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ELOQUENCE AGAINST FANATICISM.

The following is an extract from the Address delivered by Gen. CALEB CUSHING, at Newburyport, on the 4th of July. It is a powerful and fearless vindication of the rights of the South, and at the same time an open and manly rebuke of northern fanaticism. Appeals like this of Mr. CUSHING's, and those recently made by Mr. WEBSTER and our own "NORTHERN MAN WITH SOUTHERN CITIZENSHIP"—sons of the old Bay State—will have the effect, we trust, of arousing the patriotic and right-minded people of the North, and cause them to frown down, ere it be too late, that meddlesome and mischievous spirit of fanaticism, which threatens to destroy our Union.—If such eloquence as is contained in this Address fail to convince the people of the the North of their unjustifiable attacks upon southern institutions, then may *arguments* of steel be expected to follow.

What, then, is the Union? I reply that it is, in the first place, the *letter* of the written constitution, defining the rights to be held, and stipulating the duties to be performed, by the federal government, by the States, and by the federal government, by the people of the United States, and to which every man owes lawful allegiance, and against which public law, no man has any more or other right to set up his individual conscience than he has against the municipal laws enacted by any one of the States for the protection of property or life within its borders. And I reply, in the second place, that the Union is above all the *spirit* of the constitution—that is, the sentiment of nationality, the love of country engendered by birth, by the ties of domestic life, by community of historical associations, and by the sense of benefits conferred and interests protected and promoted by the immortality of the Union.

The letter of the constitution is the material body, changeable, perishable, corruptible; the spirit of it is the immaterial soul, which breathes into the inanimate elements the breath of life, and makes of it a sublime and beautiful creation of immutability and of heaven.

This—the spirit of the constitution, the sentiment of the nationality, the feeling and emotion of *Americanism*—is the true Union, the only Union worth having, the only Union possible to keep.

When the American wanders into other regions of the earth, then it is that he feels and appreciates the true, vita spirit of the constitution. Whether, borne along by wind and wave, he walks the deck of his gallant ship, as her keel cleaves the pathless wastes of the illimitable ocean, or lingers amid the palaces of religion, and art, and power, in refined and populous Europe, or explores those oriental solitudes whose hallowed associations are eloquent, as it were with voices from on high, or inspects the antique civilization of the thronging millions of Asia, or partakers of the daily march and the nightly bivouac on the lofty plateau of the New World, then it is that he feels he has a country—a country to love, to be proud of, to defend, and to uphold against all enemies; and that country is the Union. I have tried it, and I know it. Neither the pine of Massachusetts nor the palmetto of Carolina symbolizes to him all there is of dear in the memories of home, and of glorious in the name of country. No; the inspiration of hope, which no reverses can extinguish—the impulse of courage, which no dangers can daunt—these are identified in our breasts only with the stars and stripes of the Union.

How, then, is the Union, so dear to every patriotic heart, and of such inestimable value to all of us, to be preserved? I reply to this question, by stating how I think it may be destroyed; or at least how you, the people of Massachusetts, if you labor diligently and zealously in that view, may do much to promote and finally consummate the dissolution of the Union.

Desiring and intending to dissolve the Union, you will, in the first place, as you have already done, knowingly and of malice aforethought, infringe as a State upon express provisions of the constitution, for the avowed purpose of injury to the citizens of other States.

You will, in the second place, as you have already done, maintain such unconstitutional legislation on the ground of your conscience not permitting you to execute the injunctions of the constitution—thus demonstrating to the other States of the Union that no compact of association with you is of any avail, since you in effect claim the privilege of disregarding the law of the land at pleasure, and of being dispensed, not by any papal authority, but by your own capricious conscience, or pretence of conscience, from keeping your implied engagements, or even your solemn, express oath of fealty to the Union.

By these acts and doctrines, steadily persevered in, you, the State of Massachusetts, may hope to succeed in dissolving the Union, so far as that consists of a written constitutional compact.

Of the individual citizens of Massachusetts, each and all may do much to the same end, by exerting themselves to kill the spirit of the constitution.

In this aim, you will let pass unimproved no occasion for violent, habitual, systematic misrepresentation and denunciation of the character and principles of your fellow-citizens of other States. In order to do this more thoroughly, you will establish newspapers, form societies, and hold anniversary and other meetings, for the sole or chief object of exaggerating their faults and maligning their motives and actions. If accustomed to writing or public speaking, you will publish books or pamphlets, or perambulate the country, delivering lectures in the same sense. And if you hold any station conferring on you authority as one of the religious, moral, or political guides of society, you will not fail to make your office the special means, as much as possible, of disseminating such obloquy and detraction.—Thus you will eventually succeed in completely alienating from you the regard of the citizens of other States, and preparing them to accept the disunion you tender them, and to change readily from the condition of your countrymen to that of your foreign enemies.

But the people of the several States must co-operate in the performance of political acts, without which no common government can exist among them, and the Union expires of itself. You are to elect a Congress to enact and a President to execute the laws of the Union. If you sincerely desire disunion, as would appear from the acts and language of many, you will, accordingly, make the election of President a merely sectional question; and you will be careful to vote for no person as member of Congress, unless he will previously pledge himself to hold such opinions and propose or support such measures as shall render it impossible for him to co-operate with the members of Congress from other States in the enactment of any laws for the public good. If one of your representatives in Congress dedicates himself to the task of imbittering sectional prejudice, inflaming resentments, and resisting all measures of conciliation, peace, and constitutional harmony, him you will glorify and maintain; for he is doing your work in furthering the dissolution of the Union. But if one of your representatives presumes to speak to you of your duty as good citizens, to appeal to your constitutional engagements, to plead for justice, moderation, wisdom, common sense, him crucify; for he stands in the way of your endeavors to dissolve the Union.

If by all these means and appliances you do not accomplish your object, you need take but one step more, and the result is sure. You violate the constitution. You tell the other parties to it that you do not consider yourself bound by any engagement you may have made with them however deliberately in time, however solemnly in form. By preserving calumny of your fellow-citizens, you have at length got them to hate you sufficiently. You will suffer no public functionary of yours to co-operate with them in the common councils of the nation. What remains to be done? But one thing—namely, to assure the other States that it is not for their interest any longer to bear with you; and this you now do in proclaiming that your ultimate purpose, your sole object, the main business of your life, to which you stand prepared to sacrifice both the constitution and the Bible is to bring upon certain of the United States a violent and revolutionary change in their social condition, which is to constitute of itself their utter impoverishment, and which involves, undeniably, and beyond all possible doubt, a sanguinary and destructive war of races, fatal to one of them, disastrous to both, and at the mere anticipation of which it would seem that every rightly constituted mind would recoil with horror and dismay. Yes, I say to you, my fellow-countrymen of the North, it only needs to satisfy the South that you are in earnest in the aggressive purposes in this respect which you avow, and for the accomplishment of which you have already taken so many preparatory steps—satisfy the South of this, and you will then surely succeed in dissolving the Union; for you will have rendered it imposible for the South to remain in it without death or dishonor.

Fellow-cittizens, I have thus briefly sketched the means by which the Union may be dissolved—nay, by which it is now already placed in imminent peril Greatly do they err who imagine that this or that shadow of nullification, whether in Hartford Conventions or Nashville Conventions, really constitutes the dark cloud of danger which is gathering, and deepening, and lowering over the firmament of the Union. No, the true and the only serious disunionism consists of acts of systematic aggression of one part of the Union against another, in violation of both the letter and spirit of the constitution; and the true and honest unionism is that which strictly observes the constitutional compact, and is animated by sentiments of kindly support, forbearance, good will, and conciliation towards our fellow-members of the Union.

Nor is it by the relentless application, to any given case, of the mere dead weight of a majority that the Union is to be preserved We of the North are strong in numbers, in votes, in physical force: is it unionism to violate the letter and spirit of the constitution, and thus to place the South in the alternative of the dishonor to be incurred by passive submission to the unjust act of a majority, or to imputed factiousness by resistance to it? No; that is disunionism, as this day, if rightly read, may serve to admonish us. For what is the Declaration of Independence? We speak of it as the commencement of our nationality. How? Was it not also a solemn act of disunion?—the declaration of an oppressed minority, (the colonies,) that they would no longer continue united with an oppressive majority, consisting of the rest of the British empire? Think you that no dear bonds of common country, of religious and political associations, were sundered by the Declaration of Independence? Ay, many; for England still bore, even on the lips of our forefathers, the cherished appellation of *home*. But ten years of actual or intended unconstitutional aggression on their rights, ten years of depreciation and denunciation of their character and conduct, ten years of legislative warfare on their interests, served to obliterate from the minds of the minority all impressions of common nationality with the majority, and produced that Declaration of Independence. And although England set a price on the heads of John Hancock and Thomas Cushing, as traitors, yet they well might and they did retort, that the aggressor, and not the aggrieved—that the violator of the public compact, not the victim of the violation—that the oppressive majority, not the oppressed minority—was responsible for the dissolution of the union between the British colonies and the British metropolis.

My friends, I repeat, there is solemn admonition as well as proud recollection for us all in this anniversary. Are we of the State of Massachusetts against this Union, or for it? If the latter, as I firmly believe, then it becomes us to cease from all those acts which lead to disunion as evidently as the flowing river does to the sea; it becomes us to desist from wanton vituperation of our fellow-citizens of other States—to desist from aggressive assaults on their peace—to desist from disobedience to the organic law—in a word, faithfully to observe and maintain both the letter and the spirit of the constitution.

The living men who uttered the Declaration of Independence have all passed away from time to eternity. But their spirits watch over us from the bright spheres to which they have ascended. We stand in their presence. They shall be our witnesses, as we solemnly renew on this day our vows of unalterable attachment to the Union, and declare that

"Malice domestic, foreign levy, naught"

shall prevail against it; and to this "we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." so help us God!

A SAILOR IN LEXICOGRAPHY.—An officer after reprimanding a sailor, for some alleged neglect of duty, told him to go forward, that he was such a perfect nondescript he did not know what to do with him. So forward Jack went, muttering to himself, *Nondescript*—what does that mean? "Here, Wilkins," said he, "can you tell me what nondescript means? The officer of the deck called me a nondescript, and I want to know what it means—something bad I suppose, for he was mighty angry." "No," said Wilkins, "I don't know what it means; call Tim Shades, he can tell you." Now this latter person was a sort of ship's dictionary, and though perhaps as ignorant as any one on board, had a meaning for everything, and a reason for it besides. So Tim Shades came. "What does nondescript mean?" inquired the aggrieved sailor. Our lexicographer seemed at first a little puzzled; but soon settling his features into oracular solemnity, replied, "Nondescript means one who gets into heaven without being regularly entered on the books." "Is that all it means?" ejaculated the offended sailor; "well, well, I shall be glad to get there any way, poor sinner as I am."

MODE OF FINDING BOG-TIMBER IN IRELAND.—The manner of discovering bog-timber is remarkable. As the dew never lies on those places beneath which trees are buried, a man goes out early in the morning, before the due evaporates, taking with him a long slender spear. Thrusting this down wherever the absence of dew indicates timber, he discovers by the touch of the spear whether it be decayed or sound; if sound, he marks the spot, and at his leisure proceeds to dig up his prize; and in doing so he may sometimes happen to discover other curious remains of former times.—*The Heiress in her Minority.*

SELECTED POETRY.

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Even is come; and from the dark park hark
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;
Or else to see Ducrow, with wide stride, ride
Four horses, as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas upblazes with its white bright light
And paralytic watchman prowl, growl, howl,
About the streets and take up Pall Mall Sall,
Who trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash;
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by policeman B——, three flee,
And while they're going whisper—"Oh, no go!"
And puss, while folks are in beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwalls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will,
Now bulls of Bashan of a prize size rise,
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles or Billy, willy—milly.
But nurse in nightmare rests, chest prests,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's bans
And his from Rev'd Mr. Rice's twice thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes shows Rose knows those beaux' woes!

I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't right
I am "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember when I tell you
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!
O, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close 'twill make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
"I am talking in my sleep!"

SELECT MISCELLANY.

"MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS."

The following is a beautiful extract from an Essay, written by ELIZABETH A. CHESTER, and read at the annual commencement of Rutger's Female Institute. New York city, by Prof ANDERSON.

"And I could tell of knockings yet more mysterious than even these—aye! more curious than all Rochester could manufacture; but I may not reveal these to all, or bruit them about to gratify that insatiable monster, the public.

"Let me whisper them softly in your ear. There is such a thing as a maiden's heart. Curious little sanctum, *that!* containing things strange, passing strange. Of itself, it is a little world, and yet this little world how capacious! What a living picture-gallery—what landscapes, and cottages, and castles, and palaces—what portraits hung up around its walls—and then what mighty hopes and fears—what imaginings, what longings, what anxious peerings into the future, what visions bright and radiant!—what telescopic, what microscopic wonders. And how this little sensory at times palpitates, and beats and throbs!—how it dilates as if to fill all space, and again shrinks into nothingness! Think you *it* hears no knockings? Think you it never listens, and fancies that it hears when all is still? Let its history for one short year be penned, and what a history of knockings would be there! Mysterious, aye, passing strange! How the little thing has fluttered, like a frightened robin, and tried in vain to cease its flutterings, and hush itself into a quiet! Perhaps it would not that those knockings would actually cease, nor yet does it *consciously* wish their continuance. It sometimes endeavours to commune with itself; but, despite its every effort, some disturbing cause is ever present—some form constantly intruding. These mysterious knockings may perchance become more and more importunate, and it is certain, though it may be very mysterious, that the fastenings of the door of this little heart, (poor, tremulous thing!) too waak to resist, in some unguarded moment, or by some strange volition, sometimes yield, and in walks a stranger tenant, henceforth to act the master in this little tenement, or, after a little tarrying, to be thrust out a no longer welcome guest!

"I once *knew* such a little heart. It unfortunately heard the mysterious knockings. Curiosity (how strange for a *woman!*) awoke from its dosings. A most persevering knocker was this visitant. He came for "*yes*," and "*no*" was no answer to him;—early and late, rain or shine, it was knock, knock, at the door of that little heart. There was no use in turning a deaf ear, for deafness itself could not but hear such importunate rappings. Untiring perseverance deserves *success*. That little heart began to reproach itself for its discourtesy. Sure the door ought to be opened a little, a *very* little—to be left just ajar—a little look into the tenement might be allowed, and no harm felt; so it *was* left ajar, but still the intruder knocked on, peering in the while, and the knocks were so gentle, so full of melody—a strange, bewitching *kind* of melody—so full of entreaty—they spoke so imploringly—how could the door shut again? Softly it turned on its hinges, and the knocker was in that little tenement—a snug little house for the knocking knocker. The door closed, and the key was in his pocket, and his spirit danced to the tune of

"Knock, knock away, knockers—in knocking's no sin;
Nor is woman's heart steel, that knockings can't win."

"Cheerfulness," saith Jean Paul, "not enjoyment, in our duty. Be it, then, our aim. In a soul filled with pleasures and mistrust, the heavy air checks the growth of spiritual flowers. Let your heart expand to sympathy and commpassion, but not to cold mistrust, as the flower opens to the blessed dew, but closes its leaves against the rain. So little is suffering, so much is happiness, a proper part of our nature, that, with equal means of delusion, we reach only what has pained instead of what has given us pleasure. Great bereavements work more refreshingly upon the spirit thus pained than great joys; so, on the contrary, minor sorrows weaken more than minor joys strengthen. After the sunshine of happiness, the chambers of the heart open to our enemies. Grief expands them to our friends. But the happiness of grief consists, like the day, not in single flashes, but in a steady, mild serenity. The heart lives in this peaceful and even light. The spirit alone can yield us this heavenly calm and freedom from care—it is beyond the power of Fortune, who gives with one hand what she takes away with the other; therefore, instead of planting joys, our endeavour ought to be to remove sorrows so that the soul, unchoked by acids, may of itself bear sweet fruits, not by man's seeking after joys, and building up for himself heaven after heaven, which clouds may obscure, but by removing the mask from grief, and looking it steadily in the face. If man has only once unmasked, that is, conquered grief, he holds in his hand the key of Eden, for there remains to him besides all the higher blessings of circumstance and of duty. Thus we shall have a perpetual 'Forget-me-not' of joy within us, but no similar one of pain; and thus is the blue firmament greater than any cloud that is therein, and more lasting, too."

THE MIXED ARROWS.—Cupid, one sultry summer's noon, tired with play, and faint with heat, went into a cool grotto to repose himself, which happened to be the cave of Death. He threw himself carelessly down on the floor, and his quiver turning topsy-turvy, all the arrows fell out, and mingled with those of death, which lay scattered up and down the place. When he awoke he gathered them up as well as he could; but they were so intermingled that, though he knew the certain number, he could not rightly distinguish them, from which it happened that he took up some of the arrows which belonged to Death, and left several of his own in the room of them.—This is the cause that we now and then see the hearts of the old and decrepit transfixed with the bolts of love; and, with equal grief and surprise, behold the youthful, blooming part of our species smitten with the darts of Death.

THE COMPANY OF WOMAN.—He cannot be an unhappy man, who has the love and smiles of a woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path—but when he returns to the fireside and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life, who takes not with him, to soothe and comfort him, that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No; that man cannot be miserable, who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom. Friendship loves a free air, and will not be penned in strait and narrow enclosures It will speak freely, and act too; and take no ill where no ill is meant, nay, where it is, it will easily forgive, and forget too, upon small acknowledgements.

The closer we follow nature the longer shall we live; the farther we deviate the sooner we shall die.

INTERESTING CONVERSATION.—"Can you tell me, Monsieur, what time is it?" inquired a little Frenchman of an individual who sported a massive gold repeater.

"Oh, yes," was the affable reply, as the watch was drawn leisurely from its fob; "it is a quarter past six."

"Eh? Quarter pas' six? Dat is fifteen minutes after six, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; you are right."

"Fifteen minutes after six," repeated the Frenchman; "den it is six hours and fifteen minutes pas' twelve, I understand?"

"Certainly, eir," answered the man of watch, confounded at the singularity of this last interrogation.

"Six hours and fifteen minutes pas' twelve," persisted the Frenchman; "den it lacks tree quarters of an hour of seven, Monsieur, eh?"

"Yes!" was the man's abrupt reply—thinking the fellow was quizzing him.

"Tree quarters of an hour of seven," again queried the follower of the "illustrious" Louis Phillippe; "den it is just forte-five minutes of seven; do I understand?"

"Yes, you do!" roared the indignant possessor of the repeater; "yes it is precisely forty-five minutes of seven."

"Tank you, Monsieur," said the Frenchman; "you say forte-five minutes of seven? Den I am sure it lack five hour and forte-five minutes of twelve. Very well; I tink I will go home to mine famile."

The last great race of poets and literary men, observes a writer in the London *Standard*, is now rapidly vanishing from the scene: of the splendid constellation, in the midst of which Campbell, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelly, Southey, Crabbe, and Byron, were conspicuous, how few remain! Moore (rapidly declining.) Rogers (upwards of eighty,) Professor Wilson. Montgomery, and Leigh Hunt, are nearly all. It is fitting that we prize these few, as the remnants of a magnificent group, which cannot be expected very soon to be repeated.

THE JENNY LIND FEVER.—On Jenny Lind's arrival here, she will find a majority of the spring and summer crop of female babies bearing her name, with good prospects for a countless addition to the number during her pilgrimage over the land of pilgrims. Already we have Jenny Lind hats, boots, bonnets, bossoms and beast-pins—Jenny Lind shawls and sun-shades, side-combs and slippers. Next the magic of her name and fame will be allied to blooded stock and the canine race generally.

A friend of ours told us the other evening that he had lately encountered a curious specimén of a *Yaukee Picture-Exhibitor* in a town of the far West. Among his collection was a picture of "Daniel in the den of Lions," and one of his several minute illustrations to the audience struck him as somewhat unique: "You see," said he, "when you look at that fellow in the red cloak, which is Daniel, that he don't care a brass farthin' for the lion, and by lookin' *clust* you'll perceive that the lion din't care a tinker's d——n for *him!*" That last idea never struck us before as a very remarkable part of the miracle!—*Knickerbocker.*

A shrewd little fellow, who had only recently "began to learn Latin," occasionally mixed his mother tongue with a spice of the dead language. It thus chanced, as one day he was reading aloud to his master, that he astonished him by the translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap, vir-gin, a man-trap." "You young rogue," exclaimed the pedagogue, "your father has been helping you with your lessons."

"What are you about, my dear?" said his grandmother to a little boy who was sliding along the room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandmamma, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting that one see it," said he, pointing to the gentleman, "for papa wants him to think that he is out."

When the Princes Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "O, that is delightful, cried the little innocent royalty, do let me go and tell mamma."

SURE ENOUGH.—A western paper says—"Talk about "mysterious knockings"—what more mysterious than the knockings of two human hearts, set in operation by the magnatism of youthful love?"

"What are you writting such a big hand for Pat?" "Why, you see my grandmother's dafe, and I'm writting a loud letter to her."

The most alarming thing in nature is a mad bull—in art, a woman going into hysterics.

Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old, what made everybody love her? She replied, "I don't know, indeed, papa, unless it is because I love everybody."

A shopkeeper once wrote to his sister, "Our aged father died yesterday of a *large assortment* of disorders.