# THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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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From the London Examiner.

## TEN YEARS AGO.

BY A. A. WATTS.

That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. WORDSWORTH.

Ten years ago, ten years ago,
Life was to us a fairy scene,
And the keen blasts of worldly woe
Had seared not then its pathway green:—
Youth and its thousand dreams were ours,—
Feelings we ne'er can know again—
Unwithered hopes, unwasted powers,
And frames unworn by mortal pain:
Such was the bright and genial flow
Of life with us—ten years ago!

Time has not blanched a single hair
That clusters round their forehead now;
Nor hath the cankering touch of Care
Left even one furrow on thy brow.
Thine eyes are bright as when we met,
In love's deep truth, in earlier years;
Thy rosy cheek is blooming yet,
Though sometimes stained by secret tears;—
But where, O, where's the spirit's glow
That shone through all—ten years ago!

I, too, am changed, I scarce know why;
I feel each flagging pulse decay,
And youth, and health, and visions high,
Melt like a wreath of snow away!
Time cannot sure have wrought the ill;
Though worn in this world's sickening strife
In soul and form—I linger still
In the first summer month of life;
Yet journey on my path below—
O, how unlike—ten years ago!

But, look not thus; I would not give
The wreck of hopes that thou must share,
To bid those joyous hours revive,
When all around me seemed so fair;
We've wandered on in sunny weather,
When winds were low and flowers in bloom;
And hand in hand have kept together,
And still will keep, 'mid storm and gloom;
Endeared by ties we could not know,
When life was young—ten years ago!

Has Fortune frowned?—Her frowns were vain,
For hearts like ours she could not chill;
Have friends proved false?—Their love might wane,
But ours grew fonder, firmer still!
Twin barks on this world's changing wave,
Steadfast in calms, in tempests tried,
In concert still our fate we'll brave,
Together cleave life's fitful tide;
Nor mourn, whatever blast may blow,
Youth's first wild dreams—ten years ago!

Have we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die;
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry.
Was it not sweet in that sad hour
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?—
What, to the thought that soothed that woe,
Were heartless joys—ten years ago!

Yes, it is sweet, when heaven is bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee!
But even more sweet, 'mid clouds and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me;
Then dry those tears, tho' somewhat changed
From what we were in earlier youth—
Time, that hath hopes and friends estranged,
Hath left us love in all its truth;—
Sweet feelings we would not forego,
For life's best joys—ten years ago!

RHODE ISLAND SENATOR.—A letter from a democrat at Providence, to the New York Herald says:

There can be no question but what Gen. James is a thorough whig. In his letter shown to the sixteen whigs, and since seen by scores of people, he declares himself a "whig," a "friend to whig measures, and "particularly a protective tariff." He has for the last ten or twelve years voted the whig ticket; and those who are most intimate with him, wonder at any one calling Gen. James a democrat. Our Legislature has not adjourned. It is now in session, and will be a fortnight longer; so that if there is any "mistake" in declaring Gen. J. the Senator elect, it is in their power to correct it.

"RUNNING UP" PROPERTY—*Important Decision.*—In a case brought before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, from Delaware county, it was decided last week, that in a public sale, where a person is employed to "run up" the property, and make the purchaser pay more than if none but *bona fide* bidders bid for it, the sale is fraudulent and void, so far that the purchaser is not obliged to take the property struck off to him.

## THE DEATH OF A GOBLIN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

There is a bye-street, called the Pallant, in an old cathedral city—a narrow carriage-way, which leads to half-a-dozen antique mansions. A great number of years ago, when I began to shave, the presence of a very fascinating girl induced me to make frequent calls upon an old friend of our family who lived in one of the oldest of these houses, a plain, large building of red brick. The father, and the grandfather, and a series of great-great-great and other grandfathers of the then occupant, Sir Francis Holyoke, had lived and died beneath its roof. So much I knew; and I had inkling of a legend in connexion with the place, a very horrible affair. How and when I heard the story fully told, I have good reason to remember.

We were in the great dark wainscoted parlour one December evening; papa was out. I sat with Margaret by the fireside, and saw in the embers visions of what might come to pass, but never did. Ellen was playing at her harpsichord in a dark corner of the room, singing a quaint and cheerful duet out of Gretry's Cœur de Lion with my old school-fellow, Paul Owen, a sentimental youth, who became afterwards a martyr to the gout, and broke his neck at a great steeple-chase. "The God of Love a bandeau wears," those two were singing. Truly, they had their own eyes filleted. The fire-light glow, when it occasionally flickered on the cheek over which Paul was bending, could not raise the semblance of young health upon its shining whiteness. That beautiful white hand was fallen into dust before Paul Owen had half earned the wedding-ring that should encircle it.

"Thanks to you, sister—thanks, too, to Gretry for a pleasant ditty. Now, don't let us have candles. Shall we have ghost stories?"

"What! in a haunted house?"

"The very thing," cried Paul; "let us have all the story of the Ghost of Holyoke. I never heard it properly."

Ellen was busy at her harpsichord again, with fragments from a Stabat Mater. Not Rossini's luscious lamentation, but the deep pathos of that Italian, who in days past "mœrebat et dolebat," who moved the people with his masterpiece, and was stabbed to death by a rival at the cathedral door.

"Why, Ellen, you look as if you feared the ghosts."

"No, no," she said, "we know it is an idle tale. Go to the fire, Paul, and I will keep you solemn with the harpsichord, in order that you may not laugh while Margaret is telling it."

"Well, then," began Margaret, "of course this story is all nonsense."

"Of course it is," said I.

"Of course it is," said Paul.

Ellen continued playing.

"I mean," said Margaret, "that really and truly no part of it can possibly be anything but fiction. Papa, you know, is a great genealogist, and he says that our ancestor, Godfrey of Holyoke, died in the Holy Land, and had two sons, but never had a daughter. Some old nurse made the tale that he died here, in the house, and had a daughter Ellen. This daughter Ellen, says the tale, was sought in marriage by a young knight who won her good will, but could not get her father's. That Ellen—very much unlike our gentle, timid sister in the corner there—was proud and wilful. She and her father quarrelled.—His health failed, because, the story hints mysteriously, she put a slow and subtle poison into his after-supper cup night after night. One evening they quarrelled violently, and the next morning Sir Godfrey was gone. His daughter said that he had left the house in anger with her. The tale, determined to be horrible, says that she poisoned him outright, and with her own hands buried him in an old cellar under this room. That cellar-door is fastened with a padlock, to which there is no key remaining. Not being wanted, it has not been opened probably for scores of years."

"Well!"

"Well—in a year or two the daughter married, and in time had children scampering about this house. But her health failed. The children fell ill, and, excepting one or two, all died. One night——"

"Yes."

"One night she lay awake through care; and in the middle of the night a figure like her father came into the room, holding a cup like that from which he used to drink after his supper. It moved inaudibly to where she lay, placed the cup to her lips; a chill came over her. The figure passed away, but in a few minutes she heard the shutting of a cellar-door. After that she was often kept awake by dread, and often saw that she was visited. She heard the cellar-door creak on its hinge, and knew it was her father coming. Once she watched all night by the sick bed of her eldest child; the goblin came, and put the cup to her child's lips; she knew that her children who were dead, and she herself who was dying, and that child of hers, had tasted of her father's poison. She died young. And ever since that time, the legend says, Sir Godfrey walks at night, and puts his fatal goblet to the lips of his descendants, of the children and children's children of his cruel child. It is quite true that sickness and death occur more frequently among those who inhabit this house than is to be easily accounted for. So story-tellers have accounted for it, as you see. But it is certain that Sir Godfrey fell in Palestine, and had no daughter."

Ellen continued playing with her face bowed down over the harpsichord. Margaret, a healthy, cheerful girl, had lived generally with an old aunt in the South of England. But the two girls were mourning. In the flower of her years their mother had departed from them, after long lingering in broken health. The bandeau seemed to have been unrolled from poor Paul's eyes, for after a long pause, which had been filled by Ellen's music, he said,

"Ellen, did *you* ever see Sir Godfrey?"

She left her harpsichord and came to him, and leaning down over his shoulder, kissed him. Was she thinking of the sorrow that would come upon him soon?

The sudden closing of a heavy door startled us all. But a loud jovial voice restored our spirits. Sir Francis had come in from his afternoon walk and gossip, and was clamouring for tea.

"Why, boys and girls, all in the dark! What mischief are you after?"

"Laughing at the Holyoke Ghost, papa," said Margaret.

"Laughing, indeed; you look is if you had been drinking with him. Silly tale! silly tale! Look at me, I'm hale and hearty. Why don't Sir Godfrey tackle me?—I'd like a draught out of his flagon."

A door below us creaked upon its hinges. Ellen shrank back visibly alarmed.

"You silly butterfly," Sir Francis cried, "it's Thomas coming up out of the kitchen with the candles you left me to order.—Tea, girls, tea!"

Sir Francis, a stout, warm-faced, and warm-hearted gentleman kept us amused through the remainder of that evening.—My business the next day called me to London, from whence I sailed in a few days for Valparaiso. While aboard, I heard of Ellen's death. On my return to England, I went immediately to the old cathedral city, where I had many friends. There I was shocked to hear that Sir Francis himself had died of apoplexy, and that Margaret, the sole heir and survivor, had gone back, with her health injured, to live with her aunt in the South of England. The dear old house, ghost and all, had been "To let," and had been taken by a schoolmistress. It was now "Holyoke House Seminary for Young Ladies."

The school had succeeded through the talent of its mistress; but although she was not a lady of the stocks and blackboard school, the sickliness among her pupils had been very noticeable. Scarlet fever, too, had got among them, of which three had died. The school had become in consequence almost deserted, and the lady who had occupied the house was in the point of quitting. Surely, I thought, if this be Sir Godfrey's work, he is as relentless an old goblin as can be imagined.

For private reasons of my own, I travelled south. Margaret bloomed again; as for her aunt, she was a peony in fullest flower. She had a breezy house by the sea-side, abominated dirt and spiders, and, before we had been five minutes together, abused me for having lavender-water upon my handkerchief. She hated smells, it seemed; she carried her antipathy so far as to throw a bouquet out of the window which I had been putting together with great patience and pains for Margaret.

We talked of the old house at——

"I tell you what it is, Peggy," she said, "if ever you marry, ghost or no ghost, you're the heir of the Holyokes, and in the old house you shall live. As soon as Miss Williams has quitted, I'll put on my bonnet and run across with you into the north."

And so she did. We stalked together into the desolate old house. It echoed our tread dismally.

"Peggy," said Aunt Anne, with her eyes quite fixed, "Peggy, I smell a smell.—Let's go down stairs." We went into the kitchen.

"Peggy," the old lady said, "it's very bad. I think it's Sir Godfrey."

"O aunt!" said Margaret, laughing; "he died in Palestine, and is dust long ago."

"I'm sure it's Sir Godfrey," said Aunt Anne. "You fellow," to me, "just take the bar belonging to that window-shutter, and come along with me. Peggy, show us Sir Godfrey's cellar."

Margaret changed colour. "What," said the old lady, "flinch at a ghost you don't believe in! I'm not afraid, see; yet I'm sure Sir Godfrey's in the cellar. Come along."

We came and stood before the mysterious door with its enormous padlock. "I smell the ghost distinctly," said Aunt Anne.

Margaret didn't know ghosts had a smell.

"Break the door open, you chap." I battered with the bar, the oaken planks were rotten, and soon fell apart—some fell into the cellar with a plash. There was a foul smell. A dark cellar had a very little daylight let into it,—we could just see the floor covered with filth, in which some of the planks had sunk and disappeared.

"There," said the old lady, "there's the stuff your ghost had in his cup. There's your Sir Godfrey who poisons sleepers, and cuts off your children and your girls. Ban! We'll set to work, Peggy; us clear your ancestors knew or cared nothing about drainage. We'll have the house drained properly, and that will be the death of the Goblin."

So it was, as our six children can testify.

A GOOD RULE.—"Pay as you go."

## AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY—No. 6.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Lime formations are more *ates* than *ides*. Carbonates are most abundant, various, and useful, frequently very beautiful.—Common limestone of different textures and colors; most, perhaps all, the marbles, chalk, and crystals, of various forms and hues, are the carbonates of lime: about forty-four parts carbonic acid, and fifty six quicklime—oxyde of calcium.

Next to the carbonates of lime, sulphates are more abundant and useful. Common gypsum, a powerful manure; alabaster, much used for ornaments under a beautiful polish; crystals of considerable variety and beauty, are the sulphates of lime.

Fluate of lime is another calcareous formation. It is known as fluor spar, also Derbyshire spar. It receives a fine polish, when it is used for various ornamental purposes. From the fluate of lime fluoric acid is obtained, which has the power of acting on glass. By covering any piece of glass with a thin coat of wax, then cutting through the wax letters or any figures, and exposing the glass to fluoric acid, etching is produced on the glass. The fluoric acid is set free from the lime by charging it with sulphuric acid.

Nitrate of lime, though not common, is found in some considerable deposites. It has been supposed that it would furnish a good material for producing the oxygen gas for the calcium light. Bones are the phosphate of lime. Chloride of lime is a manufactured article, formed by exposing lime to chlorine. It was first manufactured some forty years since, and is now a most important article in the manufacture of cotten fabrics. It has great bleaching powers.

Every child knows that lime formations, especially carbonates and sulphates, are alike essential for the purposes of agriculture and architecture. They are essential to the greatest fertility of soils. By a proper mixture of quartz and feldspar, or sand, clay and lime, a soil becomes permanently fertile. The three may be considered the essential elements of soil, though sand and clay, without the presence of lime, produce vegetation. Both the sulphate and the phosphate of lime probably add more as temporary stimulants of vegetation than as essential ingredients in soils.

By taking a review of the *ides* and *ates* already presented, as forming the elements of mountains, rocks, and soils no one can well fail of being struck with the simplicity, beauty, and practical utility of geology and chemistry, as at the very foundation of the most practical knowledge, of course peculiarly fitted for the very "first lessons" both in schools and families.

EXPERIMENT.—By applying the thumb nail and the point of a knife to the different lime formations, especially the carbonates and sulphates, it may be found which give to the former, and whether all yield to the latter. Their hardness, compared with each other, also with feldspar, quartz and other minerals, may thus be ascertained.

SCENE AT THE TREMONT HOUSE—*Dining Room—Yankee at Table Eating Dinner.*

Superintendant [coming forward]—Any thing the matter here, Thomas? Any thing wrong, sir?

Waiter.—He says the soup isn't clean, pleas Sir.

Yankee.—That's a teetotal lie. I didn't say 'twas dirty—I didn't say 'twan't clean—I shouldn't hev said anything about yer soop at all ef that linen jacket feller hadn't poked the bill for the dinner in my face afore I begun to eat. I shan't pay in advance. He had more'n forty things charged on it—more'n I could eat in two fortnights. Had a lot of wine charged, when I belong to the Sons. What I hev I'll pay for when the work's dun. This here was recommended to me for a fust rate tavern.

Superintendant—My dear sir, that was only our bill of fare, simply to indicate what dishes may be called for. Our prices for dinner are uniform.

Yankee.—The deuce it is—well, the fact is, I didn't mean anything again yer soop. What I was agoin' ter say was this, that the soop wan't so clean as I had seen, for, yer see, when I travellin' in Pennsylvany, they had some soop at one tavern, so clean that ef you should dip a white cambric hankercher into't 'twouldn't *grease* it.

Exit Superintendant and "linen jacket feller" amid great laughter from the company.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE.—The Republic, referring to the debate in the Senate of Thursday week between Mr. Clay and Mr. Benton, on the bill for giving to Missouri two fifth of the five per cent. agreed to be paid by the United States to the new States, on the sales of land lying in the same, for the purpose of building roads to and through said States, says:

The interest of the debate lay, mainly, in a display of the characteristics of the two men as public speakers. Mr. Clay, still laboring under a cold, which has oppressed him for some days, shook it off the moment a subject of interest attracted his attention, and his clear voice rang through the Senate chamber with its wonted power and melody; a few brief and animated sentences, displaying that combination of frankness, fearlessness, and force, which have given him such power over the minds and hearts of men, placed the subject clearly before the mind. We have never seen Mr. Clay in better parliamentary trim. Mr. Benton replied with his usual amplitude of illustrations, affording, altogether, an excellent specimen of a debate—all the more appreciated, because it was unexpected. The decision of the Senate was of course, for Mr. Clay; but Mr. Benton smiled at the result, and as he always seems like a bullet, not caring whether it is to encounter a pine board or an oak knot, he actually appeared as well pleased as if he had gained his case.

## MR. CORWIN AND MANCHESTER.

The English newspapers are not at all pleased with the annual report of Mr. Secretary Corwin. They think it compares very unfavorably with the production of Mr. Secretary Walker. Our Whig Secretary is especially unpopular at Manchester; and the *Times* of that place levels an editorial at him of some length, studded with all the choice epithets of vituperation and abuse to be found in the English language. It denounces the report as a "strange document"—an "extravagant piece of special pleading"—'incoherent'—'crude'—"illogical"—"unintelligible"—full of "elaborate distortions of fact"—exploded fallacies"—"transparent fallacies"—and "dishonest pretences." It accuses the Secretary of insincerely advocating a "policy which is known to be as impracticable as it is preposterous." All this is "somewhat *irritating*," it seems, to the good people of Manchester, and particularly to the Manchester *Times*.

The explanation of all this lies in the compass of a nut shell. Nobody is simpleton enough to believe that our English cousins are so exceedingly anxious on *our* account. Manchester is the great seat of the cotton manufacture, and owes her immense wealth to the cotton trade. Her people thrive by carding, spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, and printing. Her cotton manufactories call for machine shops and founderies, and the founderies and machine shops consume the coal which abounds in her neighborhood.—The population, busy in all these vocations, must be fed, and thus establish a profitable market for the farmer and grazier, the butcher, baker, and grocer. All the population thus industriously employed at Manchester, and most of those who supply them, are *producers*, therefore, and are adding daily to the aggregate of municipal and national wealth. Manchester likes *this state of things. She is naturally* disposed to desire its continuance. Naturally enough, therefore, she becomes "irritated" when she finds a Yankee Secretary lending himself to the circulation of doctrines that are likely to interfere with it.—No wonder that she finds all such doctrines "illogical," "unintelligible," and especially "irritating."

The policy recommended by Mr. Corwin tends to build up miniature Manchesters in Virginia, and Georgia, themselves the centres of a *producing* industry, and affording to their little circles a home market and iron and breadstuffs. Manchester would much prefer that our coal and iron would rest in their native beds, and that we should exhaust ourselves in non productive labor, in building and manning ships, and in the carriage of cotton three thousand miles to be manufactured, and brought back three thousand miles to be consumed. True enough it is that we thus employ millions of money, and many thousand tons of shipping, and many thousand men in a process that adds nothing to the aggregate of the world's wealth, but it enriches Manchester; & Manchester is therefore well content. Therefore it is that Manchester rejoices in Mr. Walker, and is ready to erect a statue to him.

A little Manchester in his own neighborhood would seem to be better for the Virginian or Georgian. He would thereby save land-carriage, wharfage, commissions, freights, insurance, interest, and would furnish a home market for the coal and iron and breadstuffs of his neighbors; thereby diversifying the industrial pursuits and enriching the productive industry of his own vicinage and his own nation. To this extent indeed he would infringe upon the revenues of the English Manchester, and interfere with the splendid incomes of her manufacturers. He would thereby, no doubt, in a measure "irritate" her journalists, who would be shocked at the idea of retention of what they consider a portion of the legitimate spoils of their looms and bleacheries and dye-houses. It would be a most "illogical" and "preposterous" robbery of our transatlantic brethren for our own "fallacious" advantage.

It would seem that a man with half an eye might discern the operative cause of the indignation which the English press is lavishing upon Mr. Secretary Corwin.—His policy is calculated to increase the producing and consuming power of the United States for her own benefit. It aims at opening our own mines, building and running our own mills, fostering our own industry, adding to our own wealth; instead of exhausting our faculties in adding to the wealth of the colliers, and iron masters, and farmers, and manufacturers of a nation three thousand miles distant. The results show that, under productive legislation, we produce more, consume more, import and export more, than under any approximate system to free trade; and inexorable facts demonstrate, in the teeth of all the theories of recent British economists, that the system which Mr. Corwin advocates is the system which promotes our national prosperity and augments our national power.—*Republic.*

## CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.

SENATE.

The bill granting land for the support of indigent insane persons was taken up and passed—yeas 34, nays 17.

Mr. Shields called up the joint resolution authorizing the President to confer the additional grade of Lieutenant General in the army for eminent services by brevet only.

A long debate took place, Messrs. Clay Rhett, Butler, Foote, Dawson and others advocating the resolution; and Messrs Jefferson Davis, Turney, Borland, Houston and Downs opposing it. It was then ordered to be engrossed and read a third time by the following vote—ayes 32, nays 20.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. McWillie, from the Committee on Printing reported a joint resolution for the relief of Wm. B. Belt, acting for Mr. Ritchie, from the contract, and to pay the Public Printer at the rate of one-half the prices of the joint resolution of 1819, on all the printing already to be executed, and making further regulations to guard against delay.

Mr. McWillie said that the report was unanimous from the committee, and was recommended to the House because they believed that the claim for relief was founded on the principles of equity and justice.

Mr. Orr opposed the resolution, denying Mr. Ritchie's reported loss, and said that, on last Saturday, a respectable gentleman proposed to do work at a less price than is paid to Mr. Ritchie, who wants to line his pockets with gold from the public Treasury.

Mr. McLane of Maryland, advocated the resolution showing the large losses of Mr. Ritchie, and asserting that Mr. Rives' bid recently was fifty per cent over those of Mr. Ritchie, on four classes of printing.—The fifth class last year only amounted to the pitiful sum of $2,204.

Mr. Marshall opposed the resolution of the committee on Printing; and without concluding gave way to Mr. Crowell, on whose motion the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13, 1851.

SENATE.

The joint resolution authorizing the President to confer for meritorious service the rank of Lieutenant General by brevet, was passed—yeas 31, nays 16.

*Mr. Hale's resolution directing an inquiry* into the propriety of allowing Chaplains in the navy the same compensation allowed to Surgeons, was adopted.

The Senate then took up the bill regulating the fees to be allowed Clerks, Marshals, and Attorneys, in the U. S. Circuit and District Courts, and after debate on several amendments, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Bayly, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported the bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1852; also the Deficiency bill, as returned from the Senate, with amendments; which bills were referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

The House resumed the consideration of the resolution proposing to relieve Mr. Thos. Ritchie, and allow him prices fifty per cent. below those of 1819, for losses sustained in executing the public printing.

Mr. Stevens, of Pa., moved that the resolution be laid on the table. This question was lost—yeas 90, nays 110.

Mr. McWillie made the closing speech in favor of the resolution, and, when he concluded, the House—yeas 109, nays 91—recommitted the resolution to the Committee on *Printing*, with the instructions to enquire and report whether Mr. Ritchie had executed the public printing, having regard to the quality of the work and to time, agreeably to the contract, and what sum he has lost by his contract.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, (Mr. Meade in the Chair,) and proceeded to the consideration of the bill making appropriations for certain rivers and harbors.

Mr. McLane spoke in favor of the bill, and without concluding, gave way for a motion that the Committee rise, which prevailed and the House adjourned.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1851.

SENATE.

The chair laid before the Senate the annual report of the business of the Patent office; also, the correspondence between the U. S. and Spain, relating to the Amistad claims.

Mr. Soule reported a bill for a line of steamers to ply between Norfolk, New Orleans, and the Mediterranean.

Mr. Benton asked leave to introduce his bill to make good to Missouri the two per ct. fund, and addressed the Senate in favor of the bill.

Mr. Clay replied—and the motion to grant leave to introduce the bill was negatived—ayes 13, nays 31.

After an executive session, the doors were opened and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. McLane of Maryland offered a resolution, which was agreed to, to terminate the debate on the River and Harbor bill to-morrow at four o'clock.

The house in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, proceeded to the consideration of this bill.

Mr. McLane concluded the remarks which he commenced yesterday.

Mr. Morse earnestly opposed the bill, and was followed by

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