LOW spirits is a certain state of the mind, accompanied by indigestion, wherein the greatest evils are apprehended upon the slight grounds, and the worst consequences imagined. Ancient political writers supposed this disease to be confined to those particular regions of the abdomen, technically called hypochondria which are situated on the right or left side of that cavity, whence comes the name hypochondriasis.

SYMPTOMS.

The common corporeal symptoms are flatulency in the stomach or bowels, acrid eructations, costiveness, spasmodic pains, giddiness, dimness of sight, palpitations, and often an utter inability of fixing the attention upon any subject of importance, or engaging in any thing that demands vigor or courage. Also languidness—the mind becomes irritable, thoughtful, desponding melancholly, and dejected, accompanied with a total derangement of the nervous system.—The mental feelings and peculiar train of ideas that haunt the imagination and overwhelmn the judgment exhibit an infinite diversity. The wisest and best of men are as open to this affliction as the weakest.

CAUSES.

A sedentary life of any kind, especially severe study protracted to a late hour in the night, and rarely relieved by social intercourse, or exercise, a dissolute habit, great excess in eating and drinking, the immoderate use of mercury, violent purgatives, the suppression of some habitual discharge, (as, the obstruction of the menses,) or long continual eruption; relaxation or debility of one or more important organs within the abdomen, is a frequent cause.

TREATMENT.

The principal objects of treatment are, to remove indigestion, to strengthen the body, and to enliven the spirits, which may be promoted by exercise, early hours, regular meals, and pleasant conversation. The bowels (if costive) being carefully regulated by the occasional use of a mild aperient. We know nothing better calculated to obtain this end, than Dr. William Evans' Aperient Pills—being mild and certain in their operation. The bowels being once cleansed, his inestimable Camomile Pills, (which are tonic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic) are an infallible remedy, and without dispute have proved a great blessing to the numerous public.

Some physicians have recommended a free use of mercury, but it should not be resorted to; as in many cases it will greatly aggravate the symptoms.

Interesting and Astonishing Facts.

ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING.—Mr Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing malady. Symptoms: Great langour, flatulency, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizzinesss, nervous irritability and restlessness, could not lie in a horizontal position without the sensation of impending suffocation, palpitation of the heart, distressing cough, costiveness, pain of the stomach, drowsiness, great debility and deficiency of the nervous energy. Mr R. Monroe gave up every thought of recovery, and dire despair sat on the countenance of every person interested in his existence or happiness, till by accident he noticed in a public paper some cures effected by Dr WM. EVANS' MEDICINE in his complaint, which induced him to purchase a package of the Pills, which resulted in completely removing every symptom of his disease. He wishes to say his motive for this declaration is, that those afflicted with the same or any symptoms similar to those from which he is happily restored, may likewise receive the inestimable benefit.

A CASE OF TIC DOLOREUX.

Mrs. J. B. Johnson, wife of Capt. Joseph Johnson, of Lynn, Mass. was severely afflicted for ten years with Tic Doloreux, violent pain in her head, and vomiting, with a burning heat in the stomach, and unable to leave her room. She could find no relief from the advice of several physicians, nor from medicines of any kind, until after she had commenced using Dr Evans' medicine of 100 Chatham street, and from that time she began to amend, and feels satisfied if she continue the medicine a few days longer, will be perfectly cured. Reference can be had as to the truth of the above, by calling at Mrs Johnson's daughter's Store, 389 Grand street, N. Y.

Mrs Anne F. Kenny, No 115 Lewis street, between Stanton and Houston sts., afflicted for ten years with the following distressing symptoms: Acid eructation, daily spasmodic pains in the head, loss of appetite, palpitation of her heart, giddiness and dimness of sight, could not lie on her right side, disturbed rest, utter inability of engaging in any thing that demanded vigor of courage, sometimes a visionary idea of an aggravation of her disease, a whimsical aversion to particular persons and places, groundless apprehensions of personal danger and poverty, weariesomeness and weariness of life, discontented, disquietude on every slight occasion, she conceived she could neither die nor live; she wept, lamented, desponded, and thought she led a most miserable life, never was one so bad, with frequent mental hallucinations.

Mr Kenny had the advice of several eminent physicians, and had recourse to numerous medicines, but could not obtain even temporary alleviation of her distressing state, till her husband persuaded her to make trial of my mode of treatment.

She is now quite relieved, and finds herself not only capable of attending to her domestic affairs, but avows that she enjoys as good health at present as she did at any period of her existence.

J. Kenny, husband of the aforesaid Anne Kenny,

Sworn before me, this 14th day of December, 1836.

PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

REMARKABLE CASE OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM, with an Affection of the Lungs—cured under the treatment of Doctor WM. EVANS' 100 Chatham street, New-York. Mr Benjamin S Jarvis, 13 Centre st. Newark, N. J., afflicted for four years with severe pains in all his joints, which were always increased on the slightest motion, the tongue preserved a steady whiteness; loss of appetite, dizziness in his head, the bowels commonly very costive, the urine high coloured, and often profuse sweating, unattended by relief. The above symptoms were also attended with considerable difficulty of breathing, with a sense of tightness across the chest, likewise a great want of nervous energy in the nervous system.

The above symptoms were entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected by Dr Wm Evans.

BENJ. J JARVIS.

City of New York, ss,

Benjamin S Jarvis being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that the facts stated in the above certificate, subscribed by him, are in all respects true. BENJ. S. JARVIS.

Sworn before me, this 25th of November, 1836.

WILLIAM SAUL, Notary Public, 96 nassau street.

Sold by the following Agents.

GEORGE W BROWN, Salisbury, N. C.
JOHN A INGLIS (Bookstore) Cheraw S. C.
J. H. ANDERSON, Camden, S. C.
E. JOHN HUGGINS, Columbia, S. C.
W. M. MASON, & Co. Raleigh, N. C.

May 10, 1839—411y

Carolina Watchman.

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SALISBURY, NOVEMBER 8, 1839.

POETICAL.

[*From the Greenock Advertiser.*]

HYMN.

[The following Paraphrase of part of the 19th Psalm, by the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, while it strongly reminds us of Addison's beautiful composition on the same subject, will not suffer by a comparison with it.]

The starry firmament on high,
And all the glories of the sky,
Yet shine not to thy praise, O Lord,
So brightly as thy written word:
The hopes that holy word supplies,
Its truth divine and precepts wise—
In each a heavenly beam I see,
And every beam conducts to thee.

When taught by painful proof to know,
That all is vanity below,
The sinner roams from comfort far,
And looks in vain for sun or star:
Soft gleaming then those lights divine
Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
And sweetly to his ravished eye
Disclose the day-spring from on high.

The heart in sensual fetters bound,
And barren as the wintry ground,
Confesses, Lord, thy quick'ning ray—
Thy word can charm the spell away,
With genial influence can beguile
The frozen wilderness to smile;
Bid living waters o'er it flow,
And all be Paradise below.

Almighty Lord! the sun shall fail,
The moon forget her nightly tale,
And deepest silence hush on high
The radient chorus of the sky:
But fix'd for everlasting years,
Unmov'd amid the wreck of spheres,
Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
When heaven and earth have pass'd away.

"BREEZE OF AUTUMN."

Breeze of Autumn! Breeze of Autumn!
Sighing through yon leafless tree;
Well with my dejected bosom
Suits thy wild, lorn melody.
The gales of Spring light hearts may please.
I love the Autumn breeze.

Like Eolian lyre my bosom
Makes with thee her plaintive moan,
While each heart string wildly throbbing
Sounds with thee in unison.
The gales of Spring, &c.

Still to me thy dirge-like numbers
Tell of joys forever fled;
Youth's bright dreams for ever vanished,
Hopes enshrined with the dead.
The gales of Spring, &c.

Breeze of Autumn! Breeze of Autumn!
When beneath the sod I lie,
O'er me sound no other requiem
Than the music of thy sigh.
The gales of Spring light hearts may please,
I love the Autumn breeze.

THE LOST SISTER.

The following interesting narrative was communicated to the Philadelphia North American.

Valley of Wyoming—the Lost Sister.

After the battle and massacre, described in my last, most of the settlers fled. But here and there a straggler returned from the mountain of wilderness, and in the course of three or four months, cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes, and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around on the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family, scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court House at Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Sclocum, upon whom the visitations of the Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant the house was surrounded by Indians. There was in it, the mother, a daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy by the name of Kingsley were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man, and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright, and having a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Sclocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Sclocum lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him. Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart swelled unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder, and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother she called for her ai'. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. This image, probably, was carried by the mother to her grave. About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the aged grandfather; and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg nearly sixty years, to the grave. The last child was born a few months after these tragedies. What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and the fears respecting the fate of little Frances, I will not attempt to describe. Probably the children saw that in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was so uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair haired sister They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journeys through all the west and in the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn any thing respecting her fate. Four of these long journeys were made in vain. A silence deep as the deepest forest through which they wandered, hung over her fate, and that sixty years.

My reader will now pass over 58 years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness in the furthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian Wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian language. The family are rich for Indians, have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening, he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin, under her dress is also white. This led to a conversation. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl.

She could only remember that her name was Sclocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehannah, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home, the agent mentioned the story to his mother. She urged and pressed him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote it and sent it to Lancaster of this State, requesting that it might be published. By some, to me, unaccountable blunder, it lay in the office *two years* before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Sclocum, of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a half year old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sister are now (1838) on their way to seek little Frances, just *sixty years* after her captivity. After travelling more than 300 miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. 'I shall know my sister,' said the civilized sister, 'because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old.' They go into the cabin, and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy five. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like an Indian in all respects. Nothing but her hair and covered skin would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, &c, with the order of her father's family. 'How came your nail gone?' said the oldest sister. 'My older brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop!' In a word, they were satisfied that this was *Frances*, their long lost sister! They asked her what her Christian name was? She could not remember. Was it *Frances*? She smiled and said 'yes.' It was the first time she heard it pronounced for 60 years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied that they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless, as indifferent as a spectator There was no throbbing, no fine cords in her bosom to be touched.

When Mr. Sclocum was giving me this history, I said to him—'But could she not speak English?' 'Not a word.' 'Did she know her age?' 'No—had no idea of it.' 'But was she entirely ignorant?' '*Sir, she didn't know when Sunday comes!*' This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded Here were the children of civilization, respectable, temperate, intelligent, and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest, not able to tell the day of the week, whose views and feelings were all confined to that cabin. Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off, till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or ran away, and she then married a Miami Indian, a chief as I believe. She has two daughters, both of whom are married, and who live in all the glory of an Indian cabin, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head dresses. No one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she whipped out, bridled her horse, and then, *a la Turke*, mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers and sisters tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, to bring her children. They would transplant her again to the banks of the Susquehannah, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indians—they had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death bed, that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this brother is interested for her. He says he intends this autumn to go again that long journey to see his tawny sister—to carry her some presents; will go and petition Congress that if ever those Miamis are driven off, there may be a tract of land reserved for his sister and her descendants! His heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness for the poor helpless one, who 61 years ago was torn from the arms of her mother. Mysterious Providence! How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links!

I will only add that nothing has ever been heard of the boy Kingsley. The probability certainly is, that he is not living. This account hastily and imperfectly given, I had from the lips of Mr. Sclocum, the brother, and the same who was two & a half years old when little Frances was carried away. I believe that I have altered nothing, though I have omitted enough to make the good part of an interesting volume

CIVIS.

LABOUR.

Labour is generally thought of and felt as an evil. Limiting ourselves expressly to a view of the present constitution of the world, we would say that it is absolutely rather a blessing than an evil, and can only be entitled to the latter appellation under peculiar circumstances, and when carried to excess. Every thing in nature tells us that labour is one of its fundamental institutions. The fruits of the earth can neither be raised nor prepared without labour. The successive generations of the race cannot be fitted to take up the duties of those which preceded them without labour. No comfort which we know can be procured without labour. And every thing in man tells us clearly that he was destined to labour. Not only has he natural appetites which labour alone can gratify, but his whole body and mind are suited expressly to a state of things in which labour holds a prominent place. How exquisitely is the hand calculated to perform the innumerable duties assigned to it! How admirably are the arms, the limbs, the whole muscular frame, qualified to be exerted in the many various tasks to which they are applied! The adaptation of the hand alone manifests this design in so many ways, that it has been made the single subject of a large book. But yet its wonders sink into nothing when we come to contemplate the relation between labour and the mind. In that portion of our constitution, not only is there a general adaptation, through the senses and the muscular system, to an active state of existence, but every single faculty has its objects in external nature upon which it may and ought to exert itself, which have evidently been intended to be so operated upon. Nor has it alone been designed that the mind and body of man should be active, but the pleasures of existence have been made to depend, in no small degree, upon that activity so that labour, instead of being in its very nature a pain and an evil, is, rightly ordered, a thing indspensable to our happiness.

The health of every muscle of the body and of every faculty of the mind depends on exercise, and more particularly upon exercise which is performed with a motive or for a purpose, for in that case only is a proper stimulus given to the nervous energy, by which the parts are invigorated. Nor is the health thus secured a negative advantage only, but when the whole organization is exercised harmoniously, and in obedience to the various laws of our being it is the source of a positive pleasure, although one which we are most apt to recognise when, through some disobedience to the will of the Creator, it has been temporarily or permanently forfeited. Thus, without any regard to the results of labour, which are obvious blessings, we find it in itself a blessing—a thing *without* which we are ill, *with* which we are well—a sensible tangible means of creating enjoyment. So truly is this the case, that those, who do not require to labour for subsistence, almost without exception labour for pleasure as the many various pursuits of country gentlemen, in their capacites of legislators, justices, land-improvers, and so forth, abundantly testify. To have nothing to do is indeed acknowledged by the common sense of mankind as one of the greatest of all evils. From the earliest times, writers upon human life and manners have employed their pens in ridiculing those who allow themselves to be afflicted with it. Even the overtasked slave, if he felt but the horrors of one day of what the idle affluent term *ennui*, would gladly return to his work. It would indeed appear that an absolute privation of employment, if such a thing were possible, would soon render the human being a complete wreck.

While labour is thus necessary to the enjoyment of life, it is not less truly destructive of all enjoyment, and even of life itself, when carried to excess. It was never intended that man should become a mere labouring machine, for the purpose of supplying himself or others with the means of gratifying sensual appetites. He possesses a great variety of mental and bodily powers, all of which call for exercise, and all of which must needs be exercised, in order to produce happiness. It must be acknowledged with regret that, in our own country, owing to circumstances ces which ignorance has allowed to come into operation, labour is very generally carried to excess. But this, though so habitual as almost to appear a necessary part of the constitution of the world, is no argument against the proper and healthful uses of labour. What ignorance has produced, wisdom may perhaps reform.

The effects of the present system appear to be something like the following Among the manual-labour class, the most of whom are required to spend about three fourths of the waking part of existence in labour in order to gain a subsistence, the moral condition is much beneath what it might easily be made. Excessive labour is by many of them attempted to be compensated by gross and degrading indulgences; and so insensible are these to all gratifications of a higher or purer character, that an accidental enlargement of gains, instead of being employed to obtain the comforts usually denied or to shorten the daily period of labour, only has the effect of sending them for one or more whole days to supposed pleasures which tend to their further degredation. The employers of these classes, and the mercantile order in general, are not less reprehensible for their too great application to business. To the native of another country, the British merchant appears an enthusiast worshiping business as a deity, and sacrificing to it every estimable endowment of his nature The slaves of business usually hope for retirement and idlenes at the last, as a reward for their long privation of all natural enjoyments. And when the few have accomplished this wish, how often do we see them repenting that they had abandoned the desk or the counter, and perhaps only escaping the destruction of their health by a return to former tasks! The whole of their policy is wrong: their lives were not intended to be divided into two parts, one all labour and the other all vacation, for the constitution suitable to the first would not answer the second. They were designed, as they pass through this world, to labour moderately and to enjoy moderately, in a regular and frequent alternation—labour taking its motive from enjoyment, and enjoyment its chief and best relish from labour and this to endure to the close of life, in proportion to the ability for labour and the power of enjoyment at its various stages

By the system of excessive labour, not only is the mind overtasked in one direction but its better parts are left completely uncultivated. The whole mental and bodily fabric of man was designed to be to him an instrument or medium of enjoyment, his moral sentiments, including reverence to his Creator, being those, which are qualified to give the purest pleasures. But if he spends nearly the whole of his time in gratifying the mean passion of wealth, or in obtaining the primary necessaries of life, he neither has leisure nor is apt to have inclination for the culture of his higher faculties. He is, in such circumstances, a mere fragment of the being he might be—a sort of fallen angel, in which the original features of heavenly beauty can only be obscurely read through the grime and anguish of debasing doom. Such in reality are many of the humbler labourers in our nether sphere, though not one of them but possesses qualities which might vibrate in rapture. Nor are the successful men of trade much their superiors. Having cultivated no portions of their natures but those which were service able in pursuing wealth, they now possess no means of enjoying their gains, which they accordingly declare to be altogether vain and vexatious.

It is surely to be desired that the purposes of labour, in the natural economy of the world, were better understood among both the industrious and the idle—that the idle should know it to be a condition indispensable to the health of body and mind, and the industrious that, used in moderation, it is the means of acquiring every comfort, but, followed in excess, the enemy of all true happiness, present and prospective, and frequently the cause of premature death. The fundamental mistake lies in supposing it to be an evil. Even those who most largely indulge in it are impressed with its false notion. They submit to it as a present hardship, for the sake of an eventual good And not only will they endure it for the purpose of gaining an exemption for themselves, but, under the influence of an undue love of their offspring, and perhaps some more vain and selfish feeling still, they will wear themselves away in frantic efforts to extend the exemption to their posterity. 'I am a complete drudge,' they will say, 'and come home every night quite fagged. It is a dreadful life, to be sure; but I can hardly fail to get a little rest in the long run, or at least my children will be gentlemen.' And when we reflect on the life led by such men, we cannot wonder that they consider labour as an unmixed evil, and of course the contrary as an unmixed good. But let them labour as nature intended them to labour, and the truth will be apparent. They will then see that by over labouring for the purchase of complete ease they are putting their life's blood into a lottery, the very prizes of which are misery and death.

The condition of the operative, who labours without any prospect of ultimate ease, may appear at first sight as worse than that of his employer. If his labours were equally severe, and unrelieved by the delusive hopes which animate the employer, we should acknowledge that his ease was worse. But while he is exempt from the actual danger of being ultimately left idle, his current labours are not in general nearly so severe. He is entirely free from those anxieties and cares which are constantly over exciting and grinding away the mental organization of the employer. His whole duty, in general, is something that can be performed by a slight exercise of one or two of the mental faculties; and when that is performed, he is quite at his ease.* Thus far his case is well; the great misfortune of the class is, that their labours, however light, are protracted through too large a portion of the twenty four hours. Labour appears to them an evil, because it is a complete abbreviation of liberty, and precludes a fair share of enjoyments. If the manual labourers were to take the opportunity of some period when wages are high to begin a gradual abbreviation of the hours of labour—If they were at the same time trained to use the time thus redeemed, and all other time which could be spared, in recreative mental and bodily exercises, and those moral pleasures of which every man possesses an exhaustless fountain in his own nature—This large and important class would be found to have attained a right position, and labour would then appear to them in its proper character, as no evil, but, on the contrary, a means of preserving and creating happiness.†—*Chambers's Journal.*

* So says Robert Burns—

A country fellow at his plough,
His acre tilled, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzen done, she's once weel.

† It is proper to mention that the rudimental ideas of this article were derived from the admired essay of Mr Combe, "On the Constitution of Man."

THE CORPORAL.—During the American revolution, an officer, not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of the little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber, which they were endeavouring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the little great man, was often heard, in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" etc. The officer before spoken of stopped his horse when arrived at the place, and seeing timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. The latter, appearing to be some what astonished, turning to the officer with the pomp of an Emperor said, "Sir I am a corporal?" "You are not though, are you!" said the officer, "I was not aware of it." And taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal." Upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over a post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority "Mr. Corporal Commander," said he, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send to your Commander in Cheif, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunder struck! It was Washington.

WASHINGTON.

The following analysis of the epochs in the life of General Washington, is made out in "Spark's Life of Washington," which has recently appeared: "George Washington attended school till he was sixteen years old. From sixteen to nineteen his time was spent in surveying, part of the time in private and part of the time in a public capacity. From nineteen to twenty he was absent for several months in the West Indies, with a sick brother, and the remainder of the time at home, settling his deceased brother's estate. From twenty to twenty-six he was in the French and Indian war. At twenty-six he was married, and resided as a private citizen on his estate at Mount Vernon till nearly forty-three. At this age he was chosen commander-in-chief of the American army, which office he held eight years, and retired at the age of fifty-one to Mount Vernon. From fifty-one to fifty-seven he was chosen President of the United States, which office he held eight years, and retired again to his favorite pursuits at Mount Vernon, at the age of sixty-five. Here he resided till his decease—three years. He died at the age of sixty-eight.

WORKING MEN SHOULD STUDY POLITICS.

I respectfully counsel those whom I address (the working men of America) to take part in the politics of their country. These are the true discipline of a people, and do much for their education. I council you to labour for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, to make them your study instead of wasting your leisure in vague passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass or the people on the rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history and interests of their country, and thus establish them in those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their votes. They will exert, not a nominal, but a real influence on the Government and destinies of the country, and at the same time, will forward their own growth in truth and virtue.—*Self Culture of Doctor Channing.*

Grave Amusement.—The following introduction to a piece of poetry in a late number of the Springfield Republican is quite novel to us: "The following lines were written more than sixty years ago, by one who has for many years slept in his grave, *merely for amusement.*"

Extravagant Expenditure.—A gentleman, well known for his parsimonious habits, having billeted himself on his friends in Edinburgh during the royal visit, was talking to a friend, on his return, of the great expense of living—"How much now do you suppose I spent in Edinburgh?" "I do not know," replied his friend, "I should suppose about a *fortnight.*"

The following Letter, creditable to the authority from which it emanates, is copied from the Official Paper of Saturday last.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OCT. 21, 1839.

SIR: Information has been received at this Department that an attempt is about to be made by some persons, associated for that purpose in New York, to carry out to England, on speculation, a number of Indians of the tribes of Sacs and Foxes. The object is understood to be to exhibit those people in Europe for money; and, as the legal guardian of the red men, the President feels bound to protect them from this degradation.

This Department, therefore, in conformity with his orders, has taken all the precautions in its power to prevent their abduction from the United States. As the measures adopted to prevent their being removed from the country may prove fruitless when opposed to the love of adventure of the Indians and the cupidity of speculators, I have to request that the Collectors of the ports of New Orleans and Mobile may be instructed to inform the District Attorneys if any attempt be made to embark these Indians at either of these ports, in order that proper legal measures may be taken to restore them to their homes in the West, and to punish the offenders

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant, J. R. POINSETT.

Hon. SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

American Literature.—In Ohio they have a literary gazette called the "Buckeye Blossom;" and in Kentucky the "Rose of the Valley;" in New Jersey the "Belvidere Apollo;" in Maryland the "Kent Bugle;" in Ohio also the "Toledo Blade;" and in Mississippi the "Bowie Knife."