

# LECTATOR.

It takes its way."

J. FLEMING & T. F. MELROY, PRS

ay, January 2, 1851.

No. 17.

### SAY THE SEVENTH.

In a large and stately mansion on the Ohio's shore,  
Lived a gentleman of fortune, who, in the days of  
yore,  
Had lost his bosom companion by death's chilling  
blast!  
With his child he lived in "forgetfulness of the  
past."  
Lorenzo De Orsay was perfection's model true;  
He often strayed away from home in rain or falling  
snow;  
Where winds and gales come thund'ring down the  
steep;  
And black and clouds obscured the sun's gay beam;  
He leapt into his fairy boat and towed the snow-white  
sail,  
Crying, welcome! best gift from Heaven, (the  
rustling gale.)

### SAY THE EIGHTH.

Flora's mother was an aged one, by care and  
tear grown old;  
In infancy she loved a youth, to whom her heart  
did cling;  
Feelings of love from a living heart, affection  
pure and free;  
They were not checked by rules or art, emblematic  
of Eternity.  
In after days (by silver care) together they were  
joined;  
Unmindful that Death their happy home soon  
would find;  
The husband sickened and died, leaving his wife  
and child  
To wander unprotected through woods and forests  
wild.  
Yes, Death alone added them of one who was  
dear;  
And they alone mourn'd for loss for many a year.

### SAY THE NINTH.

I now have mentioned of the characters of my  
story—  
Lieut. De Orsay, Lorenzo, who alone signed for  
glory;  
The widow's mother, her only child, Flora, and  
my bark so strong.  
Are deep and heart felt themes of this my length-  
en'd song.  
While sailing the ink pen o'er the ocean of paper  
white,  
My child-like eloquence of thought untraced, I  
write.  
To-morrow I'll grasp a theme, and give my feel-  
ings  
My thoughts, pure and noble, shall have unbound-  
ed way.  
Were I, by chains of lightning or by thunder's roars  
surround,  
My own free thoughts shall ramble, wild and un-  
bounded.

### LILLIPUD.

67 Mrs. Swisshelm, the editress of the  
Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor, comes down  
on the Allegheny county Representative  
in Congress in the following style. There  
is so much independence of thought and  
expression about her, that we cannot help  
admiring her writing. She has done much  
towards reforming the notions of her sex  
in and around Pittsburgh, and she prom-  
ises to be of service in the political world.  
But to the extract—

Hon. Moses Hampton.—This gentle-  
man has refused to resign his seat after  
saying he would do so, and inducing both  
parties to nominate men to take his place.  
The reason no doubt is because the Demo-  
crats took up Dr. McClintock. His elec-  
tion was too probable to run the risk of  
having Allegheny county represented by  
a Democrat. Those opposed to the  
strengthening, or spreading, or perpetu-  
ating of the institution of slavery, have  
great reason to regret Mr. Hampton's se-  
cond thought. He has done nothing dur-  
ing his residence at the Capitol to indicate  
that the people whom he represents have  
any will on the subject of freedom,  
or are not the willing tools of the slave  
power. Dr. McClintock, though no abso-  
lutist, is a man of too much firmness,  
self-respect and energy, to permit his con-  
stituents to remain dumb in our national  
councils.

It is a great pity that the citizens of  
Allegheny county should maintain the position  
of  
"Slaves who dare not speak  
For the free and the black!"  
that the great battle of Freedom and Sla-  
very should be fought in our national  
councils, and Allegheny county have not  
a word to say—neat the disinterested  
spectator, and not care a button who gain-  
ed the victory so that the dominant party  
keep the power! We do think the Wings  
of this county should take a sudden fit of  
piety, and laying their hands on their  
mouths and both in the dust, exclaim,  
Unclean, unclean! They have behaved  
about as badly as the Democrats in other  
portions of the State.

67 The democracy of the city and county  
of New York held, on Friday last, a  
large and brilliant meeting in old Tam-  
many Hall, which was illuminated on the  
occasion, to celebrate the death and burial  
of the Wilnot proviso. Various eloquent  
speeches were delivered and animated re-  
olutions adopted on the occasion.—Louis-  
ville Democrat.

67 There are five sisters in Cambridge,  
near Boston, who can only sing when in  
the mesmeric state, and then they are said  
to sing with great sweetness and power.  
The Boston Journal says "their music,  
while in the state of trance, induced by  
Dr. Cutler, is superior to anything we  
ever heard in the normal state."  
"I am going to draw this bead into a  
knot," as the young lady said when she  
stood at the matrimonial altar.

### For Sale.

**\$3,000**  
Butler,  
2,000 lbs. Cheese, a  
social and domestic life, a  
duce results as happy and pacific as a  
well-governed people under the paucity of  
liberty and law. One of our correspond-  
ents—a gentleman of family and fortune  
—asked us last week whether there would  
be any impropriety or social risk in mar-  
rying an honest, industrious, and poor girl  
whom he liked, or imagined he loved.—  
We answered, "certainly not." Where  
she education, habits and manners qualify  
a girl for any station in life, her industry  
and purity of character are always strong  
recommendations, while her poverty is not  
objectionable. But we would not feel just-  
ified in carrying out this recommendation  
to any extent. The republican princi-  
ples of equality which form a feature in  
a nation, cannot always be applied to  
families. We may have singular notions  
in relation to marriage; but we think, in  
the first place, that parties should belong  
to the same religious denomination, in or-  
der to secure a homogeneity of thought  
or consent in action on that very impor-  
tant point. We think that in family, char-  
acter, habits and pursuits, they should  
harmonize and assimilate as nearly as  
possible. Sudden elevations to fortune,  
and of course to that position which for  
time gives, are apt to make the head giddy  
and even gradual elevations from  
poverty to wealth, unless controlled by  
great good sense and prudence, are calcu-  
lated to make the possessors unhappy and  
discontented, nervous and dissatisfied. If  
a woman, she is always aiming at some-  
thing which is not attainable, and should  
not be attainable for her own happiness.  
Persons born in affluence and reduced to  
poverty, frequently bear such rude and  
painful changes with more philosophy than  
those suddenly and unexpectedly elevated  
from obscurity. Education, equanimity  
of mind, and resignation, are the pillars  
which sustain the unfortunate in their re-  
verses; whilst those suddenly elevated to  
fortune from the most humble pursuits  
seldom know how to appreciate and enjoy  
such gifts, and wealth becomes at once a  
plague and an embarrassment.

We have just such a lady—so circum-  
stanced and conditioned—in our eye. We  
knew her when a little sewing girl, a wil-  
ling adjunct of the dusting department.—  
She had captivated the heart of a young  
clerk, who married her when he was in  
sufficient credit to open a little shop, and  
where we have often seen her behind the  
counter, slipping ribbons and pecking open  
the till with an air. From the shop to the  
store, from the store to the large importing  
warehouse, and from the warehouse to the  
house in Liverpool Alley to the three-story  
building magnificently furnished in  
Frogmore Place, were the labor, the luck,  
and the natural transition of some ten years  
of enterprising speculation. It was in-  
structive, if not amusing, to see her rolled  
in her heavy carriage, with liveried coach-  
men and footmen, from her door for a  
morning's shopping excursion, visiting ev-  
ery fashionable store and milliner in the  
city. In one he would purchase a rich  
shawl, in another a valuable silk dress;  
here a beautiful pelisse—there a newly  
imported French bonnet, lace mantilla,  
blonde scarf, or blue silk velvet for a cloak  
for the approaching cool weather. All  
these purchases were tumbled into the  
coach, and tumbled on the sofa when she  
reached home at two o'clock. A pretty  
servant girl then appeared, and was thus  
addressed—  
"Betty, where's my lunch? Nothing  
prepared for me? You know I always  
have a jelly, or an oyster pate, or a sweet  
bread, or a cold chicken and a glass of  
Bell's Scotch ale for my lunch. Two re-  
member when a spare rib and stewed on-  
ions for dinner were considered quite a  
treat, and now I am left to starve. Miss  
Jones! Miss Jones!" she screamed with  
impetuous and violent indignation, peck-  
ing the bell. The cook ran up in a  
hurry, her fingers covered with dough,  
and was met with—  
"Am I to starve among you? Is this  
treatment for a lady? Go about your busi-  
ness; I discharge you all. York! York!  
run down to Mrs. Green's, and tell her to  
send me a first oyster and waiting maid—  
no Irish maid! Was ever woman so tor-  
mented with servants?"  
While she was thus fuming and fretting,  
her husband—a quiet, inoffensive sort of a  
man—made his appearance.  
"So you have come, sir?" said the wife.  
"I shall go into dinner with this treat-  
ment. Not a mouthful since breakfast!"  
"Well, my dear," he replied, "why  
did you stop at Thompson's and get a  
nice dish of oyster soup?"  
"Oyster soup! How vulgar!"  
"Well, then, anything you might fancy.  
Why, bless me you have been shop-  
ping! What's here? Shawl, velvet, silk,  
why, my love, we have all these things at  
our store. Where did you purchase them?"  
"At Stewart's, to be sure."  
"Why my love," continued the hus-  
band, "I sold him these very goods by the  
case, and you could have had anything  
you demand at 25 per cent reduction from  
our store."  
"Your store, indeed! Do you think,  
sir, that I will go down into a Pearl street

Amos Babcock  
Elijah Bunker  
Samuel Bangsman  
John A. Blanchard  
Wm. Blanchard  
James D. Russell  
George Bailey  
Amos Babcock  
Charles Brown  
John W. Brady  
Lewis Woodworth  
Shelton  
Robert Boyd  
Valentine Burnett  
J. F. Burrows

The following is the eloquent per-  
oration of Mr. Baldwin's eulogy upon Gen-  
Taylor, delivered in Richmond on the  
16th.

"The time ever arrive when  
you must travel through the world  
and see no more that flag; and when neither  
on sea nor shore shall his meteor glories  
fall upon the wanderer's eye; when the  
American shall pass through the world,  
worse than an orphan, a man without a  
country! Must I ever be condemned to  
feel that the national structure in which I  
dwell is not the one which was built by  
the apostles of American freedom, and  
cemented by the blood of its martyrs; not  
the one of which Washington laid the cor-  
ner stone, of which Jefferson and Mad-  
ison were among the chief architects; not  
the one which was illuminated by the  
wisdom of a Marshall, and echoed the  
thunders of a Henry's eloquence; not the  
first temple which stood upon the Mount  
Zion of our American Israel, its magnif-  
icent altar gleaming through clouds of pa-  
triotic incense, and the heaven-unkindled  
fire of freedom burning forever upon its  
shrine; no not this temple, but some hum-  
ble edifice, without an altar or a priest,  
like that in which the disconsolate Jew  
mourns his lost Jerusalem, and, hanging  
on his harp upon the willows, exclaims—  
"How can I sing the Lord's song in a  
strange land!" And must I not give up  
my portion in the flag and history of  
my country, but must I yield my interest  
in any of the consecrated spots of this  
loved republic! Must I stand on Bunker's  
Hill and on Lexington and be known as a  
foreigner! Must the man of the North  
press the sod of Mount Vernon and mourn-  
fully exclaim, "This is no longer my  
country!" Must the world recognize us  
only rallying round the flag of France?  
A voice rises from the depths of the  
"Take not a way from us  
only city of refuge!" From dungeon  
vaults and from the ashes of holy martyrs  
comes a cry: "Destroy not the only  
home of religious liberty!" From the ru-  
ins of ancient republics, melancholy notes  
of warning float on every breeze. From  
the battlements of Heaven, the spirits of  
our fathers bend in solicitude, and mourn,  
if grief can enter heaven, that they have  
no human tongue to avow our mad career.  
From the grave of Taylor a voice seems  
to utter those hallowed words—"the Con-  
stitution! the Union!" Let that voice  
be heard, and Taylor will not have died  
in vain. Let but this example be regard-  
ed, and from the tears of a nation sheds a  
dew that will spring more beautiful than  
that which glowed above his cold remains,  
upon whose radiant arch, Peace and Char-  
ity, those brightest angels at the throne of  
God, will descend to heal the wounds of  
an afflicted land.

67 A chimney has been built near Bos-  
ton ten feet higher than the Bunker Hill  
Monument. Its height is 230 feet; its  
shape octagonal, and its diameter at the  
base 2 1/2 feet. It belongs to the New Eng-  
land Glass Company at East Cambridge,  
and is intended to carry off all the smoke  
that comes from all their factories. It was  
built by Mr. H. W. Pratt, and contains  
800,000 bricks and 100 cubic yards of  
granite.

A TOAST WORTH REPEATING.—The fol-  
lowing unique toast was drunk at a 4th  
of July celebration in South Carolina, by  
G. Kimball—  
"PEACE AND PURITY:  
Come in the big eed and money in the pocket,  
Baby in the cradle and a pretty wife to rock it,  
"Office in the closet and sugar in the barrel,  
silence round the fireside, and folks that never  
quarrel!"

### Boasting—An Anecdote.

There will not say that any who have the  
boasting propensity are absolutely in-  
curable, but we know some very obstinate  
ones. We also know some persons who  
are such a happy mental organization,  
they never indulge a petulant spirit,  
and they never will illustrate these cases.

Two thriving farmers, A. and B. lived  
near neighbors, whose wives were partners  
in energy, industry, frugality, neatness,  
etc. Each had been married about fifteen  
years, and the wife of A. proved to be a  
terragant, while that of B. had not spent  
petulantly since her marriage. These  
two were once in the midst of an interest-  
ing conversation, when the dinner horn  
sounded from the house of Mr. A. was  
sounded, and he said to B. "I must go at once,  
or my wife will give me such a lecture."  
"I really wish," replied B., "that I could  
hear my wife scold as yours does, for five  
minutes, just to see how it would sound,  
since our marriage." "Oh," said A., "get  
your wife a load of crooked wood, and  
you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing  
makes my wife rave equal to that."

Farmer B. kept his own counsel, and  
when he went to the forest to prepare his  
year's supply of wood, he was careful to  
cut each crooked stick on each side of the  
curve, so as to preserve it entire, and to  
throw all such sticks in a separate pile,  
subject to his order. When his old stock  
of wood was consumed, he collected an  
entire load of these crooked sticks and de-  
posited them at his door, and said nothing.  
When he came to dinner the next day, he  
expected a verification of the prophecy;  
but the meal as usual was well cooked,  
and in good time, and his wife came to  
the board with her usual beneficent smile,  
and said nothing relative to the wood. As  
the wood went away, his curiosity and  
anxiety increased, till his wife one day  
said to him: "Husband, our wood is nearly  
exhausted, and if you have any more  
like the last you brought me, I wish you  
would get it, for it is the best I ever had,  
it fits round the pots and kettles so nicely."  
[Mass. Ploughman.]

### ASCENT OF MOUNT BLANC.

The following is a detailed account from Galligani's  
Messenger, of the recent ascent of Mount  
Blanc:  
"We have received the following from  
a correspondent at Chamounix, dated the  
20th ult. Great excitement was caused  
in the town of Chamounix on the morning  
of Wednesday, the 29th, in consequence  
of the departure of Mr. Gretton, late 5th  
Fusiliers, and Mr. Richards, of the coun-  
ty of Westford, Ireland, with a party of the  
brave mountaineers of Chamounix, for the  
purpose of ascending to the summit of  
Mount Blanc. Crowds assembled to wit-  
ness their start, as the hazardous nature  
of the adventure was well known, the  
guides having left their watches and lit-  
tle valuables behind, and the two gentlemen  
made their wills and prepared for the  
worst. Great anxiety was expressed on  
many a face as the little band, headed by  
our two countrymen, disappeared in the  
forest at the foot of the mountain. The  
ascent is always accompanied with great  
peril, as steps have to be cut up the slop-  
ing banks of ice, and one of the largest  
glaciers has to be passed, where one false-  
step entails certain death, as the unfor-  
tunate man falls into a crevice of almost  
unknown depth, from which no human  
hand could extricate him. A night has  
to be passed on the cold rock, and spots have  
to be passed where no word can be spoken  
lest thousands of tons of snow should be  
set in motion, and hurl the party into eter-  
nity, as was the case some years back  
when a similar attempt was made. At 3  
o'clock the report of cannon at Chamou-  
nix announced that our adventurous coun-  
trymen had gained the Grand Mulets, the  
rock on which they were to take up their  
quarters for the night. The next day all  
was excitement; nothing else was thought  
of in the town. The Pigeons and Brevan  
were crowded with anxious observers.—  
About 11 o'clock, the fog clearing away  
from the summit of the Father of the Alps,  
the little band were seen to be slowly ap-  
proaching the top, and a few minutes af-  
ter, the report of a cannon in Chamounix  
announced the undertaking successful.—  
The clouds, however, soon obscured them  
from our view, and we saw nothing more  
of them until about half past 7 p. m., when  
preceded by the best music Chamounix af-  
forded, and carried on the backs of some  
enthusiastic Frenchmen, they were re-  
ceived at the Hotel de Londres with loud  
cheers, firing of cannon, and expressions  
of delight at their safe return. The guides  
give great praise to both gentlemen for the  
coolness and courage displayed."

67 Parson Brownlow, the editor of the  
Knockville Whig, says he is "for Henry  
Clay for President, and if Clay should die,  
he would go for the man who last talked  
with him." Old Parson, this Brownlow,  
he belongs to the church militant.  
[Louisville Democrat.]

PUNCTUALITY.—Ah, that's the word—  
punctuality! did you ever see a man who  
was punctual, who did not prosper in a  
long run? We don't care who or what  
he was—high or low, black or white, ig-  
norant or learned, savage or civilized—  
we know if he did as he agreed and was  
punctual in all his engagements, he prospered  
and was more respected than his  
shiftless, lying neighbors.

Men who commence business should  
be careful how they neglect their obliga-  
tions and break their word. A person who  
is prompt can always be accommodated,  
and is therefore "lord over another man's  
purse," as Franklin would say. Never  
make promises upon uncertainties. Al-  
though the best men may sometimes fail  
to do as they would, the case is exceed-  
ingly rare. He who is prompt to fulfill  
his word, will never make a promise where  
it is not next to a moral certainty that he  
can do as he agrees. If you would suc-  
ceed in punctuality to the hour, return bor-  
rowed money the moment you promised.  
In all things if you are thus prompt, we  
will risk your thro' lives you will succeed  
—you cannot help it. Those who are  
prompt in their business affairs, are gener-  
ally so in every department of life. You  
never know them to be late at church, to  
the polls, or to bed. A promptness in ev-  
ery thing characterizes them. May you be  
thus prompt.

67 The New York Tribune says:—  
"The people of Vermont are preparing to  
send a 'Mammoth Memorial' to Congress  
and the President in favor of Universal  
Peace, on the basis recently suggested at  
the Frankfort Peace Convention. Here  
is the form—copy and circulate it—  
To the President of the United States:  
The undersigned, legal voters in Ver-  
mont, deploring the evils of War, and desirous  
of the peaceable adjustment of all inter-  
national difficulties, respectfully request  
you to propose to all nations the establish-  
ment of a Board for the settlement of all  
international disputes or claims.

67 A negro has been arrested today under  
the new fugitive law, which created  
great excitement. Hundreds of negroes  
are armed, threatening the rescue of the  
prisoner. An examination will be held to-  
morrow. The slave was conducted to the  
jail, guarded by three companies of  
soldiers; but although a great number of  
negroes and others had assembled, no res-  
cue was attempted. A number of brick-  
bats were thrown at the Marshal's car-  
riage. The slave was committed for a  
week for further evidence.—[Boston  
Traveler.]

### Music.

The great point to be considered, in ref-  
erence to the introduction of vocal music  
into popular elementary instruction, is  
that thereby you set in motion a mighty  
power, which silently, but surely in the  
end, will humanize, refine, and elevate a  
whole community. Music is one of the  
fine arts; it therefore deals with abstract  
beauty—from finite to infinite, and from  
the world of matter to the world of spirits,  
and to God. Music is the great handmaid  
of civilization. Whence come those tra-  
ditions of a reverend antiquity—seditions  
quelled, curses wrought, fleets and armies  
governed by the force of song—whence  
the responding of rocks, woods, and trees  
to the harp of Orpheus—whence a city's  
walls uprising beneath the wonder work-  
ing touches of Apollo's lyre? These, it  
is true, are fables; yet, they shadow  
forth, beneath the veil of allegory, a pro-  
found truth. They beautifully proclaim  
the mysterious union between music, as  
an instrument of man's civilization, and  
the soul of man. Prophets and wise men,  
high-minded lawgivers of an older time,  
understood and acted on this truth. The  
ancient oracles were uttered in song. The  
laws of the Twelve Tables were put to  
music and got by heart at school. Min-  
strel and savage are in some languages,  
convertible terms. Music is allied to the  
highest sentiments of man's moral nature;  
love of God, love of country, love of  
friends. We to the nation in which these  
sentiments are allowed to decay!—  
What tongue can tell the unutterable en-  
ergies that reside in these three engines—  
church music, national airs, and fireside  
melodies—as means of informing and en-  
larging the mighty heart of a free people!

67 Love's Last Request.—"Farewell,  
farewell," cried. "When I return thou'll  
be my bride—till then be faithful, sweet  
adieu, in silence I'll think of you."  
The glistering tears strained her bright  
eyes—her thickening breath is choked  
with sighs—her tongue denies her bosom's  
away—"Farewell!"—I tore myself away.  
"One moment stay," she stammered  
out; as quick as thought I wheeled about.  
My angel, speak! can aught be done to  
comfort thee when I am gone? I'll send  
thee specimens of art from every Euro-  
pean mart—I'll sketch for thee each Alpine  
scene, to let thee see where I have been.—  
A stone from Simpson's dreadful height,  
shall gratify thy curious sight. I'll climb  
the fiery Etna's side to bring home treas-  
ures for my bride; and oh, my life, each  
ship shall bear a double letter to my fair."  
"Ah, George," the weeping angel said,  
and on my shoulder fell her head—"For  
constancy, my tears are hostage—but  
when you write, please pay the postage."

67 John, that you bring the wagon home  
in such a condition."  
"I broke it driving over a stump."  
"Where?"  
"Back in the woods, half a mile or so."  
"But why did you run against the  
stump?—Couldn't you see how to drive  
straight?"  
"I did drive straight, sir, and that is the  
very reason that I drove over it. The  
stump was directly in the middle of the  
road."  
"Why then did you not go round it?"  
"Because, sir, the stump had no right  
in the middle of the road, and I had a  
right in it."  
"True, John, the stump ought not to  
have been in the road, but I wonder that  
you were so foolish as not to consider that  
it was there, and that it was stronger than  
your wagon."  
"Why, father, do you think that I am  
always going to yield up my rights? For  
I—I am determined to stick up to them,  
come what will."  
"But what is the use, John, of standing  
up to rights, when you only get a greater  
wrong by so doing?"  
"I shall stand up for them at all haz-  
ards."  
"Well, John, all I have to say is this  
—hereafter you must furnish your own  
wagon."

67 A swiftness put up at a hotel in Bal-  
timore and had an accomplice in Phila-  
delphia to telegraph him that his wife was  
ill. He made arrangements to return,  
but must get his goods packed up. On  
returning to supper, another dispatch  
came that his wife was dead! He took  
it badly, the landlord pitied him, loaned  
him a considerable amount of money on a  
box of goods, and was—diddled!

67 An Arrivage of Sentiment.—Mr. Gal-  
dins of Ohio, in a recent speech in the  
House of Representatives, delivered him-  
self as follows:  
"Sir, I stand here a free man, the Represen-  
tative of freedom. Thank God, I re-  
present no slaves. I feel conscious that I  
could offer my constituency no greater in-  
sult than to vote for this bill—I shall not  
do it. If the stability of our Union were  
to depend on the passage of that bill, I  
would spurn it with indignation."  
The subject on which he addressed the  
House was the Texan boundary bill.

67 On the fashionable mode of ladies  
wearing watches in their bosoms—  
Among our fashionable belles,  
No wonder now that time should linger;  
Allowed to place his rude two hands  
Where no one else dare place a finger.

67 A company of benevolent individ-  
als has recently purchased a plot of  
ground near Cleveland, Ohio, containing  
two hundred and seventy-five acres, with  
a view to making it the site of a college,  
provided the means necessary to erect the  
building required can be raised. Profes-  
sor Asa Maban has accepted the presiden-  
cy of the Institution, which is to be con-  
ducted upon the plan of Dr. Wayland, as  
regards allowing the students to select  
their own course of study.

A SIMPLE RULE.—To ascertain the  
length of the day and night at any time of  
the year, double the time of the sun's ris-  
ing, which gives the length of the night,  
and double the time of the setting, which  
gives the length of the day.