

which had enriched the plains of Mexico, and said, "Mr. President, shall we be no longer allowed to revere and honor these events, and be compelled to steel our hearts against the noble actors in them?"

"Sir, the rains of heaven, falling upon the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, refreshing and fructifying the soil of South Carolina, ran some of it down her rivers, and some of these 'drops' helped to swell the tide of the sea that floated the Constitution, the Guerriere, the Wasp, and the Hornet, and enabled the American navy to obtain victory and renown."

Said Gen. Ranney, "Is this gallant state to be made accountable for all the vagaries of some of her Hotspurs, and mistaken friends?"

"Why not attack good old New England, the land of churches and school-houses, and make her accountable for the infamy of the Hartford Convention, and the infernal acts of her hosts of abolitionists, who cast aside the laws of the land, and the authority of the Bible, and ridicule our holy religion? No, Mr. President," said Gen. Ranney, "I love New England, and I love South Carolina; and, with all their faults, I will love them still."

As president of the Missouri Bible Society, Gen. Ranney is also known for his distinguished efforts to advance the circulation of the Word of God, as well as diffuse its spirit among his fellow-men.

Gen. Ranney is the artificer of his own fortune, and his industry, intelligence, and energy, have more than supplied any deficiency of early culture; while the history of his life is replete with every virtue, and, without flaw or blemish, may well serve as a model for every American patriot.