very effective speech, in which he alluded to his course in the Convention, and said that whatever might be his preferences, he went heart and hand for the nominee.

Speeches were also made by Mr. Walker of Indiana, Col. Rives of Rhode Island, the Poughkeepsie blacksmith, and Mr. Whitney of the city of New York. The latter gentleman had been an ardent supporter of Henry Clay, but yielded his hearty support to the nominations. His remarks were eloquent, and elicited frequent applause. General Barrow, of Tenn., Mr. Sweet of Illinois, Col. Duncan of Louisiana, Mr. Cogdill, of Indiana, Mr. Ray of Ohio, Mr. Parker of Massachusetts, Mr. Barringer, of N. C., Mr. Beddinger, of Kentucky, and others, followed.

At the southwestern stand, Colonel Fowler, of New York, presided, and made an able speech. He was followed by Mr. Batcheldor, of Massachusetts, Z. Collins Lee, of Maryland, Ex-Gov. Stratton, of New Jersey, Hon. Mr. Cocke, of Tennesse, Hon. Mr. Lyman, of Vermont, Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, Mr. Brown, of Pennsylvania, Hon. Mr. Foster, of Georgia, Mr. Platt, of Delaware, Mr. Mix of New York Dr. Cowdell, of Indiana, Mr. Ricardo, of Louisiana, and Mr. Chandler, of Massachusetts.

At about half past eleven o'clock, and while the speaking was still going on, a splendid piece of fire works was set off in the main walk of the square, being a radiant star, in the centre of which was emblazoned the names of "Taylor and Fillmore," in letters of fire. The spectacle was grand, and was received with terrific shouts.

At a late hour the meeting separated, in fine spirits, and full of zeal for the nominees.

LEWIS CASS.

"Lewis Cass commenced his political career by reviling Jefferson and his Administration, in a series of articles published in the New Hampshire Patriot. His is one of the oldest Federal families in New England, and soon after his admission to the Bar made his way to Ohio, where he opened a law office, but did not succeed. Finally through Gen. Harrison's influence he received a Lieutenant's Commission in the Army, accompanied Hull's expedition to Canada and *agreed to Hull's surrender to the British!* He afterwards became an aid to Gen. Harrison, but was never engaged in any battle.

In 1828 he left the Federal party & in connection with Jas Ross, of Pittsburg, James Buchanan of Lancaster and all the leading *Federalists* of that day, espoused the cause of General Jackson—became Secretary of War under Jackson, and mismanaged the department to such a degree, especially in reference to the Florida War, that Old Hickory dismissed him in the mildest way he could, by sending him as Minister to France There, true to his Federal instinct, he became the advocate of Louis Phillippe, and carried his aristocratic notions so far as to introduce a "Court regulation" *requiring all Americans who desired to be presented to the King to appear in* COURT DRESSES—costing from five hundred to one thousand dollars!—While at Paris he wrote a Biography of Louis Philippe, setting him forth as the greatest and best monarch that ever lived.

Upon the election of Gen. Harrison he manifested an ardent desire to enter the Whig ranks in the hope of being *re-appointed* by him at a salary of 27,000 per annum and no doubt would have turned out a full blooded Whig, *for the sake of office*, if Gen. Harrison, had lived and re-appointed him. Soon after Tyler turned Locofoco, and regarded Cass as a "doubtful politician," turned him out and appointed William R. Ring of Alabama in his place.

Mr. Cass returned to the United States and in answer to certain inquiries propounded to him, declared himself in favor of a high protective Tariff. Distribution of the Proceeds of the Public Lands, and of the constitutionality of a bank of the United States. These views brought him in close alliance with Governor Porter of Pennsylvania, and that portion of the Locofoco party who had a squinting to those measures. He was afterwards elected to the Senate of the United States, in the same manner that Gen. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, obtained a seat in that body. Being now in a position of influence he commenced bidding for the Presidency. Accordingly, a public meeting in some obscure place in Kentucky, was got up in 1813, where he was recommended for President and Governor Porter for Vice President. With this endorsement these two worthies entered the Baltimore Convention of 1844, and there succeded in defeating Van Buren by the introduction of the two-thirds rule, but were themselves defeated in getting the nomination.

He next espoused the annexation of Texas, the extension and propagation of slavery, and the War with Mexico for additional territory to promote Slavery. But in these, as in some former measures, he became perplexed. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, introduced his celebrated Proviso against the extension of slavery in *free* territory. This was a democratic measure, popular in the free States, and odious to the South. The course he pursued was to make a speech *for* the proviso, and to vote *against* it Then came the repeal of the protective Tariff of 1842, which he had approved of and recommended. The Tariff was democratic and popular in the free States and odious in the South. He made a speech in *favor* of the Tariff and voted to *repeal* it. During the present session of Congress, he made a speech *against* slavery as a moral evil and published a letter *approving* of it in free territory. All these things certified him to be a genuine Locofoco, and have secured him the nomination.—*Reading Jour.*

GEN. CASS AN OLD FEDERALIST.

We presume that it has not escaped the observation of our readers, that all the prominent candidates for the Presidential nomination by the Baltimore Convention were old Federalists, dyed in the wool.—That a party calling itself "Democratic," and professing a holy horror for the Federalism of the olden time; should now set up as its champions and leaders, the men who are the very embodiment of that Federalism, is singularly strange and inconsistent. But then, we are getting used to political paradoxes, of all sorts and varieties, and are not unusually disturbed by this last one of the series.

Mr. Buchanan who received 55 votes in the Baltimore Convention, was one of the most bitter and uncompromising Federalists in Pennsylvania. He opposed Madison and the war, and, as every school-boy knows, went so far as to say that "if he had a *drop* of Democratic blood in his veins, he would let it out." This man is now profuse in his professions of "Democracy," and is held up as an exemplar and

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wise and unpatriotic." He wore the black
cockade, and gloried in his Federalism!—
He is now a "Democrat" of the straightest
sect, and may be regarded as a fair speci-
men of what constitutes the modern Dem-
ocrat.

General Cass, who has been the successful candidate of the Convention, is more than any of the disappointed candidates, identified with old Federalism, and was, therefore, thought most worthy of the confidence and support of modern Democracy!" As to Gen. Cass' Federalism, there can be no doubt. He wore the *black cockade*, the great and distinguishing badge worn by the Federalists of 1800. If any one doubts this statement, we refer them to Niles' Register, the highest authority of the kind in the country.

The following is a literal extract from Niles' Register, of September 13th, 1834. See vol. 47, page 18:

"*The fact is, that while his father, Major Cass, superintended the recruiting service in Delaware, in 1799—1800, for what we Democrats styled the "provision eating army," he (the present Gen. Cass) was the preceptor of the Grammer School in Wilmington, and always appeared with a BLACK COCKADE in his hat.*"—*Philadelphia Daily News.*

GEN. CASS'S CHICAGO LETTER.—There is a general desire, now that Gen. Cass is nominated, to see his letter to the Chicago Convention. It is subjoined:

DETROIT, May 29th, 1847.

Dear Sir—I am obliged to you for your kind attention in transmitting me an invitation to attend the Convention of Internal Improvement, which will meet at Chicago in July. Circumstances, however, will put it out of my power to be present at that time.

I am, dear Sir, respectfully yours,
LEWIS CASS.

W. L. WHITING, Esq.

MORE SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.—The loco papers have found out that in the names of Polk and Dallas there are *ten* letters, and the same number in the names of Cass and Butler, and that in the full names of Jas. K. Polk and George M. Dallas, there are *twenty-three* letters; and the same number in the full names of Lewis Cass and William O. Butler.

A Correspondent, who loves to dip into these mysteries, hints to us as a still more striking coincidence, that in Mexican War there are ten letters as in Polk and Dallas, and that the full name of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna has twenty-three letters, the same number as in the full names of James K. Polk and George M. Dallas.

From the Balt. Patriot.

YORK & CUMBERLAND RAILROAD.

PITTSBURG, May 29, 1848.

The election on Saturday night last resulted in favor of authorising the County Commissioners to subscribe *one million of dollars to the Central Railroad!* All doubts relative to the early completion of this great work are at an end.

This makes the fifth million of dollars subscribed to this road, and yet there are many persons in Baltimore who affect to believe and say, "the execution of the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania (from Philadelphia to Pittsburg) is still a problematical thing."

How few in Baltimore *know*, that at this very moment, a survey is going on under J. M'D. GOLDSBOROUGH, Esq., a practical, intelligent and efficient engineer, with a competent corps, upon the route of the York and Cumberland Railroad—the design of which is to connect the city with the very road for which the above sum of one million has been subscribed; one of the most important roads, so far as the city of Baltimore is concerned, in all the country. It is also with the highest gratification that I am able to say, that within a few days Mr. Goldsborough has explored a new route, without material deep cuts or embankments, and so direct, that the distance from York to Harrisburgh may be accomplished in *one hour*, as the road may be almost a dead level. Will your citizens, a few weeks hence, when called on, give their aid to this important road, or will they once more and for the *last time*, turn their backs upon it? Will they accept of an *immediate* route to Pittsburg and the Ohio, or will they refuse it? F. C. H.

YORK, May 30, 1848.

CONSCIENCE.—We are apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight; but I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible "next morning," when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh, it is the *next morning*, when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre—then doth the churchyard, memory, yield up its grisly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but most torment. At night we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion and sleep! But at morning, sleep is over, and we are called upon coldly to review, and react, and live again the waking bitterness of self-reproach.—*Bulwer.*

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