

be valuable—they would teach us humility—and with it they would teach us charity. In the same hour in which they taught us our own fragility, they would teach us our own fragility, the whole family of man. But there is a further sentiment which such scenes inspire, more valuable than all; and we know little the designs of Providence, when we yield ourselves in such hours to the beneficent influence of our imagination.

It is the unvarying character of nature, amid all its scenes, to lead us at last to its author; and it is for this final end that all its varieties have such dominion over our minds. We are led by the appearance of spring to see His bounty;—we are led by the appearance of summer to see His greatness. In the present hours, we are led to a higher sentiment; and what is most remarkable, the very circumstances of melancholy are those which guide us most accurately to put our trust in Him. We are witnessing the decay of the year;—we go back in imagination, and find that such, in every generation, has been the fate of man;—we look forward, and see that to such ends all must come at last;—we lift our desponding eyes in search of comfort, and we see above us, Ours, "who is ever the same, and to whose years there is no end." Amid the vicissitudes of nature, we discover that central majesty "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning." We feel that there is a God; and, from the tempestuous sea of life, we hail that polar star of nature, to which a sacred instinct had directed our eyes, and which burns with undecaying ray to lighten us among all the darkness of the deep.

From this great conviction, there is another sentiment which succeeds. Nature, indeed, yearly perishes; but it is yearly renewed. Amid all its changes, the immortal spirit of him that made it remains; and the same sun that now marks with his rosy hand the autumn of the year, again will arise in brightness, and bring along with him the promise of the spring, and all the magnificence of summer. Under such convictions, hope dawns upon the sadness of the heart. The melancholy of decay becomes the very herald of renewal;—the magnificent circle of nature opens upon our view;—we anticipate the analogous resurrection of our being;—we see beyond the grave a greater spring, and we people it with those who have given joy to that which is past. With such final impressions, we submit ourselves gladly to the destiny of our being. While the sun of mortality sinks, we hail the rising of the Sun of Righteousness, and, in the hours that all the honors of nature are pre-paring around us, we prostrate ourselves in deeper adoration before Him who "sitteth upon its throne."

MAJOR DOWNING, AND THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

[From the Downing Gazette.]

Since Mr. Jones has been lecturing down here to Portland, every body seems to have a terrible kind of an itching to have him fumble over their heads, and see what kind of bumps there is on 'em. For if he can only jecture his hand on any body's head a few minutes, and look 'em in their face, he'll go on and give 'em the whole history of their character from beginning to end, as clear as though he'd always lived with 'em and known all about 'em. I heard so much about it, I began to think it would be a good play for me to get Mr. Jones to feel of my head, and see if he could tell how I come to get up in the world, so, and whether I'm likely to get up any higher, for I keep thinking of these things, and should like to get it. And I thought if he could find out by feel of my bumps, that I should make a pretty good President, it would make folks more willing to vote for me; and as I could get him to give me a certificate, and let Mr. Lilly, Wait, & Co. put it into the next edition of my book, and I don't think but it would make it go about as well, and do about as much good, as Mr. Cobden's letter to the General.

So I march'd right up to Mr. Jones's room, and took off my hat, and says I, Mr. Jones, I want you to feel of my head, and tell me right up and down what you think of it. No palaver nor smooth over, but tell all about it just as it is, for the whole nation is anxious to know about it, and if you don't tell right, it would do you any good nor me neither. So he come along and put his hand on my head, and began to fumble round the back part of it, till by and by he got his hand right on a great bump, just along by a little below the top of my head. There, says he, Major, I know how you come to make such a noise in the world. The General has got just exactly such a bump, and just about as big. I felt queer enough when I found out my head was so much like the General's, but still I thought it likely enough he would find some difference, as I and the General don't exactly agree on all points lately.

Capital military head, Major, says Mr. Jones, I think you would make most as good a General as the General himself.

Mr. Jones then run his hand all round among the hair, and I felt just as if the rats were among it, till by and by he got aloof down to the place where the top of my head, and he stopped and shook his head. I thought then he'd let out something that I should want to hear. But what do you think he said? Why, he said I was never a bit bashful in my life. By which I suppose he meant that it made no sort of difference to me whether I was in the General's company, or the General in my company, for I would hold my head up, let it be which way 'twould.

I asked how it was folks happened to get holt of my letters and publish them, and let out so many of the General's plans. So he run his hand all round just above my ear, and says he, ah, th' 's all plain enough; here's a great dent in 'ere, and if you ain't careful, Major, says he, you'll tell all that you know, let who will hear it.

At last he got his hand in among the hair just on the top of my forehead, and he laughed right out. Says he, here's lots of benevolence, Major, I know you'd make a good President, and I mean to vote for you, notwithstanding the dent in the side of your head. And after all, says he, I don't think that dent much objection, as it will always be likely to let us know what is going on at the White House.

I asked him if he thought I should have a Kitchen Cabinet when I got in to be President. At that he put his fingers along down a little above the cheek bones, partly near the temples, and says he, no Major, you'll never be troubled much with Kitchen matters.

Then he run his fingers along over my eye brows, and rubbed 'em hard it seemed as if I could see stars. And says he, Major, no wonder you can't spell any better, and I don't think you can make much of a

speech, but you can write good letters for all that. Yes, says I, and Protests, and Proclamations, and all such things, I guess.

He run his hand over my forehead again, and says he, Major, you have a neck of looking into things; here's casualty as round as an apple. Then he shut his hand a long time a little to the edge of my hair, and says he, Major, I don't think you can write poetry. Never mind that, says I, and Darless can write as sick poetry as any there is going now a-days, and she'll write for me any time.

At last says he, Major, you are an honest man, and will always tell the truth, let what will stand in the way. And here we finished the examination, and I bid him good night.

But I've been thinking the matter over a good deal since, and can't help thinking there is a good deal of truth in this Phrenology business after all.

In our last paper we published a receipt for the Rheumatism, which was simply this: "Take a strip of gum elastic and tie it round the joints affected." This would not endanger life, and was well worthy the experiment. So we say. It was tried upon a gentleman of this place, who had resorted to almost every other remedy, and to his surprise, had the desired effect. In fact he was so much reduced by this disease as to lose the use of his limbs, and in making the experiment he has not only been relieved of the pain and weakness so incident to his nature, but is finally gaining and enjoying nearly the wonted strength of his system. We recommend the remedy.—*Lebanon Republican.*

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance.

"You are guilty of flattery," said the lady.

"Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as plump as a patridge."

"At first," said the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but I find you are actually making game of me."

There is in the Exchange, in Philadelphia, a painting in iron, done at the furnace of Daniel B. Keim, Esq., in Berks, and presented by that gentleman. It is a representation of the *Last Supper*, after De Vinci, and may be considered as one of the finest specimens of the art ever made in this country; it is iron directly from the ore.

The last accounts from Greece furnish the most gratifying intelligence of success which has attended the schools established at Athens under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Hill and lady, missionaries from the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. There had been a regular increase of scholars since the first opening of the schools in July, and at the end of August the number of schools amounted to five hundred.

The Anti-Duelling Society at New Orleans has been organized, and a large committee appointed to draw up resolutions suitable to carry into effect the object of its formation. In the preamble read at a numerous meeting, it is affirmed that duelling has increased to a frightful extent in New Orleans, and that it is an evil which threatens the very existence of social intercourse.

A *Brave Man's opinion of Duelling*.—J. M. Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, was distinguished as one of the bravest men and best cavaliers of the last century. He served in the imperial army, and his military career was marked by many brilliant exploits. He was a man of great courage and skill. He understood duelling remarkably well, and on the field of battle had vanquished many enemies in single combat; but he looked on duelling as the most execrable custom that was ever introduced into civilized society.

His biographer says "he held it rash, impious, and inhuman, to determine trivial points of honor by duelling; and that it was incompatible with true bravery, and inconsistent with the character of a soldier, whose sword should be drawn, and his blood spilt, only in the service of his country. He therefore held, so unjust a custom, in the highest contempt and abhorrence."

Suicide.—A young man named George Wilson, of highly respectable character and connections, hanged himself lately in his father's mill, in Rutland county, Ohio. The fatal act was the consequence of some misunderstanding with a young lady, between whom and himself a mutual promise of marriage had subsisted for some time. The young lady had charged him with bestowing attentions elsewhere, which, it appears, was without any ground; but the accusation so preyed upon his mind, that he sought relief in self destruction.

Temperance Statistics.—It appears, from the seventh annual Report of the American Temperance Society, that, for the forty three years imported with 1832, the consumption of spirits imported into the U. States, was upwards of two hundred and fourteen millions of gallons. The greatest quantity imported during any one year of the forty-three, was in 1806, when the importations amounted to 2,916,428 gallons. The smallest quantity imported in any one year was in 1830, when they amounted to 1,292,344 gallons. In this report it may be discovered the operation of public sentiment, then most efficiently brought to bear on behalf of the Temperance cause.

Roswell observed to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland. "I believe, sir, you are very right," says Johnson, "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

"I say, Nym," said a person to the Corporal, "I have got a mosquito into my ear, and I am afraid he will get into my head!"

"No matter," said the Corporal, "he will find plenty of room."

A robust countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall: being asked the cause, he replied—"It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

The National Helm.—Dr. Beecher calls the west "the helm of the nation." No doubt but the west has a good deal of influence in guiding the ship of state, and will have more still, as its wealth and population increases. But it should not be forgotten that this western helm is made, in great part, of eastern timber.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

POLITICAL.

THE CRISIS.

The following article, from the Boston Daily Advertiser, commends itself to the sober consideration of every citizen who loves his country, and desires the perpetuation of its political and social institutions.

"The Transition from Anarchy to Despotism."—The attempt is making, and has partially succeeded, to array the physical strength of the country against the majority of the substantial citizens, and the orderly and peaceful members of the community. The object, we are sorry to say, is more easily effected than could be wished or credited. A well-trained veteran army of a couple of hundred thousand men is often sufficient to make a conquest of a kingdom containing ten or twelve millions of inhabitants. It is not so resisted by another army, one-tenth of that number of armed men might subjugate a continent. The British, with about 30,000 European and 42,000 native troops, hold one hundred and ten millions of souls, in Hindostan, in subjection. The very policy, at present, in those parts of the country where it is applicable, is founded on the same principle. A comparatively small well-organized and mercenary force—principally of aliens—employed to control the approach to the polls, to intimidate and overawe the aged, the infirm, and peaceful, and to make the exercise of the elective franchise, even for those who are able by courage and force to make their way through the mob, laborious, dangerous, and disgusting.

What is the result of this state of things? Is it an increase of power in the People's hands? Nothing farther from the truth. The people are not a mob;—a mob is not the people. The people is a great whole, a mixed community, including within its bosom the old and the young, the strong and the weak, the resolute and the timid. The first effect, therefore, of this system of violence, is to deprive one full moiety of the people of their dearest rights. In every ten men, there will be not more than one bully; but if this one man station himself in the public places, to browbeat, insult, and assault, those who pass by, three or four, out of the ten will put themselves to some inconvenience to keep out of his way. Just as a sturdy, peaceful peasantry allow a hostile army to march without resistance through the country.

Thus the first effect of mob law at the polls is to drive away a good part of the citizens entitled to vote.

The Anarchists consequently carry the day. What comes next? Somebody must rule, even in a land of robbers. The Anarchists choose a committee of safety, and of this committee, some Robbers are chosen. Power got by violence must be kept by terror. Imprisonment, confiscation, and the guillotine, succeed. The people are dismayed, sickened, and exhausted;—and the first bold and ambitious soldier drives out the anarchists and terrorists, and founds what he calls his dynasty.

How long does this process take? The French Constitution, in the main well contrived, for a monarchical government, was adopted in 1791. Bonaparte was made first Consul in 1800. Nine years sufficed the French to pass from the possession of a constitution, theoretically good, to an absolutely military despotism. The means were anarchy and terror. Bonaparte was a conqueror; but he did not, like Cesar, march his legions on the capital. There was a very trifling exhibition of military force on the 18 Brumaire. But it was the mobs and the reign of terror, which made popular government odious in France. They will make it so wherever they are introduced. The transition from the club to the sceptre is prompt and easy.

[From the Petersburg Intelligence.]

The boldness and pertinacity with which the administration presses generally continue to assail and impugn the motives of the opposition, might well excite surprise, if every intelligent individual was not enabled to discover the real object and secret purposes of "the party." They call upon the people to stand by their venerable Chief Magistrate, they even invoke his scars and wounds received (as they say) in our revolutionary struggle; they attempt, under cover of the Bank excitement, to enlist the prejudices of the people in his behalf; they represent the motives and the purpose of those who have dared to differ from him and have openly protested against his various assumptions of unauthorized power; they profess to respect the principles of republican government, to desire to confirm the Executive to the exercise of its legitimate functions, and yet induce in secret sarcasms and direct abuse towards those who are endeavoring to limit and define their true boundary. They profess to be Democrats of the Jefferson school; they pretend to hold his principles and example in reverence; they avow their faith in a strict construction of the Constitution, and the republican doctrines of '98 and '99; they adopt the motto that "the officer shall not exceed his commission;" and yet can find no terms of vituperation too strong for their political opponents, who are protesting against the assertion and the sanction of doctrines utterly irreconcilable with the theory of our Government, and who are found hating for the Constitution and the Laws.

The friends of the Administration profess an anxious desire that the popular will should be left free and unshackled. They affirm that the present Administration is so firmly seated in the affections of the people that nothing can shake it; that the people possess sufficient intelligence to enable them to decide correctly upon all questions of a political character, and yet, in this State the object of the party, for the last two or three months, has been a continued, determined, and systematic attempt to reverse the decision and verdict of the people as expressed at the polls, to induce them to admit that they have acted rashly, unduly, nay, even ignorantly, and that their opinions should now be expressed through the New York patent machine of secret instructions. We cannot believe that these efforts to deceive and mislead the people will be rewarded with success. The honest independent spirit of the yeomanry of the country will not submit to this insidious dictation, it will regard with well grounded apprehension and just suspicion, the introduction of this new-fangled doctrine. It is impossible for any intelligent man to mistake the object of these continued efforts to work upon and mislead the public mind. An outcry has been raised against Mr. Leigh, and the supple instruments of party discipline readily join in the chase. Their zeal will meet with a poor recompense. The charge, heretofore, so warmly urged, that Mr. Leigh was a quasi Bank man, and secretly in favor of the recharter of the institution, has

been disproved in such clear terms, and by such evidence, as even to force a blush of shame on the cheek of his most violent assailants. Nevertheless, they still continue their attacks upon his public conduct, and seem determined to omit no effort, and repeat no stratagem, which may effect his defeat in the next Legislature. The opposition to "the party" to Mr. Van Buren. It is true that as yet no press in the State has had the independence to come out openly, boldly, and without reserve, in his behalf. The time has not yet arrived when his secret supporters can safely throw off their masks; they prefer, for the present, to urge the war under the protecting folds of the Jackson flag. They know that Mr. Van Buren has no solid claims upon the confidence of Virginia; they know his vacillating course upon all the great political questions upon which he has ever been called to act; they know that on the Missouri Question, involving the dearest rights and the most delicate relations of the Southern People, he was their opponent; and yet they are aiming, by indirect means, to advance the pretensions and hopes of this political intriguer. Whilst, however, they cautiously abstain from an open or direct advocacy of his claims, they strain every nerve to put down and destroy every individual who is believed to be hostile to his pretensions, or who stands in his path. The popularity of Genl. Jackson, the gratitude felt by the mass of his countrymen for his military services, is the engine which is to be employed to perfect the views of the great magician. The artifice will not succeed.

[From the United States Gazette.]

MEANS OF SUCCESS IN NEW JERSEY.

We have not deemed it necessary to repeat the assertions made by our friends as to the cause of the Tory success in Jersey, though the very singular result of the vote in Burlington county would seem to suggest suspicions that all was not right, even though direct reference had not been made to the local circumstances that operated against the Whigs. We say not that any part of a numerous religious sect yielded to the coaxing of the Jackson leaders, lured by promises; but we do say, that such coaxing was used, and such promises were made; and as a proof of our assertion, we shall make a few notices of a handbill of considerable length, circulated in West Jersey on the day before the election, and addressed "To the Society of Friends, in the counties of Burlington, Gloucester, Salem, and Cumberland, in the State of New Jersey."

The handbill sets out with a compliment to the society, and felicitation upon an opportunity to secure certain rights, in a way consistent with the laws and their principles of action. It then proceeds to set forth the cause of misunderstanding between the two branches of the Society of Friends, and charges tyranny and aristocracy upon the Orthodox. It then proceeds to set forth the excellency of the late Jackson legislature, and talks of the never dying and ever active vengeance of aristocratic orthodoxy.

It then proceeds to argue that Jacksonism, Democracy, and the liberal Quakerism (as opposed to the Orthodox) are one and the same thing, and that the society can only procure a judgment in its favor, by voting for the Jackson ticket; and that vote is asked for, likewise, as a means for driving Mr. Frelinghuysen from the Senate. The aid of the democracy of Sussex, Monmouth, Hunterdon, and Warren, are also required to carry through the legislature the measure which concerns the interests of the persons addressed, and that aid ought not to be expected, unless the lower counties should vote as they do.

The Address concludes with the following appeal:

"Will you suffer your houses of worship, the sacred repositories of your dead, and the common property of your society, to be wrested from you by lawless and over-riding law suits, without an effort on your rescue? Recollect that the only tribunal which is not closed by the decision already pronounced against you, is the ballot box;—your only shield and protect in the democracy of our country, resting upon and sustained by public opinion. To you it is the vine and the fig tree, "under whose shade you may repose, with 'no one to make you afraid.'—Interest, duty and consistency, alike invite you to support the men who supported you."

What effect the address had, we pretend not to say, but we think ourselves authorized to assert, that the author, if known, owes his escape from a coat of tar and feathers, or such other means of hostile visitation as an outraged and insulted community would, in the moment of excitement, be disposed to exercise, only to the principles of forbearance which characterize the Society of Friends.

[From the Columbia Times.]

ABOMINABLE! ABOMINABLE!

We understand, from such sources as leave no room for doubt, that the Post-Master-General has given orders to all the mail contractors south of Washington to make no report of failures of the mail. This fact is currently and commonly spoken of, and that without contradiction, upon the entire line between Washington and this place. That failures are not reported, we know to be a fact, from persons who have been on the spot and had ample means of informing themselves.

Now we put the question—Is this thing to be endured? Is it to be tolerated, that in a republican country, under a constitution, under a government of laws, the servants of the people shall thus flagrantly and notoriously abuse the confidence reposed in them, and go unpunished, because a prostituted majority in the House of Representatives are too servile or too dishonest to bring the delinquents to a just retribution? Is it to be endured, that the President, who has assumed all responsibility, who has declared himself accountable for the misconduct of the executive officers, should be allowed to escape impeachment, when he continues in one of the most important departments of the government, under his immediate eye, a notorious and open defaulter. The complaints of the ruinous state of the post-offices and mail conveyances are universal, and the business of the whole Union is absolutely suffering derangement from the carelessness or dishonesty of the Post-Master-General. It is insinuated that Major Barry "drinks!"—that he takes his grog after dinner—and that to this cause, and not to his want of moral principle, we are to attribute his delinquencies! It may be so, but does it mend the matter, to tell us that Mr. Barry makes a beast of himself, and that in consequence the public money and public business, is like the Post-Master-General, on

the road to ruin!—It is positively monstrous and outrageous; but where is the benefit of talking? The people grow, newspapers are indignant, Genl. Jackson, folding his arms, exclaims, "I take the responsibility!" and Major Barry and his contractors congratulating themselves upon the amiable gullibility of the sovereign people, sing—

"Boys, fill up your glasses, and let it go round. So we go!"—*Pal de zale, la de zale, hi-de-do!*

VAN BUREN'S DEMOCRACY.

Dudley Seiden, in a speech delivered at a meeting in New York, gave the following account of Van Buren's democracy. "It is, according to this specimen, a comfortable creed. Lord Wellington, judging from Van Buren's democracy, must be the greatest democrat alive: 'I have often been amused, in walking through the streets of Washington from my lodgings to the Capitol, seeking out my way over the damp and muddy side walks, as my colleagues were drawn along in their comfortable carriages, with their high seated steeds, at the thought that they assumed to themselves the appellation of poor and low democrats, whilst I was numbered by the many who pursue proud Aristocracy; as I daily witnessed Van Buren jolting upon his velvet cushions, in his famous English coachman on the box, dressed in livery, and his footman holding by the tassel of his hand, and dressed in livery, and (recalling that he was the man who claimed to be the purest champion of democracy, the very leader of the democratic party. Often have I asked myself, is it possible the people can be thus ruled and cheated by low pretences.'"—*Phil. Intell.*

[From the Washington (N. C.) Whig.]

CHANGE IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

In every State of the Union, where elections have taken place, a decided change for the better has been manifested in public sentiment. "It is," it is said, "always a mistake from the time to the time, and never more clearly than since the elevation of President Jackson, has the truth of this axiom been demonstrated. Ambition always secretly prompting mankind to seek national aggrandizement at the expense of every other thing."

"Confidence is everywhere the parent of despotism," are the words of the great Jefferson; and truly has it proved so. The confidence of the people was once so great, that to question the integrity or ability of Jackson was, in the eyes of many, as heretical as it is in a Roman Catholic to question the infallibility of the Pope. Fortunately, however, for the country, the very measures which most threatened its liberties, have been the very means of its salvation. People became alarmed at the giant strides of the relentless tyrant; and the succession of his measures meant upon their rights became so rapid that the people could no longer be deceived. They called to mind that "free government is founded on jealousy, and not in confidence;" and saw the danger of still remaining in that state of inertness, the effects of which were now so visible. No General Jackson himself the only enemy of the Constitution of our country; his missions, while in following the example of "such a chief," he shown among themselves an emulation worthy of a better cause. We see in almost every department of the government, the greatest extravagance, and the blackest corruption; and find the instrument intended to limit the powers of the executive, either distorted with a view to make execution those abuses it was in fact intended to prevent, or else trampled upon in utter contempt.

The conviction that the Constitution was restored to what it was intended to be, has made men forget to a certain extent the minor details of party, and unite under the great banner of Jacksonism. The elections have shown the people that the idea of one man's rule, as Jackson and the Constitution, was as delusive as the hope of mixing fire and water. The man who holds the purse and sword, must rule all Constitutions, and his defiance to all laws.

"WE SECOND THE MOTION."

We find, copied in a Georgia Unitarian paper, a series of Resolutions, alleged to have been passed at a submission meeting somewhere in this State, of which the following is one:

"2d. Resolved, That should the Constitution be amended, and the dominant party attempt to enforce it, we will, in order to avoid the evil of civil war—that it be recommended to the citizens of the District of the up country to meet in Convention for the purpose of fixing upon a line of demarcation and separation, and for the purpose of making application to the Government of North Carolina to become an integral part of North Carolina as a friendly officer; but if that State, or any other, consent to take you gentlemen, on the terms which you wish to bring to South Carolina, we shall certainly be most welcome to you; and we shall wish her joy of the bargain.—*Columbia Telegraph.*

[From Mr. Raquet's Examiner.]

States or Nations.—It is quite rare to find the state of many persons to hear it asserted, that the thirteen British colonies of North America declared themselves independent on the 4th of July, 1776; they erected themselves into thirteen distinct nations, which they called States, each possessing all the rights and attributes of a sovereign nation. They seem to think that their union for special purposes destroyed their separate nationality, if it ever had an existence, and that therefore they are no longer nations. And yet these people can hear, without being offended, of the English nation, the Scotch nation, the Irish nation, which are united under one common head. And pray, suppose Canada were to declare herself independent on Great Britain, would she not be a nation? And would she have been less a nation had she declared her independence in 1776, and made common cause with her sister colonies? We are in danger of losing our liberties, because we are afraid to call things by their right names. The truth is, that a State is a Nation, and a Nation is a State. They are convertible terms, and one signifies nothing more or less than the other, as is proved by the fact that in the Declaration of Independence the term "State" is applied to Great Britain as well as to the Colonies. Who can doubt that when he reads in that instrument the following explicit language:

"That they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States, they have full power to