

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Daniel Gray!

"I'll ever win the home in heaven
For those sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray."

I knew him well; in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read to him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
And was not called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose, that, in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all a thousand times.

I see him now,—his form, and face, and motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his true emotions
Rising above the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded,—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering and to conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him;
He never kissed his children,—so they say;
And fustian scenes and fustian flowers would move
him.

Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way,
He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond career,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told, that when his Charles died,
For Nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charles,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose had gathered early,—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

My good old friend was very hard on fashion,
And held his votaries in lofty scorn,
And often burst into a holy passion
While the gay crowd went by on Sunday morn.

Yet he was vain, Old Gray and did not know it!
He wore his hair unpurged, long, and plain,
To hide the handsome brow that slept below it,
For fear the world would think that he was vain!

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

Yet that sweet tale of gift without repentance,
Told of the Master, touched him to the core,
And fearless he could never read the sentence:
"Neither do I condemn them: sin ye no more."

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful lest of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that income strange, unlooked-for
way,
His mighty friend in heaven the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For those sweet rest I humbly hope and pray
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

Miscellaneous.

Circular from the Republican National Committee.

The Republican National Committee, at the meeting recently held at Albany, issued the following Circular to their Republican friends throughout the Union:

In the judgment of the undersigned members of the Republican National Committee, the time has arrived for consultation and preliminary action in regard to the approaching struggle for the Presidency, and they beg therefore to call your attention to the suggestions, which follow.

The Republican party had its origin in the obvious necessity for resistance to the aggressions of the slave power, and, maintaining for the States respectively their reserved rights and sovereignties. In the contest of 1856 by the presentation and advocacy of the true science of Government it laid the foundation of a permanent political organization, although it did not get possession of the power to enforce its principles. When the result, adverse to its efforts and its hopes, was declared, it unaffectedly acquiesced, giving to the victor, for the sake of the country, its best wishes for an honest and fair administration of the Government. How far Mr. Buchanan's administration realized these wishes is now patent to the world. With the Executive power of the Government in his hands, his administration has failed in every respect to meet the expectations of the people, and has presented the most humiliating spectacle of corruption, extravagance, imbecility, recklessness and broken faith. So apparent is this given to our opponents, that the so-called Democratic organization, always distinguished for its discipline and party fidelity, is utterly demoralized and distracted, without any recognized or accepted party principle, and threatened with disruption by the rival aspirants and struggles of its leading partisans.

While the administration has been thus faithless to the interests of the Country, and has thus disorganized the party which placed it in power, the Republican party has been constantly mindful of the great public necessity which called it into existence, and faithful to the fundamental principle upon which it was erected. Experience has only served to strengthen the conviction of its absolute necessity to the reformation of the National Government, and of the wisdom and justice of its purposes and aims.

Although some of the exciting incidents of the election of 1856 have been disposed of by the energy, enterprise and valor of a free people, the duty of Republicans to adhere to their principles as enunciated at Philadelphia, and to labor for their establishment, was never more pressing than at this moment.

The attitude of the slave power is insolent and aggressive; it demands of the country much more than it has demanded hitherto. It is not content with the absolute control of the National Government, not content with the disposition of the honors of the national administration, not content with its well-known influence, always pernicious, over

legislation at the national capital, but it

demands fresh concessions from a free people for the purpose of extending and strengthening an institution local in its character, the creature of State legislation, which the Federal Government is not authorized to extend by any grant of delegated powers. It demands by an unauthorized assumption of power, after having, as occasion required, adopted and repudiated all the crude theories for the extension of slavery in the territories, by act of Congress, the revival of the African slave trade.

Upon no organization except that of the Republican party can the country rely for successful resistance to these monstrous propositions and the correction of the gross abuses which have characterized the present administration. The duty, then, of all patriotic men who wish for the establishment of Republican principles and measures in the administration of the national government is to aid in perfecting and strengthening this organization for the coming struggle. There is much to be done, involving earnest labor and the expenditure of time and money. There should be—

1st. A thorough understanding and interchange of sentiments and views between the Republicans of every section of the country.

2d. An effective organization of the Republican voters of each State, county and town, so that our party may know its strength and its deficiencies, its power, and its needs, before we engage in the Presidential struggle.

3d. The circulation of well-considered documents, making clear the position of the Republican party, and exposing the dangerous character of the principles and policy of the administration.

4th. Public addresses in localities where they are desired and needed, by able champions of the Republican cause.

5th. A large and general increase of the circulation of the Republican journals throughout the country.

To give practical effect to these suggestions, an adequate amount of money will be required, for the legal and faithful expenditure of which the undersigned will hold themselves responsible. The vast patronage of the Federal Government will be wielded against us, to which we can oppose nothing but earnest and efficient devotion to the Republican cause, and the voluntary pecuniary offerings of our Republican friends.

In conclusion, the undersigned may be permitted to express their opinion that the signs of the times are auspicious for the Republican cause, and that, in their judgment, a discreet and patriotic action throughout the Confederacy, promises a Republican victory in 1860.

Unwilling, however, to encourage hopes which may be disappointed, and to place their appeal for aid and co-operation upon the assurances of success that is approaching, the undersigned are constrained to say that they rely most confidently on the patriotism and zeal of their Republican brethren for such aid and co-operation.

Meanwhile, we have the honor to be,

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servants

In regard to the positions assumed in the Address, the New York Evening Post says:

"It is well remarked in the circular that no party but the Republican can meet the evils wrought and projected by this formidable power; and we are pleased to see that the Committee have fallen into none of the prevailing silliness about the necessity of a coalition of the Republicans with other parties. They simply recommend the Republicans to do their own work, and not to look outside of themselves for assistance. Their objects are plain; their principles decided; and their policy, to be successful, must be straightforward. No party can secure public confidence which is perpetually shifting its positions or its alliances. If it does not maintain its own integrity with the most jealous caution, it will alienate its best friends and prove a laughing-stock to its enemies."

No PRAYERS.—The late Charles F. Hovey, who bequeathed to Wendell Phillips and others a considerable sum in aid of anti-slavery, women's rights, free trade and temperance societies, left directions that no priest should attend his funeral and that no prayers should be offered. The following is an extract:

"I particularly request that no prayers be solicited from any person, and that no priest be invited to perform any ceremony whatsoever over or after my body. The priesthood are an order of men, as I believe, falsely assuming to be reverend and divine, pretending to be called of God; the great body of them, in all countries, have been on the side of power and oppression; the world has too long been cheated by them; the sooner they are unmasked, the better for humanity."

We do not envy the feelings that could dictate such a wish, and we think that his friends did little credit to his memory in making it public. It would have been better to silently fulfill his desires without calling the public observation to them. The man who finds no distinction between the arrogant priest who makes religion the cloak of hypocrisy and the instrument of power, and the faithful pastor who ministers to the spiritual needs of the people, counseling them in their troubles, pointing the way to Heaven, is not the kind of reformer for us.—*Providence Journal*.

Freeman Kingsley, who was appointed Post Master, at Cherryfield, vice Nathan Godfrey deceased.

Before we venture others, let us ask ourselves, firstly, is it true? Secondly, is it kind? Thirdly, is it necessary?

"Woman's Mission."

The subject is an extract from the Address of Mrs. Elizabeth Willard Barry, Vice Regent of Illinois, to the Ladies of Chicago; it evinces a due appreciation of the high responsibility which has devolved upon the Women of our Country.

"I trust I shall be pardoned for expressing some of the sentiments which fill my mind as I contemplate the deep significance of this movement, and engage in its interesting labors. I cannot look upon it in a matter-of-fact mercenary way, as the purchase of two hundred acres of land, to be valued in dollars and cents; nor merely as the Home and the Tomb of the greatest hero that ever graced and glorified his country. This alone should warm into life every heart, and bring tears of tenderness. But to me it suggests, as nothing has ever before done, the great responsibility of the women of a Republic. This, my friends, I believe has never been sufficiently estimated. We come forward freely, heartily and successfully to meet the calls of benevolence; and we should do so; and I glory in my sex, and in our own youthful, enterprising city, when I see that the noble-hearted women of Chicago have accomplished in these channels—

"But the women of a Republic have demands broader and no less imperative than these. Not that they should transcend their heaven-appointed limits, and come forward to mingle in public affairs, which could only restrict their influence;—but they should never forget that they are, and are to become, the mothers and educators of our rulers and statesmen; and while their sons and their brothers are directing the great currents of national affairs, it is for them to keep the fountain pure, and fresh, and vigorous with healthful life. The women of this country have, as no others in the world—a special, a peculiar, and an unalienable mission. Whether the great experiment of this Republic shall succeed, till it expand into broader and higher, and nobler life—confirm the possibility of the self-governing principle, and stand glorious among the nations; or whether it shall become corrupted and debased until it fail by the weight of its own iniquity—a mark at which the finger of scorn shall point;—whether it shall reproduce its Hamiltons, its Adamses, its Washingtons, or renege the revolting tragedies of almost daily occurrence, depend upon the women of our country."

"And when you look upon the elements now maturing in the young of our sex, who are rising up to resume this responsible trust? And how great is our responsibility, as mothers of the people and Christian women, to endeavor to instill into their minds the noble principles, which alone can be the salvation of our country—to impress upon them the inseparable union between a pious republic and Christian statesmen, and their own responsibility as the future educators of the nation! While I blush that the men of this country, absorbed in the distracting and corrupting cares of political life, and the no less corrupting greed for gain, have so long disregarded the call of gratitude and manly duty, from the hushed voice of that silent, but still eloquent sarcophagus—I thank God that he has caused the heart of woman to throb in response; and that he has roused her to a sense of her true position, responsibility and power, and entrusted to her charge the Tomb of Washington. Shall she not re-light the pure flame of patriotism in the heart of the nation, as she re-kindles once more, with final care, the fire upon the cold hearthstone of that nation's slumbering hero? May she not hope to do something to regenerate the corrupted politics of the country in reviving, by the green shades and the flowing streams of Mount Vernon, those great principles of Christian polity, of which this cherished spot shall hereafter be the localized symbol?"

"Let us then, my friends, accept this charge—guard it sacredly while we live, and transmit it to our children's children, a memorial of their high privileges and sacred responsibilities through all the coming history of the Republic. Let us have the influence of all the best talents we can command, to give energy to our action and dignity to the position we have assumed. Let us not be discouraged by any difficulties that may arise—let us heed neither apathy, opposition, ridicule nor sneers; but strong in the power of a good cause, and the impulse of a resolve consecrated to duty, take up the work—the cross, if it must be, and bear it courageously!"

KITCHEN MEMORANDA.—Potatoes to be washed—meat to be put to soak—lamps to fill—knives to scour—furniture to be dusted—silver to be polished—front entry to be washed—beds to be made—apples to be pared—flour to sift—shirts to be ironed—dishes to be washed—beets to be cleaned—carpets to be swept—fires to be tended—dinner to get—pigs to be fed—pudding to be made—run to the store—front door to tend—children to be waited on—baby's frock to be washed—stockings to be darned—buttons to be sewed on the shirts—skirts to be done up—tea to get—griddle cakes—dough nuts, custards, gingerbread, preserves—dishes to clear away—company—evening meetings—b-d time.

What merchant, politician, or president, has a longer list of daily avocations than the good housewife and yet how little they are considered. The hard and constant fatigue of the mother should elicit a deeper sympathy, and a more strenuous effort to lighten her burdens.

Two children from Calis, ten and eleven years of age, were committed last week to the jail in Machias, for larceny.

A lady out West is charged with "putting on airs," because she refused to go to a ball barefoot.

The Mother of Good Luck.

"I don't want to stay there. I don't do anything but go errands, and be at every beck and call. I am not learning anything."

Ephraim, a fatherless boy, had gone into a shop; and after being there a few months, this was the complaint he had made nearly every day to his mother.—One day his uncle John heard him.

"You think you are fit for something higher than?" he said to the boy.

"Yes, sir," said Ephraim; "I don't want to be doing errands all the time."

"But doing errands well is the only real step to promotion in Mr. Barrow's warehouse. When you have earned promotion by doing that branch of his business, you will rise then, and not till then."

"Pretty small business," muttered the boy, with a discontented pucker on his forehead. "I don't care how I do it."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," said uncle John, "for he only that is faithful in little things can be expected to be faithful in greater things. If you do not do your present work well, Mr. Barrow will have no reason to suppose you will do anything else better. Boys you must earn promotion, to have it. I will tell you a story."

Ephraim liked Uncle John's stories, though he sometimes wanted to quarrel with the moral. However, he looked up, as much as to say "Please go on, sir," and Uncle John went on:

"A young man once went into business with pretty fair prospects. The firm, however, did not go on well. It failed I think, G—went, then returned home with bare pockets, in quest of employment. He met his old Sabbath-school teacher in the street, stated his case, and asked him if he knew of any opening."

"Not just now," answered the gentleman; "but if you don't want to be idle, and are willing to work, I should like your services in our soap-house; the pay won't be much, but you can be very useful."

"A soap-house," cried Ephraim, proudly; "after being in a firm! I suppose he did not stop so."

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A soap house, as some of you know, is a great kitchen, where soap is made and served out to the poor during winter when food is dear and work is scarce.

Let us see how G—viewed the matter. Said Uncle John: "Yes, sir, I'm glad," said his answer for G—was a good young man, and thought no situation beneath him where he could minister to the comforts of others. He went into the soap-house, and he did not stay long.

For, for aught I know, kept the books, and in a world, managed the business the best he could. When the gentlemen who were interested in the soap-house, met to see what good it had done, they were very much surprised with the manner in which the books were kept.

"Why who have you here?" they asked. One of them a keeper of a large hotel. "I must have that young man," he said, to manage my concerns." He found out G—, and offered him a handsome salary to become head clerk of his establishment. G—earned the promotion, you see. He went; but he had not been in the hotel many months, before one of the boarders, the cashier of a bank, said to the hotel keeper, that clerk of yours is a noble fellow; how well he conducts your business." And it was not long before the cashier offered him a better situation in the bank.

G—went. In course of time the cashier resigned, and the directors said, "We can't do any better than put G— in," and so he was promoted to that office. And he made as good a cashier as he did clerk. This gentleman is not cashier now, but he is one of the most responsible posts in the country, and has a character shining with integrity and Christian worth. He did not despise lowly places, Ephraim."

"But he had what I call good luck good luck," exclaimed Ephraim.

"But diligence is the mother of good luck," said Uncle John; "mind that, boy!"

[Mrs. H. C. Knight.]

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING.—The Boston Herald, referring to the discontinuance of the Ledger, has the following truthful comments upon newspaper experiments:—

"The public will be able to estimate the benefits to be derived from newspaper experiments in a field already fully occupied, when we state that the Boston Ledger, after having sunk, according to the reports of those engaged in it, between thirty and forty thousand dollars, had attained 'when its prospects were never better,' a circulation of about two thousand! This does not open up a very rosy prospect to those who desire to shine as newspaper publishers, and the lesson that this and other operations in the same line teaches should be laid to heart."

This is a business which requires a good deal to work in, many favoring circumstances, a large capital and a thorough business capacity, and tireless energy. It is easy to induce some men to embark in newspaper enterprises. They are tickled with the idea of seeing their names in print and enjoying the privileges of a dead head, and they will readily find a plenty of advisers who counsel them to engage in publishing, merely because they wish to make use of their columns. Interested parties will encourage with a plenty of words the aspirant to the honors of a newspaper publisher, but when the day of failure comes, such are generally the loudest in denouncing the folly of the enterprise. If any one doubts this, let him throw away thirty or forty thousand dollars of somebody's money in reducing it to the test of experience."

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Our Beautiful Earth.

Mr. L. Mountain, in his thrilling details of the aerial trip from St. Louis to the eastward, with Messrs. Wise, Gager and Hyde, in the balloon Atlantic, speaks as follows, of the beauties of the night trip from his excellent position:

At about 8 o'clock we could see that the people below were having their sunset, although we were in a full blaze of light. The prairies looked like vast fields of polar ice, slightly tinged with green, but quite destitute of luminous properties. Between us and them hung suspended a dark and almost opaque belt which seemed like a veil drawn over the country. The alternate patches of cultivated ground, water sheets, little hills and gulches, gave to all a diversified appearance; through the hills had lost their relative color and appearance, and seemed to be vast sugar-loaves, fretted with rain-sis and lemon-parings—the effect of alternate frost and grass. Such a spectacle must be seen to be appreciated, and can be seen only by those who study nature from the favorable position we occupy.

Very gradually the darkness stole up from below. It was as though invisible hands were lifting up the veil as it approached and enveloped us. In a few moments the sun left us, disappeared in a hazy, luminous bank of red. It did not become dark. Throughout the night we were able at all times to distinguish the prairies from the wooded country below, even when at an altitude of two miles. We were floating in a sort of transparent vapor, which, without possessing any perceptible body, yet seemed to be made of luminous particles. The effect of the light gave to the balloon a phosphorescent appearance, as though we were charged with fire. So powerful was this, that every line of the netting, every fold of the silk, every cord and wrinkle were plainly visible as if illuminated by torches; and I could at any moment tell the time by my watch. This phenomena became more striking as we increased our altitude.

My theory of a fact so remarkable and before unthought of, is—that the clouds charged with electrical principles and acted upon by the heat of the sun, emitted and disseminated through the air the luminous particles which, though apparently indistinguishable, were still the myriads of torch-bearers of our wonderful way. The theory has scientific warrant in the fact that ships have sometimes been similarly illuminated at sea, so powerfully that the mist which was visible from deck, which would proceed from the same causes, acting under different circumstances. That it is not a natural feature of night above the earth's surface, is shown by the fact that when Charles Green, Mark Mason and Lord Holland made their famous nocturnal voyage from London to Weiburg it was so dark it seemed as if the balloon were passing through solid blocks of black marble.

BEECHER ON WOODCHUCKS.—Speaking of boy-hood, did you ever hear of woodchucks? We remember well what ventral perturbation our young bosom used to suffer on seeing a woodchuck popping up his head above the grass, and with what headlong zeal we plunged after him, invariably to just miss catching him as his tail disappeared down his hole. This region seems to be a favorite haunt for these mammals. Some dozen, we judge are tenants on our farm. The boys have made several sagacious forays on them, with arm, and dog, but sir marmot has always been just a little too deep for them. Not so the dog—Jacko had been down upon a visit to a neighboring dog, talking of rabbits, cats, and other things which have power over dog's imaginations. On his way home, a young woodchuck whose maul did not know he was out, inadvertently exposed himself. The temptation was too strong for Jacko. With one or two tremendous bounds, a nip, and a very busy shaking, the work was done. For all the good his parent had of him, the woodchuck might as well not have been born. John skinned him neatly. He was roasted. The family sat around. The lady of the house, peremptorily refused to touch the "vagrant." The eldest son agreed to support the father, and the two youngsters were felled to eat woodchucks! The head of the family disposed of one mouthful, and looked around. Being watched he boldly took a second, and was initiated. But about the third taste made it plain that woodchuck satisfies the appetite very speedily.

These singular, chubby, nimble fellows have a very good time of it, on the whole. They wake up from a winter's sleep—enjoy the spring, summer and autumn. They have no migration to attend to. They lay up no stock of winter food. When the time comes they roll up into a heap, in the chamber of their burrow, poke their nose into their belly, and tuck their tail around, to make a good finish, and then outstep storms, snow, and winter. But we have saved one member of this family even this trouble.—We have looked in the Prices Current of the Independent in vain to find the ruling prices of woodchucks' skins. Can any one inform us? From the amazing enterprise shown by the boys, hitherto, they might turn an honest penny yet, in selling woodchucks' skins.—

Meanwhile, my young mammals, you are welcome to all the clever you can eat, to all the holes you can dig. You may sit serene after your morning feed, and sun yourselves without fear of the boys, for, really, jesting apart, they are not half as smart as you are. Don't flinch if they shoot, especially if they take aim. But beware of the dog. He does not say much. He is apt to perform first, and promise afterward.

As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair: for one that we find real there are nine that are false!

Correspondence.

For the American.

Kansas Correspondence.

At the date of my last, I had just seen M. Blondin safe across the Niagara on the tight rope. Some of my readers will wish to inquire, how he did it, and how he appeared? Well, he stood up straight and walked on his feet, sometimes quick and sometimes slow. Sometimes he would stand still and sometimes sit down, and twice he laid down upon the rope, and stretched at full length upon his back. From that position he would rise up very quick, and apparently with no special caution. He finally reached the opposite shore with perfect safety, and so far as could be seen, with entire composure. The attending multitude received him with shouts and acclamations which made the whole region ring.

Still homeward bound, we left the Falls in the cars for Boston at 40 minutes past 5 P. M. on the 4th of July. We took the New York Central R. R. This route is parallel with, and for much of the distance is near by and in sight of the Erie canal. This will be remembered as the first great work of internal improvement undertaken in this country. Nothing like it for extent or for expense of outlay, had ever been projected before. The honor of projecting it and to a great extent of carrying it through, belongs to DeWitt Clinton. He had the boldness to plan it and the energy and perseverance to push it forward to completion. He was just the man for the enterprise. But for him, it would not have been done; certainly not at that time, perhaps never. He, like the "Father of his country," was evidently designed not only to project and execute that master enterprise of the times in which he lived, but to put in motion, as he certainly did, a train of internal improvements which are everything to the interior parts of our country, and especially to the great West—the "Valley of the Mississippi."

As a benefactor to our race, and especially as an agent to bless and build up this country, I regard DeWitt Clinton as next in rank to Washington. No man, it seems plain to me, save the one last named, has so high a claim upon the gratitude of his country as the originator of the Erie canal. That, in itself, was a gigantic enterprise. None but a man of uncommon enterprise would have thought at that time of uniting the waters of the great lakes with those of the Atlantic.

much of which was then a wilderness, and the distance more than 300 miles. He had much to encounter, not only in the shape of mountains, hills and apparently immovable rocks, but more still, in the incredulity of men and the narrow-minded policy of legislators. His proposed canal was commonly called by way of derision, "Lincoln's Ditch," and it was often said by the incredulous, that they had no wish to have longer than till Lincoln's Ditch was finished. But he was not the man to be disheartened. His purpose was fixed. He had looked through the whole project—had weighed all the obstacles which stood in the way of its execution, and fully believed it could be done, and was finally resolved that it should be done. Nothing could cool his ardor; nothing could thwart his purpose or begrudge its full accomplishment.

It was finished and soon became the channel of an immense business; furnishing an easy and comparatively cheap method of conveying the western produce to a good market, and of course, greatly increasing its value to the grower and raising the value of real estate immensely in a large portion of the western country.

But more, and better far than all this, the completion of the Erie Canal showed conclusively the possibility, if not the feasibility of great and daring projects. Men came to feel that nothing was too great or difficult to be attempted; and they soon dared to project, and quickly to complete, means of internal improvement, of which they would not have presumed to think before. The consequence is, canals and railroads have become exceedingly common and of incalculable value to all parts of our country, which else could have been of but little worth.

But the race of improvements set on foot by the projector of the Mammoth canal, is not yet run. Far from it. A ship canal is yet to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and railroads are yet, not only to run through all parts of our most inland States and territories; but soon a most prominent R. R. with a double track will be completed across this whole continent from ocean to ocean. The work can be done. The God of the country demands it. The people will do it, and it must be accomplished.

After a night's ride through the State of New York, we found ourselves at sunrise in Albany, more than 300 miles from N. Falls, and ready for an early breakfast, preparatory to another ride of 200 miles to Boston. At Albany, we cross the Hudson or North river, by a steam ferry. Directly was heard the common cry, "all aboard," and we were off for Boston. At 2 1/2 P. M. we were there. A short ride of some 20 miles brought us to the beautiful and quiet town of Falloway, where a few days of rest was welcome as the repose

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North, June 13 1869. 21 ff. Ellsworth, June 24th, 1869.