

POETICAL.

THE LEVELLER.

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Exalted round by his right divine;
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe red wine;
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he treads a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes,
So the stream flows;
Yet there's a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
On land and sea,
And maketh the rich like the poor to be.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of her painted pride;
The milk maid sings to the wild eyed daws
And sings on the cold hill's side;
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
On the scholar who writes and stars by fits;
And the girl who her nightly needle plys,
Looks out for the source of life, and dies.
So the world goes,
So the stream flows;
Yet there's a fellow whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free,
By land and sea,
And levelleth the rich and poor to be.

MODERN ROME.

The following description of the appearance of modern Rome, is from the last number of the New York Review:

Did the limits of a single paper admit of anything more than a few general sketches, it would be easy to embellish it with scenes of the highest interest, for every class of readers. The incidents of agricultural life have more variety, and more picturesque effect, here, than any other part of the world; and the vast farms of Campo Morto and Santa Maria di Galeria give a very different idea from that which generally prevails, of Roman industry and skill. The difference is still more striking in some of the villages above the valley of the Tiber. There, the rude dwellings of the inhabitants remain as when they first clustered around the castle of their feudal lord. The castle, too, wide its towers, its embattled walls, its arched and grated windows, still wears the sullen frown of absolute dominion. But no banner waves upon its walls, no signal fire blazes upon its watch-tower, and the iron-studded portal has long since ceased to grate upon its massive hinges. But yet more striking than this contrast between the past and the present, is that which meets the eye as it turns from the narrow and squalid streets of the hamlet to the verdant cultivation that surrounds it. The vine upon each sunny slope; the olive upon the hill side, fruits and grain in the depths of the valley, and precipitous banks, which seem almost inaccessible to man or beast, rising in terraces, plate above plate, and smiling with foliage and fruit. After all, however, the historical associations of the Campagna form the most interesting point of view from which it can be studied. No where does the past wear so solemn, so imposing an aspect; no where does the present recall, with such stern reality, the scenes and the lessons of the past. To see the same sun that shone so brightly on the glittering array of Roman legions, on the havoc of the Goth, of the Lombard, of the Norman, now pouring down its burning rays on scattered hamlets and silent fields; the same moon that looked so meekly on the revels of senatorial villas, on the midnight mysteries of the sacred grove; now softening down the rude rents of time, and restoring to the naked ruin a portion of that beauty it can never wear again in the glare of day; to meet the same smile on the landscape, the same soothing breath on the mountain side, as when they welcomed a Cicero, a Horace, a Virgil, to their cool retreats; what scene can compare with this; what epitaph can plead so touchingly for a pause in the hurried march of life, for a tear upon the sepulchre of a world, whose destiny has been fulfilled, and all of which, save its memory, has passed away.

Let us seat ourselves again upon the summit of the Alban mount, and give a few more moments to the past. Below and around us, far as the eye can reach, spreads the broad unbroken expanse of the Campagna. The seven hills seem to have shrunk to level with the plain, and Rome, though she still sits proudly upon their crests, is only known by her massive palaces and the solemn swell of the dome of St. Peter's. To the north, upon the utmost verge of the horizon, stands Soracte, a stern, solitary barrier, scarcely softened by the distance. The undulating chain of the Sabine mounts, rough, precipitous, standing out craggy and bare, draws an impassable line to the east, and is separated by a broad valley from the long slope of the Alban mount. The sea from Centum Celli to Antium, washes the whole western coast, and is scarcely distinguishable, except by its deep blue, and the purer line of its horizon, from the Campagna itself. The Tiber gleams out brightly in its tortuous course, and the white walls of a modern village mark the spot where it mingles with the waters of the Mediterranean.

Agone ago, those waters girdled the base of the mountain on which we sit, and the highest points of the Campagna were but spurs on their surface. A few hardy savages, fed on the chestnuts and acorns of the Sabine mounts, but the Alban was wreathed in clouds of volcanic smoke, and poured forth its torrents of lava through their broad craters. Years passed away the waters gradually retired from the foot of the mountains, and the land raised by the earthquake's shock and lava flood, came forth smiling in the verdure of a new creation. Its smiles allured the hardy mountaineers to a softer dwelling, and as they descended, tribe after tribe, their

clustering cottages and spreading hamlets, revealed the presence of a spirit more than human. For the father of the gods himself, driven by rebellion from his celestial seat, had descended to this favored spot and taken up his abode among men. It was then that the arts, and all the powers of the mind, and all the sympathies of the heart, first developed their humanizing influences; and often did the men of after times look back with a sigh to this sunny period, and radiant were the colors in which they painted the golden age.

Three silver lakes had risen up in the craters of the volcano, and on the shore of one of these, the son of a stranger, from beyond the sea, had erected the walls of a new city. A few cottages, too, had been silently spreading along the brow of a hill overlooking a bend of the Tiber. In these a descendant of the founder of Alba, first gathered together the fugitives of the neighboring cities, and surrounded his dwellings with a wall. Hill after hill was successively added to the enclosure till the inhabitants of the remotest corners of the earth knew no honor greater than to be admitted to the rights of those who were born within its circuit.

A gorgeous temple then covered the spot. It was a landmark to the returning mariner, who shouted as he saw it from afar, and turned his prow to the welcome shore. It was a gathering place for the cities of the mountain and the plain, who met in common worship around its altar, and shared the consecrated victim in its shade. Here came the warrior before he had dipped his sword in blood, to pray for the guidance and the protection of the father of the gods. And here, too, he came when the strife was ended, and raised his hymn of victory to the god in whose name it had been won. Conquerors of the world! and thou, too, conqueror and lord of all but thine own ambition, could ye but see these moss grown stones, piled by unskilful hands, and the rough walls of this humble convent, and recognize in these the all that remains of your glories and your triumphs, what would ye think of the immortality ye strove so hard to win?

A milder glory lingers around the slope on our right. On the brow of that bald hill stood Tusculum, and within its shade the favorite retreat of Cicero. It was there that the Roman sage sought relief from the cares of the Senate house and the forum, and gave himself up to the sublime meditations of his Tusculan question. Not a tree shades the spot. It swells rounded and bare. The fierce sunlight and rushing tempest play on it at will. A few arches, a vault, ivy, and moss, and this is all that remains of the villa of Cicero.

And Rome still stands—changed, but scarcely humbled, amid these solitudes of her own creation. Twice has the wilderness bloomed around her, like the rose; twice has desolation returned to her pleasant places. She governed by the sword, and stern and unrelenting was her sway. She was governed by religion, and jealous was her dominion. And now from that shattered throne she still lifts up her voice, and wherever the glories of the past are hallowed, wherever the powers of the mind are revered; wherever the eloquence of the marble or of the canvass are felt, that voice penetrates, and thousands, and thousands, and thousands, the children of a land where her name, as a word of terror, was never heard, crowd around her footstool, and bow mute before those eternal records of the intellectual and moral greatness. The future, ah! who can read the changes that lie hid beneath its sombre veil. Yet who can look upon Rome, feel all that she has been and all that she is—and not breathe a silent prayer, that those changes, be they what they may, may still leave her the throne of art, the guide, the inspirer, the instructress of mankind.

COFFEE ELECTRICITY.

Although it is not quite new, it is not generally known that a man may be literally and truly electrified with newly ground Coffee. The manner of doing so was exhibited to the writer of this a few days ago at a shop in New Town. A large coffee mill driven by a steam engine, was grinding coffee in a huge barrel. In the barrel stood a copper scoop, directly under the fall of the fresh ground coffee. An iron rod being held within an inch or so of the copper scoop, an instantaneous flash of lightning, or stream of electric fluid, was attracted by the iron. The same result followed when the finger was employed instead of the rod, and a slight shock, like the puncture of a pin, was quite perceptible. By a rude contrivance, a shock was also communicated from the ground coffee to the tail of a cat, when off scampered the bewildered animal in a state of the most earnest astonishment. Altogether the matter is curious, and not beneath the attention of the philosopher. Can there be electricity in flour, oatmeal, or snuff? These are exposed to friction as well as coffee; and a test which proves the one to be genuine or the reverse may be useful with regard to the other too.

Hemp.—Casting our eyes along the "export" columns of the New Orleans Bulletin, we notice that the cargoes of two ships for Havre, and one for Hull, (England), all sailing in one day, were composed in part of hemp, an article which once seemed as much of necessity the produce of Russia alone, as gunpowder is of the small islands of the Pacific. American hemp now begins to vie in quality, and very nearly in price, with that of Russia.

The Flying Machine.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that a patent has been obtained by J. H. Pennington for a machine to navigate the air. It consists of ten section balloons, a car and a steam engine. The engine of one and a half horse power, it is proposed to place in the upper story of the car appended to the balloons. The steering power is a rudder or connected with the bottom of the balloon. This machine is well known in Alexandria. If the inventor be not disappointed in his most sanguine expectations, it will be a wonderful safety when it gets a going!

BUY SOME MATCHES.

"Will you buy some matches?" said the voice of a boy, as we were seated in our sanctum in a mood contemplative, about eight o'clock a few nights ago.

No, we answered, in a tone that might not have been altogether courteous or good-natured, because the same question had often been asked us before, twenty times a day. This answer we gave without looking at the child, or a second thought to the matter.

Please, sir, buy some matches, said the youth: "I'll give you five boxes for a bit."

But we have no use for them boy, or we would purchase of you.

Yet you will have use for them by-and-by, sir, and you don't know how much good even a pica-yune would do my poor mother and little sisters at home, just now. I haven't sold a box of matches to day—Please, sir, will you give me a dime for six boxes?

The tones of the child's voice were so plaintive, his manner of speaking and his pale haggard countenance bore such evident marks of truthfulness and honesty, and his bearing was so manly, that we could not, if we had tried, do otherwise than listen to his tale.

How many sisters have you? we asked.

Three, sir.

Are they or either of them able to assist your mother?

Oh bless you, no sir! Mary is but seven years old, Pauline only four, and little Kate can barely toddle across the floor—Mary, though, takes care of Kate some of the time, and that saves poor mother some trouble.

And what, we asked, does your mother do for your support?

She binds shoes, sir. Ma sends me to the shop with them every morning, and the boss is cross sometimes, and says things that make me bad. And then I go home and tell mother, and she says I shouldn't get angry, for it is perhaps her fault that he is ill tempered, but I don't think so, sir, do you? Poor mother never in the world said or did anything that wasn't right and proper.

We bought of the boy matches enough to last us for a year, and stopped his voice of gratitude by promising soon to call at the home of his mother, and see to the welfare of Mary, Pauline, and little Kate.

Poor match boy!—would that every heart was as pure as thine! the storm of adversity may rage around thee, its chilling breath may penetrate through the thin covering poverty has left you, but it can never take from thee that invaluable honesty a good mother has instilled into thy youthful heart. Cheer up, then, boy!

Be patient, be virtuous, frank, manly and honest, as now, and a time will come, though it may be afar off, when you need not ask "Buy some matches, sir!"—N. O. Picayune.

MOURNFUL TRAGEDY!—DEATH OF MISS OAKS.

—We are this week, says the Black River Journal, called on to chronicle a most melancholy occurrence, in which a young and amiable lady has been suddenly torn from society and from life, and two highly respectable families thrown into deep mourning! On Thursday last, George Brown, son of Mr. Brown, residing in the village of Tylerville, Lewis county, N. Y., had, with two or three other young men, been on a hunting excursion, and when on an eminence opposite the dwelling of Mr. Simeon Oaks, and about 25 rods distant, saw his daughter, Jane M., enter a small rear building, when one of the company said "now shoot and frighten her;" upon which young Brown instantly, and without reflection, levelled his gun and fired at the building, and unfortunately with fatal effect, the ball entering the young lady's shoulder, and passing through her body in a transverse direction, pierced her heart and lodged on the opposite side. This was about 2 o'clock, P. M., but it was not till 7 o'clock, in the evening that the family were made acquainted with the sad truth of their bereavement. She was then found dead and frozen. The meeting the next morning of the families of Messrs. Oaks and Brown, who have for many years lived on terms of the strictest friendship, is described as one of deep and terrible anguish. Young Brown was examined on Saturday before Judge Chittenden, and held to trial for manslaughter. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$1000. Miss Oaks was in the 19th year of her age, amiable, accomplished, and the idol of her parents and friends. Her death has clothed a neighborhood in sorrow, the more so that it occurred under circumstances so peculiarly heart-rending.—Balt. Clp.

A Sad Story.—The Frankfort correspondent of the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle, tells the following sad story of the blighted hopes of a too fond and trusting heart. Alas! that it should be true; but among the sad lessons of life, women too often find falsehood and deceit, where they trusted to meet truth, love and honor.

There is pending a very exciting question for a divorce. The petition is presented by a young lady about 16 years of age, of very respectable family, who, by some singular accident, conspiracy or folly, was induced to run off with a man double her age—of character infamous, without property, profession or avocation of any kind—so when she awoke from her delusion, and found herself wedded to infamy and poverty—that in the place of the frank, plausible, intelligent, wealthy and honest man she supposed she was giving her hand and innocent affections to, she had plunged her faith to the loathsome inmate of a brothel, a debauchee, a drunkard and a beggar. Her confidence gone, her love turned to loathing and disgust, she returned repentant to her injured and heart-broken parent—she pitied, forgave, and took back his deluded child, and she seeks a divorce—the husband opposes it. Counsel are employed by his friends to oppose before the committee, the granting the

prayer. Mr. Graves appears for the husband, Mr. B. Hardin and G. Duncan, of Louisville, for the wife.

ANOTHER NEW INVENTION.

The Boston Post of Saturday gives this account of an invention, which, if successful, is likely to be a formidable competitor to Mr. Morse's magnetic telegraph:

"We were highly entertained yesterday afternoon by an exhibition of an invention for transmitting substances through tubes or pipes, with great velocity. It is the purpose of this invention to transmit letters or packages any distance which may be desired with the rapidity almost of lightning. The process by which this is accomplished is very simple, consisting merely of an air-chest, which charged with air by a force-pump contiguous to the chest. When the chest is sufficiently charged with air, the letter or package is placed in the feeder, and is immediately discharged through the pipe with great velocity, and perfect safety. Col. Reed, the inventor, is of opinion that an outlay of \$50,000 would insure the transmission of letters and packages between Boston and New York, with perfect safety, in the space of half an hour."

A Secret for a Farmer's Wife.—While the milking of your cows are going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk in one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of the hot pans and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of rich cream, and double the quantity of sweet and delicious butter.

We find the following in the Savannah Sun of January 24th. It is somewhat complimentary: The pro-form editor has been very busy courting since yesterday—and the absence of his daily twattle must be understood to mean, that he has used it all up in pretty saying in another place.

The London Times thinks "the life of General Jackson has been neither useful nor ornamental." The Columbian Register does not doubt the Times' ready admission that it is at least "illustrated with cuts," as at "New Orleans."

"My brethren," said a preacher, descending on the difficulties of the sinner, "it is an easy task to row a skiff over Niagara Falls, but a tremendous job to row it back again."

From Graham's Magazine.

TO LIVE TOO LONG.

BY CHAS. W. BAIRD.

It is sad to lie down in the cold, cold grave,
When the mind is strong, and the heart is brave;
It is sad to leave all that is lovely and fair
And go to the tomb, to be mouldering there.
But oh! 'tis bitter to leave the world's throng,
It is sadder, far sadder, to live too long.

To see all that once we had doted upon
Before us to rest and to happiness gone,
And to stand, like a withered oak, blighted and weak,
The sole tree that survives the mad hurricane's wreck;
To talk not of life, earth's bright dwellings among,
For nothing can soothe him who lives too long.

To know that the once echoing temple of Fame
Shall never more mention that valueless name;
To know that none care for his bliss or his doom;
Or rather 'tis sad the cold rest of his tomb.
When glory has died, and the spirit of song
Has vanished, 'tis bitter to live too long.

And I would lie down in my deep repose
Ere my bosom no longer with poesy glows;
And I would arise to the mansions on high,
Ere the thoughts that now live in my spirit shall die;
Ere the moments have fled, that to manhood belong,
And I feel that 'tis bitter to live too long.

Terms of the Carolina Watchman.

Two dollars in advance, and two dollars and fifty cents at the end of the year.
No subscription received for a less time than one year, unless paid for in advance.

No subscription discontinued (but at the option of the Editors) until all arrearages are paid.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One dollar per square for the first insertion and twenty-five cents for each continuance.

Court notices and Court orders will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates.

A deduction of 33 1/3 per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

All advertisements will be continued until forbid and charged for accordingly, unless ordered for a certain number of times.

Letters addressed to the Editors must come post paid to ensure attention.

THE AMERICAN PENNY MAGAZINE.
A Family Newspaper, published weekly, at No. 12 Broadway, New York. This is a neat and tasteful weekly publication, of 16 large octavo pages, highly embellished with engravings, and devoted to a variety of entertaining and useful subjects, for general use, at the low price of three cents a number, or \$1 a year, forming a large volume annually of 336 pages. Extensive preparations have been made to render this a highly interesting and valuable publication. Persons forwarding the money for five copies will have a sixth gratis. Editors publishing this advertisement, with an editorial notice, will be furnished with the work for one year. Liberal terms to agents.

40-31

The State of Mississippi, LA FAYETTE COUNTY.

CIRCUIT COURT—NOVEMBER TERM, 1844

William R. Cunningham, vs. Attachment for \$1,920 00

William Kennedy.

THIS day came the Plaintiff by his Attorney, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, that the Defendant, William Kennedy, is a non-resident of the State of Mississippi, so that the ordinary process of the Court cannot be served upon it: It is therefore, ordered by the Court, that unless said William Kennedy appears before the Judge of our next Circuit Court, to be held for the county of La Fayette, at the Court-house, in the Town of Oxford, on the 3rd Monday of May next, to plead, answer or demur to said writ of Attachment, judgment will be rendered, and the property so attached will be sold to satisfy plaintiff's debt, damages, and cost. It is further ordered by the Court, that a copy of this order be published in the Carolina Watchman, a newspaper printed in the Town of Salisbury, North Carolina, for six months successively.

C. N. PHIPPS, Clerk.

6m36—Printers fee \$20

ENTERTAINMENT.

At Richford, Davidson City, N. C., On the Great Stage Road from North to South, and South-West.

Eight miles North of Lexington, and 27 S. W. of Greensboro.

Warrants for sale at this Office.

MRS. S. C. HALL'S

SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. IN 24 NUMBERS—AT 10 CENTS EACH.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.

NO Edition of Mrs. HALL'S famed Tales and Sketches of Irish Character, has ever been published in this country, although her name and merits are familiar to all readers of light literature, so called. Who has not read "THE RANSOM POSTMAN," "LILLY O'BARRY," and "THE FUGITIVE," and who has not read them over and over again, forgetting their pathos, their pathos, their deep, absorbing interest?

All who have been charmed by the beauty of these sketches, or the few of them that have occasionally found their way into our periodicals, will be gratified to learn, that the subscribers have commenced publishing in numbers, at 10 cents each, on fine white paper, and in clear bold type, a splendidly illustrated edition of these admirable portraits of Irish life and character. The wood cuts alone will cost several hundred dollars. The whole, when completed, will make a volume of nearly 400 pages, and be one of the handsomest books ever issued in this country.

It contains nothing that is sectarian, or at all offensive to any class.

It is gratifying to find that the public taste is returning, animated from the mass of cheap (dreadful) reading villanously printed, that has come trending from the press in the last two years, and that good books, well printed in large type, and handsomely embellished, are coming again into fashion. To cater for a taste in the publishers' most pleasant task. In offering the work we now do, to the reading public, we experience a pleasure that is never felt, when a dark, dirty looking affair, with type factually small for the eyes, is thrust forth. A sigh and a sense of shame go with the one; but we launch proudly with the other upon the tide and ask for favoring glances; and favoring glances, we know, await the admirable volume we now present to the reader.

The work will be completed in about twenty-four weekly numbers. To any one transmitting us \$3 we will send the whole work by mail, as it regularly appears. Or two copies for \$5, and five copies for \$10.

As it will be published in numbers, at regular periods, it can be sent by mail at reduced postage. Each number will contain only a single sheet, and, therefore, the postage will be light.

For sale at the different Periodical Offices throughout the United States.

The Trade supplied on liberal terms.

A specimen number will be sent to any one who will write us, free of postage.

E. FERRETT & Co.

Publishers' Hall, No. 101 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS

For 1844 & 45.

NEW TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT!

ALSOBROOK AND MILLER.

Tailors, (late of the City of Raleigh).

HAVING located ourselves in the Town of Salisbury, (permanently), we intend carrying on our business in a style not to be surpassed in the State or out of it. Our establishment is in the room on the corner of the Mansion Hotel, formerly occupied as the Post-Office. We have employed the best of Northern Workmen. No expense or pains will be spared to render this a Fashionable Establishment in all respects. Gentlemen, therefore, may rely on having their clothes made up in the most fashionable and durable manner. We have been engaged regularly in cutting for the last five years, and part of the time in some of the most celebrated establishments in the Southern States. We shall not hesitate to guarantee every thing to fit us cut and make.

London, Paris and New York

FASHIONS

received monthly. In conclusion, should we be encouraged, no one will be under the disagreeable necessity to send away to procure first-made clothing.

We return thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on us, and hope by fashionable work and strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

A. P. ALSOBROOK,

H. S. MILLER.

Sept. 14, 1844—1y26

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION HOUSE.

HALL & HALL

they have in connection with the general cargo business, added to that of Forwarding; and having large and commodious Warehouses on the bank of the River, are prepared to receive and forward Goods upon such terms as will defy all competition, our charges and expenses being one-third less on the freight bills than any other house in the place.

All Goods shipped to G. W. Davis of Wilmington, for the interior, and not otherwise directed, will be found in our possession.

Fayetteville, May 24, 1844

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still continues to carry on the Furniture Business.

Salisbury, on main street, a few doors south of J. & W. Murphy's store, and just opposite the Rowan Hotel. He has on hand a large assortment of furniture, and keeps in his employment the best of workmen, and uses the best materials the country affords. He has on hand at all times an assortment of such work as will suit the wants of the country, such as Bureaus, Sideboards, Secretaries, Cupboards, Tables, Candle-stands, Wash-stands, Bed-stands,

Cane Bottom and Windsor Chairs, &c.

A neat assortment of Coffins will also be kept on hand, arranged from twenty inches to the largest size.

All of the above shall be made in the best style, and the charges shall be as low or lower than at any other shop of the kind in this place, or in the State.

All kinds of country produce and lumber will be taken in exchange for work.

DAVID WATSON,

Salisbury, Jan. 20, 1844

THE PROPRIETORS

OF THE

WATCHMAN OFFICE,

J. J. BRENER & S. W. JAMES,

Respectfully inform the Business Public, that they are now prepared to execute at the shortest notice,

LETTER PRESS

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, AND IN THE VERY BEST STYLE.

Their assortment of TYPE for large Posting-Bills, Blanks and Cards, is perhaps superior to any in the State;—and we flatter ourselves that we know as well how to use them as any Printer or Printers in the Southern Country.

BLANKS.

They keep constantly on hand a large and handsome supply of BLANKS of almost every variety used by Sheriffs, Clerks and Constables, (printed on fine paper).

—SUCH AS—

Marriage Licences, Subpoenas, c. & Courts, Ca. Sa. Bonds, Bail, do, Letters Testamentary, Notes of hand, Executions for c. & a. Courts, Warrants, Juredicticns, c. & a. Courts.

RESIDES OTHER VARIETIES, among WHICH ARE A QUANTITY OF EQUITY BLANKS.

All orders of Job Printing, or for Blanks, with which they may be favored, shall receive prompt attention; & no effort on their part shall be spared to merit the favor and patronage of the public.

Any BLANKS that they may not have on hand, will be printed as order without delay.

Well worth the Attention of the Reading Public!

The American Review.—The first edition of the first number of the "AMERICAN REVIEW" has been rapidly circulated, and a second is now demanded. Against all just calculation, by slander, party hood, and illegal influences Henry Clay and the Whig party, and the best hopes of the Nation have been defeated. But they are not vanquished—they are still the same, and more honored by such adversity than their opponents in their prosperity. They are really stronger than when the trumpet was blown for the contest; for they have perfectly conquered in their principles, while they now know themselves to be virtually a majority of the American People.

It belongs to the Whig party therefore still to stand undimmed and unbroken. The battle has just begun—new issues must constantly arise to bind these close together, and the positions already taken occupied by them, though fairly assumed, in party loyalty, for purposes of the hour, must naturally revert to their possession, or become in their disappointed body the elements of dissolution.

At such a time, it is necessary to urge upon every one the importance of sustaining a National Review, corresponding to that which the Democratic party have long had an organ of influence so ally pernicious. Is it not even possible that if such a work had been for many years circulated throughout the Union, we might now be in a session of unquestioned victory? But things are, it is certainly now more needed than ever before since we were a nation. Great questions are to be argued—great public measures are to be assailed or defended; and it is time that the people in different sections who are alike opposed to radicalism, corruption and mischief should unite in definite matters of State greater uniformity of sentiment—Unanimity alone gives power.

Aside from Politics, the state of American Philosophy and Literature, so replete with speculation, error and false principles of taste, demands an earnest and vigorous action, which may penetrate every part of the land and gradually influence the opinions of the present and rising generations.

To this end the "American Review" was begun: for these ends we ask for the support of the country. Its mere continuance is beyond contingency, but all know that, to be stamped with any effective and permanent power, it must have a liberal subscription, through which its writers may be liberally paid.

The following is from the original Prospectus issued at Washington by the Whig Members of the Twenty-Seventh Congress.

"Earnestly approving of the plan of such a National organ, long needed and of manifest importance, the undersigned agree to contribute for its pages, from time to time, such communications as may be requisite to set forth and defend the doctrines held by the united Whig Party of the Union.—Geo. F. Marsh, D. D. Barnard, J. R. Ingels, E. J. Morris, T. L. Clingman, J. McPherson, Berrien, Daniel, W. Foster, Robert C. Winthrop, Thomas R. Kimball, Hamilton Fish, J. P. Kennedy, J. Collamer, John J. Hardin, Wm. S. Archer, Rufus Choate, Alexander H. Stephens."

In addition to these, a number of able writers have been enlisted for its various other departments, so that every No. besides strong political articles, will contain about 50 pages of Literary Miscellany in History, Biography, Criticism, Fiction, Poetry, Science, Literature, and the Arts. No pains will be spared, or means left unemployed, to make the first of American periodicals.

No. 1 has been for some time before the public. It was put forth under great disadvantages, but we are willing to abide by the impression it may make. It is intended as a rule to give only three or four Engravings in the year; but on the first No. only one engraving of the kind was reproduced. No. 1, however, is embellished with two (mezzotint of Clay and Frelinghuysen) and No. 2 to be issued about Midwinter for February, will contain a finished likeness and sketch of one who has been for many years