



Portrait of a man, likely a historical figure mentioned in the text.

THE following lines were written by the late James O. Brewster, Esq., a short time previous to his death, on the blank leaf of a lady's hymn book. This was the last production—it betokens the purity of a soul unshackled by the fetters of a sickly and moribund body.

Life is a frail shadowed hour,
A scene of light and shade,
Hope's gentle sun—'tis a gloomy bow,
And is the grave our end.

We look for peace, we look for rest,
For light in being gloom;
Alas, we only find our bliss,
In being none at all.

What are the goods of earth,
What are the pleasures of life,
What are its beauties, hopes, and mirth,
Its anxious cares and strife?

All-ah! but chaff before the wind,
That blows away as fast,
As the smoke of a pipe,
That rises up and is soon past.

THE following remarks on the horrors of War are copied from the New-England Farmer, being the concluding sentences of an article on the subject, entitled "War."

"War is no child's play. A battalion of troops draws up their clean-washed regimentals, in front of the State House on Boston Common, with their sparkling armor and their gilded epaulets, and all the charms of the soul-stirring bugle and deep-toned drum filling the air in the month of June, is a very pretty affair. But a battalion of men calling themselves Christians, with the ferocity of tigers, dealing death from a thousand blazing canons, among whom like themselves, are the mangled, the dying, and the dead, and raising their arms, crimsoned with human gore, in the feeble exhibition of conquest, makes one shudder with horror, and distrust one's own identity as a human being, and, in the tone of the Angel in Franklin's fable, 'who coming down to the earth in time and on the very spot of a battle between two Angels in the West Indies, when he saw the decks of the ships bespattered with blood and brains, and saw the headless trunks rolling about, and the scattered and smoking limbs, and heard the roar of cannon, and saw the piercing of the bayonets in boarding,—whether this can be earth, or whether indeed it is not H—!"

A paper published in Pennsylvania, contains an account of the subject of the preceding paragraph. It is very possible that the paper which we quote, goes into the hands of many persons who see no other to correct the impressions made by such assertions. It is vain to say that they are too gross to deceive. There are few persons who can make such assertions, that will not find some to believe them.

Among the various conspiracies of the United States Bank, against the present general administration, none were better planned than the scheme of bribing Swartout and Price to steal the money of the government, deposit it in the Bank and then to leave the country. It certainly shows that Nicholas has genius for any thing. If he can't get hold of the public money in any other way, he can hire thieves to steal it.

"Ritner should yet be brought to trial, together with the eight traitors of the Senate, and hanged for chartering the Bank of the United States."

The negro boy Peter, who was under sentence of death for burning the barn of Mr. F. FAYE, has been reprieved by the Governor, for transportation, on the ground, and understood that he was not satisfied of the sufficiency of the evidence on which the conviction was based.

The motive, therefore, whatever may be the opinion of individuals, is one which all should respect.—Stanton Spectator.

LEWIS.—One fine day, a farmer went forth to his mowing lot, where he had hired half a dozen hands to cut the hay. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all fast asleep. He called to them, "Ah! ah! the idlest fellows!" "I'll give you an extra half dollar to the laziest fellow among ye!"—All jumped upon their feet to claim the donation, but one man, who laid still. "Ah!" said the farmer, "that fellow has won the money. Here, my lad, take your money." To which indignance answered, "Won't you please put it in my pocket!"

THE GOTHIC AND HUNGARIAN. The terrific horrors which the atrocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs, are recorded in history, by the intervention of Attila, King of the Huns, and Alaric, King of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast campaign, in a coffin which was enclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and another of iron. With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and adorned with jewels; rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the places of the East. They had buried; and that the place of his interment might forever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who assisted at his burial.

The Goths did nearly the same for Alaric, in 410, at Cosens, a town in Calabria.—They turned aside the river Vaseo, and having formed a grave in the midst of it, interred their king with prodigious accumulation of riches. After having caused the river to resume its usual course, they murdered without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

A chance for "New Children."—A Bookkeeper in Salem advertises—"A Child's Book." This is somewhat like the man who advertises "Black Children's stockings—Black Men's Leather Gloves—Plain Ladies Fur Socks—Mahogany Children's Chairs and Quilt Mugs of all sizes!"

That favour which seeks no aid from wisdom soon evaporates—the means are therefore exhausted before the end can be attained.

DEATH OF HERBERT NILES, OF BALTIMORE, EXTENSIVELY KNOWN AS THE FOUNDER OF "NILES' REGISTER."—We regret to learn that this event, which his friends have for some time anticipated, took place at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 2d inst. He had been, for several years, in declining health, the result of a life of great labor, as the publisher of the "Register," which has rendered his name immortal.

Mr. NILES was a printer, by profession, a man of strong and ardent feelings, of considerable talent, and of an industry so untiring that he selected results which most of superior intellect, but less capable of labor, would have failed to accomplish. His life was one of great usefulness, and few men in our country have done more to connect their names, in an honorable manner, with the public enterprises in which the welfare of society is concerned.

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shall rival the patriotism of the past—Whigs, and democratic republicans, in imitation of the republicans and federalists of Jefferson in 1814, will, whenever occasion may require, unite in a patriotic phalanx, and like a band of Spartan brothers, defend the avenues to our country, or fill the chasm with our slaughtered bodies, even to the last but one man.

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The Jackson man for whom I voted to represent us in Congress was born in the District and never had a home any where else; his competitor was in the United States a foreigner as to birth; and the Van Buren man for whom I voted to take charge of our interests in the Assembly, was born in the country, and never lived in any other place; and, as a foreigner as to Virginia. Nevertheless, if any respectable Whig in Jefferson, no matter how combustible or flaming, will say that the Jackson candidate for Congress, to whom I have referred, and for whom I voted, is not as firm a patriot and as patriotic and competent as the gentleman who opposed him at the election, I will submit to condemnation and expulsion by the Whig party.

I read the event of wearing your patience; I shall therefore only add that I have never worn your cap, and never had a residence beyond the limits of the State; my home for fifty years, and from present appearance, however long nature may favor me with existence, there is nothing more likely than that I shall breathe my last breath where the air of my native country is breathed.

This view, gentlemen, if there are any citizens of Jefferson who can feel an interest in the happiness of the people, or labor to advance the prosperity of the country or Commonwealth, ought to be found in the crowd. I know your wants by common experience, and have learned to appreciate your rights by a participation of them, and in this thinking I conceived it to be the paramount duty of every member of either party to correct errors at home before complaining of evils abroad. Because, he who instead of searching for the mote in his neighbor's eye, plucks the beam from his own, says the better eye will be small come, our deeds in future shall rival the patriotism of the past—Whigs, and democratic republicans, in imitation of the republicans and federalists of Jefferson in 1814, will, whenever occasion may require, unite in a patriotic phalanx, and like a band of Spartan brothers, defend the avenues to our country, or fill the chasm with our slaughtered bodies, even to the last but one man.

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The Jackson man for whom I voted to represent us in Congress was born in the District and never had a home any where else; his competitor was in the United States a foreigner as to birth; and the Van Buren man for whom I voted to take charge of our interests in the Assembly, was born in the country, and never lived in any other place; and, as a foreigner as to Virginia. Nevertheless, if any respectable Whig in Jefferson, no matter how combustible or flaming, will say that the Jackson candidate for Congress, to whom I have referred, and for whom I voted, is not as firm a patriot and as patriotic and competent as the gentleman who opposed him at the election, I will submit to condemnation and expulsion by the Whig party.

I read the event of wearing your patience; I shall therefore only add that I have never worn your cap, and never had a residence beyond the limits of the State; my home for fifty years, and from present appearance, however long nature may favor me with existence, there is nothing more likely than that I shall breathe my last breath where the air of my native country is breathed.

This view, gentlemen, if there are any citizens of Jefferson who can feel an interest in the happiness of the people, or labor to advance the prosperity of the country or Commonwealth, ought to be found in the crowd. I know your wants by common experience, and have learned to appreciate your rights by a participation of them, and in this thinking I conceived it to be the paramount duty of every member of either party to correct errors at home before complaining of evils abroad. Because, he who instead of searching for the mote in his neighbor's eye, plucks the beam from his own, says the better eye will be small come, our deeds in future shall rival the patriotism of the past—Whigs, and democratic republicans, in imitation of the republicans and federalists of Jefferson in 1814, will, whenever occasion may require, unite in a patriotic phalanx, and like a band of Spartan brothers, defend the avenues to our country, or fill the chasm with our slaughtered bodies, even to the last but one man.

If the Whigs of Jefferson, who have prescribed, repudiated, or expunged the names of the Whigs, who have been pleased to select—were all Whigs, we are all Democratic Republicans—I refer them to high authority for the support of my selection.—Mr. Jefferson's Inaugural Address. He is declaring that Address to the members of both the political parties of that day said, we are all Republicans.

This declaration of Mr. Jefferson, and the one which I have made, are alike, and together they constitute a Whig platform, with whom Mr. Jefferson identified, had then just retired Mr. Adams and his party from their dens of official power under the General Government, and placed him in the Executive Chair. Thus seated for his personal and official comfort, it was good policy in him to seek a reconciliation of the two parties which had for some years formed the most vindictive war of party feelings throughout the Union. He did seek to reconcile by the act of declaration, and his motive was to obtain favor by allying party and reconciliation, and the immediate as well as the secondary result could only be insured by a friendly reconciliation of a part at least of the Federalist; and what else or what more will my expurgers in the Whig ranks of Jefferson make of my declaration—were it not for the Whigs, the Democratic Republicans, had an attempt on my part to secure personal favor by public reconciliation? And whatever may be the result of this attempt to reconcile in some degree the political parties of our country to me individually, a reconciliation of those parties throughout the States of this Union, ought now to be the first consideration of the people: so far at least as may be consistent with the legislative action of the State Assembly, and that of Congress, on which depends the full and constitutional operation of the Federal Government; and whether I look back or forward I have my convictions on the one hand and my apprehensions on the other of the dire effects of party violence which have past and the more hideous yet to come; whether I look to 1801 or to 1839 or to; whether I consider the conduct of Congress in the election of President, when the names of Jefferson and Burr had been placed before them by the votes of the people and the constitution of the country; whether I glance at (as I do not like the spectacle) the political outrage committed by the members of the largest branch of the Pennsylvania Legislature in forcing two Houses, or whether I bring back to my recollection the infuriated politicians who repaired to Washington, to the city of good faith to the city of the country? This principle is clearly sustained by the clause in the Constitution which makes all foreigners ineligible to the office of President of the United States. Notwithstanding the high vengeance which have long felt and often expressed for worthy foreigners who have made my country their country, and particularly Irish gentlemen, I must follow the glorious tradition of these illustrious members of the Convention, and in cherishing a disposition to support this principle I am not only governed by their example, but by a knowledge of man, derived from personal experience and the history of the world.

THE following lines were written by the late James O. Brewster, Esq., a short time previous to his death, on the blank leaf of a lady's hymn book. This was the last production—it betokens the purity of a soul unshackled by the fetters of a sickly and moribund body.

Life is a frail shadowed hour,
A scene of light and shade,
Hope's gentle sun—'tis a gloomy bow,
And is the grave our end.

We look for peace, we look for rest,
For light in being gloom;
Alas, we only find our bliss,
In being none at all.

What are the goods of earth,
What are the pleasures of life,
What are its beauties, hopes, and mirth,
Its anxious cares and strife?

All-ah! but chaff before the wind,
That blows away as fast,
As the smoke of a pipe,
That rises up and is soon past.

THE following remarks on the horrors of War are copied from the New-England Farmer, being the concluding sentences of an article on the subject, entitled "War."

"War is no child's play. A battalion of troops draws up their clean-washed regimentals, in front of the State House on Boston Common, with their sparkling armor and their gilded epaulets, and all the charms of the soul-stirring bugle and deep-toned drum filling the air in the month of June, is a very pretty affair. But a battalion of men calling themselves Christians, with the ferocity of tigers, dealing death from a thousand blazing canons, among whom like themselves, are the mangled, the dying, and the dead, and raising their arms, crimsoned with human gore, in the feeble exhibition of conquest, makes one shudder with horror, and distrust one's own identity as a human being, and, in the tone of the Angel in Franklin's fable, 'who coming down to the earth in time and on the very spot of a battle between two Angels in the West Indies, when he saw the decks of the ships bespattered with blood and brains, and saw the headless trunks rolling about, and the scattered and smoking limbs, and heard the roar of cannon, and saw the piercing of the bayonets in boarding,—whether this can be earth, or whether indeed it is not H—!"

A paper published in Pennsylvania, contains an account of the subject of the preceding paragraph. It is very possible that the paper which we quote, goes into the hands of many persons who see no other to correct the impressions made by such assertions. It is vain to say that they are too gross to deceive. There are few persons who can make such assertions, that will not find some to believe them.

Among the various conspiracies of the United States Bank, against the present general administration, none were better planned than the scheme of bribing Swartout and Price to steal the money of the government, deposit it in the Bank and then to leave the country. It certainly shows that Nicholas has genius for any thing. If he can't get hold of the public money in any other way, he can hire thieves to steal it.

"Ritner should yet be brought to trial, together with the eight traitors of the Senate, and hanged for chartering the Bank of the United States."

The negro boy Peter, who was under sentence of death for burning the barn of Mr. F. FAYE, has been reprieved by the Governor, for transportation, on the ground, and understood that he was not satisfied of the sufficiency of the evidence on which the conviction was based.

The motive, therefore, whatever may be the opinion of individuals, is one which all should respect.—Stanton Spectator.

LEWIS.—One fine day, a farmer went forth to his mowing lot, where he had hired half a dozen hands to cut the hay. He came upon them suddenly, and found them all fast asleep. He called to them, "Ah! ah! the idlest fellows!" "I'll give you an extra half

