

his ear, (if he more joy can have,) that the citizens of Cincinnati do accord the honor to his name! But friends, this is not yet the entire picture.

There is still another scene—a well known scene; one in which *we* have been intimately—the West particularly, and the Nation generally, interested. I refer to Joseph Ray as an instructor, teacher, educator; and as such, where is the one among us, who has not beheld his benign influence upon all classes and all conditions of society, both individually and collectively? Go to your energetic mechanics, your influential merchants, and behold how fond memory of the past makes joy beam from the eye, as a hundred tongues proudly exclaim—*he was my teacher!* Go to the bedside of that poor invalid, and note that *humane physician*. Go to the bar, and behold that *eloquent pleader*. Go into the halls of Congress, and hear that *statesman's* oratorical voice. Go into the sanctuary of God, and listen to that pathetic sermon. Go into all the *virtuous* walks of life, all grades of respectable society, and there still you will hear the name of Joseph Ray pronounced with all the feelings of gratitude as “*my teacher*,” and behold the virtuous principles which he implanted, blooming in all their beauty and variety. And this is no sectional matter, it is not held within the limits of one, two, or three States, but it pervades the whole of this broad country. Travel amid the ice-bound regions of the North, the commercial people of the West, and everywhere you will find those once pupils of our late Preceptor. In looking upon this representation, remembering that “as the twig is bent so is the tree inclined,” what grandeur, what sublimity of character, what honor must we behold, recognize, and acknowledge in that one who turns such a vast influence over the destinies of his country, to the accomplishment of what is noble and beneficial; and proud should we be who can claim this one as ours, morally, intellectually and socially.

Who, when he observes all these exalting qualities combined in one man, can fail to admire and venerate him? Hail, then, thrice happy “Queen City of the West;” raise your anthems to the skies, and let the name of thine hon-