

It is even able to obtain from laws, which, however wise and good in themselves, have the tendency of inequality which find no response in the heart of the citizen, and which will be evaded with little remorse. The violation of legislation is especially seen in grafting laws on conscience.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Address which Judge M'Lean, of the Supreme Court, prepared at the request of the Union and Jefferson Societies of Augusta College, has been printed in a pamphlet. It contains sound opinions, and excellent lessons for youth, tersely expressed, on the advantages of Education, and the proper improvement of Time. We subjoin some of the paragraphs as a specimen.—[National Gazette.]

"The literary character of a country, if deservedly elevated, is of incalculable value. It gives a moral power, which extends over the opinions and actions of men, throughout the civilized world. This is the empire of reason, which, next to liberty, should be considered the proudest triumph a nation can achieve. Every country has cherished, with the utmost solicitude, the literary reputation of its citizens. This reputation is considered as belonging to the nation. And I might ask, what can distinguish a country more than citizens, who on account of learning and talents, command the voluntary homage of the world. Such men distinguish the age in which they live, and are justly denominated benefactors to the human race."

"Without personal application, the highest gifts of nature, and the finest opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, will be of very little advantage."

"How seldom do we find a man of splendid talents and great attainments, who has a son who acquires equal celebrity. This may in some degree be owing to the reputation of the father, which the son seeks to appropriate to himself, without using proper means to deserve it."

"There are few instances where young men of great fortunes become eminent. The reason is, because they feel no necessity of relying upon their personal efforts for a subsistence; and having the means of enjoying what are falsely called, the pleasures of life, they yield to indulgence; their minds become relaxed, and their ambition is destroyed."

"No man ever attained much distinction in literature, in the sciences, or in any of the learned professions, without great labour. And no individual of good capacity, who enjoyed ordinary opportunities for study, and improved them to the best advantage, ever failed to become distinguished. The great Newton declared, in a letter to Dr. Bentley, 'that if he had done the public any service, it was due to nothing but industry and patient thought.'"

"Here every man must stand or fall on his individual merit. He cannot be sustained by his wealth or by the respectability of his connexions. Nor can a young man hope to rise in public esteem, by factitious circumstances. He must lay the foundation of his future prosperity, by exemplary conduct and incessant study. He must abstract himself from those amusements which consume time, and unfit the mind for improvement. He must be satisfied with the gratification arising from a rapid advance, and the prospect of future celebrity. These afford to the mind a much higher enjoyment, than can be found in the most brilliant circles of society. They never pall upon the appetite, but continue to give increasing delight."

"He who wishes to have a name that shall be cherished by posterity, who desires, by his individual efforts to add something to the amount of human happiness, and the glory of his country, has much to do, and but little time for action. His days and nights should be devoted to the pursuits of this great object. The principles of truth, justice, patriotism, should be the foundation on which he builds. Whether his life be public, or private, the same moral principles should govern him. He should discard, as incompatible with either

truth, honesty, or patriotism, that political trickery, which is shamelessly professed by some, and practised by many. By means not only wholly unexceptionable, but laudable, should he aspire to eminence. And, when such a career shall be about to close, there will be nothing painful in the retrospect."

LITERARY CONVENTION.

This distinguished body which bids far to advance the progress of education and elevate the standard of American literature, reassembled this morning in the assistants' room of City Hall.

Among the gentlemen present, we noticed the Hon. John Quincy Adams, Lieut. Gov. Livingston, Dr. Wainwright, Professor Yates, Chancellor Jones, Judge H. Finan, Senator Mercey, Secretary Flagg, Professor Jocelin, President Fiske, Gen. Talamad, of Conn. Professor Merrick, of P.smouth, N. H. Gov. Wolcott of Conn. and the following delegation from the University of the city of New York, viz:—Hon Mr. Gallatin, Rev. Dr. Matthews, Rev. Dr. Cox, Rev. Dr. Milnor, Mr. J. DeLafield, Mr. J. P. Disson, Mr. Jas. Lenox, Judge Betts, Dr. Braghead.

The Convention was called to order, by Dr. Wainwright, when Mr. Gallatin moved that the Hon. J. Q. Adams be requested to take the Chair; which was unanimously agreed to, and he thereupon was conducted to it by Mr. Gallatin and Dr. Matthews.

On assuming its duties Mr. Adams expressed his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, by calling him to preside over the deliberations of that body. It is a situation, said he, for which I am conscious that many individuals present are more competent than myself; and this for many reasons, and especially because they are better acquainted with the objects of the Convention, and the previous proceedings to advance them, than myself. The information I possess in relation to them is necessarily limited, and recently obtained. I understand its general objects however to be to advance the literature of our country, and promote the interests of Education; and they are certainly as important as any that can engage the attention of Americans. Presuming that it will be deemed proper to open the Convention with prayer, I shall request the Rev. Dr. Fiske to perform that duty.

The Throne of Grace was then addressed by Dr. Fiske, (President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut,) after which on motion of Dr. Matthews, Hon. Mr. Gallatin and Lieut. Gov. Livingston, were appointed Vice Presidents of the Convention, and took their seats.

On motion of Dr. Matthews, John DeLafield, Esq. of this city, and Professor Jocelin, were appointed Secretaries of the Convention.

Letters were then received, containing apologies for their absence from the following gentlemen, viz: Dr. Miller, of Princeton, President Carter, President Day, of Yale College, Rev. Jared Sparks, Mr. Keating, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Woodbridge, of Connecticut, President Wayland, of Providence, R. I., and Judge White, of Princeton, N. J.

No reports from the committees appointed on various literary subjects at the convention of the last year being presented, a long communication was read by Dr. Matthews from Professor Pizzaro of St. Mary's College in Baltimore, which concluded with a proposition, which concluded with a proposition that a premium be offered by the Convention for the best Catechetical Grammar of the English Language, adapted to the capacities of Youth.

A committee was thereupon on motion, appointed to consider the same, and report thereon. The names of the committee were not announced.

Dr. Fiske then submitted the following:—Resolved, That a committee be appointed to take into consideration the practicality of adopting a uniform system of pronunciation of the Greek and Latin languages in the classical institutions of our country, and if possible

report the general principles of such a system at this meeting.

The resolution was agreed to, and then the Convention adjourned.

Frederick, Md. Oct. 19.

A friend upon whose accuracy and veracity, we have the most perfect reliance, vouches for the truth of the following:

The devil with two tails.—We have all heard of Le Diable Boiteux, but it was reserved to this age, and to the city of Frederick, to discover the devil with two tails. On Thursday night last, a caravan of wild beasts arrived at this place, and put up at one of the hotels. Among them chanced to be an elephant, which being too large to enter any ordinary stable, it was found necessary to accommodate it in a large and close carriage house. This it seems had previously been taken possession of as a lodging for the night, by a hale two-fisted negro from the mountains, who was employed in hauling timber to the rail road, and who had never seen or perhaps heard of an elephant before in his life. He was fast asleep when his room mate was ushered in, and did not awake until, as was his custom, at the first dawn of the morning. Hearing a rustling in the straw, he turned and looked, and rubbed his eyes and looked again, until the pupils dilated almost to bursting—

"Hence horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!"

What could it be!! the devil to a certainty! the huge mass moved and approached him, and when lo! a tail at both ends put all doubts to flight, and revealed his Satanic majesty, in all the terrors of his reputed attributes. With one despairing spasmodic leap, the affrighted wagner rushed against the door—it was locked—and there was no other possible way of escape. He screamed for help; he groaned in agony. Worse than that of Sancho in the pit, was the predicament of this miserable African—for no kind master was within hearing to afford him protection. The "Devil with two tails" stood over him and wrapped his soft and flexible fore tail around his neck, and whisked it in his face—and then "he grined horribly a ghastly smile."

"Vain he sought to have mercy—to spare him a little longer. The Devil with two tails heard not his supplications—but kept rattling and feeling him, and brandishing his tail, which he now extended and now contracted, until, in the imagination of the negro, there was nothing so distant or so near as to be secure from it. The louder he screamed the more the devil felt him. Shrunken up in the least possible dimensions in a corner of the room, he awaited, in a state of alarm, bordering on distraction, the issue of his horrible adventure. The keepers of his tormentor at length came to his relief and released him from the jaws of his enemy. After a liberation, he had a severe chill of several hours duration accompanied by a transient derangement. Having now recovered not only his health, but his courage, he swears "by gony he was not so much skinned at his bigness—but that tarral tail at each end—he no like um."

Quere—Does not Sombo deserve the premium offered for the best original tail?—Polit. Exam.

Voltaire.—On the first night of the representation of the celebrated tragedy of Mahomet, several of the poet's friends, after the brilliant performance was over, waited on him to congratulate him on the signal success of the play. Some of them suggested alterations in the text and incidents; but Voltaire, who disclaimed dictation, listened to them with perfect nonchalance, as he knew they were babbling conceits, that had neither taste nor judgment.

Like the cobbler who found fault with the maiting of Appelles, the king's physician, to show his critical ability, remarked, that the existence of Alcanor after his death-wound, was too long protracted. He then entered into elaborate arguments, and cited the opinions of Galen and Hippocrates,

to maintain his position, that it was physically impossible for him to survive, for a second, a wound so mortal as represented by the actor.—"True," replied the sage philosopher, rather dryly, "but you are to recollect, sir, that he was not attended by a physician; and the prescriptions of Eschylus do not extinguish the vital spark, so quickly as Galen's." The doctor never after attempted to hazard a criticism on the drama.

"I am one, though young, yet old enough to know ambition is a demon; and I fly from what I fear.—And fame has eagle wings and yet she mounts not as high as man's desires. When all is gained, how little then is won! And yet to gain that little how much is lost! Let us once aspire, and madness follows.—Could we but drag the purple from the Hero's heart; could we but drag the laurel from the poet's throbbing brain, and read their doubts, their dangers, their despair, we might learn a greater lesson than we shall ever acquire by musing over their exploits, or their inspiration. Think of unrecognized Cæsar, with his wailing over his weeping over the Macedonian's career! Could Pharsalia compensate for his withering pang? View the obscure Napoleon starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena! The bitterness of such existence! The visions of past glory might illuminate even that dark imprisonment; but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracle—the wheel, or the rack, rival the torture of such a suspicion?"

The Young Duke.

Spencer's Fairy Queen.—The poet Spencer was struggling with haggard indigence, while engaged in the composition of his charming poem of the Fairy Queen. As soon as he had the last stanza written, he repaired to the house of the Earl of Southampton, who was the English Mæcenas of his age, and on reaching his lordship's anti-chamber, he was fortunate enough to prevail on one of the "pampered menials," to carry the manuscript to the Earl, who no sooner read a few pages, than he ordered his servant to read the poem twenty pounds. Reading on, he found every passage increasing in beauty and energy; he again called the servant, and said, "Go and give that man twenty pounds more." As he proceeded, his delight and admiration was duly augmenting, so he again cried out, in rapture, "John, carry the poet another twenty pounds." But at length, he lost all patience, and said "Sirrah! go and force that author out of my house, for if I read farther, he will leave me without a shilling."

Mr. J. Augustine Wade has just published a new work, consisting of poetry and music, under the title of 'Polish Melodies.' It is not often that we find the same individual acquainted with the two Muses, though they are sisters. Mr. Wade, however, has succeeded in ingratiating himself with both, and this is not the first occasion on which he has done so. The subject of the work will at once be recognised as well chosen and popular, and the execution promises to come in aid of those qualities. There is a spirit in the following stanzas which may be taken as a specimen of the poetical portion of the author's understanding:—

The Lover sang his Serenade—
"Twas answered by the fearless maid:
"I come for battle-field array'd—
See! dearest, see!
One hand is thine—the other draws
The sword of Freedom in the cause
"That fights for Home and Honour's laws!
"See! dearest, see!"
On, on they went to Glory's field
By turns they were each other's shield;
They fought—they fell—but would not yield
Rest! Lovers, rest!
Oh! can there be a death so grand
As when such spirits, hand in hand,
Together die for native Land!
Rest! Lovers, rest!

The personal courage of the Polish Ladies has become proverbial—in some instances it amounts to the Amazonian bravery of old! That country must ultimately be free, whose warriors consist of "the fair and the brave!"

The last number of the "Liberator" came regularly addressed to us during the present week; for which act of Editorial impudence, William Lloyd Garrison will be pleased to accept the homage of our very warm and especial contempt. We shall send his Chronicle of Bedlam back to him; not choosing to violate the laws of the land or run the risk of a prosecution from the Columbia "Vigilant Society." If Mr. Knapp, his publisher will enclose Garrison himself, directed to any Post office, in this State, we will engage that there shall be no postage claimed at the Boston Post office upon his return. He shall never go back even to Washington, as a dead letter. Is there no such place as an insane hospital in Massachusetts? Have they repealed all their laws against vagrancy and vagabonding in that good old steady habit State? Is it possible that they continue to amerce drunkards and whip sheep thieves, and still suffer such a fellow as this Garrison to perpetrate enormities in open daylight, compared with which those iniquities are scarcely worth talking about? If this murderous wretch is suffered to pollute the soil of the pilgrims, and send forth his abominations with impunity, we advise the good people of that region never hereafter to go into the mockery of arraigning an offender for murder, arson, or ——— Camden Jour.

Planing-Machine.—We have seen a diagram and description of a newly invented patent machine for planing and preparing planks for flooring, which promises to be of great use as a labor saving machine. By means of it planks completely dressed and prepared for the floor, by being planed tongued, and grooved, all in less than a minute for each plank of ordinary length. It was invented by Mr. William Woodworth, and is recommended by a great number of practical mechanics and scientific men of New York and Philadelphia, where the machines are in operation. It is an improvement that does credit to American invention.—Boston Sentinel.

Texas.—By a recent arrival we have received several communications from a correspondent in the interesting colony of Austin. It continues to augment in population, the extent as this time reaching over six thousand souls, and in other respects advances in prosperity. Good order prevails, and this new community is rapidly settling down to the condition of well regulated society.

The products of the earth this season are represented to be abundant for all the wants of the colony. Corn is plenty and the cotton crop is said to exceed any previous year.—Mobile Patriot.

A joke which has run through the press about Signor Paganini and pretty Miss Waters, arose in the following manner: At a dinner at De Bagnis's, whose pupil the young lady is Paganini was handing her from one room to another, and she lost in admiration of him, exclaimed, 'I wish I was your fiddle,' to which the Signor instantly replied, 'And I wish I was your beau!'

A painter was employed in painting a West-India-ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got into the boat along side, for the purpose of going ashore, ordered the boy to let go the painter, that is the rope which makes fast the boat, the boy, who had never been to sea, and was ignorant of the term, ran instantly aft and let go the ropes by which the painter's stage was held. The captain surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "You lazy dog, why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "He's gone, sir, pots and all."

The Duke of Devonshire has remarked, that, although we frequently meet with stuttering men, we never find ladies with impediments in their speech.