sufferings, had learnt to relieve the sufferings of others.

"Nec ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco."

As for myself, I can assure him that neither he, nor his colleagues of the committee, nor the members from South Carolina, one and all, burning with thirst for the blessing of Texas and reinstituted slavery, regretted more than myself that they had not time and opportunity, to the utmost extent of their wishes, to answer me, and refute and expose, as far as they were able, the "many errors" of my speech. I entertain, however, an earnest wish and fervent hope that such time and opportunity will be amply afforded to them all at the next session of Congress, and that neither then, nor at any other time, will the law of slavery be ever again repeated in the assembly of the People of this Union in the shape of the tranquillizing gag of Pinckney and Patton.

At that session, too, I indulge the hope of an opportunity to complete the demonstration that there is not, and never has been, a moment in the relations between these United States and Mexico, when a resort on our part to war, or to any hostile act against that nation, would be, or have been, *justifiable* in the sight of God or man; and if, in the course of that demonstration, it shall again become my painful duty to show that, whatever may have been the wrongs of Mexico towards individual citizens of the United States, (and far be it from me to justify or palliate them,) the balance of wrong, great and grievous wrong, is against our own Government, and that Mexico, with regard to the United States, is far more sinned against than sinning; if, too, in that discussion, a paramount obligation of duty to my country shall compel me to scan with scrutinizing eyes, not only the omissions, but the acts of the Committees on Foreign Affairs of the House, of Representatives, down to their lingering report on our relations with Mexico, presented almost at the last hour of the session of Congress, let the chairman of those committees not fear that I intend to stretch him again on the burning bed of Guatimozin. My intent, my sole intent is by the power of truth, of justice, and of ripening public opinion, to bring back him, and the Administration to which he adheres, to the path of honor, of honesty, and of peace; to the path of Washington and of Madison. For departing from that path, in the ignis fatuus chase of Texas. * * * *

I have arraigned them before the tribunals of the civilized world and of posterity. They are upon their defence, and it is too late to bid them God speed for a good deliverance. They must retrace their steps; they have broken off all diplomatic negotiation with Mexico, and they have negotiated still. They have recalled, without sufficient cause, all their diplomatic functionaries at Mexico, and they have spurned from them the Mexican Ambassadors of Peace at Washington. They have accepted a proposal of arbitration for the settlement of the disputes between the two nations, and yet the President has refused to withdraw his war-whoop instigations to Congress. He may take my word for it, that they will be of no avail. The People of this Union will not go to war with Mexico on the false pretence of petty spoliations, and the real impulse of a craving for Texas, * * * *

If the lion roar of Jackson could not rouse them to battle for an unrighteous cause, the sucking-dove roar of his successor will scarcely serve even to frighten the ladies. War, then, is out of the question; negotiation must be renewed—formally, fully renewed; and it must be by diplomatic agents, having neither personal interests of speculation in Texian lands, nor nullification sympathies with Texas. Such functionaries may indeed be despatched on the restoration of the ordinary diplomatic intercourse between the two nations, but, under *their* ministration, no claimant will ever obtain the restoration of his property, or indemnity for its loss.

If the Executive Administration wish at once for peace with Mexico, and for satisfaction to the just claims of their injured fellow-citizens, they must cast their lust for Texas to the winds, and demand and give satisfaction and redress in the spirit of peace.

From the Mercantile Advertiser.

MR. McDUFFIE'S LETTER.

Mr. Editor.—The impudence of the so styled "Democratic" organ in this city is quite edifying.—Nothing more seems necessary in the eyes of the young gentlemen who conduct that paper to make a man a '*Democrat*' *of the first water* than that he should declare himself opposed to a National Bank and in favor of a Sub-Treasury—when at the same time, they know perfectly well that a considerable number of those who oppose the administration and its new fangled theories about the currency, oppose almost as strenuously the incorporation of a National Bank. Mr. Calhoun, who stoutly denies any adhesion to their party, they claim as a right hand man; and because forsooth Mr McDuffie is opposed to the establishment of the Bank, and prefers a Treasury organized on a plan totally different from that proposed by 'the Great Overrated,' his letter is recommended as a rare specimen of profound statesmanship.

Now, what does Mr McDuffie's letter amount to, and how far does he coincide with the administration? We make bold to say in one particular only, and on that point it would be just as reasonable to claim authority of some of the Whigs who doubt the expediency of incorporating a National Bank

It is well known that the favorite idea of the Administration is what the Globe terms '*the hard money system*.' Now this system Mr McDuffie's letter is utterly opposed to. Not only does he disapprove of taking the notes of Banks convertible into specie, in payment of the public dues, but he will have nothing to do with specie whatever. Here are Mr McDuffie's own words—'As to the requirement that all dues to the Government shall be paid in specie exclusively, I have been opposed to it from beginning believing that it would increase the pressure of the times and render it more difficult for the Banks to resume specie payments.' And what does Mr McDuffie propose as a substitute for the *hard money feature* of the Sub Treasury project? Why a complete paper system. He proposes that the Government should issue Treasury Notes bearing no interest, irredeemable and uncontrovertable—and just enough in amount to pay the expenses of the Government! 'The value, says he, of this paper, would be derived, not from its irredeemability, as bank paper notes, but from its receivability by the Treasury, and from the amount being limited to what will be actually absorbed in receipts and payments of the Government. Nothing can be more simple and safe and economical. In the first place it would be equivalent to the creation of six millions of specie, which would cost the country nothing, and yet the purposes of its Treasury, I think better than specie, and much better than bank paper.'!!!

This is a hard money system with a vengeance—yet this is the document over which the Van Buren organs exult!

Again hearken, most consistent Democrats, at the opinion expressed of your hard money system: 'If the Government were to use specie, besides costing the country just six millions (it would cost just five times as much) instead of nothing, it would create a pressure on the banks, and would be a medium much more affected in the uniformity of its value by the state of the foreign exchanges than this Treasury paper.'

Again, the Democracy go for rejecting bank bills as unconstitutional: let us hear Mr McDuffie on that subject.—'The exaction of specie in payment of this revenue would withdraw this benefit, but I cannot perceive that a corresponding benefit would accrue to any body else. To the objection that the receipt of bank bills violates that clause of the constitution which implies that the revenue shall be collected in a uniform currency, I shall only say that if specie is a uniform currency, so are bills that can be at any moment converted into specie. To be sure it is not as safe but the government may demand specie at any moment, when it has cause to apprehend danger. But though I am opposed to exacting specie exclusively, I have been very anxious to see Treasury bills of certificates bearing no interest, substituted entirely in the place of both specie and bank bills.'

It must be confessed that Mr McDuffie's notion of *creating six millions of money without cost*, is a most extraordinary one: but when the Van Buren party abuse the banks and the credit system, because in the place of one silver dollar they issue two in paper, it is rather extraordinary that they should find any consolation for their folly in a proposition to issue six millions of paper without any specie basis whatever *inconvertible* and *irredeemable*.

Of one thing we are quite satisfied, that a more harmless production than Mr McDuffie's letter never was written. That there will ever be madmen enough in the Congress of the U States to issue six millions of *irredeemable, inconvertible paper money*, we do not believe: and that all such attempts, if made, will end as the South Sea Bubble, and the Tulip speculations of Germany, we have no manner of doubt. So far from bringing specie into circulation, any child in the mysteries of currency will see that this project would drive just six millions of specie, or what is the same thing, *convertible paper*, its *representative*, out of the country. That this government paper, irredeemable, inconvertible, and bearing no interest, would be below par, is just as clear as the fact that all government paper of the same kind has always been so, from the beginning of the world, and always will be to the end thereof. Who will be the receivers of this paper? Those only who own the government. Should the government chance at any one time and place, to throw out more of this paper than could be immediately absorbed, a depreciation follows as a matter of course—and the measure of that depreciation would be according to the probable term when the paper would again be wanted in payment of public dues. At some points the paper would be good for nothing. Consider one million thrown out on the Indian frontiers? How much would it be worth to the holders?

Mr. McDuffie says the government can make 'brick bats as valuable as gold & silver.'—When the nation is fool enough to swallow such nonsense, we shall be prepared to consider his paper system.—We like such letters as Mr McDuffie's. It shows how completely the administration are groping in the dark, catching first at one shadow and then at another. From hard money they have gone to a *pure paper system*. From a *National Bank* and a *divorce* from all banks, to a great *paper mint*, for so Mr. McDuffie thinks it should be called, to distinguish it from a bank.

Thank God! the days of arrogance, folly and corruption, are numbered, and in a few years we shall see Mr. Van Buren back to Kinderhook, the Augean Stable cleansed, and the country return to common sense and common honesty.

LOCKE.

From the Mobile Mercantile Advertiser.

Mr. Preston said, in his speech at the Columbia Dinner; that "he occupied precisely the same position now, as when elected—that is, that he was opposed to Van Buren then, and is opposed to him still—that *he was sent* to Washington to batter down Martin Van Buren and his principles." This declaration, at once so true and so evident, has taken the Calhounites all aback, and they try to get over it by what may be well termed "a concocted quantity" of metapyhsical nonsense. They say that "circumstances alter cases," and that when the sub-treasury bill turned up, and Mr Calhoun turned up, that Mr Preston ought to have reversed himself and "*stood upon his head*" also—that Mr. Van Buren, although once a sorry, contemptible Devil, unworthy the least favor from S Carolina, has by a single suggestion, and that not his own, but forced upon him by necessity, washed himself clean of all his political iniquities, & become little less than a Saint.

We should like to know who authorised Mr. Calhoun and his friends to absolute Mr Van Buren and the party who sustain him, from their political transgressions? Where did John C Calhoun, obtain his license to white-wash and cover up the misleads of the party in power for the last ten years? He has himself decried many of their acts as unconstitutional and corrupt, and yet would now have us believe that they are the true Democratic Republican Party!! Not only is this stuff attempted to be passed off on the people of the South, but it is a fact not to be denied, that Mr Calhoun and and his partizans are now the most bitter and unrelenting enemies of the Whig Party, accusing them with Abolition and every thing that is wicked and destructive If Mr Calhoun were a blushing mortal, he would not, by this time, have a drop of blood in his body.

The idea now attempted to be inculcated that Mr Van Buren has expiated all his political offences by proposing to take all the revenues of the Government into his own keeping, is as downright a piece of knavery as ever the Democracy were called upon to sanctify. The Sub-Treasury project was adopted by the President from sheer necessity—it was the last resort of the Party. They could not retreat, they could not return to the safe ground of a National Bank nor re-adopt the exploded pet bank system, which they had once clothed with such winning and marvellous superiority. In short, they had broken down all the bridges behind them, and were compelled to go forward in search of another humbug In their utmost despair, they thought of the Sub-Treasury, & though they had scouted this experiment in the days of their prosperity and insolence, they were glad to seize upon it now to save them from total annihilation.—They knew that the office-holders and whippers-in of the party could be counted on to conform themselves to any movement the leaders in Congress might make, and they calculated besides that by flattering Mr. Calhoun that they had come into his measure, they could easily detach that gentleman from the Whig ranks. How accurately they calculated, the result has shown. He quit the party he had been acting with to try his fortunes with another which he had pronounced as corrupt to the core, and the coalition had the miraculous effect of purifying Mr. Van Buren instantaneously. The upshot of it is yet to be seen, in the dissolution of State Rights party, as a party, in the defeat of Mr. Van Buren, and in the further disappointment and mortification of Mr Calhoun.

THE PRESIDENT AT THE SPRINGS

In the Richmond Enquirer of the 24th inst., is published a letter from the *White Sulphur Springs*, which says

The President is 'winning golden opinions.' I have seen no one who does not say, that he is a perfect gentleman, and has pursued the exact course which a President of the United States should do.—He is plain and dignified—eats at the public table—receives and returns visits, and in every other particular deports himself as a Virginian gentleman.

The Alexandria Gazette of Thursday last, gives a much fuller, and more interesting account of the deportment of the President at the Springs All that relates to the Chief Majistrate of the Nation seems to be sought after, and read with avidity; we copy it:

President Van Buren generally rises about eight.—Before he gets out of bed he commonly pulls off his night cap, and while dressing, he sometimes whistle a tune, and occasionally talks to his negro valet. The President uses warm water in shaving, and lays on the same quantity of lather as ordinary men. While shaving, he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth; and sometimes blows out one cheek, sometimes the other. When he is dressed, he goes down to breakfast; and while descending the stairs he commonly takes occasion to blow his nose, which he does very gracefully; following it up with three deliberate wipes of his handkerchief, which hs deposites in his right hand coat pocket. The President's pockets are in the skirts of his coat, & the holes perpendicular. He wears false horizontal laps, which circumstance has given the word an erronous opinion of their position.

The President drinks tea or coffee for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar, and corrects with cream. He commonly stirs the fluid three or four times, with a spoon, before he raises it to his lips The President eats bread and butter, cold ham or tongue, beefsteak, fowl or eggs; the eggs are commonly those of the domestic fowl. After breakfast the President generally takes a newspaper, the Richmond Enquirer. While reading, he generally stretches himself out, and yawns. He then goes to the window, looks out and hums a tune. When his letters are brought to him, the President seldom or never inspect the superscription very long, but at once breaks the seal, and applies himself to the contents. The President has several times of late appeared displeased with his correspondents, especially those who wrote from North Carolina, St Louis and Kentucky, and Alabama; and has frequently been heard, while reading his letters from Washington, to say, phsaw, in a clear firm voice. Not long after breakfast, the President is missing for a few minutes, during which it is impossible to account for his motions with the desirable precision.

In the course of the morning, if the weather is fine, the President's saddle horse (which was rode here by his negro and his sons alternately) is brought to him. The horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. Before the President goes out he takes up his hat and gloves himself. They are never brought to him by a servant. The President always puts the hat on his head and the gloves on his hands. The President's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same. He first takes the reign in his left hand, which he lays on the horses mane. He then puts his left foot into the stirrup; with a spring brings his body up, and his right leg over the body of the animal, by the way of the tail, and thus places himself in the saddle; he then drops his right foot into the stirrup, puts his horse to an amble, & seldom falls off, being an admirable equestrian. When acquaintances and friends salute the President, such is his affability that he bows, touches his hat, or recognizes their servility in some way or other The President very frequently says 'How are you?' 'It's a fine day.' 'How d'ye do?' and makes frequent and various remarks on the weather, the heat, the want of rain; and occasionally 'salutes gracefully' those he meets 'without any introduction.' At dinner the President makes no more pomp or parade than any other private gentlemen. After dinner he does nothing but think. He sits in an arm chair with his heels and a good portion of his legs on another chair or on a table. When thus in profound thought, he very frequently closes his eyes, and makes an extraordinary and rather appalling noise through his nose. But he soon starts up, walks about and separates the skirts of his coat, tossing them over the dexter, and sinister arms, thrust his hands in his breeches pockets, and so stands at ease.

VAN BUREN'S HISTORY.

The Editor of the New York Star, in an article addressed to his "old democratic friends in Tammany," gives the following amusing sketch of Van Buren's political career:

You may remember when in 1817 we ran up the Blue tail flag, we had but eighteen men with us in the Legislature, and with only three presses in the State we opposed De Witt Clinton, on the grounds that he had opposed the war, and run against James Madison for the Presidency, and in three years we carried the State. Where was Martin Van Buren at that time? With the *democracy*—with the War party—with the Madisonians? No such thing. He was hanging on the skirts of Mr Clinton, and here let me remind you that hanging on the skirts of eminent men has been the peculiar feature and secret of Mr Van Buren's advancement; he was elected to the Senate as a Clintonian; he moved in the Convention to have Clinton's nomination as Governor made unanimous; he hung closely to his skirts until he saw the current setting against him, when he dropped off and tacked himself to the skirts of Tompkins, and when Tompkins retired, he got hold of the skirts of Roger Skinner, Perley Keyes and Silas Wright, and clambered into the Senate of the United States, much to the annoyance of that disinterested politician, Col. Samuel Young. In the Senate he held on to the skirts of RUFUS KING, until he got introduced to "good society." He then took hold of the skirts of Crawford—and when poor Crawford lost the election of President, and John Quincy Adams succeeded, he made two or three grabs at his skirts; but Adams wore a spencer and Van Buren missed his hold, and he settled down quietly in the Senate, looking round to see whom he could next ride, like the old man in the story of Sanbad the sailor. At length when it was reduced to a certainty that Andrew Jackson would succeed, he creeped by degrees near him, for the old Chief was afraid of Mr Van Buren, and finally he succeeded in getting him by the button, and in this way got into the Cabinet;—he then caught hold of the skirts of Eaton, Kendall, and Blair, and finally, through their intercessions and efforts, he crawled into the General's breeches pocket who made him his successor. Having lost the Chief, and having no skirts but his own to sustain him, he fell to the ground as every body expected he would do. A man who rode into power on every man's shoulders, found his ankles too weak to sustain him when left to stand alone.

NORTH CAROLINA—ITS PICTURESQUE HISTORY—WALTER RALEIGH AND THE ANCIENT CITY.

The following beautiful extract is from the Picturesque History of North Carolina, by J. S. Jones, Esq of Shocco. The author is describing his sensations while standing on Roanoke Island.

'A sea of glory streamed along' the narrow ridge—dividing the inland waters from the ocean, and beyond this the boundless Atlantic heaved her chafed bosom of sapphire and of gold, against the base of yon stormy cape. I enjoyed and lived in this sunset and twilight hour I thought of the glorious destiny of the land on which I trod—as glorious as the waters and the earth then around me. I thought of the genius and the death of Raleigh—of the devotedness of Greenville—of the gallantry of Cavendish and Drake—of the learning of Hariot—of the nobleness of Manteo the Lord of Roanoke—of the adventurous expedition of Sir Ralph Lane up the river Moratock—of the savage array of the blood thirsty Wingina—of the melancholy fate of the Raleigh colonies—of Virginia Dare the first Anglo-American—of the agony of her mother—and I then thought of those exquisite lines of Byron,

Shrine of the mighty can it be,
That is all remains of thee?

On the ruins of the ancient city of Raleigh 'the indolent wrecker now sits and smokes the pipe of oblivion—a very wretch'—ignorant of the glorious associations of the land of his birth. He can tell you nothing of the deeds of those whose early efforts in the settlement of the Roanoke, gave an impulse to English colonization in American Republic. He will speak vaguely of the name of Sir Walter Raleigh, and will regale you with legends and stories of pirates and wrecks, which it is the business of the novelist, and not the historian, to record. Such of them as I could link with the Raleigh Colonies, I have engrafted upon more authentic materials, and perhaps the traditionary history of no country is equal in interest to that of Roanoke Island. The legend of Sir Walter Raleigh's ship, of the great battle of Hatteras, and of the nativity of Virginia Dare, which I have perhaps too painfully detailed, are the best assurance that the names of those who first planted the flag of old mother England on our shores, cannot die.

From the Lynchburg Virginian.

Semi Official.—A letter from John Barney, Esq. of Baltimore, who accompanied the President to the White Sulphur Springs, to the Editor of the Baltimore Chronicle, says: 'It will be gratifying to you to know that the recent harsh strictures on the character and conduct of our Naval heroes, are repudiated here.' From which we infer that the President disapproves of them. If so, should he not see that the official Editor makes suitable atonement to an outraged public sentiment?

But the most singular part of Mr Barney's letter is that relative to the Banks in general, and to Mr Biddle's Bank in particular After stating that 'every aid in the power of the Government to give, will be cheerfully given to the Banks,' he denounces what he calls 'the senseless tirades against the Bank of the United States,' and the 'continual warfare waged against it by certain political journals:' Although it is only a State institution, yet, from its large capital and the high and widely extended reputation of its accomplished President, it wields an immense influence in the regulation of the monetary system, not only of this country, but of the whole commercial world; and Mr Barney does not over estimate the importance of maintaining confidence in its solvency and stability, when he says: 'Let confidence be shaken in this, the largest and most extended institution in the world, (except the Bank of England,) and choas is come again—a panic pervades the land; with 80 millions of specie, a suspension is inevitable. You cannot wound so vital a portion of the system without shattering the nerves of the bodies corporate, for which it is the principal artery. It was to have been anticipated that when the Bank of the United States came forward to meet the views and wishes of the Treasury, by anticipating the payment of her bonds on the terms prescribed by law, and in a manner entirely satisfactory, amicable relations would have been restored And so, indeed, they are, as we find it is *one of the depositories*—at all events, *pro tanto*.' And then Mr Barney denounces the war upon this institution, 'waged by certain reckless journals.' These sentiments, uttered by a *travelling companion of the President*, are so much at variance with those of the Globe, and of the party generally, that we hardly know in what light to regard them. If Mr Barney speaks the sentiments of Mr Van Buren, and from the tenor of his whole letter, he evidently wishes to be understood, the Kitchen Cabinet will soon be in a buz, like that when a nest of hornets is suddenly broken up; and if the President adhere to, and openly avow them, will not be long before one of two events will happen—either he will be read out of the Democratic church, or "the party" will again wheel to the right about, leaving Benton at the head of a ragged regiment of Loco Focos

It has been predicted that Mr Van Buren will come out in favor of a National Bank,—"properly organized," *of course*—before the expiration of his term of service. If Mr Barney echoes his opinions, we shall not be surprised to see this prediction verified.

SUB-TREASURY IN COLUMBIA.

We have in this town a good example of the practical working of the sub-Treasury, system.

Our worthy Postmaster-sub-Treasurer, demands and receives nothing but gold and silver; but he receives paper from all who will pay a discount, and sells gold and silver to all who will buy it at an advance. This is publicly done.

Again. Our worthy sub-Treasurer Postmaster now distributes from his office the Van Buren address, gratuitously and actively. This address being an electioneering manifesto of the party to effect the re-election of the President, an executive officer is found in his office disseminating it. Is this an interference of executive officers in election?

Columbia Telescope

South Carolina—Although a majority of the *legislators* of this State, have apostatized from the true republican faith, and have followed Mr. Calhoun in his gross desertion of principle; yet, we have cheering evidences that *the people* of that gallant State are true to themselves and their country. It cannot be that the invincible spirit of patriotism which our proud 'Palmetto' sister has ever worn as a badge of honor has been torn from her bosom—It cannot be that South Carolina—brave, free and independent South Carolina—has permitted the high regard she cherishes for the mere name of her most talented son to lead her astray from the path of republican principles. She follows no such *ignis fatuus* lights. Her eye is upon the sun of liberty.

The Columbia, (S. C.) Telescope, an independent journal, frankly concedes the point, that a majority of the Legislature of the State, are inclined to go over to the enemy with Mr Calhoun; yet confidently asserts that the great mass of the people remain stedfast in their adherence to the Whig cause, and look with indignant scorn upon the unholy coalition formed by the locofoco leaders, and the '*would be*' leader of S. Carolina.—*Southern Sun.*

From the Alexandria Gazette.

EDITORIAL WRITINGS.

A few days ago the National Intelligencer had some sensible remarks on the subject of editing a paper. One idea expressed has frequently struck us with great force. Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper, and the industry and talents of its editor, by the variety and quantity of editorial matter which it contains. Nothing can be more fallacious. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out, daily, columns of *words—words*, upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," and his command of language may enable him to string them together like branches of onions; and yet his paper may be a meager and poor concern.—But what is the labor, the toil of such a man, who displays his "leaded matter" ever so largely, to that imposed upon the judicious, well-informed editor, who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of its responsibilities and its duties, and devotes himself to the conduct of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, or a humane physician upon a patient—without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere *writing part*, of editing a paper, is but a small portion of the work. The *industry* is not even shown there. The care, the taste, the time, employed in *selecting* is far more important—and the *tact* of a good editor is better shown by his selections than by any thing else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his labors understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of this papet—its tone—its temper—its uniform, consistent course—its principles—its aims—its propriety. To preserve all these, as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy folly the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is, how they can find time, or "head room," to *write at all!*

Laws of Divorce in England—Mr Sergeant Talfourd has introduced a bill into the House of Commons, which has passed in that House by a large majority, the object of which is to enable the Courts when deciding cases of divorce, separation, &c. of man and wife, to dispose of the children according to their sound discretion; a power which they have not heretofore possessed For instance, heretofore in case of a decree of separation and separate maintenance, founded on the grossest misconduct of the husband toward the wife, the decree could not extend to any regulation with regard to the guardianship of the children; the wife could be provided for and leave the husband, but he could say to her, if you go, you shall never more see your children—a deprivation worse than death, and a cruelty of the most excruciating kind.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Two or three clergymen have recently put forth works predicting the arrival of the end of the world some time between 1840 and 1850.—To all such prophecies we have hitherto been incredulous; but are free to confess that facts like the following, which we cut from the Boston Times, are strongly corroborative of the truth of these predictions. When tailors and printers who work on trust, begin to be paid, the symptoms is indeed alarming:

A gentleman now residing in this city, who formerly published a paper in Connecticut, has recently received a letter from an old delinquent subscriber, forking over the money due, and expressing the utmost remorse of conscience for having so long deprived him of his just dues.—What a blot will be wiped out from the the fair face of creation, when men shall understand distinctly that cheating a poor printer is an unpardonable sin.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Baltimore Sun says, "There is a woman living in the East who has fourteen husbands, all of whom have gone to Texas! Six of them were bank directors, four land speculators, three gentlemen, and one editor. The lady says she would not budge one inch to find the whole of them. She is right, and we hope she will do better next time.

ARTICLES USED AS HORSE

Professor Stewart, of the sity, Glasgow, has recently tise on the Management spoken of in the highest contemporaries abroad ble editor of "The Veter with a praiseworthy liberal in the same field of literary himself upon the merits of whom no higher authority commendation of it:—

"The student and the under great obligation to taking up so humble and portant branch of veterin with him a perfect acquai ject. His style is simple and forcible. There is what he means to inculc resisting the impression tance."

We have not a perfect but find in our foreign such copious extracts as before our readers the g tents, which we shall, have room. Mr Stew rinary Medicine, and h hands of every veterinar In that portion of it which Economy,' a specimen i general knowledge, and ing kind: we make roo

The author has been kinds of green and dr land and foreign countri tween good and bad, an account of heated and en and salted hay, is e his computation of the to each horse, differing and the proportion of o and also the description He states, very impartia of potatoes and turnips, zel, and that differing c cumstances; then, hav ty and kind of nutrimen ley, and oats, and give the varieties of qualiti of the last of these sub speak of other articles known or constantly u quote:—*Spirit of the*

Buck-wheat, or bra this country. It is u the horses are said to that a bushel goes far that, mixed with at le bran, one bushel will for a week The auth endar' thinks he has a ing effect; and Brace to him to be very many parts of German into a black bread, wit fed.

Maize, or *Indian co* horse-corn in America Europe. Cobbett rec and among its other u I do not know that it determine whether it tage during a scarcity it ought to be boiled a horses eat it greedily says it is apt to clog feet in such a singular quently fall off when He alludes to founder any kind of corn, wh produce the same effe more readily.

Rye is very general in North America. sprinkled over straw wetted, by which m incorporated; masticated, that no part is w the carriers' horses n nia, where they are u and are seldom lodge excellence of the pa

Rye is also used in in the shape of bread flour and bran; and ling through some p Holland, to see the and their horses from

Beans—There are bean in use as horse that one is better plump bean is prefe kind. Whichever old, sweet, and sou tible and flatulent; founder very readily a year old. Beans when musty or mou internally, horses do often attacked by much of the floor, the rest. The rav enough. The bean and bitter tasted no harm; but wh fected, it is not like impunity, and very altogether. Dam old, are as flatulent All kinds are consi

Though in very are not so extensive ding to the chemist triment; but in pa ed that beans are m The comparison, made in reference to bushel of beans is bu tious than a bushel ble whether a pound pound of oats. Bu pounds per bushel sure, the horse may lowance. This, and hence arise th ing, inflammatory becomes plethoric are flying about him would be in the w ting an equal weig

If beans do not for weight, than o lasting vigor. T they keep the st travel further; remember,' says N exclaim, as his fo fox, 'Now we sh oats, and what eat that this distinc that eat beans, s help to bring him and support his s Nimrod is quite beans are almost have to run long er and more pa however good. W carcase, cannot p liberal allowance them more than o from three to six