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Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

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With a full and general assortment of

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Feb. 2, '67—v2n25tf

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Keep constantly on hand

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Of everything in their line of Business,

At Lower Figures than any other House

This side of Portland.

WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION

In the line of

UPHOLSTERY, PARLOR SETS

Chamber Sets, Picture Frames

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We have also on hand the celebrated

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Which has no equal in the world. Get one and satisfy yourself.

Particular attention paid to all orders in our line.

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THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD INFORM the public that they have on hand a good supply of

DOUBLE AND SINGLE BUGGIES,

Together with the best of Livery and

SADDLE HORSES.

All of which will be let on

REASONABLE TERMS.

GIVE US A CALL!

MARSHALL & SCHLOSSER.

Albany, Jan. 14, 1867—v2n231y

The Bad Little Boy.

Mark Twain, the California humorist, tells the following story:

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim—though if you will notice you will find that bad little boys are nearly all called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange but still it was true that this one was called Jim. He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, who would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most of the bad boys in the Sunday-school books are named James and have sick mothers to teach them to say: "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and kiss them good night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, nor anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious. Moreover she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck it wouldn't be much loss; she always spanked him to sleep, and she never kissed him good night—on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once thisbad little boy stole the key to the pantry and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled the vessel with tar so that his mother wouldn't know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do little boys go to who gobble up their good and kind mother's jam? And then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother about it, and be blessed by her tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books, but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate the jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar and said that it was bully too, and laughed, and observed that the old woman would "get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does with the bad Jameses in the books. Once he climbed up farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall down and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no; he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him.

It was very strange. Nothing ever happened like it in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books. Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor widow Wilson's son—the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons, and infatuated with Sunday schools. And when the knife dropped from the cap and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst and strike attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy—there stands the culprit! I was passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play.

No; it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of the justice dropped in to make trouble and so the model boy, George, got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it; because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy. But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time when he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look through the Sunday school books, from now till next Christmas and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no; you would find that all bad boys who go boating on Sundays invariably get drowned, and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday invariably get struck by lightning. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me. This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua fortis.

He stole his father's gun and went a hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it.—He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back to find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones asleep in the quiet church yard, and the vine embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no; he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing. And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infernalest wicked scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected and belongs to the Legislature.—So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

PRETTY INCIDENT.—The other day a wedding took place at the Madeline Church in Paris, between a very noble gentleman and lady, and among the crowd that gathered outside to see this splendid bridal party was a miserable beggar about twelve years old. Now in Paris every one who has not something to sell is carried off to a police house—if they stop in the street as this one did—and accordingly an officer was just asking her if she had anything to dispose of, and the poor thing was trembling in every limb for fear of imprisonment, when a sweet little girl, a sister of the bride, happened to overhear the policeman as she passed by, and to save the ragged offender she quickly placed in her hand a superb bouquet she was carrying, and answering for her, said, "Yes, she has these flowers, but she asks too much and I cannot buy them." As she turned to go on, an old gentleman who saw and understood it all, stepped forward, and putting a gold piece in the poor child's palm, remarked, "I will give you twenty francs for it," and presented it to the amiable little angel whose goodness had been more fragrant than the choicest blossom that ever graced a garden.

A QUEER COURTSHIP.—In a small country town in Hartford County, Connecticut, a widower who had acted the part of brute and tyrant to his wife, went shortly after the demise of his spouse to pay his respects to a buxom widow, who like her suitor had not the best reputation for suavity of manners and meekness of temper. The following colloquy ensued:

"Well, madam, I am come to see you."

"Well, you may just clear out again, for I'll have nothing to do with you.—You needn't think to get me. You abused and whipped your first wife, and I know what kind of a fellw you are. You can bet high on that!"

"Yes, I did; and if I had you I'd make you toe the mark. I'd give you a good thrashing every time you deserved it, and I wouldn't let you vote if every woman in town ran to the poles with a ballot in her hand."

Strange as it may appear, this very loving and romantic couple were united in the "holy bonds of padlock" three days afterward.

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed,
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

A PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.—A gentleman visiting the family of a worthy deacon, in a neighboring town, had been showing the children, one evening, a beautiful music box, after which he wound it up and put the instrument in his pocket. At the hour of retiring for the night the visitor was called upon for a prayer, and having got upon his knees was in the midst of what promised to be a somewhat prolonged petition, when suddenly, in consequence of a change of position on the part of the suppliant, the music box started off gaily on the tune, "Take your time, Miss Lucy!" to say that the prayer was brought to a rather abrupt termination, and that even the worthy deacon arose from his knees all but convulsed with laughter, is drawing the effect of the incident quite mildly.

CUFFEE ON UNCONSTITUTIONAL TAXATION.—The Galveston News says: A smart negro was asked a few days ago, what he thought of the cotton tax: "It's onconstitutional, sar, and anuder tax is more unconstitutional, sar; de whiskey tax, sar; I used to git a gallon for two bits, sar; and I has now to give two dollars, on account ob dem Northern taxes. I'se gwine to help blew 'em up, sar; I is!"

☞ John Newton once said: "The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call the wire, as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

SHARP RETORT.—"Madam," said a cross tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise their tongues would make it a purgatory. "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there, replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

AN ADVANTAGE.—One advantage about india rubber rifles is this, you can shoot around a corner without exposing your rear to the flank movement of a brickbat.

THE Savannah (Ga.,) News says that the rice plantations look well, with a prospect of fine crops.

AMONG the students lately entered at Washington College is a son of General Breckinridge.

"I love the *still*," said the quiet husband to his chatting wife.

Prenticeana.

THE subject of female voting is agitated in several of the Northern States.—Well, if the negroes must vote, it seems as if white women should have the same privilege, so as not to be domineered over by the negroes. But, if white women vote, the Radicals will not be satisfied for a day until they enfranchise the black women. So we don't see that white female suffrage would help the white women much. A rare condition of things we should have at the polls. The scene would be pictursque. It might attract spectators from Europe and all the islands of the sea.

SENATOR Sherman would evidently like to be a conservative. He occasionally plants himself with apparent firmness upon conservative ground, but, sooner or later, he yields to radical pressure. He would be a strong and influential man if he had anything but a bull-rush or a tow-string for a backbone.

THERE are several crevasses in the levees of the Mississippi, and the people are doing what they can to close them up.—There are several in the Federal treasury and the Radical Congress has been busy in widening them.

WHY cannot some enterprising Yankee get up a ballot-box and assortment of ballots and take over a few negroes to the Paris Exhibition to entertain the world with a specimen of negro voting? It would be a feature.

HOLD ON, Boys.—Hold on to your tongue when are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand, when you are ready to strike, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your anger when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company and invite you to join their games, mirth, or revelry.

Hold on to your name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and always will be, your best wealth.

THE DIFFERENCE OF TIME.—The difference of time at various points on the surface of the earth is as follows: When it is 12 o'clock, high noon, at New York it is 55 minutes and 42 sec. after 4 P. M. at London; 57 min. and 20 sec. after 5 P. M. at St. Petersburg; 17 min. and 24 sec. after 7 P. M. at Jerusalem; 51 min. and 44 sec. after 9 P. M. at Constantinople; 40 min. and 52 sec. after 4 P. M. at Madrid; 31 min. and 20 sec. after 5 P. M. at Bremen; 40 min. and 32 sec. after 4 P. M. at Dublin; and 41 min. and 24 sec. after 6 P. M. at Florence. The difference of time between the extreme east and west points of the United States is 3 hours and 50 minutes. In the China Sea, between Singapore and China, it is midnight when it is noon in New York.

There is a man in Marshalltown, named J. K. Witherspoon, who is a great-grandson of Hon. John Witherspoon, of N. J., who signed the Declaration of Independence, and who has in his possession the gold watch used by John Hancock, President of the Congress during the deliberations of that body over the declaration, and for which he has refused $5,000, because each possessor thereof received the time-piece only on condition that it should never pass from the family.—[Oskaloosa (Iowa) Herald.

HENRY WARD BEECHER writes for the Ledger. In the opening of his novel, he says: "Perhaps nowhere in the world can be found more unlovely wickedness—a malignant, bitter, tenacious hatred of good than in New Englaud." Mr. Beecher has too little imagination for a novelist. There is not a particle of fancy in the above. It is just a bare truth—more like a sermon, and none at all like a novel,

GENERAL MAGRUDER has gone into business in St. Louis. The Times of that city, refering to the General, says: General Magruder, after eighteen month's residence in Mexico, has come to the conclusion that Mexico is not the place in which to make an effort to establish what has been understood in this country as free government.

FRAGMENTS.—An exchange having stated the Emperor of Brazil visits the United States to study our institution, the Louisville Democrat says: There are only fragments left. He can study the pieces as Agassiz does fossils, to see what kind of a creature it was, not is.

PREMIUM OFFERED.—The Mechanics Institute of San Francisco has offered a premium of $2,000 for the best essay on the resources of the State, and the best means of developing them. The essays are to be handed to the Secretary by the first day of June, 1868.

JAMES BUCHANAN, ex-president, entered upon his seventy-seventh year on the 52d instant. He is still in vigorous health, and occasionally makes the trip from Wheatfield to Lancaster, Pa., nearly a mile and a half, on foot.

A DUEL between two men was recently averted at Havana by the presence on the ground of their wives, armed with popguns and firecrackers.

MR. BUCHANAN, whose fortune is reckoned at $200,000, is the richest of our surviving ex-Presidents,

ADDRESS OF HON. L. F. GROVER.

DELIVERED AT ALBANY, JULY 4, 1867.

Fellow-citizens of Linn county—Ladies and Gentlemen:

This is the birth-day of our great Republic. On this day a new government was given to mankind, and a new era was marked in the peogress of civilization. It was on this day that the aspirations, struggles and hopes of ideal liberty broke away from established forms and asserted themselves in a real, living, self-sustaining Government.

The germ of regulated liberty, planted far away in centuries gone, taking root, sometimes upon the barren lands of monarchy, and sometimes amid the tares of tyranny, had developed but little growth and produced but little fruit; but when the seed was cast upon American soil, forthwith it sprang up, bearing an hundred fold.

The elements of our Constitution are traceable to dim ages, and the bulwarks of our liberties are planted upon Magna Charta.

At the period of our Revolution it was not so much an assertion of new principles, or a demand of rights before withheld, as it was the occasion of asserting principles and demanding rights desired to be secured, which led to our present form of government. Our fathers began by insisting upon what they called the rights of Englishmen, and ended by realizing the practical rights of Americans.

Excepting the bitterness engendered by the war, the body of the people was the same before the war as after it, and embued alike with the spirit of liberty. The thorough dissemination of enlightened views and a full acceptance of liberal principles in government, had fitted the colonists for our present form of Constitution and made them ready for its establishment. They had, in fact, established incipient republics. Long before the Revolution our fathers had elected local legislatures and made and enforced their own laws—subject, it is true, in most instances to authority and limitation of Royal charters, but often with no other authority or limit than their own wills.

The Declaration of Independence to which you have just listened, is of itself an evidence of what rights the American colonists claimed to exercise, before interruption and denial by the arbitrary Ministry of George the Fourth. It is declared:

"He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

"He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his innovations of the rights of the people.

"He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws establishing judiciary powers."

When it is understood that the "laws" referred to in this Declaration were the laws framed by the colonists themselves, and that they denied the right of the King and his ministry to review or to veto those laws, it will be readily understood to what degree of civil liberty our ancestors had attained before the Revolution.

Another complaint against the British King was: "He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States—for that purpose obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners." The instinctive belief of the people of Western Europe, that America was to be a country of greater freedom than any other, had drawn to our shores immigrants from every quarter, and of every denomination of religious belief. There were the English, Irish and Scotch, the French, Dutch and Swede, as chief colonists; and in religion the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic, Quaker, Puritan, the Jewish and the Dutch churches, with other shades and shadows of religious belief—all flocking to the new land ready to receive them upon a harmonious basis. And the colonists passed laws for the naturalization and protection of those coming from parts foreign to the British Isles. These laws were "obstructed" by the crown, and our fathers were offended. But when we recollect that the British Government had not then, and have not now, any general system of naturalization, such as the colonists claimed the right to establish, and such as we have now, you will further observe how far our ancestors had gone towards independence long before the year 1776.

I might examine critically each point of our Declaration of Independence, and show that in a larger number of the abuses complained of, there is the demand of Colonial jurisdiction against the jurisdiction of the Crown—in effect, independence.

It is most clearly traceable in the archives, and demonstrable by the facts of history, that for years before the Revolutionary period the policy and laws of the Colonies were as wide from the policy and laws of the Mother Country as the two shores of the ocean that separted them. They were, in fact, two classes of governments long before the Revolution—the Home government, monarchial—the Colonal, democratic, or government by the people. Between them there was a conflict of policies, institutions, laws, modes of thinking, manners and interests—all irreconcilable, from which there were but two events possible—the one repudiation, the other subjugation. Our fathers chose the former.

The immediate circumstances attending the war of Independence were not the cause or occasion of the separation. They were not even the stepping-stones to that temple of fame which posterity has reared to American honor. Where, then, you ask, will we look for the beginning from which this people have come up like myriads with banners, taking their places, now fresh in half-developed manhood, in the front rank of nations? The answer is: Go to the deep recesses of our Colonial history; find self-reliance there; find the settlers worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences; find them making and executing their own laws and regulations; find them inviting foreigners to their shores and providing for them equal rights and privileges; find them establishing the right of suffrage; find them combining for mutual protection and defence; find them sustaining themselves and defraying the expenses of their own government—and you have discovered the seeds of the American Union, planted and growing a hundred years before the Revolution.

The isolation of the American settlements from the rest of the world, the absence of immediate influence and example of other nations, and above all, the absolute necessity of self-reliance, continued through long years of toil, privation, hardship and danger, bred in the Colonists modes of thought and action, both upon public and private concerns, never before diveloped in a people. Their deliberations and proceedings were in a great degree original with themselves, and framed to suit the requirements of the occasion.

More than a century of self-action and control, before their independence was recognized, stamped indelibly upon the minds of the American people the impress of freedom, and led them by degrees to an irrevocable determination in favor of a Republican form of Government.

Our National Union grew out of great facts, unheralded in their coming and unforeseen in their results: wonderful incidents, which, in the mysterious workings of the Almighty, formed, moulded and guided a people from small beginnings in the wilderness, with their home-bred liberties and virtues, and conducted them along an arduous pathway for many generations, to become the colossus of nations.

"The mills of God grind slowly,"

saith the poet; and when we witness the certainty with which our present high destiny has been reached, from the many elements and jarring interests of which the Colonists were composed, we acknowledge that a power higher than that of man shaped and directed our progress.

I cannot hesitate to conclude that at no time subsequent to the substantial planting of the early American settlements, could an immediate monarchial government have existed within our borders, nor could a present imperial ruler have reigned for a single day unsupported by foreign power. This land was devoted by nature to free government, and all the checks and hindrances placed in theway of its course were only so many occasions for the country to show its power over them.

While the Republican form is one known in the history of past governments, the type or our own is generic in itself; it is identical, and has the power of reproduction. If a stroke of annihilation should to-day remove every public office in the land, and the laws and archives be destroyed, there would be no revolution—no change; but, again like officers would be elected and like laws would be enacted by the people. If the population of an entire State should be swept away in an hour, another people, gathered, it might be, from all States and from all nations, would re-inhabit it, occupy its homes, cultivate its natural products, fill its halls of legislation, its executive and judicial seats, and enforce the laws found upon the statute books.

Look back twenty-five years, when some of you came the weary journey of three thousand miles, through a trackless wilderness, driving your ox-wagons over a continent of space and through savage tribes, to find your homes in Oregon. The country here was virtually foreign—claimed by the British Crown as well as by the United States, neither having the right of exclusive jurisdiction, or, in fact, any jurisdiction.—You found no government here, and you established one; and you maintained it against foes within and foes without, until the jurisdiction of the United States was extended over this Territory. The government you established was as much American in all its essential features as the one under which you are now living.

In 1860 ten States of this Union stood in open, defiant revolt. They undertook revolution against the existing General Government, for reasons which satisfied the people of those States. The established, *de facto*, new constitutions of States, and a Confederation of States, and for four years sustained them by arms, producing the most gigantic civil commotion the world has witnessed.—Yet those constitutions embraced substantially the same principles, secured the same rigths and provided the same remedies in common with the governments of the original thirteen States; and the Articles of Confederation were, in a majority of clauses, identical with those of our National Constitution, and expressed in the same words.

What a spectacle is this, of States desiring separation, but unable and unwilling to frame any other form of Government than that under which they had lived!

I cite these instances for the purpose of exhibiting the fact in clear relief that our present system of government is permanent in its form and abiding in its principles with the American people, and in its chief elements it is stable and unchangeable.

Let me not be understood to say that our Government is absolutely stationary and changeless: in one view it is always changing. Like the atmosphere around us, it has its days and nights, its clouds and its sunshine, its quiet seasons and its seasons of storms and floods; but all, let us hope, in the economy of nature, working together to reach a beneficent destiny.

In our progress there will be great issues to settle in the conduct of affairs; there will be temporary departures from the true course marked out by the fathers; there will be the Titan grapple of statesmen and the tug of lesser politicians; there may be wars and partial separations; but this American system of free government will stand like a rock amid the waves and surges of the political sea, for years and for ages—"and whosoever shall fall upon this rock shall be broken, and upon whomsoever this rock shall fall shall be ground into powder."

Regarding our institutions as permanent in character, let us look around and behold the land we live in.

It was but little past twelve o'clock at midnight to us when the morning gun on the shores of Maine first saluted the slanting sun-light of this National Day, and for four hours a ceaseless booming of cannons hailed the coming rays of the rising sun on one continuous continent of American States, girding a sixth part of the globe—all waving one ensign—all floating one flag. And after night shall have fallen upon Oregon and her beautiful valleys, and sleep shall have hushed her thousand homes, the sunset gun on Behring's Straits will tell the close of this anniversary on American possessions.

Extending from the tropics almost continuously to the Polar Seas, our land produces every product of every clime. Never has such a dominion fallen to the lot of any other nation.

That our country embraces thirty-five millions of people, developed in all the arts of peace and war, constitutes no measure of its real greatness. Though even-shouldered with the best of nations now, we seem to have just begun our growth. It is a great power of itself—the fact that we have room to grow. Webster expressed this fact, when to the Austrian Minister who was boasting that his country kept a standing army of eight hundred thousand men, he said: "Sir, your country, as compared with mine, is but a patch upon the face of the earth."

There are those within the hearing of my voice who will witness this nation possessing seventy millions of people, with armies capable of carrying its banners round the world.

We shall not only progress in population and power, but we shall enlarge in territory. Mexico, the land of the olive and the orange, will be ours; and when a ship-canal shall marry the two oceans at the Isthmus, it will be constructed by American enterprise, upon the soil of the Union.

Prince Rupert's Land must come to the States, and all the dominions of the British crown in North America. Our Northern neighbors may confederatd, resolve and enact, but they are like a helpless ship in the outer current of the maelstrom: this mighty vortex of American Provinces will draw them in and hold them within its charmed circle irresistibly.

The late Russian purchase of that broad portion of the Great Northwest, is but a step

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