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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

[From the German of N. Muller.]

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the funeral willows grow;
The branches stream, like the disheveled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh,
The rocks moan wildly as it rushes by,
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And moistens all the region, and, behold,
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold!

Where falls the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the moss is wet with friendship's tears
Forget-me-not and violet, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, who no more shall weep,
Float, swan-like, down the current's gentle [sweep,
Go up the sands that shine along its side,
And in the Paradise of tears abide.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart,
There in a long embrace, that none may part,
Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

IN PRAISE OF THE GOOD OLD PLOUGH.

Let them sing who may of the battle frays,
And the deeds that have long since past;
Let them chant in praise of the tar whose days
Are spent on the ocean vast;
I would render to these all the worship you please,
I would honor them even now,
But I'd give far more from my heart's full store
To the cause of the Good Old Plough.

Let them laud the notes that in music floats
Through their bright and their glittering halls;
While the amorous twirl of the hair's bright [curl
Round the shoulder of beauty falls;
But, dearer to me is the song from the tree,
And the rich and the blossoming bough;
Oh! these are the sweets which the rustic greets
As he follows the Good Old Plough.

Then how jocund the song as it comes along
From the ploughman's lusty throat;
Did the hunter's shout ever yet give out
To the brown woods a merrier note?
Though he follows no hound, yet his day is crowned
With a triumph as good, I trow;
As though antlered head at his feet lay dead,
Instead of the Good Old Plough.

Full many there be that we daily see
With a selfish and hollow pride,
Whom the ploughman's lot, in humble cot,
With a scornful look deride,
Yet I'd rather take, aye, a hearty shake
From his hand than to wealth I'd bow
For the honest grasp of that hand's rough clasp
Hath stood by the Good Old Plough.

All honor be then to these grey old men,
When at last they are bowed with toil;
Their warfare then o'er, why they battle no more,
For they've conquered the stubborn soil.
And the chaplet each wears are his silver hairs,
And ne'er shall the victor's brow
With a laurelled crown to the grave go down,
Like these sons of the Good Old Plough.

Miscellaneous.

Punch's Complete Letter Writer.

FROM A WIDOWER TO A WIDOW, WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

My dear Madam—Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed; I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true, we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance, than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another.—The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven, is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment, and her portrait, it hangs over my chimney piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts, and to approve of them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good, more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded you more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this; for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not entail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen, as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girls and boys; but men and women like a larger mansion, with a coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me, that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer; and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect 3 farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son; but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that, except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need, my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weakness. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill-health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take a hedge with any fellow of five and twenty. I say I speak of these things that you may know me as I am. Moreover, I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two-and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have my human weakness—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting late, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality.

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say, then, say Thursday week, and believe me your devoted lover, till death, NICHOLAS BLACKTHORN.

P. S.—May I see you to-morrow?

THE WIDOW'S ANSWER.

Sir—Your favor of last night has, I own surprised me. What! after one meeting, and that at a card party, to make such an offer! Well to be sure you men are strange creatures! What, indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such boldness?

As for the rational point of life you speak of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and-thirty: or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me? Perhaps, though my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of premature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the apples in my store room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. '*His* dear miniature is now before me; I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features. If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir; I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of competence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money, but am blessed in my solicitors, Messrs. Grip and Nip, No.—Furnival's inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotton her duty, is an affliction. I am glad however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. I have found it so; as some of my husband's poor relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of any thing that reminded me of my dear lost treasure, I have left them for ever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me as a stranger to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia!

Health is, indeed a treasure. I know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word!—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me. As it was, it struck me down. But; as the poet says, "the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash."

You are partial to hunting? It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and as sportsmen say, would ride at any thing. He once broke his collar-bone; but, with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! you should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared to the treasures of the mind! Still, if there is any thing I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well, I must say, you don't look *that* age.

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides, it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I havn't time to tell—to think well of every body. Weaknesses we all have. One of mine is, a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and, indeed, except for politeness' sake, know not why I should have written at all.

I therefore remain your obedient servant,
RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P. S.—I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no engagement for the next day, no, not next day—the day after; for I hate a Thursday.

Fighting a Buffalo.

BY FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

The most interesting hunter's story I have heard was told me by our host, Percival, who has followed the forest chase from his youth. In 1807, he was on a trapping expedition, with two companions, on the Washita, when they left him to kill buffalo, bear, and the larger game, and he remained to trap the streams for beaver. He had not met with very good success, and had been without meat for about twenty-four hours, when, turning a small bend of the river, he espied a noble-looking old male buffalo lying down on the beach. Having secured his canoe, he crept softly thro' a corn-brake, which lay between the animal and himself, and fired. The shot was an indifferent one, and only wounded the animal in the side, but it roused him; and, having crossed the river, he soon laid down. This was about noon, when the animal having again grazed, was resting himself n a cool place. Percival now crossed the river in his canoe, and got into the woods, which were there very open and somewhat broken by little patches of prairie land, a very frequent occurrence in these parts of Arkansas, where forest and prairie often seem to be contending for the mastery. But the bull, being suspicious, rose before the hunter came near enough to him, and took to the open woods. Percival was an experienced hunter; he had killed several hundred buffaloes, and knew their tempers in every sort of situation. He knew that the animal, when in large herds, was easily mastered, and was well aware that when alone he was sometimes dogged, and even dangerous; he, therefore, followed his prey cautiously for about a mile, knowing that he would lie down again ere long. The buffalo now stopped, and Percival got within fifty yards of him, watching an opportunity to strike him mortally; but the beast, seeing his enemy so near, wheeled completely round, put his huge shaggy head close to the ground before his fore feet, as it is their custom when they attack each other, and rapidly advanced upon the hunter, who instantly fired, and put his ball through the bull's nose; but seeing the temper he was in, and knowing what a serious antagonist he was when on the offensive, he also, immediately, turned and fled.

In running down a short hill some briars threw him down, and he dropped his gun. There was a tree not far from him of about eighteen inches diameter, and every thing seemed to depend upon his reaching it; but, as he rose to make a push for it, the buffalo struck him on the fleshy part of the hip with his horn, and slightly wounded him. Before, however, the beast could wheel round upon him again, he gained the tree, upon which all the chance he had of preserving his life rested. A very few feet from this tree grew a sapling about four or five inches in diameter, a most fortunate circumstance for the hunter, as it contributed materially to save his life. The buffalo now doggedly followed up his purpose of destroying his adversary, and a system of attack and defence commenced that perhaps, is without a parallel. The buffalo went round and round the tree pursuing the man, jumping at him in the peculiar manner of that animal, every time he tho't there was a chance of hitting him; whilst Percival, grasping the tree with his arms, flung himself round it with greater rapidity than the animal could follow him. In this manner the buffalo harassed him more than four hours, until his hands became so sore with rubbing against the rough bark of the oak tree, and his limbs so fatigued, that he began to be disheartened.

In going round the tree, the buffalo would sometimes pass between it and the sapling; but the distance between them was so narrow, that it inconvenienced him, especially when he wanted to make his jumps; he, therefore, frequently went round the sapling instead of going inside of it. The time thus consumed was precious to Percival—it enabled him to breathe, and to consider how he should defend himself.

After so many hours' fruitless labor, the bull seemed to have lost his pristine vigor, and he became slower in his motions. He would now make his short start, preparatory to his jump, only at intervals, and, even then, he jumped doubtingly, as if he saw that Percival would avoid his blow by swinging to the other side. It was evident he was baffled, and was considering what he should do. Still continuing in his course round the tree, but in this slow manner, he at length made an extraordinary feint, that does honor to the reasoning powers of the buffalo family. He made his start as usual, and, when Percival swung himself round, the bull, instead of aiming his blow in the direction he had been accustomed to do, suddenly turned to the side of the tree where Percival would be brought when he had swung himself round, and struck with all his might. The feint had almost succeeded: Percival only just saved his head, and received a sever contusion on his arm, which was paralyzed for an instant. He now began to despair of saving his life; his limbs trembled under him; he thought the buffalo would wear him out, and it was so inexpressibly painful to him to carry on this singular defence, that at one time he entertained the idea of leaving the tree and permitting the animal to destroy him, as a mode of saving himself from pain and anxiety that were intolerable.

But the buffalo, just at that time giving decided symptoms of being as tired himself, now stopped for a few minutes, and Percival took courage. Remembering that he had his butcher's knife in his breast, he took it out, and began to contrive plans of offence; and when the bull, having rested awhile recommenced his old rounds, Percival took advantage of the slowness of his motions, and, using a great deal of address and management, contrived in the course of half an hour, to stab and cut him in a dozen different places. The animal now became weak from loss of blood, and, altho' he continued to walk round the tree, made no more jumps, contenting himself with keeping his head and neck close to it. This closed the conflict, for it enabled Percival to extend his right arm and give him two deadly stabs in the eyes. Nothing could exceed the frantic rage of this unwieldy animal when he had lost his sight. He bellowed, he groaned, he pawed the ground, and gave out every sign of conscious ruin and unmitigable fury. He leaned against the sapling for support, and twice knocked himself down by rushing with his head against the large tree. The second fall terminated this strange tragic combat, which had now lasted nearly six hours. The buffalo had not strength to rise, and the conqueror, stepping up to him, and lifting up his nigh shoulder, cut all the flesh and ligaments loose, and turned it over his back. He then, after resting himself a few minutes, skinned the beast, took a part of the meat to his canoe, made a fire, broiled and ate it.

THE HORSE AND HIS TAIL.—Who can look without rapture on the beautiful proportions of the horse? His mane, hanging down a well formed neck, seems a counterbalance to his long flowing tail as he moves along; and we are all aware of what amazing advantage this last mentioned appendage is to this noble beast, when a host of flies are ready to devour him. In fact there is no putting a sufficient value on this ornamental part; for, whilst he is left in the full possession of it, he can effectually scourge his tormentors, which never fail to attack those places extending beyond the reach of his mouth and hoofs. But man, wanton and unthinking man, the slave to fashion and caprice, has cruelly deprived his best and most useful friend among the quadrupeds, of this great advantage, which nature has so kindly given him, and now we see him, in summer, stung and tormented at every step by blood-thirsty insects, from which he cannot free himself by any process short of rolling on the ground. What, in the name of form and feature, could ever have persuaded Englishmen that the fine, flowing mane of their horses was a nuisance which ought to be reduced, or that the appearance of these superb animals could be improved by docking their tails to a stump some eleven inches long? Nay, I can well remember the time when this destructive mania for improving the anatomy of the horse by subtraction had risen to such a height of absurdity, that both cart and carriage horses were so entirely bereft of tail as to present an exhibition disgusting in the extreme. Simple farmers and wagoners had been choused out of the common sense, and taught to believe that such a privation added strength to the general system, just as some unknowing ones of the present day fancy that the pruning knife produces additional growth in those branches which it spares. This docking pestilence (I allude to the custom of removing the whole of the tail) once raged throughout our island and you would have thought that Dame Nature herself had taken smittle, as we say in Yorkshire; for I knew a farmer's mare in the county of Durham, about the year 1794, that produced three foals successively without any tail at all.—*Waterton's Essays.*

☞Clay is said to be consistent at least in one thing—having never *lost sight* of the Presidency.

AMERICAN HONESTY.—The honesty of a people is to be properly measured, not by what is honest simply according to law, but what is honest from their spontaneous action. The one kind of honesty, tho' practical, may have no spirit of truth, but may merely spring from fear of punishment; the other arises from conscientious motives, and determines the existence of the principle itself. We hear a great deal of the infidelity of Americans to their pecuniary engagements; the cry has been iterated and reiterated until many people have come to be belief that their countrymen suffer in a comparison of integrity with the rest of the world. This scandal originated in the English and French journals, and in the books of insolent foreign tourists. If we look to the fact that the law regarding the collection of debts is so much less rigid in this country than abroad, we shall find that the superiority of honesty belongs to the Americans who are not forced in the same degree by legal enactments to meet their engagements. We have long been of opinion that the more left to the discretion of individuals by the government the better, the general safety being considered; and, according to this theory, the collection of debts being left to private management, they would become debts of honor, and would be incurred and paid accordingly. But a reliance on the power of government to collect them in case of necessity, interferes with the freedom of action, essential to the development of honest principles.

In exemplification of the fact of the existence of American honesty of a pre-eminent degree, notwithstanding the extensive denial given to it, we will quote a few foreign authorities.

One of the house of Barings, London, recently stated to an American dining with him, that the Americans were the most honest people in the world; for during the whole of his long experience, with the innumerable credits on their house that had been granted to Americans, not a single case had occurred of an improper application of the money.

Captain Marryatt, in his travels, says, while in New York, that there is no legal mode for compelling the payment of debts. Afterwards, while in Buffalo and Rochester, commenting upon the size and appearance of the shops, he states that everybody obtained goods upon credit. The Edinburg Review, commenting upon these two passages, says that they must be an extraordinary people, where everybody has credit, although debts cannot be recovered by process of law. So it is. The best evidence of honesty among a people is to be found in the existence of credit, as no one parts with his goods without expecting to be paid for them.

The difference between the official honesty of England and the United States is shown by the following: Here losses of money by the post are of occasional, though of rare occurrence. There, Col. Maberly, Deputy Postmaster General, says, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that "a letter posted with money in it might as well be thrown down into the gutter as put into the post office." It is stated that the money contained in the dead-letter office sent to Washington *monthly* is $5,000—a strong contrast to the other, and yet our offices are scattered over the wilds of his immense country.—*Ledger.*

THE MILLERITE LEADERS.—The miserable wretches, Himes and Storrs, who were the prime oracles of the late second advent excitement, whiningly confess their errors, regret the consequences—plead forsooth, *mesmerism* as having deceived them—condemn their followers for having parted with their property, and call upon the brethren to raise committees to make collections for the relief of the destitute. It is a pity that there is no law to reach these canting villians. We doubt not, however, that if they have any property themselves, they may be made to disgorge by a civil suit amounts received from their proselytes under the aberration consequent upon their delusion.

The New President of Texas Favorable to Annexation.—The Augusta Constitutionalist, of the 31st ult., says that Commodore Moore, of the Texan navy, passed through that city on the evening before. He is said to have stated most explicitly that the President elect of the Republic of Texas, is in favor of annexation to our Union, and that all the citizens, American born, are also in favor of annexation. A few of the foreigners are represented as being unfavorable to it. Com. Moore, before he left Texas, had a conversation with Mr. Anson Jones, the President elect, and from him the Commodore was informed of his opinion in favor of annexation.

Buckwheat Cakes.—As this is the season for *Buckwheat Cakes*, the following recipe will at this time be valuable to those who are fond of them. It is said by those who have tried the experiment, that it makes decidedly better, oakes, with half the trouble necessary in the usual mode of raising them with yeast. To three pints of buck-wheat flour, mixed into a batter, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in water, add one ditto of tartaric acid, dissolved in like manner—first apply the carbonate, stir the batter well, and then put in the acid—thus the use of yeast is entirely superseded, and cakes "as light as a feather" are insured. One great advantage is that the batter is ready for baking as soon as it is made.

☞Whenever you hear persons abuse those above them in character and influence, just think of a dog that barks at the root of a tree because he cant climb.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

Noah's Lecture on the Restoration of the Jews, delivered at the Tabernacle on Monday evening, drew together quite an audience for a stormy night. A lecture by an educated Jew, familiar with Christians and Christian institutions—a lecture delivered before a promiscuous assembly of Jews and Christians—was quite a novelty, and calculated to excite curiosity. A vindication of christianity or an admission of its opinions, was not to be expected; but we think the christian portion of the audience must have been satisfied to quite as great an extent as they expected to be.

Major Noah ran over the history of the Hebrew nation, and described their condition at the time of Christ's appearance. He made no intimation that Jesus of Nazareth was an imposter, but seemed to adopt the history of the Evangelists, and give an interpretation to the declarations of Jesus concerning himself, similar to that given by Unitarians. He said that Jesus preached with an eloquence so remarkable, and inveighed against the abuses of the Jewish ecclesiastics with so much boldness and force that they were alarmed, and under that feeling, mingled with political considerations, condemned him to death.

The whole proceeding, Mr. Noah said, he believed was carried through in mistake. The seventy of the Sanhedrim did not act, he thought, from hatred to the character and mission of Christ, as is generally supposed by Christians. It was not, therefore, for the tremendous sin of crucifying the Son of God with a christian apprehension of his character, Mr. Noah said, that the Jews were now, and had been for eighteen hundred years, suffering all the sorrows of their dispersion. The present condition of the Jews was vividly described, and some things were stated greatly to their credit; and among the rest, the most honorable fact, that in all the haunts of infamy in our city, not a Jewess is to be found. Mr. Noah believed that the present feeling and position of the Jews were favorable to a return to the land of their fathers. He believed that before the great mellenial blessings were to be enjoyed by Jews and Gentiles, this return must be accomplished, and that the Jews must return as Jews, and not as Christians. If such enactments were to be obtained from the powers having jurisdiction of the country, as that the Jews would be secure in the possession of land, he thought they would rapidly make purchases and settlements. What he desired was, that our own free government should lead the way in obtaining for the Jews this favor; and he recommended that those societies who desire to benefit the Jews, should turn their attention and their efforts to the accomplishment of this important result.

OREGON.

Every thing in relation to the fine country of Oregon is of interest. An exchange paper in the West gives some late information obtained from letters written by emigrants to that country. We copy the following from them:—

"The prospect is quite good for a young man to make a fortune in this country, as all kinds of produce are high and likely to remain so from the extensive demand.—The Russian settlements in Asia, the Sandwich Islands, a great portion of California, and the whaling vessels of the Northwest procure their supplies from this place.

There is as yet but little money in the country, and the whole trade is carried on by orders on an agent or factory. For instance, when I sell my crop of wheat the purchaser asks me when I wish to receive the pay. Vancouver is as yet the principal point, and an order on that point, enable the seller to procure goods or cattle, or anything else for it.

The soil is excellent, wheat averaging about 20 bushels per acre—peas 30, and potatoes 200 bushels—the face of the country is beautiful, with level prairies, cedars and firs behind, and next the grassy hills with the snowy mountains in the back ground. Our claim is at the foot of the hill, about fifty miles above the falls of the Wallamette. Our house is on a small eminence overlooking the plain below for many miles On a hill near us, we have the most beautiful view the eye of man ever beheld—behind us and on the right, is the whole range of the Cascade mountains—before us the Calapoya mountains, and on the left the Umpquash mountains, with the beautiful valley of the Wallamette lying at your feet. The grass remains green thro'out the year, and stocks are always fat—the horses are hardy and beautiful. Some tribes of Indians own from 3 to 5 thousand head.

The population of this country consists of French, sailors, mountain traders, missionaries, and emigrants from the States. The French population consists of old worn out servants of the Hudson Bay company; they universally have Indian wives and many children, some of whom are very handsome; this part of the population are Catholics. The sailors are those who deserted from vessels while lying on the coast, and have also intermarried with the Indians, and but few of them have embraced any religion—they are however generally good citizens. The mountain traders are similar to the sailors, except that they have nearly all embraced the Methodist or Catholic religion.

The citizens held a meeting some time since, and unanimously adopted the Statutes of Iowa territory for their code of laws until the government of the United States should make laws for them. There is little or no crime in Oregon as yet, which is attributed to the absence of spirituous liquors—and so sensible are the citizens of this fact, that they are unanimous in favor of excluding it. In fact, Dr. McLaughlin has several cargoes in his warehouse now, which he bought in preference to allowing it to be sold in the country. I cannot speak too highly of this excellent man for his kindness to us all. He sent several boats loaded with provisions to meet the emigrants last fall, and continued to distribute little luxuries amongst us as we remained in reach of him—he is always on the lookout for an opportunity to bestow his charity, and bestows it with no sparing hand. His intention is to quit the Hudson Bay Company and become an American citizen.

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