

THE CASTIGATOR.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

By W. TRENCH.

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NUMBER 11.

Anecdote of two Arab Chiefs.

There dwelt upon the great river Euphrates near the great city of Bassora, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an Anizee hates a Montifee. It fell out that the pacha of Bagdad being apprehensive of the invasion of the Kurds from Kurdistan, sent out an order to the chief of the Anizees to send him forthwith 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The pacha, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the Montifee chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand of him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief: and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the pacha, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribes against the Kurds. If you now command that ten thousand of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the pacha sternly in the face, and replied: "Your knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for ten thousand of my tribe when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned, but as it is, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so; there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner, never."

The haughty pacha looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the pacha. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the pacha. It was the chief of the Anizees. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in an open conflict I should not interpose, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command glancing yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe." The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the Anizees conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "We are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arabs should always act to each other; but you are now safe, and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostilities are renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the Anizees returned to the defence of the pacha.—*Buckingham's Lectures.*

A Kingly Sluggard.—In the "Household Book" of the reign of Edward the Second, it is stated that he ordered to be paid to Sir Nicholas de Beck, Sir Humphrey de Lattlebury, and Sir Thomas de Lathner, the sum of twenty pounds (then a very large sum indeed) "for dragging the king out of bed on easter morning." It must have been a most difficult duty, certainly, to merit such a reward at the hands of the lie-a-bed sovereign.

CASTING OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.—There being considerable apprehension that blood would be shed at the election for governor of Ohio, the ministers in the different churches, on the preceding day took occasion to entreat their several congregations to abstain from all manner of violence. Nearly all the places where liquor was sold were closed on the day of election, and to these efforts are attributable the order observed at the polls.

A Remedy for Church Sleepers.

Mr. V——, a man possessed of much native wit, for many years has been an active member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church; and often has his mind been pained by witnessing the apathy and indifference of church sleepers. In the Wesleyan chapel at N. the evil was exceedingly prevalent, when the following incident transpired.

On a summer's evening, a young gentleman might have been seen placing himself in the most comfortable situation imaginable, to enjoy a profound sleep. Soon some rather audible indications were given that the said gentleman (whom we shall call A) was "in the arms of Morpheus locked." The eye of Mr. V. fell upon him, and ever and anon was turned from the preacher to the sleeper, and from the sleeper to the preacher, with mingled feelings of pity and regret. Thus matters continued, until the sudden cessation of preaching—or the preparation for the collection—or both, awoke A., who vacantly gazed around him, when the approach of Mr. V. with the box, to receive the collection, for a moment arrested his attention. As the box passed A. before the farther end of the pew, he gracefully bowed. It passed down again—again he nodded. Mr. V. still presented the box before him: A. took no notice. It was brought closer toward the sleepy hearer—again he bowed. This not satisfying Mr. V. he shook the box a little: the color mantled on the cheek of A., as he audibly answered to so pressing a demand, "I have nothing."

"Have nothing! have nothing!" exclaimed Mr. V. with surprise—"Why! what do you mean?"

The color deepened as, in the hearing of a number of his fellow clerks and others, he replied, "I have nothing with me."

The astonishment of Mr. V. appeared to heighten as he replied, "Nothing with you! Have nothing! And do you come with perfect complacency to take up your lodgings here, and never think of paying for it? Do you think we can afford to erect so comfortable a building, and keep it in proper repairs, neat and clean, for the accommodation of the public, and persons be permitted to come here and sleep, and pay nothing for it. We can't afford it. You will mind now, will you! And, when you come here again, bring something with you to pay for your lodgings."

This had the desired effect: and never since, as far as we can learn, has Mr. A. or his associates made the house of the Lord—a lodging house.—*Christian Guardian.*

Pinching poverty is a strong temptation to dishonesty; it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

A noble example.

Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, an humble, conscientious, but industrious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him an apprentice on the shoemaker's board, with a book spread open before him. Next we see him put forth, on foot, to settle in a remote town in this state, and pursue his fortunes there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is busied in the post of country surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that section of the state. Before he is twenty five years old we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac, published in New-York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-qualified lawyer. Now he is found on the bench of the superior court. Next he becomes a member of the continental Congress. Then he is a member of the committee of six to prepare the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest counselors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with perfect ability, and honored in every sphere the name of a Christian, he dies regretted and loved by his state and nation. This man was Roger Sherman.—*Connecticut paper.*

Indian Notion of the Deluge.

Like most savage nations, the American Indians had a tradition concerning the universal deluge, and it is singular how the human mind, in its natural state, is apt to account, by trivial and familiar cause, for great events. They said there once lived in an island a mighty cacique, who slew his son for conspiring against him. He afterwards collected his bones, picked and preserved them in a gourd, as was the custom of the natives the relics of their friends. On a subsequent occasion, the cacique and his wife opened the gourd to contemplate the bones of their son, when, to their astonishment, several fish, both great and small, leaped out. Upon this the cacique closed the gourd, and placed it on the top of his house, boasting that he had the son shut up within it, and could have fish whenever he pleased. Four brothers, however born at the same birth, and curious intermeddlers, hearing of this gourd, came during the absence of the cacique to peep into it. In their carelessness they suffered it to fall upon the ground, when it was dashed to pieces, and there issued forth a mighty flood, with dolphins and sharks, and great tumbling whales, and the water spread until it overflowed the earth and formed the ocean, leaving only the tops of the mountains, which are the present island.—*Dwight.*

A LOST BIBLE FOUND.—Some of our readers perhaps, have seen historical notices of misfortunes of the family of the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, of New-Jersey, in the revolutionary war. Mr. C. was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Elizabethtown, and like most of the clergy of that Church, at that time, was a zealous whig. His activity against the British made him a mark for their vengeance, and in one of their frequent incursions into that neighborhood, when he was from home, a company of soldiers surrounded his dwelling, and one of them deliberately leveled his musket at Mrs. Caldwell, while on her knees at prayer, and fired, killing her instantly. The party then retreated, carrying off several articles of plunder, and among them Mr. Caldwell's family Bible. Not long ago, and more than sixty years after the event we have been recording, an old woman, living on Long Island, called on one of the grand-children of Mr. Caldwell, at Morristown, N. J., and presented this identical Bible, containing the family record, as made by Mr. C. in his own hand writing—then the record as made by the soldier who stole it; and various memoranda by subsequent possessors.

We have heard that when a Scotch duchess, once "the admired of all observers," was questioning the children at one of her charity schools, the teacher asked, "What is the wife of a king called?" "A queen," brawled out one of the philosophers. "The wife of an emperor?" "An empress," was replied with equal readiness. "Then what is the wife of a duke called?" "A drake," exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title *duke* for the biped *duck*, which they pronounced the same.—*Richmond Star.*

A parent may leave a patrimony to his son, but how soon it may be mortgaged! He may leave him money, but how soon may it be squandered! When he leaves him a sound constitution, an unblemished reputation, a good education, and an inward abhorrence of vice, in any shape or form, these cannot be wrested from him, and are better than thousands of gold and silver.

A YOUNG ROGUE.—A gentleman sent a lad to the Baltimore Post-Office, and money to pay the postage. Having returned with the money, he said, "guess I've done the thing slick; I seen a good many folks putting letters in the Post-Office through a hole, and so watched my chance and got mine in for nothing."

THE FLAG UNFURLED.—The "Spirit of Democracy," published at Leesburg, Virginia, has unfurled its flag, and hoists the name of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, for President. Underneath is placed a ball, under which is inscribed the motto of "Solitary and alone. I put this ball in motion."

"Blessed are the Peacemakers."

The New-York Tattler thus good humorously undertakes to bring together those who have been for a long time separated by political hatred:

Mr. Loco Foco, permit me to introduce to you Mr. British Whig. Mr. British Whig, Mr. Loco Foco. What, you both blush! Well, we don't wonder. Ar'nt you ashamed, the pair of you, that you have been calling each such names! Ar'nt you ashamed that you have sworn that the other was a tory, an aristocrat, a traitor, a liar, an enemy to his country, and all that! Ar'nt you ashamed that you have said all these things, when you didn't believe a word of them! Well, then, kiss and be friends—bury the hatchet—forget the animosity—remember friendship—bow to the majority—and while we write this, we don't know with which the Major will sit. He likes a crowd, and will go with the biggest party. Treat him handsomely, both sides—and let party politics sleep, for a few months, at least. This winter we must devote to making each other comfortable—and not forget to remember, every Sabbath, at least, to thank Providence that the presidential election comes only once in four years.

It is said that at a camp meeting recently held in this State, a preacher (!) delivered himself of the following:

"I would that the gospel were a wedge and I a beetle, I would whack it into every sinner's heart among you."

Witty Repartee.—A Frenchman, once trading in market, was interrupted by an impertinent, would-be-waggish sort of a fellow, who ridiculed him, by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking the English language. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied:—

"Mine fine friend, you vud do well to stop now; for if Samson had made no better use of de jaw bone of an ass dan you do, he would never have killed so many Filistians."

"Beauty soon decays," as the lady said when somebody applied a wet sponge to her red cheeks.

"Short calls are best," as the fly said when he lit upon the hot stove.

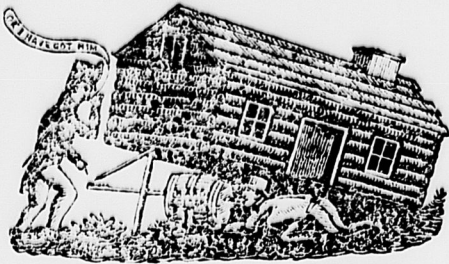
Conclusive argument.—Soon after the Copernican system of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following inquiry:—"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story they tell of the earth moving round the sun?" "Yes, certainly." "Do you think it is according to scripture? If it is true, how could Joshua have commanded the sun to stand still?" "Umph," quoth the doctor, no what puzzled for an answer. "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?" "Yes." "Well, it stood still did it not?" "Yes." "Very well. Now did you ever hear that he set it agoing again?"

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—Mr. Peyton in an electioneering speech tells a good one of an old lame captain who went out to fight the Indians, and coming upon them unexpectedly—"Boys," said he, "there they are—they are very numerous—my opinion is they'll whip us—but fight hard—retreat in good order—but as I am a little lame, I'll go now." And away he went.

HORRIBLE FOREBODING. In a late fit of despair the editor of the Albany Microscope put his thoughts into English as follows:

"If we should go out in an evening for a promenade, and should leave our over-coats at home to keep our umbrella company, and there should come up a shower, and we should get soaked, and should catch cold, and should go home sick, and should go to bed, and should get worse in spite of the doctor, and should die without a will in spite of the lawyer—why what a scramble there would be for our old hat and two-bladed jack-knife."

The following sign is over the door of an ale house:—"Table bear sold hear." A wag made the remark that the bear must be the person's own BRULN.



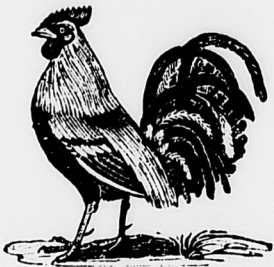
**GREAT LOG CABIN VICTORY.
THE TRAP SPRUNG.**

BRITISH WHIGGERY TRIUMPHANT.

The coonskin campaign has ended in glorious victory for the ciderites. The investiture of British gold in log cabins and cider casks, and in a little of the "O be joyful," has been successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of the friends of old England. The bait has taken, the trap has sprung, and the country is caught.

Hurra! hurra!! hurra!!!

For Tippecanoe,
And Tyler too,
Cook-a-doodle-doo.



From the east, from the west, the whirlwind has come,
A whirlwind of whiggery, hard cider, and rum—

It sweeps o'er the south, it sweeps o'er the north,

Its mandate of rule goes everywhere forth;
It tells of destruction in democracy's ranks,
The downfall of freedom and the rule of the banks.

Such, fellow-citizens, is the news we have to lay before you in this the last number of the Castigator; so disastrous to the democracy of the country, that Chanticleer has refused to crow lately, declaring that he would not disgrace himself so much as to crow in these federal times. He now consents, however, to come forward, and give one crow for hard cider whiggery.

Contrary to our expectations, and sorely to our disappointment, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, Georgia, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Louisiana, North Carolina, and Mississippi have gone against us, while only New-Hampshire, Virginia, Missouri, Illinois, Alabama, Arkansas, and South Carolina have remained firm in defence of the tried principles of democracy. These states, then, are our starting point for the future. Federalism has made as clean work as it was in its power to do. It can never drive us backward from our present position. As well might the federalists undertake to melt down solid rocks, and convert them into hard cider, as to take one iota from the strength of the incorruptible few who have stood firm while the dark waves of fraud and corruption have been beating all around them. Hereafter, they must decrease, and we must increase.

That same boat that the feds used to row us up Salt River in, was quite a swift traveler, any how. The way she 'pealed it' some of the way wasn't slow.

Those gemmen wot want to embark for Salt River will do well to embrace an early opportunity. The best quarters are nearly all taken up.

☞ We hope our friends who subscribed for the Castigator, and have not as yet paid their subscriptions, will immediately give us a call, with the money in hand. We need it much.

The election is over, and we hope the bitterness of party animosity is for awhile at an end. The federalists can now enjoy the pleasure of looking on and seeing what excitement and fraud can accomplish where reflection and sobriety are banished. For the first time in the history of our country, a corrupt aristocracy, advocating no political principles, have, by mere excitement, strode into power: whether for weal or woe, the future must decide. For our own part, we consider the success of a political party, when the result of such measures as have been transacted by the federalists to carry this election, to be a greater evil than the worst administration in the world could bring upon us by any course it might adopt. We have now the evidence of experience that corrupt politicians, by appealing to the basest passions of mankind, and by resorting to intrigue and oppression, can overturn the freest and purest government on earth, and erect one of their own liking in its place. Still, we hope and are willing to believe, so ardent is our love to our country and to her institutions, that such a fearful example will not become a precedent for future action.

The democratic party, throughout the country, have rallied nobly to the support of the cardinal doctrines of the republican creed, and though they have been beaten, "horse, foot, and dragoon," they are by no means vanquished. They can number as many stout hearts—as many unquailing advocates of their sterling principles as at any former period. Nay, more; the patriot, who stands at the helm of government, and whose name is hereafter destined to occupy a bright place on the page of the impartial historian, when the party invectives that now assail his fair fame are swept away with the trash of the oblivious past—that glorious man, MARTIN VAN BUREN, who will soon retire from public life with the proud satisfaction of having faithfully, and with self-sacrificing devotion, served his country at a time when dark clouds hung over her prosperity—that pure and upright statesman received a larger popular vote at the late election than when, by a large majority over all competitors, he was elected president of the United States. So, it will be seen that we have lost nothing in round numbers, though, by the hocus pocus tricks of the federalists, we have been cheated out of the election. Not more firm or more immovable are the granite hills of New-Hampshire than the democracy at this very time; and they will hereafter watch with a vigilant eye the vile intriguers who have wrought the present change in our national affairs.

Of the bearing which the late election will have upon the administration of the general government for the four years to come, we know nothing at present. It may be that Gen. Harrison will throw aside all partizan feelings, and act, not as the president of the federal party, but as the president of the American people. If so, his warmest adherents will be as much disappointed in him as any of his opponents. Every hungry office-seeker in the country will growl and gnash his teeth upon him, while every true patriot will award him the praise that is due to one who faithfully serves the interests of his country.

All we ask of the new administration is to pursue the same wise and enlightened course of policy that has distinguished the career of the present executive, and though we may still regret that Mr. Van Buren is dismissed from office while steadfastly acting for the public good, we shall rejoice that he has so worthy a successor. Repudiate the idea of a national bank, and, to use the language of Gen. Harrison, "give the sub-treasury a fair trial," and all will yet be well.

☞ We intend to keep a regular list of the candidates for the government offices in this place, to furnish the new president with immediately upon his inauguration; so that all who wish to be considered as claimants for government pap will do well to call at the Castigator office, and have their names registered.



Address to the Whigs of Middletown.

Prepared for delivery at the Town-Hall on Thanksgiving day.

BY THE CASTIGATOR.

Gentlemen whiggies:—You have beaten us, "there's no two ways about it." You have given us a most unmerciful flogging, in spite of all that we could do to prevent it. I have fought hard, but you know such a little body as the Castigator couldn't do much against such a formidable host as has started up all through the country to give battle to the poor democrats. Indeed, I found it as much as I could do to defend myself, and more than once thought you would completely annihilate me, your paper bullets came so thick and fast. I have been upon a sick bed ever since, so disabled by the thumps and gashes I had received, that I was afraid I should be crippled for life. But I am out among you again, you see. And now I have come to sue for peace at your hands. We are discomfited, you perceive—the killed and wounded in our ranks is great—and it will be a long time before we shall be able to do you much harm again. Our sick and wounded must be nursed, and now I appeal to your humanity to give me a few pennies to keep me from starving, while I undertake the duty of nurse to the poor democrats who were so cruelly mangled by you in the late fight. If you are generous now, we will remember your kindness in future, and in any skirmishes we may have hereafter, we will discard personalities. So now, come along, each of you, and subscribe for the Castigator. The ladies, dear souls, may dabble in politics and gorgeous banners to their hearts' content, and I promise not to trouble them: but will endeavor to give them an interesting story occasionally, to make an ends for the past. And if they will get married, I will publish their marriages with pleasure, and if they send me any wedding cake, I'll make the best bow I'm capable of, as an evidence of my gratitude. And if you, gentlemen, who deal in broadcloths and satins, and you who sell tea, coffee, sugar, molasses, butter, and other eatables, and you who keep 'fancy and variety' articles of every kind, want to advertise in a cheap newspaper that is light and spry, and can carry news quick, just give me a call, and I'll do the business to your satisfaction.

There are a great many among you, gentlemen, that haven't a right idea about me. You think my name is a bad one; and that unless I use the lash pretty freely, I am no longer the Castigator. Now this is a great mistake. *Castigator*, according to Webster, (who, of course, must be good authority in these federal times,) means *one who corrects*. There are different ways of administering correction, you know. When you were all so turbulent that there was no such thing as living in peace among you, our left-handed chap took his place in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Castigator, and undertook to administer the lash now and then. But it all did no good. You never would stay whipped twenty-four hours at a time; and Mr. Lefthand at last got so much discouraged in attempting to mend such incorrigible fellows with the lash, that he deserted his post, and declared he would not be whipster for the party any longer. He may, however, be persuaded to return to his post again, in case milder correctives shall prove ineffectual. Sometimes men don't need as much or as severe correction in prosperity as in adversity; and I hope it will be so with you, gentlemen.

One word more, gentlemen whiggies, and I am done. To-day is appointed a day of

thanksgiving by Gov. Ellsworth, who "practices law as heretofore," and is commander-in-chief in and over the state of Connecticut. And what a glorious day for thanksgiving it is. Every whig in the country ought to sing and shout aloud for joy. Come now, and let us drink hard cider and eat pumpkin pies in abundance; for Gen. Harrison, the illustrious soldier, the immaculate patriot, and profound statesman, has been elected president, and we are going to have the most glorious times that ever dawned upon our republic. Good times, glorious times we shall have all through the country. Every rich man will increase his wealth, and every poor man will become rich. The times will be glorious for the manufacturer, because he can buy his cotton cheap, and sell his cloths at a high price; glorious for the cotton producer, because he can get a high price for his cotton, and buy every thing that he wants for 'a mere song'; grand beyond description for the farmer, because he will be able to sell all the products of his farm at a higher rate than ever before, and equally grand for the buyer, because he can buy so much cheaper than formerly; delightful to the merchant, who can buy as cheap as dirt, and sell at a profit that will make his fortune in a year; surpassingly glorious to the employer because he can hire very cheap, and to the laborer, because he can get great wages. The office-seekers will all get good fat offices; and the despicable miscreants who have committed the unpardonable crime of voting against W. H. Harrison will be hurled from their high places to lick the dust in ignominy. Every vestige of locofocoism will be swept from the land, and pure, high souled, heavenly minded, hard cider whiggery will reign triumphant! C. C. Jackall will stand forth in presence of all the people, and cry with a loud voice, "Let every one who has any thing to do with the Castigator be eternally —." And then a great squealing will be heard, and presently a rag house clerk will step out, and say, "Filt is filth; can a man change filth, or alter the form thereof?" And all the people shall hearken unto the jackall and unto the rag house clerk, as unto men mighty in understanding, and skilled in all the wisdom of federal whiggery.

Now, gentlemen whiggies, you may severally go to your homes, but let me exhort you before you leave the house, to remember that the "laborer is worthy of his hire." It has taken a great deal of time and required a great many laborers to elect Gen. Harrison to the presidency. You have been obliged to employ men to lay pipe in every direction, and it is no more than right that they should have their pay. Besides, if you don't pay them pretty soon, they may come out and expose you; and that would be a sad affair, you know.

Gentlemen whiggies, this meeting is dismissed.

If Gen. Harrison is the pure patriot that some of his friends have declared him to be, there will be some hungry office-seekers who will meet with bitter disappointment before the ides of March are past.

☞ What has become of all our democratic friends lately? Just before the election they were as thick as rain drops in a thunder storm; but now you may walk the whole length of the street without seeing one.—Don't be frightened, gentlemen, at the little sprinkling of hard cider that we have had. We shan't have much of a shower after all, if the democracy of the country remain firm.

☞ Since we have been thrashed so completely and so effectually by the feds, at the election which has just taken place, we have nothing to do now but to sit down quietly, and watch their motions for four years to come.

☞ Query. What is to be the reward of pipe laying under the administration of General Harrison. Perhaps the old general will answer these fellows as Ethan Allen did his lawyer: "I didn't employ you, sir, to lie for me."

The ruin wrought by Jackson.

"It will take fifty years," say some of the feds, "to place our country in as prosperous a condition as it was in when Jackson became president." Well, let us hear from Mr. Clay what was the character of the prosperity enjoyed at that time. Here is a picture, drawn by that orator, in his speech on the tariff bill in 1824, and all we have to say is, that if such be the prosperity to which federalism would bring us, we earnestly hope that its reign may be short.

"In casting our eyes around us, the most prominent circumstance which fixes our attention is the GENERAL DISTRESS WHICH PERVADES THE WHOLE COUNTRY. It is indicated by the diminished exports of our native produce; by the depressed and reduced state of our foreign navigation; by our diminished commerce; by successive unthrashed crops of grain perishing in our barns and barn yards for the want of a market; by the alarming diminution of the circulating medium; by the ruinous bankruptcies, not limited to the trading classes, but extending to all orders of society; by the universal complaint of the want of employment, and a consequent reduction of the wages of labor; by the ravenous pursuit after public situations, not for the sake of their honors or the performance of their duties, but as a means of private subsistence; by the reluctant resort to the PERILOUS USE OF PAPER MONEY; by the intervention of legislation in the delicate relation between debtor and creditor; and above all, by the low and depressed state of the value of almost every description of the whole mass of the property of the nation, which has, on an average, sunk not less than 50 per cent. within a few years."

It will be perceived by reference to our last page, that Sam Slabsides, Esq. has kindly permitted us to copy a letter recently written by him to his father. Sam belongs to that class of writers whose productions are always eagerly sought after, and devoured with as much voracity as a certain friend of ours (whose name will remain nameless, unless divulged by 'mine host') would manifest in swallowing a quarter of beef at a single meal.

Democracy is a wreck—temperance and morality are shattered into ten thousand fragments—our principles, noble and grand emanations of liberty and equality, where are they?

"Yesterday, they might have stood against the world,
But now, none so poor to do them reverence."

A SCRAP TO BE INSERTED IN A FUTURE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.—In 1796, the federalists were a numerous body in the country. Their power was so great that, in the fall of this year, they succeeded in electing John Adams to the presidency of the U. States.

In 1800, the federal forces were routed, and so nearly used up, that, for forty years, they could not again rally in sufficient force to carry a presidential election.

In 1810, a mighty whirlwind swept over the country. The sound of many coons was heard, and a shower of hard cider poured down in every direction. Then again the federal dynasty unfurled its banner, and Gen. William Henry Harrison became president of the United States.

Those who were so bitter in denouncing the Castigator before the election, and in characterizing it with all the dirty epithets that distinguish the federal vocabulary, are requested to call at our office, and look at some of the back numbers of it, and tell us, (now that they have let off some of the steam with which they were then boiling over,) whether there was any thing in the Castigator so wonderfully bad, after all. Compare it with your own immaculate Gazette, gentlemen—that paper which was formerly the pride and glory of your party—and then say which suffers from the comparison. Say whether the Castigator ever contained such foul, unprovoked, and continued attacks upon private character as appeared in that vile organ of a vile party, week after week, and month after month! yes, and year after year, until every democrat withdrew his subscription, and the federal party, being then in a very diminutive minority, could not sustain their own mouthpiece.

HONEST JOHN DAVIS.—What a consistent man honest John must be. He has made it a uniform rule to oppose every republican administration that we have had, even if he were obliged, in doing so, to go right against some of his former opinions. During the war he thought Mr. Madison was doing immense injury to the country. In 1834, when the U. S. Bank was a government institution, it was a bad thing, and the banks were all bad. At least so thought honest John. Then if "laborers" were "thrown out of employ," or "wages greatly reduced," it was all the fault of the banks. But no sooner did the U. S. Bank cease to receive the countenance of the government, than honest John was all at once impressed with the idea that this same bank was one of the most glorious institutions in the world. What a pity, then, it was that such a valuable institution should be lost to the country; and such an awful catastrophe should befall us as the passage of the subtreasury bill. Now, if wages are reduced, laborers thrown out of employ, or the currency fluctuating, it is all in consequence of having that odious subtreasury law.

Perhaps Mr. Davis is as honest in his present opinions as he was in holding principles directly reverse in 1834; but, in our judgment, the doctrines promulgated by Senator Davis in 1810, are not as sound as those put forth by Gov. Davis in 1834; and that our readers may know what sound democratic principles are contained in Mr. Davis' message to the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1834, we will make one or two extracts:—

"Fluctuations visit all who have property, and all who work to acquire it, with injury, and compel them to submit to severe sacrifices. What is called a scarcity of money, only means that the banks do not discount. Under a pressure thus occasioned, we have seen (before 1833) good estates dwindle, until their possessors are left bankrupt. WE HAVE SEEN LABORERS THROWN OUT OF EMPLOYMENT, OR THEIR WAGES GREATLY REDUCED, and business either suspended, or dragging those engaged in it towards ruin. We have seen, also, great anxiety and dismay pervade the whole public.

"Experience has also proved that a METALLIC CURRENCY is least liable to fluctuations; and it is to be hoped that the earliest opportunity will be seized to return to it, so far, at least, as to rectify the present credit system of paper currency, and prevent its pernicious fluctuations."

The young sprigs of federalism have lost none of their impudence since the election. Wonder if they haven't taken some fresh lessons in democratic whiggery lately.

Notwithstanding our defeat, the present is a proud day for the democracy. Those honest hearts who came up to do battle in the holy cause of Freedom, will in years to come, look back with just pride and say to their children, I fought on the side of democracy in 1810, against the combined forces of the aristocracy of England and America, but yonder is a man who bowed the knee to federalism and strove to rivet the chains of slavery upon his brethren.

New-London Gaz.

Massachusetts versus Maine.

The number of Massachusetts federalists who voted in this State, at the late election, is incredible. Could they have been kept out, by a change of the time of election, to the 9th (the day of election in Massachusetts) our majority would have exceeded 1,000! In this single county, the entire federal gain was made up from the fraudulent admission of these voters, and in Cumberland and Lincoln, the mischief was even greater. Some effective remedy must be devised against this system of importation, or the real voice of Maine will be forever overpowered by these mercenary troops of the Boston aristocracy.—Augusta (Me.) Age.

Mr. Calhoun's term of service as United States Senator, will expire on the 4th of March. Some doubts are expressed whether Mr. Calhoun will consent to continue longer in public life. Our own wish is, as it is the wish of every man of sound political views, that he will consent to a reelection. At no period in our country's history were his services more required than the present.

New Era.

An Irishman, having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

Wages in different countries.

That our readers may have an opportunity to judge what kind of a currency works best, we copy the following from a recent number of the Extra Globe:—

In Sweden, laborers in agriculture, according to Storch, get from 7 to 8 pence sterling per day.

In Russia, and Denmark, the peasants are serfs, and sold with the soil to which they are attached.

In Austria, they are in nearly the same degraded condition; and in these countries, there cannot be said to be any regular price of the wages of labor.

These are all paper money countries; in Sweden and Russia paper money is issued of as low a denomination as a ruble, about nineteen cents, and in Denmark there are paper issues for about eight cents. In Austria there are bills of three dollars.

In France, laborers get from 5 to 8 pence per day, the price varying in different provinces. In Belgium, an artisan earns from 1s 2d to 1s 5d; in Holland 20 pence per day; in Germany the peasant gets 7d; in Bavaria 8d in the country; in Trieste, Italy, 12d. These are called "hard money despotisms" by Senator Davis, although every one of them have a paper currency, and some of them almost exclusively paper. Russia, Sweden, and Denmark have long enjoyed the blessing of an almost exclusive paper currency, which at times has been wretchedly depreciated. But has it raised the price of labor, or redeemed the peasantry from the most miserable degradation? In these countries cursed with the most worthless paper currencies, the peasantry and all classes of laborers are in the lowest and most degraded condition. And yet it is contended by John Davis that the low price of labor and the degradation of the laboring class are owing to a hard money currency. 'O, how this world is given to lying!' as honest John Falstaff said.

In Cuba, an exclusively specie country, wages are from \$1 50 to \$2 per day. A barber charges two bits or 25 cents, for shaving, and one dollar for dressing a man's hair. Hard money, it seems, has the wonderful operation of producing high prices in some countries, and low prices in others.

Even in Mexico, almost without law or government, and plundered by the frauds of the priests and the rapacity of military chieftains, the agricultural laborer gets five dollars per month, being more than in most of the countries in Europe; and this is a hard money country.

K. C. Kwestion Cettled, is now the leading topic in the political newspapers. They all appear to feel a great deal better for it.

Desperate Conspiracy in Ohio.—There no longer remains any doubt that the British whig conspiracy has extended throughout the union. So many cases of fraud have already been discovered in relation to Ohio, that Mr. Duncan has decided upon contesting the election of Pendleton. There can be no doubt that he has been defeated by the most STUPENDOUS FRAUDS.—Evening Post.

The grand jury of the city of Baltimore, report that there are but three persons at the present time confined in the jail of that city for debt. That is three more than ought to be there.

There is some capital punning in the following, on a couple of rogues:

To rob the public two contractors come;
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum,
Who is the greater rogue, if you can explain,
The rogue in SPIRIT or the rogue in GRAIN?

THE VERY LAST.—The last case of absent-mindedness is that of a democrat of Boston, who happened to be in bed at the Astor House when the news of the Ohio tornado first arrived in New-York. Awakened by the noise, he mistook himself for a whig, and got up and shouted as loud as the best of them. He did not discover his mistake until he found himself drinking "hard cider."

The election returns show that absent-mindedness of this sort must have been contagious, and most of those attacked have not yet found out their mistake.—Phil. Sun.

SQUEEZING THE HAND.—Squeezing the hand with some persons is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is truly surprising. We must take hold of a lady's hand like we should of a hot potatoe—afraid to give it a squeeze, lest we should burn our fingers. Very fine, truly! Now, it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand we got into our clutches, especially a fair one; and the ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have such a hand in his possession, and that he has a heart one hundred times smaller than the eye of a cambric needle.—Phil. Sun.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.

THE YANKEE FOREVER.—The following capital story is told by the Philadelphia Courier:

An unlettered Yankee, being in company with several persons in London, desired to know what was meant by proroguing parliament.

"To prorogue parliament," answered one of them with a wink to the rest, is to drive out any rogues that may happen to be in the house.

"O yes," returned the Yankee. "Then it must be the same as what we call an adjournment in America."

JUDGE McLEAN, of the supreme court, has just published the first volume of reports of the decisions of the supreme court over which he presided. The circuits in which Judge McLean presided, during the period of these reports, include the states of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Illinois, and Michigan.

The Daily News, a talented neutral paper, of Brooklyn, New-York, gives the following picture of "hard times" in that vicinity. It is dreadful, and calls loudly for "a change in the administration."

"HARD TIMES.—We have seldom seen the times harder than they are at this moment, at the several slips on the east side of New-York. We had occasion to go to New Slip this morning, when we found it literally crammed with sloops, from up the East river and elsewhere, laden with produce, and no less than ten vessels laying side by side at the end of the wharf. Our readers may be assured that times about that vicinity are terrible hard. It is hard to find dockage, hard to find room, hard to get your produce on shore, and harder still to make your way through the barrel, carts, goods, and crowds which jam up every part of the docks and avenues to the street."

A nice one.—A poor fellow, among other articles, purchased at the market a bullock's tongue, and carried it dangling on the edge of his basket to delight his loving partner. But, arrived at home, the tongue, having committed a lapse lingua, was no where to be found. Off the poor man started, and being nearly blind, run against an old cart-horse, whose stiff, snubby tail nearly put out what little eyes he had. He bowed and apologised, but obtaining no answer, away he flew, muttering, "No gentleman, that's clear, or you would have said something." Rushing on to the market, he learned from a ragged urchin, that a hungry dog had run off with the unfortunate tongue. The poor fellow became half frantic, and nearly upset every body he encountered, till, bolting into a colossal gamekeeper, he spun back a yard or two, and at last, brought up standing, with the breath half out of his body. Recovering himself, he respectfully said, "I beg ten thousand pardons, sir—but do you happen to have seen a dog with a tongue in his mouth?" The gamekeeper, ignorant of his troubles, and thinking he was quizzing him, coolly answered, "You—old fool, did you ever see a dog without a tongue in his mouth?" Boston Post.

The United States Bank has concluded to resume the payment of its notes, provided it can borrow money enough in the eastern cities!—"Patrick, sure, and I have come to pay you the bit of three dollars that I am after owing you—if you will lend me five."

THE WAY IT WAS DONE IN OHIO.—In four counties in Ohio, in which the federalists made an enormous gain, the number of votes polled exceeded the number of males over twenty-one years of age in the same counties, TWO THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX! Who, in view of such a fact, can say that there was no fraud?

We have just found out why the federal party call themselves JEFFERS-onian whigs. Jeffers, the high constable of Philadelphia, is the whig that wrote to Riston for "500 feet of pipe," to carry the Baltimore election.—New-Haven Register.

It has become fashionable of late for women to attend political caucuses, and listen to political harangues. It is shrewdly suspected that some of them have large holes in the heels of their stockings. Better stay at home and mend them. [Boston Times.

Mend your manners, Mr. Times, and let the girls' stockings alone. [Lowell Courier. Very smart, my little fellow. You may go out now, and play till the cows come home.—Boston Notion.

A young gentleman, lately bathing in the Mississippi river, on observing some ladies suddenly approaching, instantly drowned himself from motives of extreme delicacy.—Native American.

A dancer said, "You cannot stand on one leg as long as I." "No," was replied, "but a goose can."

From the Westeyan Journal.
The Star of Hope.

Hope is a star, to mortals given,
To light their pathway to the tomb,
To bind the breast by sorrows riven,
To cheer the heart oppressed with gloom.

Hope is an anchor, cast within
That mystic vale where Christ has gone,
Our glorious sacrifice for sin,
Our refuge from life's fiercest storm.

Hope is a flower, to mortals given,
For us to nourish only here;
It enters not the gates of heaven,
'Tis lost in sweet fruition there.

This anchor shall sustain my bark,
This flower shall deck my road,
This star shall guide my wandering feet
To God's own bright abode. KATE.

From the Boston Notion.

The Cottage Hearth.

Ah! if there be one spot on earth
Where cloudless joy and bliss have birth;—
Where sighing sorrows seldom come,
And envy's bitter tongue is dumb—
That spot of quiet peace and mirth,
Is found beside the cottage hearth.

Thrice happy spot, where friendship's light
On many a lovely eye is bright—
Where heart and hand to kindness given,
Prepare an antepast of heaven,
And consecrate an humble cot,
With that which kings in vain have sought.

From the Lady's Book.

Sabbath Meditations.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Come to thy secret chamber—O, my soul,
Deep, deep within.—The thrilling harp of love
That cheers thee daily with its symphonies,
Bid it keep silence, and the hand of hope
Rest 'mid the rose-leaves it would weave for thee.
Repel intrusive care, and bid pale grief
With looks obshy shud'er her temples thrown,
Pause at the gate— for these are of the earth—
The pilgrim's foot that nears the Holy Land,
Turns from the caravan, with which he made
His journey through the sands, and bathes the noise
Of all its talking bells.

Bow down, my soul,
And enter in alone, to meet thy God,
And crave a Sabbath blessing.—Thou, perchance,
By the strong urgency of prayer, shalt gain
That gift of faith, which like the wondrous light
On the descending prophet's brow, reveal'd
Even to the thoughtless crowd, with what dread guest
On Simeon's shrouded top, his trembling lip
Had dar'd to talk.

The Christian's Home.

The earth was never designed for the Christian's home. It is a field in which he is sent to labor. Here he spends the heat of the day, and he cannot find his home, until the evening comes and his work is ended. If this earth had been designed for the Christian's home, it would have been a very different place. Would it have been filled with so many snares and miseries? It would have been rendered a peaceful, quiet, holy habitation. But now God has prepared for him a better habitation, where nothing shall ever enter to disturb his rest, and where he feels himself forever at home. The Christian only sojourns here like a wayfaring man to lodge for a night, but heaven is his home, where he has an eternity to spend. Eternity! eternity! O, the boundless thought! How can we settle in the dust as though we were always to continue here! How can we feel otherwise than as strangers and pilgrims on the earth!—Griffin.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.—Three Indians in the vicinity of Green Bay became converts to the temperance cause, although previously given to 'put the enemy into their mouth that stole away their brains.' Three white men formed the charitable resolution of trying their Indian sincerity. Placing a canteen of whiskey in their path, they hid themselves in the bushes to observe the motions of the red men. The first one recognized his old acquaintance, with an 'ugh!' and making a high step he passed on. The second laughed, saying, 'we know you!' and walked around. The last one drew his tomahawk, and dashing it to pieces, said 'ugh! you conquer me—how I conquer you.'

ELOQUENCE.—Different styles of eloquence, each producing the desired effect:

"Contribute liberally, my brethren—give such a sum as you would not be ashamed to place on the altar of heaven in presence of an assembled universe."—Bishop Griswold's Charity Sermon.

"Give generously, my friends, not four pence half pennies, but run your hand into your pocket up to the elbow, and bring out a handful, as a sailor would do if you needed his assistance."—Rev. Mr. Taylor, before the Bristol Seaman's Friend Society.

"What will you bet?" is always the fool's argument. And "You dare not bet" is always the bully's argument.

Fatal Duel.—We regret to be compelled to record an unfortunate affair which occurred recently. Two human brothers met at the Bayou road and fired at each other with rifles, one of whom is now sleeping in eternity.

Letter from Sam Slabsides to his Father.

CONNECTICUTVILLE, Oct. 25th, 1840.

Dear Dad,—I thought, having a little leisure time, I would just grab up that white quill I pulled out of our old gray goose, and tell you how I get along down country here, visiting uncle Joe. You see uncle Joe always seems to be really interested in my welfare, so tother day he said there was a going to be a whig meeting down to Middletown, and he would take me along with him, cause he thought I would make a great politician, and become an assemblyman or some other great man, if I could have a chance to go out among them and just get my dander raised a little. Now you see uncle Joe always goes in first rate style; so we went and harnessed up his best span of horses and put them on his nice carriage; so then we got in and started. Then I began to feel mighty queer and asked uncle Joe what they was a going to do down there. He said they was a going to git General Harrison for president, cause Martin, when the people asked him what his principles were would come out and tell them all about them and coudent keep a secret at all; but you see the old General wouident do that. Yes, but, says I uncle, mebby the people ought to know who they are a going to have for president and how he will carry on things if they 'lect him. That's none of the folkses business, says uncle Joe; we are whigs, and we must carry out the whig principles. Thinks I, that's bying a pig in the poke, and some real hard thoughts kept running through my head, but I thought uncle knew the most about it, so I didnt say any more about it. When we got in town there was a terrible bustle, it looked perty much a good deal like general training up in our country. There was ever so many great big rags stuck out the windows all full of red stripes just as though they had bin butcher-ing pigs on em. Then there was another one that went almost clean across the road, all full of writing, turned upside down, and I coudent read it if I was teetotally smashed. I tell you what it is, if I didnt pour on to that old schoolmaster what I useter go to school to, cause he didnt larn me to read tother end upwards, then I'm a teapot. Then there was the tamelest sight of men, wimmin, gals, and boys, you ever see. And there was lots of them are folks what we call big bugs up country, and as I stood gaping with my mouth shut in the road, one on em like to run over me. Thinks I, old fellow, youve got a gosh fired sight more corporosity than brains. These big bugs had a snarl of pictures pinned on their coats that looked ene just like them are calves' heads what mamma useter bile up to make mince pies on. Then some on em had great blue strings tied around their sholeders almost as wide as my hand, and some brass things tied in the button holes of their coats, bout as big as a puter dollar. I asked uncle what these things was, so he said them are pictures are the likeness of the General, and them are strings make them that wear them great men. The brass things is such money as we shall have when the General gits to be president. I tell you what tis I didnt say any thing, but I kept a plagy thinking I shouldnt go that smash. Then there come the gol firedest great string of waggons you ever see; I guess there was such as ten or twelve. The forward one had drums, and some great crooked brass things that made a noise jest like them are bullfrogs down in our old swamp. It made me think how they useter drum up car-rivans to show them up country. The others had a snag of rags about as big as man's dishcloth all full of writing, and the folks all swung their old Sunday beavers over their heads and made a good deal such noise as our old gobble turkeys useter when they see granmamme with her old red cloak on. Well now I must tell what some of that writing was on them rags. One on em said "Chester delegation, Harrison, and the constitution, our watchword, and our hope." Thinks I, you'll hafter watch him and hope for him a good while yet, any how. Then another on em said, "Wethersfield whigs, like the fruits of their soil, will bring tears to the eyes of all locos." I tell you what it is, this made me think about that story you useter tell me bout that boy what dug out them are little black and white animals, and called them Wethersfield puppies cause they oder-riferated like onions. There was ever so many rags, but I haint time to tell you bout any more on em now, cause I want to tell you bout something else. Well, say I, uncle, is this the way they make presidents down here. Yes, said he, we go to work and get up a fuss; then we are perty sure to carry the election.

But, say I, uncle, how does it come about that there is so many wimmin and gals here; the old general isent a woman, is he. Well, I don't know sartin; some call him granny; but I should hardly think he was. But he that as it may, he is our candidate, and we will support him any way. Then they got all huddled up together, and a dreadful eloquent

feller took a great square cloth from the wimmin that they had fixed off in real finny-fine stile, and gave it to the men; then he almost told the wimmin that they were the goddesses of the land, and stuffed them with all the big words he could think of, and made them feel mighty fine; then they all hollered jest as loud as they could, and the wimmin, men, gals, and boys, all together, went through the city so ginged up I dont see how they ever found themselves. There was a little eagle on the top of the pole, that run through this square rag, that looked as though they had picked all his feathers off. Thinks I, if you pick the general as close, he'll freeze to death this winter. Then they went in the meeting-house to make some speeches, and piled their rags up all around the house. Then there was some old men selling them are picters what they wore on their coats, and the old general's currency. This made me think of that place in the bible where it tells bout turning meeting-houses into stores. Now I and uncle Joe have got to go away, and so I cant write any more now, but if I can git time, by and by, I'll tell you all bout the speeches. Now receive this from your affectionate son,

SAM. SLABSIDES.

LOVE OF RICHES.—The love of riches is a vice which denies the possessor the benefit of the affections, love or friendship; it cramps his soul into one despicable point, leaving no room for emulation, glory, benevolence, or any of those brighter accomplishments that elevate and adorn the human mind, and shed a lustre around human existence. To sordid minds, were the Indies to impart their riches, the mines of Golconda reveal their shining stores, and the broad expanse of waters deliver up their irrecoverable treasure, still would they remain unsated—because the love of riches is boundless, never to be cloyed.—Phil. San.

A soldier, who was once wounded in a battle, set up a terrible bellowing. An Irishman who laid near, with his leg shot off, immediately sung out—"Bad luck to the likes of ye—do you think nobody is killed but yourself!"

A TOUGH ONE.—There is said to be now living in Moscow, a widow who has attained her one hundred and fifty-seventh year! When one hundred and twenty three, she married her fifth husband! All her alliances, it is also said, have been prosperous and happy. She is still in possession of all her mental faculties.

He who depends upon incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest and most exalted kind. They are creators of fortune and fame, the founders, and never disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of fortune's tendency to a contrary nature. You have genius, you have learning you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly—PERSEVERANCE.

A QUICK WAY TO GET RICH.—A Miss Ingram of Pontiac some time since was perusing a Texas paper, and observed among the persons that bore a prominent part in the affairs of that government, a man bearing her own name, and jocosely remarked to her companions, that she had made an important discovery—that she had found a namesake in Texas, and intended to write to him and claim relationship. This resolution, more from curiosity and a desire of novelty than from any conviction that her hopes would be realized, was carried into effect. She wrote him a respectful letter, giving him a history of her family and parentage, and suggesting that as the name was not as common as most of the names of our country, the probability was strong that a relationship existed between them. She received in reply, a friendly and affectionate letter, acknowledging her as a cousin, and expressing an earnest desire that the correspondence might be continued.

This was readily acceded to, and it was carried on agreeably and satisfactorily to both parties, until very recently, when she received intelligence of his death, and information that in his will he had bequeathed her the handsome sum of \$20,000 in gold and silver, leaving his personal property and immense landed estates to his relatives in that country. A few days previous to the reception of this communication, she had connected her fortunes with those of a Methodist clergyman, and should their deeds of charity comport with their means, the widow's heart will be filled with joy, and many an orphan implore blessings upon the hands of these benefactors, for their deeds of benevolence and generosity.

Michigan Northern Advocate.

Wealth is a common gift of God's hand; but wisdom to improve it is a special grace from his heart.

A Virtuous Man.—During the war in Germany, the captain of a troop of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He marched at the head of his troop to the quarter assigned him, a solitary vale, uncultivated, and nearly covered with wood. In the middle of it stood a small cottage—the residence of a poor man, one of the Moravian brethren. On perceiving the hut, the captain knocked at the door, when the aged, pious son of poverty made his appearance. His beard and locks were silvered by old age, while his countenance bespoke that inward peace which the world cannot give nor take away.

"Father," said the officer, "show me a field, so that I can set my troopers foraging."

"I will presently, if you will follow me," replied the old man.

After leaving the valley, about a quarter of an hour's march, they found a fine field of barley.

"There is the very thing we want," said the captain.

"Have patience for a few minutes," replied his guide, "and you shall be satisfied."

They went on, about the distance of a quarter of a league farther, when they arrived at another field of barley. The troopers dismounted, cut down the grain, bound it up, and re-mounted, while the guide looked on. When they were about to depart, the officer said:

"Father, you have given yourself unnecessary trouble in coming so far; the field we first saw was much better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

This stroke, (says the author very justly,) goes directly to the heart. I defy an atheist to produce any thing to be compared with it. Surely he who does not feel his heart warmed by such an example of exalted virtue, has not yet acquired the first principle of moral taste.—Woonsocket Patriot.

RELIGION—Fashionable.—Going to church; making devotion a matter of public form and observance between man and man, instead of a governing principle, or silent communion between the heart and its Creator;—converting the accessory into the principal, and mistaking the symbol and stimulant of pious inspiration for the inspirer;—worshipping the type instead of the archetype;—being visibly devout, that is to say, when any body sees you.—Ton Trumpet.

MOTHERS AFTER ALL.—Colonel Ethan Allen was a bold officer of the American Revolution. He could face the enemies of his country with the most undaunted bravery, and in the field of battle he never shrunk from danger. But he was an opposer to Christianity, and gloried in the character of an infidel. His wife, however, was a pious woman, and taught her children in the way of piety, while he told them it was a delusion. But there was an hour coming when Col. Allen's confidence in his own sentiments would be closely tried.

A beloved daughter was taken sick—he received a message that she was dying; he hastened to her bed-side, anxious to hear her dying words.

"Father," said she, "I am about to die: shall I believe in the principles which you have taught me, or shall I believe what my mother has taught me?"

This was an affecting scene. The intrepid Colonel became extremely agitated, his chin quivered, his whole frame shook; and after waiting a few moments, he replied, "Believe as your mother has taught you."

A wise answer.—A man in a neighboring town, who is remarkable for his temperance, philanthropy, and religious deportment, was asked why he did not attend the whig convention! He promptly answered thus:—

"In my opinion, if the money expended in such conventions was laid out in spreading truth, religious books, and correct information among the people—the money would be spent for better objects, and our country would be wiser and happier." After a moment's pause, the inquirer said, I agree with you fully.

Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

The evil of the infliction on Paper Money.—It led to the adoption of the Constitution, and the first act of Congress after it, which was the act of 1789, that nothing but gold and silver should be received for public dues—and it has now led to the separation of bank and state, and the re-adoption of the principles of the act of '89, in the form of the Independent Treasury. The country has only to adhere to this, and all will be well.—Boston Post.

"My son, can you tell me what year of the world this is?" "Yeth'em—1800 and Log Cabin."