just now called Mademoiselle by the name of sister; let me call her by another name, not less kind, but more sacred—that of wife. I have no fortune to offer her, but I feel myself animated by double courage and hope. For her—for you, Madame, who will never quit us, I will work with energy and determination, and I feel that I shall succeed in my efforts. Oh! Madame, deign to answer me! But you weep—you give me your hand—you consent to my request!'

'And you, Anna, what do you say?' asked Madame Revial, as she held out the other hand to her daughter.

'Have I ever any other will than yours, dear mother?' and she pressed the hand to her lips.

'You consent, then, Mademoiselle?' said Jules; 'then you will allow me to present you this ring as a mark of our engagement.'

He handed her a little ring set round with turquoises.

'It is Anna's ring?' said Madame Revial, with surprise.

'Yes, mother,' said Anna, quite confused, 'I was obliged to sell it to replace the money I had received from my embroidery.'

'It was in purchasing it that I discovered your address, although you entered in the jeweller's book only the name of Anna. It is to this ring that I owe the happiness of again beholding you.' He took, as he spoke, the unresisting hand of the young girl, and placed on her finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the benevolent intentions of M. Barsac, who was obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, Anna returned to the old man's lodgings. He was no longer to be found; he had disappeared without pointing out his new abode.

A month after, in the humble lodging of Madame Revial, a few were assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract before the notary, who soon made his appearance; he was followed by an elderly man richly attired. As the latter was not introduced, no person took much notice of him, for each was too much occupied by the ceremony for which they had come together.—Madame Revial was still an invalid, and had her daughter seated near her. Jules Barsac was standing on the other side. The notary placed his portfolio on the table, and took from it a contract of marriage, which he proceeded to read aloud. After having specified the little property of the bridegroom, he went on to detail the fortune of the lady, 'Madame Revial makes over to her daughter the sum of £1000 per year—'

'You are making a mistake, Monsieur,' interrupted Madame Revial, 'formerly, indeed, I did intend—'

'The notary, without paying any attention to this interruption, continued—'£1000 a year, arising from money in the public funds, for which here are the securities.'

Saying this, he displayed the coupons on the table, and Madame Revial, her daughter, and Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if about to speak, when the aged stranger arose and made a sign for them to remain silent. Surprised at this interference, they awaited with interest the result of this strange scene.

'What!' said the old man, with a broken voice, and addressing Anna, 'what Mademoiselle! do you not remember your poor old man?'

While she was looking earnestly at him, trying to read in his venerable countenance the marks of misery and suffering, he continued—

'You have, then, forgotten ten years of daily kindness? You have forgotten the 3d of January with the assistance you gave so opportunely—the fire, the wine, and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of newspaper? All forgotten! Well, that very piece of newspaper is the cause of all my misery being at an end. In an advertisement which it bore, I read the intelligence that a French gentleman named Francois de Chozel, had been for years seeking in vain for his brother, Jaques de Chazel, ruined, like him, in the revolution; and that, by his will, he had ordered an advertisement to be inserted every week for three years, that the brother might come forward and claim his ample fortune. That de Chazel stands now before you;—it is I. Without delay I set out for London, and only returned yesterday. Your notary,' continued he, speaking to Madame Revial, 'is mine; from him I heard the intended marriage of your daughter. To that angel I owe my life; and the least I can do is to present her with a part of that fortune, which without her never would have reached my hands.'

'But, Monsieur,' said Madame Revial, with emotion, 'perhaps you have a family?'

'Yes, Madame,' replied he, bowing low as he spoke, 'if you will admit me into yours.'

'Ah, you have made part of our family for such a long time!' said Anna pressing in her hands those of M. de Chazel; then, with a gesture full of naivete and grace, pointing to her intended husband, she added, in a low voice, 'It is he who took you up. Do you recollect him? Ah! you say that to me you owe your life; if you only knew how much I am indebted to you—if you only knew it!—But we will separate no more, and I shall have time to tell you all about it.'

Jules came forward to present the pen to his bride, and they both signed the marriage contract. Formed under such auspices, who can doubt that it was a happy one?

CHARLES KEAN.

Among the on-dits which reach us by the Liverpool, is the report that Charles Kean has won the heart of Miss Angela Burdett Coutts, the daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, and the principal devisee of the late Duchess of St. Albans, whose first husband was the rich banker Coutts. The Duchess, when Mr. Coutts married her, was an actress. At his death she obtained an immense fortune, which she left to Miss Burdett, upon condition that the young lady should take her name.—Among the undefinable subtleness of feeling which awaken the tender passion, Miss Burdett's penchant for the actor may have originated in her gratitude to the actress—or at least her obligations to the Duchess for leaving her one of the greatest fortunes in England, overcame the aristocratic prejudices which ladies of her birth entertain against the theatrical profession. The following *jeu d'esprit* from a foreign journal, alludes to the lady's partiality for Kean, which it appears she takes no pains to hide. "Concealment, like a rose in the bud," has nothing to do with her "damask cheek."

TRAGIC LOVE.

In a box near the stage sits a lady in tears,
But not for *Ophelia* she weeps;
'Tis young *Hamlet* engages her hopes and her tears,
And dwells in her thoughts when she sleeps.

Once to *Garrick* a lady of rank gave her heart,
Enrapt with his Romeo's grace;
But the spell was dissolved when she found that his *art*
Could in *Scrub* every feature deface.

If the humps which to-night crooked-backed Richard must wear,
Should excite her fair lady's disdain,
The applause he will win, and the profits he'll share,
Atonement will offer in vain.

Charles Kean was a passenger in the Liverpool, and is to appear at the National Theatre, New York.

THE LAST HERRING.

"Hoot away despair,
Never yield to sorrow—
The blackest sky may wear
A smiling face to-morrow."

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine cottage sat by her blazing faggots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a long year, her own hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter—she thought she had no friend in all the wide unfriendly world around. That mysterious providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through the surrounding forests, while storms seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared through the bending pines that rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her: it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder if her disconsolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow, and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had many years before, taken from her an elder son, who went away from his forest home to try his fortune on the seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him; and in latter times she had been, by the hand of death, deprived of a companion and staff of support in her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had been not only able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost one opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain a sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart is not wrung. The most desolate and populous cities, may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage, but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, as Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense—
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

The smoking herring was scarce laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of the dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveller in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food; "For," said he, "it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her own fireside. She hesitated not even now—rest and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveller drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven in astonishment—"and is this all your store," said he—"and a share of this do you offer to one you know not?—then never saw I charity before!—But madam," said he, "do not wrong your children by giving part of their last mouthful to a stranger." "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel—and how should I, this night, offend HIM, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even as poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God has indeed provided just such a home for your wandering son—and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—My mother—Oh my mother."

It was her lost son! returned to her bosom, from the Indies, abounding in riches. He had chosen this disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family: and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the West was exchanged for one, comfortable, and, indeed, beautiful in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer by is often pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, whilst he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

JOTTINGS DOWN IN LONDON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I think Lady Stepney has more talent and distinction crowded into her pretty rooms, last night than I ever before saw in such small compass. It is a bijou of a house, full of gems of statuary and painting, but all its capacity for company lies in a small drawing-room, a smaller reception-room, and a very small, but very exquisite boudoir—yet to tell you who were there would would read like Colbourn's list of authors, added to a paragraph of noble dinners-out from the Morning Post.

The largest lion of the evening certainly was the new Persian Ambassador, a man six feet in his slippers; a height which, with his peaked calpack, of a foot and a half, superadded, keeps him very much among the chandeliers. The principal article of his dress does not diminish the effect of his eminence—a long white shawl worn like a cloak, and completely enveloping him from beard to toe. From the twisted shawl around his waist glitters a dagger's hilt, lump'd with diamonds—and diamonds, in most dazzling profusion, almost cover his breast. I never saw so many together except in a cabinet of regalia. Close behind this steeple of shawl and gem, keeps, like a short shadow when the sun is high, his Excellency's Secretary, a dwarfishly small man, dressed also in cashmere and calpak, and of a most ill-fated and bow-stringish countenance and mien. The master and man seem chosen for contrast, the contrast of the Ambassador expressing nothing but serene good nature. The Ambassador talks too, and the Secretary is dumb.

Theodore Hook stood bolt upright against a mirror door, looking like two Theodore Hooks trying to see which was taller. The one with his face to me looking like the incarnation of the John Bull newspaper (of which he is editor) for which expression he was indebted to a very red face, and a very round subject for a buttoned up coat; while the Hook with his back towards me looked like an author, for which he was indebted to an exclusive view of his cranium. I dare say Mr. Hook would agree with me that he was seen, on the whole, at a most enviable advantage. It is seldom we look, *beyond the man*, at the author.

I have rarely seen a greater contrast in person and expression than between Hook and Bulwer, who stood near him Both were talking to ladies—one bald, burly, upright, and with a face of immoveable gravity, the other slight, with a profusion of curling hair, restless in his movements, and of a countenance which lights up with a sudden inward illumination. Hook's partner in the conversation looked into his face with a ready prepared smile for what he was going to say—Bulwer listened with an interest complete, but without effort. Hook was suffering from what I think is the common curse of a reputation for wit—the expectation of the listener had out-run the performance.

Henry Bulwer, whose diplomatic promotion goes on much faster than can be pleasing to "*Lady Chevely*," has just received his appointment to Paris—the object of his first wishes. He stood near his brother, talking to a very beautiful and celebrated woman, and I thought spite of her Ladyship's description, I had seldom seen a more intellectual face or a more gentlemanly exterior.

Hayward, the translator, sat talking to a Dowager Duchess; Fonblanque stood with his sombre visage against the wall, while his beautiful wife sang to the tall Persian; Morier, author of Hajji Baba, glided about with his fine, shining head and mirth loving countenance, and diplomatists and authors, dandies, dames and demoiselles, all people "of mark," circulated to and fro, listened to the music a little, and looked up at the Ambassador a little.

Late in the evening came in his Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, and I wondered, as I had done many times before, when in company with one of these Royal brothers, at the uncomfortable etiquette so laboriously observed towards them. Wherever he moved in the crowded rooms, every body rose and stood silent, and by giving way much more than for any one else, left a perpetual circular space around him, in which, of course, his conversation had the effect of a lecture to a listening audience. A more embarrassed manner and a more hesitating mode of speech than the Duke's I cannot conceive. He is evidently gene to the last degree with his burlesque custom—and in the society of highly cultivated and aristocratical persons such as were present, he would be delighted to put his Highness in his pocket, when the footman leaves him at the door, and hear no more of it till he goes again to his carriage. There was great curiosity to know whether the Duke would think it etiquettical to speak to the Persian, as in consequence of the difference between the Shah and the British envoy the tall minister is not received at the court of St. James. Lady Stepney introduced them, however, and then the Duke again must have felt his rank nothing less than a nuisance. It is awkward enough, at any time, to converse with a foreigner who has not forty English words in his vocabulary, but what with the Duke's hesitating and difficult utterance, the silence and attention of the listening guests, and the Persian's deference and complete inability to comprehend a syllable, the scene was painful.

There was some of the most exquisite amateur singing I ever heard after the company thinned off a little, and the fashionable song of the day was sung by a most beautiful woman, in a way to move half the company to tears. It is called "Ruth," and is a kind of recitative of the passage of Scripture, "*Where thou goest I will go*," &c. You will probably find it in the last importation of music.

Lover sang some of his delicious songs in his own delightful manner, and, by the way, he is talking of going to the United States to try there his profession of miniature painter. He is clever at every thing, and will be no small acquisition both in the arts in that difficult line, and to society.

Mrs Hill's beautiful "Flower Waltzes," of which I brought over a few copies, have excited some wonder as American compositions. They are played now, with admiration, by some of the fairest fingers of May Fair, and I think, stand in good chance of ruling the hour. In my account of Almack's I did not mention a new quadrille, called the Queen's favorite, which is *sung* by the band to castanet. It flies into one's heels like mercury.

APOTHEGMS.

BY L. E. L.

The lamented Mrs. McLean, or L. E. L., though mostly known as a poetess, displayed, perhaps more intellectual power in her prose writings than in her poetry. To support this opinion we have selected the following apothegms—equalling, if not surpassing, those of Rochefoucault:

'Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.'

'Illusions are the magic of real life, and the forfeit of future pain is paid for present pleasure.'

'We are reproached with forgetting others: we forget ourselves a thousand times more. We remember what we hear, see, and read, often accurately; not so with what we felt—that is faint and uncertain in its record. Memory is the least egotistical of all our faculties.'

'What a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe, that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learned to talk, to distinguish colors, &c. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important periods—and yet who can recall it?'

'Knowledge, when only in possession of a few, has almost always been turned into iniquitous purposes.'

'Surprises are like misfortunes or herrings—they rarely come single.'

'Habits are the petrifactions of the feelings.'

'Imagination is to love what gas is to the balloon—that which raises it from earth.'

'Love is followed by disappointment, admiration by mortification, and obligation by ingratitude.'

'Inclination never wants an excuse—and if one won't do, there are a dozen others soon found.'

'Like the cards which form a child's plaything palace, our pleasures are nice balanced one upon the other.'

'The pleasure of change is opposed to that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new.'

'Small evils make the worst part of great ones; it is much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.'

'Experience, teaches, it is true; but she never comes in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered; but the same event never occurs again.'

'A patriot might take his best lesson of disinterestedness from feminine affection.'

'Advice generally does require some very powerful argument to be taken.'

'How much is there in one minute, when we reflect that that one minute extends over the world!'

'Alas, for the vanity of human enjoyment! we grow weary of even our own perfection.'

'What a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy!'

'The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.'

'The old proverb, applied to fire and water, may, with equal truth, be applied to the imagination—it is a good servant, but a bad master.'

'The Janus of Love's year may have two faces, but they only look on each other.'

'In the moral, as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting—the tree forced into unnatural luxurance of blossom, bears them and dies.'

'Grief, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.'

'The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.'

'There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the bye, for such wisdom is wholly wasted.'

'Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.'

'How youth makes its wishes hopes, and its hopes certainties!'

'Hope is the profit of youth—young eyes will always look forward.'

'There is wisdom in even the exaggeration of grief—there is little cause to fear we should feel too much.'

'The difference between good and bad intentions is this: that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas, evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action—and, to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.'

'The bitterest cup has its one drop of honey.'

'We appreciate no pleasures unless we are occasionally debarred from them. Restraint is the golden rule of enjoyment.'

EXAMINATION IN GRAMMAR, AT A FASHIONABLE SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Pray, Miss, what part of speech is the parson of the parish?

I suppose he is a *conjunction*, madam.

A conjunction, Miss! what kind of a conjunction?

A *copulative conjunction*, madam.

Why a copulative conjunction?

Because he 'connects like cases, and like moods and tenses.'

How does he connect 'like cases?'

He unites parties, both of whom are *in love*, which I take to be, that both are in the *same case*.

Very well. How does he connect 'like moods?'

The parties to be united are, I suppose both in a *mood* to be married, and are thus in 'like moods.'

But how does he connect 'like tenses?'

If both are desirous, at the time of the ceremony, of being *immediately* united, as I presume, is always the case, then both are, at that time, in the *present tense*; and thus he 'connects like tenses.'

Does such a copulative conjunction connect 'like genders?'

No, madam that is not according to the rules of Cupid's grammar. His rule is, that 'copulative conjunctions cannot connect *unlike* genders,' or rather contrary genders, that is, masculine and feminine, never the neuter.

Very well, indeed, Miss—your examination does you much credit—you may pass You are entitled to the degree of *Bachelor ess of Arts*. You shall have a husband when you are married.

Thank you, madam.

Workingmen 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 counsel you to labor 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 of the people on 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 time, will forward their own growth in truth and virtue.—*Self Culture by Dr. Channing.*

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

The letter of Mr. Prentiss, of Mississippi, contains many wholesome truths, the force of which the people of his State have felt as severely as most others. If the facts contained in this letter fail not to arouse them to a sense of their danger, then, indeed, is there a cause for danger. We present our readers with the following short extract:

"The developments which have been made in relation to the conduct of the financial affairs of the government have astonished and shocked the whole nation. It is now a matter not of mere surmise or partisan invective, but of solemn demonstration, based upon admitted and undeniable facts, investigated, vouched for and published under the deliberate sanction of the popular branch of Congress, that the Treasury Department is rotten to the core; that it is but the pander to executive power, and exercises its high functions, not for the good of the country, but of party; not honestly, for the general welfare, but wickedly and corruptly for the most sinister purposes. Since Mr. Van Buren ascended the chair of State, it has exhibited a system of peculation and connivance unprecedented in any government.—The correspondence between its chief and his subordinates is offensive to the moral sense, and insulting to the intelligence of the people. Its open and unblushing profligacy would have shocked even the loose notions of that most venal of ministers, Sir Robert Walpole, whose political maxim was, "that every man has his price." Corruption has been traced, not merely to the doors, but into the very recesses of the temple. By the foot prints upon the floor we have discovered, as did the Chaldeans of old, that the rich offering laid by the people upon the shrine, have been carried away and consumed, not by the God, but by the *juggling priests*.

Under ordinary circumstances, and in ordinary times, the developements to which I allude would have prostrated any administration however powerful. Unfortunately the deep distress which has pervaded the country, and spread dismay and ruin through all the avenues of business, has in some degree withdrawn the eyes of the people from these great enormities, and directed them with melancholy earnestness to their own private sufferings. Thus the rude blow which the robber bestows with one hand, diverts the attention for a moment from the theft he is committing with the other.

But corruption is by no means the only remarkable characteristic of the party in power. Out of the very ruin which its measures have brought upon the country, does it contrive to extract political capital. With unblushing effrontery its partizans assert that it is not accountable for the result of its own action; that the distresses of the country have been produced by the operation of whig principles, and all the responsibility lies at the doors of the opposition. The unfortunate patient, who, from a state of perfect health has been reduced by the nostrums of the quack to the point of death, is gravely told by the ignorant pretender that his miserable condition is not owing to the nauseous doses he has taken, but is entirely attributable to his former physician, whose prescription he has discarded for years. A grosser insult was never offered to the good sense of an intelligent people."

From the Petersburg Intelligencer.

NO. V.

THE OBJECTS OF STATE LEGISLATION.

Having omitted to touch on the subject of the foregone excesses and usurpations of the federal legislature,* a discussion of which might be useful, we proceed to a brief execution of the chief purpose of these sketches to wit: *a specification of the legitimate objects of State Legislation*, which comprise the rights of the States.

The ninth amendment, which we have copied above, and which declares that the enumeration of the delegated powers to the General Government, shall not be construed to disparage the rights retained by the people, was manifestly introduced and merely intended to secure the rightful influence of the sound and safe maxim that an affirmation of specified grants of power, implies a negation of all other substantive powers. The tenth amendment, also recited above, is an explicit expression of ideas which, without it, were inherent in and clearly to be inferred from the history of the origin, formation and ratification, and from the frame-work itself, of the constitution; to wit: that the powers not enumerated in the constitution, as being those intended to be delegated to the general government, are reserved to the States *respectively*, or to the people. It is mentioned in Story's Commentaries, vol. 3d, p. 752, on the authority of 2 Lloyd's Debates, 234, and on the authority of Mr. Madison, that a motion in the Virginia Convention, by the opposers of ratification, to insert the word "expressly" before the word *delegated*, as the latter now stands in the 10th amendment was, after full discussion, given up by them. This goes to show that the most jealous of the powers conferred by the constitution on the general government, were themselves convinced of the impracticability of confining that government to the exercise of express powers. But whilst there must be admitted powers by implication, the sequence from the principle which pervades the frame-work of the constitution, (and which is expressed in the ninth amendment, to wit: that the affirmation of the enumerated powers implies a negotiation of all other substantive powers,) is, and cannot be fairly resisted, that the general government in its exercise of power by implication, is limited in the selection of means, not expressly provided for, for carrying into effect the expressly delegated powers, to such means only as have immediate, obvious, appropriate, and incontrovertible relation to the delegated powers designed to be executed. For instance, the power to construct a "military road" is implied in the expressly granted "war power."

Under the *judiciary head* we have already intimated our opinions in respect to the doctrines of "nullification" and "secession." No practical good can result from a discussion of them. This is our opinion. To support our opinions in respect to those doctrines, we shall let it suffice to cite Mr. Madison's opinion, "Virginia Debates," p. 302, to wit: "A WHOLE STATE MAY BE IN INSURRECTION AGAINST THE UNION."

Now, then, taking the provisions of those Constitutions which we have set before our readers, as our guide, and here stating that in the important features of their constitutions the States all agree, except Vermont, in which "the supreme legislative power is vested in *a* House of Representatives,"—the rights of the States are:

The regulation of the right of suffrage. This extends to the government of the Union, as well as to that of the States: "the elections in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature."

The regulation of the power of the people to instruct their representatives elected by themselves;—and if the people of a State will it, it is their right to retain this power over their remote representatives, or to transfer it to their immediate representatives who elect the remote ones; for instance, to instruct the State Senators in Congress, or to transfer the power to the legislature by whom those Senators are elected; and in either case, either directly or indirectly, to regulate the mode of its exercise:

A qualified participation in the formation of the U. S. Senate;—Congress, by the constitution of the U. States, having the delegated power "to make and alter regulations as to time and manner" of electing those Senators:

The appointment, as the Legislature of each State may direct, of the electors of President and Vice President of the U. States, Congress having the delegated power to appoint the time of choosing the "electors," and the day of giving their votes:

The enactment of the whole body of local and municipal laws, which concern the rights of person and property, and beyond all else exceedingly affect the well being of society. The enactment of the laws with which the State Legislatures are charged, may be considered at large in respect to those laws which concern *private property and rights; corporate and public bodies*, such as *banks, public property, public works, and public institutions*, such as canals, rail-roads, common schools, and all benevolent institutions; and *the punishment of crimes*, except crimes against the United States and on the high seas. The right to enact laws concerning crimes extends to the nature of the crime, the mode of trial, the degree of punishment, and the place and manner of supporting criminals regularly sentenced to confinement:

And the constituting and organizing of judicial tribunals for enforcing the laws of the State.

Of course, each State has the right to alter or abolish its republican forms of government, and to substitute other republican forms in place of such as have been abrogated; provided such changes do not contravene the federal constitution, which each State has solemnly ratified, or taken upon itself its prohibitions, by accepting the terms of its admission as a new State into the Union. Any thing beyond this is not peaceable—beyond, is revolution only—or otherwise, the federal constitution is a loose garment to be put on and put off, at will, and is all a farce.

The only other right of the States, not expressly stated in giving the details of these constitutions, are 1st, to officer and govern the militia, unless Congress shall, as it may, choose to annul the State militia laws; and 2d, to co-operate in *amending* the federal constitution, three-fourths of the States assenting to give validity to such amendment.

In taking a survey of these collected allotments of power, established by *written* constitutions, the chief glory of American politics, we feel our bosoms dilate with gratitude for the representative wisdom which conceived and recommended, and with reverence for the good sense of the virtuous people, which ratified the whole in all its well adapted, consistent, beautiful, and just proportions. That view of the grand aggregate of the beauties and the excellences of this Castle of Freedom, in which she most delights, consists in this, that while in other favored countries, in which some goodly degree of civil and political liberty is enjoyed, all rights not expressly reserved, are implicitly relinquished as "the King's prerogative," in this country, the powers not delegated, or necessarily and appropriately incidental, are rights retained by the people.

The durability of this government, is exposed to danger, on the one hand, from State jealousy of federal power, and, on the other, from contempt of State rights. Leading men have arisen, and will no doubt hereafter start up, who, believing that more power has been, than should have been, delegated to the general government, contend that the exercises of such powers are usurpations. Such labor to enlarge the mass of rights reserved to the States. There have been, and will be others, who believe that the residuary mass of rights left with the States, is larger than it should have been. Such will labor to show that usurpations by the general government, and exercises of power which should be admitted by implication, and thus to lessen the power plainly intended to be retained by the States. Hence the propriety, on the part of the public press, of making the people familiar with these constitutions, which they should consult, as the best guide, in every contest.

It were useless to attempt by speculation to ascertain whether he who would thus enlarge, or he who would thus lessen, the residuary mass of power in the States, is the more dangerous character. We think the safest character for the representatives trust, is he whose opinions have not fallen into a passion for federal power or for State rights; and that such should be the men of our choice to conduct the destinies of our country.

* The most prominent of which are the Alien and Sedition Acts; the Tariff Acts; the Acts for incorporating National Banks, and the Acts appropriating the national treasure for the construction of works of improvement, consisting of Roads, &c., in some of the States.

Last, though not least, the Sub-treasury scheme, with a bankrupt law, and with Receivers-general, to be quartered upon the States and to eat out their substance is now urged by the Executive on the Legislative power. If the federal Legislature be tempted into this usurpation, we warn the people, that it will be at least as difficult to be got rid of, as any that has preceded it.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

On Monday, our attention was attracted by an immense crowd at the corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets. We soon learned that it was caused by the assembling of the Van Buren conferees from the county. The poet has said, that "variety is the spice of life." Here was variety enough, and spicy enough too. We noticed on the spot, office-seekers and office-holders, officers civil, uncivil and military, impure patriots, who would take an office for the country's sake, and pure patriots who did not care about office—*unless a very fat one*,—all, busily employed in discussing the merits of the respective candidates, with as much earnestness as if there was the slightest probability of their being elected, even if nominated by *the* party.

Among these patriots, we discovered two (of some note in their peculiar way, (who seemed to be very "big with the fate of Cæsar and of Rome." (We hereby caution our printer not to make that last word *rum*.) When a Colonel and an Alderman came to the "tug of war," the chances are in favor of the Colonel, "the world over." When an Alderman charges a Colonel with being inconsistent, with having supported a ten million bank, &c., he cannot expect a Democrat to bear such grave charges, with the proverbial meekness of the innocent lamb.

It was natural to suppose that a Democratic Colonel would not rest satisfied under such a sweeping, withering charge. It was to be expected that he would attempt to drag from their unmarked graves, the real or imaginary, political peccadilloes of his home charging opponent.

It might have been supposed that the Colonel would thus "explificate" a few remarks, "I have never forsaken my party—I did support the ten million bank from policy—in doing so I looked to the interest and honor of Pennsylvania—I am not seeking office—I am governed by the purest motives and any man who says to the contrary is a liar?" What a bad word; a direct contempt of Court! It was on the other hand, to be expected, that like a good *peace-officer*, an Alderman would act as the Alderman did, swallow all those nice things, as a child would other sweet meats, in the shape of sugar plums. It is well no "*boilers was busted*" on the above occasion.

We remember to have read in boyhood's day a poetical account of two bumpkins, who were upon their backs looking towards heaven. I have a thought says Hodge.

Have you; what is it! asked Podge.

Why, I wish all that sky was meadow land and mine.

Pooh, said the other, I have a better thought than that. I wish I had an ox for every star I see.

Oh my gimmines, where would you feed them all?

Why, in your meadows to be sure.

No you would'nt.

Yes I would.

You lie.

Do I, then take that.

And at it Hodge and Podge went, rolling over each other, thumping, bumping, in brief thoroughly walloping each other, until exhausted, they again found themselves upon their backs, a second time looking towards the meadowy sky and oxy stars.

Now, asked Podge, where are your meadows?

I haint none.

Where are your oxen, Podge?

Got none!

Then came Hodge and Podge to the wise conclusion, never hereafter, like simpletons, to quarrel about things beyond their reach.

Gentlemen—The Hodge and Podge business needs no application at our hands. One word at parting. Do not wrangle.

Dear patriots! ye should never let
Such angry passions rise,
Your little tongues were never made,
To say a brother lies!

Do not quarrel we say; if you do, you feel nasty after the second of October, very much like Hodge and Podge felt. Always bear in mind, the uncertainty of all sublunary matters. Remember the wise man has said "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." No one opposed to you will take the trouble to question your claims to democracy and patriotism, but every one opposed to you will question your claims to any one of the offices in the row. All your visionary speculations will be put to flight in consequence of the election of the Whig candidates by triumphant majorities; all your professions of exclusive democracy and patriotism "to the contrary notwithstanding." In a friendly spirit we caution you not to be too sanguine, or in the depths of despair, hereafter, you will be compelled to exclaim, "our punishment is greater than we can bear."

Educate your Children.—The following elegant extract ought to be read by every parent, and particularly every farmer:

"If the time shall come when this almighty fabric shall totter; when the beacon which now rises in a pillar of fire, a sign and wonder of the world, shall wax dim, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people. If our Union is still to continue to cheer the hopes and animate the efforts of the oppressed of every nation; if our fields are to be untrod by the hirelings of despotism; if long days of blessedness are to attend our country in her career of glory; if you would have the sun continue to shed its unclouded rays upon the face of freemen, then *educate all the children in the land*. This alone startles the tyrant in his dreams of power, and rouses the slumbering energies of oppressed people. It was intelligence that reared up the majestic columns of national glory; and this alone can prevent them from crumbling to ashes."

Letters from Augusta by the mail of to-day speak most alarmingly of the ravages of the epidemic there. One letter says, "I do not believe that three hundred white persons will sleep in the town to-night." The disease is not yellow fever, but a congestive bilious fever, in which the blood leaving the extremities loads the heart and head. If the early symptoms are vigorously treated, the patient is generally relieved; but if neglected, his case is hopeless.—*Jour. of Com.*

A man by the name of Patrick McGuire, of Jersey City, was run over this morning by a locomotive on the Newark Rail-road, and dangerously, if not fatally wounded. It is stated that both legs were severed from his body.—*Jour. of Com.*

A HIGHLY IMPORTANT CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

"Cave ne titubis"—Beware of Falling.

DR. EVANS, 100 Chatham street, takes the present opportunity of tendering his most unfeigned acknowledgments, to the numerous patients, afflicted with the various forms of disease incident to humanity, who have committed themselves to his care, and he has the satisfaction of knowing from many living evidences, that he has removed or relieved their respective maladies, as far as lies within the compass of human means. How distressing to the afflicted is DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION! poisoning all the sources of his enjoyment, and leading in many instances to the miseries of confirmed hypocondraism. Long as it has been made the subject of inquiry by medical authors it remains involved in much obscurity. Jaundice, Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholic, also perform a conspicuous part in the drama of morbid affections. Dr. EVANS has been singularly successful in the treatment of the above complaints by remedies drawn from the researches of the most eminent physicians in Europe.

He has also had vast experience and success throughout the whole family of delicate diseases, all of which are for the most part aggravated by, and rooted in the constitution, by the *Conspiracies of mercurial murderers, unprincipled, uneducated and unpractised* in any art save that of attempting to lead the credulous on the road to ruin. Dr. Evans' office is supplied with the choicest remedies from foreign markets, and compounded on the most scientific principles. A physician is always in attendance; and all those who come there in the hour of need will go off rejoicing.

Office, 100 Chatham street, New York. Open from 9 o'clock, A. M. until 10 o'clock, P. M.

A PERFECT CURE OF ASTHMA, Fifty-four years standing, effected by the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' Medicine.—I hereby certify, that I was attacked with the Asthma, in the ninth year of my age, and from that time until the present year, a period of fifty-four years, I have been subject to that disease. For the last five years I have had it almost incessantly, not being exempt from it more than twenty-four hours at any one time. I have consulted the most skilful physicians, and tried many remedies without any relief. In June last I commenced using Dr Wm Evans' Vegetable Medicine, not with the expectation of effecting a cure, for I believed my case hopeless and my dissolution near, but with the hope of obtaining momentary relief. Before I had used two packages I was entirely relieved, and have not been attacked with it since. I can now say that I am perfectly cured of the disease, and can confidently recommend it to all who are afflicted with this distressing complaint.

SARAH SIMMONS,
Prince George's County, Virginia.

☞ *LIVER COMPLAINT, TEN YEARS' STANDING.*—Mrs. HANNAH BROWNE, wife of Joseph Browne, North Sixth, Williamsburgh, afflicted the last ten years with the Liver Complaint, completely restored to health through the treatment of Dr. WM. EVANS: Symptoms—Habitual constipation of the bowels, total loss of appetite, excruciating pain of the epigastric region, great depression of spirits, languor, and other symptoms of extreme debility, disturbed sleep, inordinate flow of the menses, pain in the right side, could not lie on her left side without an aggravation of the pain, urine high colored, with other symptoms indicating great derangement in the functions of the liver

Mrs. Browne was attended by three of the first physicians, but received but little relief from their medicine, till Mr. Browne procured some of Dr. Wm. Evans' invaluable preparations, which effectually relieved her of the above distressing symptoms, with others, which it is not so essential to intimate.

JOSEPH BROWNE.

City and County of New York, ss.

Joseph Browne, Williamburgh, Long Island, being duly sworn, did depose and say that the facts as set forth in the within statement, to which he has subscribed his name, are just and true, JOSEPH BROWNE.
Husband of the said Hannah Brown.
Sworn before me, this 4th day of January, 1837.
PETER PINCKNEY, Com. of Deeds.

☞ *Another recent test of the unrivalled virtue of* DR. WM. EVANS' *Medicines.*—Dyspepsia, ten years' standing. Mr. J. Mc Kenzie, 176 Stanton street, was afflicted with the above complaint for 10 years, which incapacitated him at intervals, for the period of six years, in attending to his business, restored to perfect health, under the salutary treatment of Dr. Wm. Evans.

The principal symptoms were—A sense of distention and oppression after eating, distressing pain in the pit of the stomach, nausea, impaired appetite, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, great debility and emaciation, depression of spirits, disturbed rest, sometimes a bilious vomiting and pain in the right side, an extreme degree of languor and faintness, any endeavor to pursue his business, causing immediate exhaustion and weariness.

Mr. Mc Kenzie is daily attending his business, and none of the above symptoms have recurred since he used the medicine. He is now a strong and healthy man.

He resorted to myriads of remedies, but they were ineffectual. He is willling to give any information to the afflicted respecting the inestimable benefit rendered to him by the use of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicine.

☞ *ASTHMA, THREE YEARS' STANDING.*

Mr. Robert Monroe, Schuylkill, afflicted with the above distressing malady. Symptoms—Great languor, flatulency, disturbed rest, nervous headache, difficulty of breathing, tightness and stricture across the breast, dizziness, nervous irritability and restlessness, could not lie in a horizontal position, without the sensation of impending 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 same inestimable benefit.

☞ *AN EXTRAORDINARY AND REMARKABLE CURE.—MRS. MARY DILLON*, Williamsburgh, corner of Fourth and North streets, completely restored to health by the treatment of Dr. Wm. Evans, 100 Chatham street.

The symptoms of this distressing case were as follows—Total loss of appetite, palpitation of the heart, twitching of the tendons, with a general spasmodic affection of the muscles, difficulty of breathing, giddiness, languor, lassitude, great depression of spirits, with a fear of some impending evil, a sensation of fluttering at the pit of the stomach, irregular transient pains in different parts, great emaciation, with other symptoms of extreme debility.

The above case was pronounced hopeless by three of the most eminent physicians, and the dissolution of the patient daily awaited for by her friends, which may be authenticated by the physicians who were in attendance. She has given her cheerful permission to publish the above facts, and will also gladly give any information, respecting the benefit she has received, to any inquiring mind.

MARY DILLON.

A Real Blessing to Mothers.

DR. W. EVANS' CELEBRATED SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN CUTTING THEIR TEETH.

This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds of children, when thought past recovery, from convulsions. As soon as the Syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant, that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it. When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of the Syrup should be used on the gums, to open the pores. Parents should never be without the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children; for if a child wakes in the night with pain in the gums, the Syrup immediately gives ease by opening the pores and healing the gums; thereby preventing convulsions, fevers, &c.

AGENTS.

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EDWARD McDOWEL, Fredericksburg.
MORTIMER & MOWBRAY Baltimore.
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GURNEY ON THE SABBATH.—Gurney's History of the Sabbath, 1 small volume; London; price 37 cents, is just received, and for sale by
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A few copies only just received by F. T.
On hand a large and valuable collection of the best works in every department of science and art, for sale for the most part at prices corresponding with the above.
july 17

THE first number of the New York Journal of Medicine and Surgery (to be continued quarterly) is just received by F. TAYLOR, and may be examined at his bookstore, where subscriptions (5 dollars per annum) will be received and single numbers sold. The second number appears in October. jy 24