NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH. OFFICE NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET. FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. III. NO. 179. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1843. WHOLE NO. 800.

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE IS PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

At 160 NASSAU-ST. (OPPOSITE CITY HALL,) NEW-YORK, And delivered to City Subscribers for NINE CENTS per week, or when they prefer, they can pay in advance at the Desk for six months, or a year at the same rate. Single copies TWO CENTS. Mail subscribers $5 per annum, in advance; and the paper in no case continued beyond the time for which it is paid. Subscriptions taken for Six Months.

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THE TRIBUNE.

From the Glasgow (Scotland) Chartist Circular.

THE POOR MAN'S WEDDING.

I WED thee, girl, as poor men wed,
To share a lot of toil and care;
No gems will deck our bridal bed,
But Love will strew his roses there;
No cringing slave, no menial throng
Will seek our nuptial hovel's thatch;
No steeds will bear us swift along—
For ours is not a Coburg match!*

I did not seek thee for thy gold,
For wealth thy fancy might bestow;
My love was not a feeling sold,
For e'en as I am, poor art thou.
I wooed not with a tongue to which
The lust of Mammon lent its art;
I do not wed thee to be rich—
For mine is not a Coburg heart!

Thou dost not take me to thine arms,
By state necessity impelled,
While condescension yields thy charms,
To be with humble reverence held.
I choose thee my poor lot to cheer,
To shed a radiance o'er my life,
And not to frown or domineer—
For thou art not a Coburg's wife!

When time the pleasing hope shall give,
That soon a pledge will bless our love,
That in *another* we shall live—
Another prized ourselves above—
No court physician will be fee'd,
(Puffed in the public prints) to watch,
Lest some mishap should spoil the breed—
For ours is not a Coburg match!

And when our infant's cry is heard—
Sweet music to a parent's ear—
No flattery foul, no pomp absurd,
Will greet the little stranger here.
The public money will not keep
Our babe, by princely titles styled;
Peers will not rock that babe to sleep—
For ours will be no Coburg child!

Oh, no! our union will not bear
The seal of interest—stamp of shame!
But yet our lot will be more fair
Than those who boast a higher name.
For to unite us two, at least,
No groaning people sighs and smarts!
No nation's taxes spread our feast—
For ours, love, are not Royal hearts!

* Coburg was the former title of the Queen's husband.

From the Democratic Review.

SLYDER DOWNEHYLLE:
A SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL,
Author of "Charcoal Sketches," &c.

"How happy I'll be be to-morrow!" exclaimed little Slyder Downehylle, in anticipation of Christmas; "oh, how happy I shall be to-morrow!"

"Couldn't you contrive to be happy a little now?" replied Uncle John, who had learned somewhat to distrust anticipation and its gorgeous promises.

"Happy now, Uncle John!" retorted little Slyder Downehylle, rather contemptuously, "happy now!—what with, I should like to know—what shall I be happy with—now? Where's the candy, the cakes, the pies—where is the hobby-horse that somebody's going to give me—and all the Christmast gifts? How I wish to-morrow had come—what a long day—what a long evening—what a great while I've got to sleep!"

Little Slyder Downehylle became quite cross, and Uncle John whistled. Twenty-four hours afterwards, little Slyder Downehylle was still more cross—he had been happy with candy, with cakes and with pies, until he was very uncomfortable indeed; he had been happy with toys, until he had quarrelled with his little companions and strewed the room with broken playthings; he had been happy with his hobby-horse, until he got a fall.

"Oh, what a stupid day!" said little Slyder Downehylle, "I wish to-morrow would come—I'll be so happy at aunt Betsey's."

It is unnecessary to intrude at aunt Betsey's, for the events there were of a character strongly resembling what had already occurred. Little Slyder Downehylle went to bed in tears.

It was always so with the unfortunate Slyder Downehylle. Throughout life, he wanted something to be happy with; and, strangely enough, it universally occurred that when he had obtained the thing, it did not prove to be exactly the thing he wanted. His expectations were never realized, and he was, therefore, constantly in a state of disappointment. Unlucky Slyder Downehylle! It was deplorable too that such should be the case, for Slyder Downehylle was anxious to be happy—he was always looking forward to be happy—for something "to be happy with." He never got up in the morning but that it was his resolve to be happy in the afternoon—and, if not successful in accomplishing his purpose at that time, he endeavored as far as possible to retrieve the failure by forming a similar determination for the evening. No one ever had a greater variety of schemes for living happy—very happy—than he; for living happy next week, for living happy next month, or next year; but it appeared to him that a malignant fate was sure to interfere, in order that his projects might be frustrated. At school, he was always thinking how happy he would be on Saturday afternoon; but then sometimes it rained on Saturday afternoon, or his companions would not do as he wished them to do on Saturday afternoon, or it may be that although he had toiled hard for the pleasure on Saturday afternoon, and the toil for pleasure is often the severest of work, he returned home weary, dispirited and out of temper. Of course it was unavoidable that his pleasure should be postponed until some other Saturday afternoon. And it was even so with the larger holidays. They never were exactly what they ought to have been—what they promised to be—what they seemed to be, when viewed from a distance. If Slyder Downehylle went a-fishing, why a treacherous bank would often give way, and then—pray who can possibly be happy when dripping wet, with his clothes on? Nobody but poodles. What felicity is there in losing one's shoe in a swamp? Who is perfectly happy when scouring across the plain, like "swift Camilla," with old Jenkins' big dog—that dog always bites—rustic dogs do—following close at his heels, widely opening a mouth which showed no need of the dentist? Then, if Slyder Downehylle went skating, it not unfrequently happened that he cried with cold,—what a strange arrangement it is not to have the best of skating on the warmest days! At other seasons, there was the sun. It never rains but it pours, in this world. Is it happiness, think ye, to have one's dear little nose—incipient Roman, or determined pug, as the case may be—all of a blister, and have one's delectable countenance as red and as hot as a scarlet fever? "Oh—time in the sack"—invariably, in Slyder Downehylle's sack—it would be easy to make mortar of it.

The young Downehylle, finding that happiness eluded his grasp while a boy, made sure of throwing a noose over its head when he should be a man. What on earth is there to prevent a man's being happy, if he choose—especially if a man has money, as was the case in the present instance, Uncle John and Aunt Betsey both being gathered to their fathers and mothers. May not a man do as he pleases?—go to bed when he pleases, and get up when he pleases?—eat what he pleases and drink what he pleases? A man is not compelled to learn lessons. All his afternoons are Saturday afternoons—his holidays last all the year round. Who would not be a man? "Oh, when I am a man!" said Slyder Downehylle. "I wish I was a man!" exclaimed Slyder Downehylle. "I want to be a man!" cried Slyder Downehylle, with impatience.

Sooner or later, at least in the eye of the law, most boys become men, in despite of remonstrance. These boys are remarkable for an upstart tendency, and the Downehylles themselves are not exempt from the peculiarity. So Slyder Downehylle was a man at last, though on the whole it must be confessed that he did not derive the satisfaction from it that he had been led to expect.

* * * * * *

Slyder Downehylle was extended at full length upon a sofa.

"I say, Spifflikens, what shall I be at? I'm twenty-one—I've got plenty of money—I'm as tired as thunder already—what shall I be at, Spifflikens?"

"Lend me a hundred, and buy yourself a buggy,—why don't you get a buggy, to begin with?" "Yes, Spifflikens, I will. You're right—the Downehylles were always great on buggies, you know, Spifflikens."

It was Slyder Downehylle's theory, after this conversation,—for he often theorized—that happiness was, to some degree, vehicular; that, like respectability, it was to be found in a gig, if it were to be found anywhere. So he bought him a sulky and a fast trotter—a mile in two minutes or thereabouts. What could escape a man who followed so rapidly? If you wish to be successful in the pursuit of happiness, do not forget to buy a sulky—there's nothing like a sulky.

"Aha!—that's it!" muttered Slyder Downehylle, as he tugged at the reins, and went whizzing along the turnpike in a cloud of dust, passing everything on the road, and carrying consternation among the pigs, the ducks, and the chickens.

Slyder thought that this was "it" for several consecutive days; but as the novelty wore off—there's the rub—(that Hamlet was rather a sensible fellow—did he too keep a "fast trotter?")—Slyder was not so sure whether it was the thing exactly, and on the recommendation of his friend Spifflikens, who borrowed another hundred on the occasion, he endeavored to improve it a little by drinking champagne and playing billiards, at the "Cottage." Fast trotters and champagne—fast trotters and billiards, harmonize very well. Under this combination, Slyder appeared to think that "it" was considerably more like the thing than before. He had found "something to be happy with," at last, and so had Spifflikens. It was not however so difficult to make Spiffy a happy man,—only allow him to go ahead, and say nothing about "returns." He hates any thing sombre—anything "dun."

"Now I'm happy," said Slyder Downehylle, as he stood on the portico of the "Cottage," and saw every eye fixed with admiration on his establishment, as the boy led his horse and sulky through the crowd of vehicles. "That's it, at last!" and he lighted another cigar and called for an additional bottle of iced champagne. "That's it, certainly," remarked Spifflikens, at the explosion of the cork.

Slyder Downehylle was perfectly satisfied that this was indeed "it," for a considerable portion of the afternoon, and, to tell the truth, when he remounted his buggy, nodding his head to the bystanders, as he hung his coat-tails over the back of the vehicle, he was not a little "elevated."

"There—let him go!" said he, tossing a half-dollar to the hostler's deputy.

Mr. Downehylle's sulky flew like lightning across the lawn.

"Splendid!" ejaculated the spectators.

"Superiaw—fine!" added Spifflikens.

The dogs barked—the colored gentlemen who officiated as waiters grinned from ear to ear. There was quite a sensation at the "Cottage."

"That's it, at last!" said Slyder Downehylle, triumphantly. But he forgot that existence, short as it is, cannot be crowded all into the exhilarating moment of a "start." Life is not to be distilled and condensed in this way, though his life seemed to come as near it as possible, on the occasion referred to.

Why are we made ambitious? Why will we endeavor to jump over puddles that are too wide, when we so-often miss immortality by no more than a hair's breadth? But "touch and go" is the secret of great enterprises. Slyder Downehylle was struck with a desire to sublimate the sublime—to "o'ertop old Pelion," and old Pelion, as it was natural he should, resented the insult. Downehylle was allowed to "touch"—we often do that—but there was a veto on his "go." He wished to shave the gate-post, in his curricular enthusiasm—to astonish the natives with his charioteering skill. Yet the poplars might have reminded him of Phæton's sisters weeping, lank and long.

It certainly was the champagne—that last bottle, so well iced.

Mr. Downehylle was out in his calculation by about the sixteenth part of an inch. He was on a leeshore.

A cloud of splinters went up and came down again. "There is but a Frenchman the more in France," said a Bourbon on the restoration. It was also quite evident that there was a sulky the less in existence. As this could not be considered the "fast trotter's" business,—he having no further concern with the matter than to do a certain number of miles in a specific number of minutes—he therefore went straight on to fulfil his part of the contract, and it is to be presumed that he was successful, as nothing has been heard from him since.

"That's not it, after all," murmured Mr. Slyder Downehylle, as he was carried into the Cottage for surgical aid.

The bystanders, lately so full of admiration, ungraciously placed their thumbs upon their noses, and waggled their fingers. Greatness always falls, when it meets with an upset.

"What could you expect from a fellow that holds his elbows so, when he drives?" was the general remark. When we are down every one can see the reason why. The world is always full of sagacity, after the event.

Slyder Downehylle is known by the colored waters at the Cottage as "the gemplin that got spilt," and he has so knocked down by the affair that he felt flat at the slightest allusion to it. He never hunted happiness in a buggy again, but went slowly home in the omnibus, and, though it did not enable him to journey very rapidly, he yet contrived, while in it, to arrive at the conclusion that, if "fast trotters" carried others to felicity, the mode of travel was too rough for him.

He was puzzled. What could be the matter? He was a man, a man of cash—money in both pockets; but yet Slyder Downehylle was not happy—not particularly happy. On the contrary, striking an average, he was, for the most part, dedidedly miserable. He yawned about all the morning; he was not hungry in the afternoon; he was seldom sleepy at night,—vexatious!

"There's something I want," thought Slyder Downehylle; "but what it is—that's more than I can tell; but it is something to be happy with. What other people get for the purpose that they go grinning about so, hang me if I can discover."

Slyder Downehylle was rather good looking, about these times—not decidedly "a love," but well enough; and so, as nature had been propitious, he struck out a new line—a very popular line—the hair line. He cultivated whiskers, "fringing the base of his countenance;" he set up a moustache; he starred his under lip with an imperial, and he balanced the superstructure with the classical "goatee!" Medusa herself never had more luxuriant curls. When Slyder Downehylle wanted to find himself, he was obliged to beat the bushes. He passed half the day with a brush in his hand, in adjusting his embellishments—in giving them irresistible expression; and the rest of the time was consumed in carrying them up and down all manner of streets, and to all sorts of public places. Slyder Downehylle was now the envy of the young bloods about town, and was regarded as a perfect Cupidon by the ladies. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Birnam Wood had come to Dunsinane—not a feature was discernable. Esau and Orson were shavelings and shavers to Slyder Downehylle. But, notwithstanding the fact that Samson found strength in his hair, Slyder was not so lucky. A thickset hedge cannot keep out ennui. It is true that the buffalo and the bison at the menagerie took Mr. Slyder Downehylle for a patriarch of the tribe, fresh from the head waters of the Oregon; yet, after all, Slyder's spirit was nearly as bald of comfort as the "hairless horse"—that unfashionable quadruped. It must be confessed, however, that there were gleams of consolation attendant upon his bristly condition. The servants at the hotels styled him "mounsheer; how delightful it is to be mistaken for what you are not! People thought he talked "pretty good English, considerin," and, best of all, the little boys ran backwards that they might look with wonder at his face, while the smaller children went screaming into the house to call their mammas to see the "funny thing." But "false the light on glory's plume;" and it is no less false on glory's hair. Even the excitement of such enviable distinction as this soon wears away, and it may be questioned whether, barring the expense of soap, a furry-faced gentleman is, in the long run, much happier than the more sober citizen who has so little taste for the picturesque as to shave several times a week, and who is neither a "foundling of the forest" nor a perambulatory Moses, always among the bulrushes.

Slyder Downehylle, therefore, reinforced his whiskers by an elaborate care of dress. He was padded into a model of symmetry; but although the buckram was judiciously placed, he soon ascertained that this was not the kind of bolstering he wanted. The cotton made him warm, but it did not make him happy—not quite. It was "nothing to be thus," unless one were "safely thus." Slyder Downehylle began to feel small when his muscular developments were hung upon the bedpost. Which was Slyder, in the main—he beneath the cover, or that larger part of him against the wall? He was tired of packing and unpacking; wearied with being "spectacular."

It was not exactly kind in Uncle John and Aunt Betsy—though they thought it was—thus to bequeath their savings to Slyder Downehylle. Their legacy perplexed him sadly. He discovered, in a very short time, that money is not in itself—notwithstanding the fact that it is generally known as the "one thing needful"—the material of happiness. But he was clear in his own mind that it was something to be got with money. Still, however, he could not find it—that "something to be happy with"—that cake, that candy, that sugar-ice, that hobby-horse. When his game was run down, why, it was only a fox after all.

"Life's an imposition—a humbug," said Slyder Downehylle, pettishly; "I've tried much of the fun that's said to be in it, and I'm beginning to have an idea it's a confounded stupid piece of business, when a man has seen it pretty much all through, like a farce at the theatre. I'm sure I don't know what to be at next. There's a man to be hung to-morrow; but I've seen two or three fellows hung, and they do it just alike. The fun is soon got out of that. Then there's to be a fight somewhere this afternoon: but what's a fight, or a race, or anything, in short? A spree is to come off to-night at Crinkumcrankum's, but I suppose everything's to travel down our throats in the old way—botheration!"

"You should go it," remarked Spifflikens, "go it strong—that's the way to scatter the blue devils; go it strong; and, as the poet judiciously remarks, 'go it while you're young.' That's the time—lend me fifty, and I'll show you a thing or two—there are several things to be seen yet, by individuals who don't wear spectacles. This is good brandy, Slyder—prime brandy—where did it come from? Have you got any more? Brandy's wholesome. It agrees with almost everybody."

This postulate is not exactly so self-evident as Mr. Spifflikens thought it to be; but while it is not clearly proved that brandy agrees with everybody, yet it was plain enough that Spifflikens agreed with it, and Slyder Downehylle began likewise to have a slight agreement with that adjective, both in number and person.

He followed the advice of Spifflikens. No one knew the world better than Spifflikens, and, therefore, Spifflikens must, of course, be right—so Slyder Downehylle became convivial. He slept by day and frolicked by night. If this was not the long-sought "it," where could "it" be. Slyder Downehylle was merry—exceeding jocose. He was sometimes turned out of three theatres in one evening—he had fought in a ball-room—had thrashed several watchmen—had been honored with "private hearings" by the magistracy, and had been more than once almost beaten to a jelly. Slyder Downehylle earned the right and title to be known as a spirited youth, and so he was, generally. But, by dint of repetition, the blue began to disappear from this plum also—the peach was no longer downy. If it had not been for the peach-brandy, what would have become of Slyder Downehylle? It was not, indeed, perfect bliss—Slyder was subject to headache in the earlier part of the day—yet it was as nearly "something to be happy with," as he had yet been enabled to discover.

It was a hard case, view it as you will. Mr. Slyder Downehylle wanted to be happy—he had the greatest disposition to be happy. He had tried every possible experiment in that direction that either he or Spifflikens could suggest; but yet he was a dejected man, even when tipsy twice a day. He could find no delight that was of a substantial character—nothing to which he could constantly recur without fear of disappointment and disgust—nothing that would wear all the week through and be the same to-day, to-morrow, and the day after that. It was in vain that he intermingled his pleasures—took them in alternation—over-ate himself in the morning and over-drank himself in the evening, or reversed the process, turning the bill of fare upside down. It came all to the same thing in the end. There must be something wrong—why could not Slyder Downehylle be happy? Who labored harder to boil down common-place and extract from it the essence of felicity—to concentrate the soup of life, and to elicit essentials from their insipid dilution?

A man laughed in the play-house—laughed several times. What right had he to laugh in that side-shaking manner? Slyder Downehylle could not laugh—he saw no particular joke that required it; but the man laughed again, and when Slyder requested him not to make a fool of himself, the man pulled Slyder's nose. Hope deferred engendered fierceness. Slyder quarreled with the man about making so free with another person's nose, as if it were a bell-pull or a knocker. A nose is not much to be sure—many are not—but when a nose is constituted a point of honor, it expands to the dimensions of a geographical promontory—it is peninsular—it is a disputed territory, over which no man can be allowed to march, much less to make settlements upon it. Slyder Downehylle resolved to stand by his nose, and so he stood up to it, and a duel was the consequence—a duel, according to the barbarian custom of modern times, which was fought before breakfast. Who can be surprised that there is so much bad shooting extant on these interesting occasions? A gentleman, no matter how much of a gentleman he may be in proper hours, cannot reasonably be expected to be altogether a gentleman—altogether himself—at such an uncivilized time of day. A man may be valiant enough after nine o'clock—when he has had his coffee and muffins—he may be able to face a battery in the forenoon, and ready to lead a forlorn hope when he has dined comfortably; but to ask one to get up to be shot at, in the gray of the morning—in the midst of fogs and all sorts of chilly discomfort, his boots and his trowsers draggled with dew, and himself unsustained by a breakfast, why the whole thing is preposterous? No man can be valiant unless he is warm, and as no man can be warm without his breakfast, it is a demonstrated fact that breakfast itself is valor, and that one may be frightened before breakfast, without the slightest disparagement to his character for courage. Master Barnardine was right when he refused to get up early to go to the gallows. There is a time for all things. But Slyder Downehylle was not more alarmed than was right and proper—not more, probably, than his antagonist. "How do they come on?" said the surgeon to Goliah Bluff, who acted as Slyder's second. The fourth shot had been interchanged and no blood drawn. "As well as could be expected," replied Goliah; "they are approximating—the seconds don't have to dodge now, and the principals are not so likely as they were, to shoot off their own toes. Practice makes perfect. Gentlemen, are you ready?—one, two, three!"—bang!—bang!—The man had winged Slyder, and both were glad—the one that it was safely over, so far as he was concerned, and the other that the affair was finished and no worse, so far as he was concerned. Further approximations might have been dangerous. But the result was a downright flying in the face of poetical justice, owing no doubt to the fact that poetical justice wisely lies abed till the last bell rings. But then, as Goliah Bluff announced to the parties belligerent, Slyder Downehylle was "satisfied," and who else had a right to complain? His nose was the feature most interested and it said nothing, "as nobody knows on"—for it was now a nose which, when regarded in its metaphysical and honorable aspect, notwithstanding its rubid tints, had not a stain upon its escutcheon. The bullet in its master's shoulder had been soapsuds to its reputation, and the duel had been brick-dust to the lustre of its glory. Slyder Downehylle's nose actually "shone again," brighter than ever. His arm, no doubt, was in a sling—the same arm that had conveyed so many slings into him, to support him, comfort him and keep him up—but his nose was self-sustained; it had been proved to be a feature not to be handled with impunity. But what are noses after all—what are noses in the abstract—noses individually considered? Slyder, in the end, did not care much who pulled his nose, so they did it gently.

He was engaged in solving a great moral problem. He left the longitude and the squaring of the circle to intellects of an inferior order. It was for him to determine whether it was possible to live upon the principal of one's health and capacities for enjoyment, without being restricted to such beggarly returns as the mere interest thereof. As for content—the "being happy with one's self," as Uncle John expressed it—this was a very flat sort of happiness in Slyder Downehylle's estimation, if, indeed, he ever placed it in that category at all. It was by no means strong enough for the purpose. Happy upon water!—"I'll trouble you for that pale brandy," said Slyder Downehylle. He desired that his existence should be one vast bowl of champagne punch—an everlasting mince—terrapins and turtle soup—glaciers of ice-cream and cataracts of cognac, sunned by frolic and fanned by the breeze of excitement—a "perpetual spree!" There were to be no shady sides of the way in his resplendent world. How many practical philosophers have failed in the same pursuit! Is the *aurum potabile* never to be discovered? Are we always to come down to the plain reality, at last? Downehylle could not endure the thought—"More cayenne, if you please."

"Have you ever tried faro?" whispered Spifflikens; "there's considerable fun at faro, when you are up to it."

Spifflikens passed the bottle. Slyder Downehylle had never tried faro, but he did try it, and thought that he rather liked it. In short, it improved upon acquaintance. At length he had reached the *ultima Thule*. The "something to be happy with" had, to all appearance, been found. Redheiffer was but a goose. He knew not where to look for the "perpetual motion"—the everlasting jog to the flagging spirit. But the top of our speed brings the end of the race. He who moves most rapidly, is the soonest at the close of his career. Faro is fickle, and Slyder Downehylle, in his zeal to pile enjoyment upon enjoyment—to be happy, if possible, with several things at a time—had unluckily a habit of not taking even his faro "plain;" he needed syrup also in that effervescing draught, and as his head became warm, the "cool" amounts in his pockets melted away.

Slyder Downehylle was a cashless man—his researches after felicity had not only proved unsuccessful, but had left him without the means of future progression. He was bemired half-way—swamped, as it were, in sight of port. Even Spifflikens cut him dead. The tailors desired no more of his custom—his apartments at the hotel were wanted. The "credit system" was out of fashion. Financiering had been clipped in its wings. How doleful looks the candle when capped with an extinguisher? The wounded squirrel drops from limb to limb. The world has many wounded squirrels, besides those that crack nuts to earn a living. Just such a squirrel was Slyder Downehylle, compelled, before he reached the top of his aspiring hopes, to abandon every step that he had toilfully surmounted.

How he now obtained any thing to eat, is not exactly known. His mode of obtaining something to drink, is, if not original, certainly ingenious. He never goes to the pump, having no taste for hydraulics. Nor does he find water with a hazel twig. He has a more effective "twig" than that. He lounges in bar-rooms, and as his old acquaintances, searchers after happiness not yet brought up with a "round turn," go there to drink—a dry bar is a sad impediment to navigation—it is astonishing to see how very solicitous he becomes in reference to their health.

"How do ye do, Mr. Jones. I've not had the pleasure of seeing you for a long time. How have you been?"

"Pretty well, Downehille, pretty well—but excuse me—Bibo and I are going to try something."

"Why, ah—thank you—I don't care much if I do join. The pale brandy—yes—that will answer," would be Slyder Downehylle's response under such circumstances, from which it is apparent that misfortune had somewhat impaired his sense of hearing.

* * *

Slyder Downehylle is supposed to be yet about town, looking earnestly for his yet undiscovered happiness. The last time he was seen by credible witnesses, they noted him busily employed in playing "All Fours," in front of John Gin's hostelry—a game probably selected as emblematic of his now creeping condition. He lounges no more in fashionable resorts. Champagne punch is a mere reminiscence. His Havanas are converted into "long nines," and his bibulations are at two cents a glass, making up in piperine pungency what they lack in delicacy of flavor. He is sadly emaciated, and in all respects considerably the worse for wear, while a hollow cough indicates that his physical capabilities have proved inadequate to the requirements of his method of employing life, and are fast dropping to pieces.—Slyder Downehylle is consequently more melancholy than ever. He is troubled with doubts. Perhaps he may have proceeded upon an error—perhaps the principle, the high pressure principle of his action was not the right one. It may be that excitement is not happiness—that our pleasures are fleeting in proportion to their intensity—that indeed, if "life be a feast," the amount of satisfaction to be derived from it, is rather diminished than increased by swallowing the viands hastily and by having a free recourse to condiments, and that a physical economy is as wise and as necessary to well-being, as economy of any kind. He is almost led to suppose that his "something to be happy with," is a fallacy; he never could hold it within his grasp, and he inclines to the belief that a man probably does well to have a home in himself, that he may not always be compelled to run abroad for recreation, or to appeal to his senses to give vivacity to the hour. If it were his luck to begin again, perhaps he might try the tack thus indicated, But that hollow cough!—Our experiences oft reach their climax too late; yet others may learn by the example of Slyder Downehylle.

The Non-Resistance Society—Capital Punishment, &c.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

BOSTON, Nov. 2, 1843.

There is in this country a class of persons, few in number, who call themselves Non-Resistants, and who, in consequence of their peculiar doctrines and practices, have been exposed to a large measure of the ridicule which the bigoted and unthinking are wont to visit indiscriminately upon the heads of all who propose radical changes in the Social structure. Like all reformers who have gone before them, they have been doomed to feel

'A world's reproach around them burn;'

while laboring, as they no doubt honestly believed, to redeem mankind from the bondage of evil principles and vicious practices. Seeing in the papers a notice that the annual meeting of the New-England Non-Resistance Society would be held on Tuesday at the Marlboro' Chapel, I resolved to improve the opportunity thus afforded to become acquainted with the doctrines and purposes of this much abused body of persons—believing, with Dr. Follen, that "principles which are essentially the same as those entertained by the Society of Friends have a right at least to be heard, and not to be condemned without benefit of reason."* Before going to the meeting, I took pains to procure a copy of the Declaration of Sentiments put forth by the Society at the time of its formation in 1838, and which I recollected to have seen at that period. I found it to be a document drawn up with great ability, and setting forth the doctrines and purposes of the Society in language at once forcible and eloquent.

Now I suppose that if I had been the spectator of a *battle* here, your readers would all thank me for giving them some account of it. Will they be less interested in learning how a portion of their fellow-men, viewing all wars and fightings to be sinful, propose to establish peace on earth and good will among men? I believe you have among your readers no small number of persons who have the manliness and courage which enable them to look at a new idea without being frightened or losing their temper; and as I believe they have derived great advantage from your practice of allowing fair play to all opinions, I cannot resist the inclination I feel to offer for publication in your columns a few of the most striking passages from the above Declaration. Your readers will thus obtain a clearer view of the sentiments of this singular class of men than I could give in any other way, and those who are disposed to put themselves in a belligerent attitude will learn thereby the vulnerable points in the Non-Resistance fortress, on which their guns should be brought to bear. They say:

"We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government by a resort to physical force. We recognize but one KING and LAWGIVER, one JUDGE and RULER of mankind. We are bound by the laws of a kingdom which is not of this world; the subjects of which are forbidden to fight; in which MERCY and TRUTH are met together, and RIGHTEOUSNESS and PEACE have kissed each other; which has no state lines, no national partitions, no geographical boundaries; in which there is no distinction of rank, or division of caste, or inequality of sex; the officers of which are PEACE, its exactors RIGHTEOUSNESS, its walls SALVATION, and its gates PRAISE; and which is destined to break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms.

"We register our testimony, not only against all wars, whether offensive or defensive, but all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against the militia system and a standing army; against all military chieftains and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victory over a foreign foe, all trophies won in battle, all celebrations in honor of military or naval exploits; against all appropriations for the defence of a nation by force and arms, on the part of any legislative body; against every edict of Government requiring of its subjects military service. Hence we deem it unlawful to bear arms, or to hold a military office.

"As every human government is upheld by physical strength, and its laws are enforced virtually at the point of the bayonet, we cannot hold any office which imposes upon its incumbent the obligation to compel men to do right, on pain of imprisonment or death. We therefore voluntarily exclude ourselves from every legislative and judicial body, and repudiate all human politics, worldly honors, and stations of authority. If we cannot occupy a seat in the Legislature, or on the bench, neither can we elect *others* to act as our substitutes in any such capacity.

"It follows that we cannot sue any man at law to compel him by force to restore any thing which he may have wrongfully taken from us or others; but, if he has seized our coat, we shall surrender up our cloak rather than subject him to punishment.

"We advocate no Jacobinical doctrines. The spirit of Jacobinism is the spirit of retaliation, violence and murder. It neither fears God, nor regards man. We would be filled with the spirit of CHRIST. If we abide by our principles, it is impossible for us to be disorderly, or plot treason, or participate in any evil work: we shall submit to every ordinance of man, FOR THE LORD'S SAKE; obey all the requirements of government, except such as we deem contrary to the commands of the gospel; and in no case resist the operation of law, except by meekly submitting to the penalty of disobedience.

"In entering upon the great work before us, we are not unmindful that, in its prosecution, we may be called to test our sincerity, even as in a fiery ordeal. It may subject us to insult, outrage, suffering, yea, even death itself. We anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation, calumny. Tumults may arise against us. The ungodly and violent, the proud and pharisaical, the ambitious and tyrannical, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, may combine to crush us. So they treated the MESSIAH, whose example we are humbly striving to imitate. If we suffer with him, we know that we shall reign with him. We shall not be afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. Our confidence is in the LORD ALMIGHTY, not in man."

Such are the principles of the Non-Resitants, as put forth by themselves. It will be seen that, however erroneous, they purport to be drawn from the teachings of Jesus Christ, and that those who hold them, instead of being infidels, as they are sometimes flippantly pronounced, avow the highest reverence for Christianity, and receive its instructions as of imperative obligation. If they are in error, it is because they do not interpret the precepts of Christ so as to reconcile them, in a sufficient degree, with the warlike spirit of the world; a heresy, I submit, worthy neither of death nor bonds. Dr. Follen, in the article from his pen quoted above, says:

"The authors of the New England Non-Resistance Society have rendered an important service to the cause of Peace, inasmuch as they have attempted to reduce it to first principles. * * * If war be sinful in all cases, and the use of violence constitutes the essence and essential immorality of war, the same principle must condemn the same means in every other case; it makes it sinful in the individual to take the life of an enemy, or use physical force, even in self-defence; and equally sinful in the Government to inflict not only capital punishments, but punishments of any kind, or to resort to coercive measures of any description. Hence the duty of every Christian not only to abstain entirely from the use of force against human beings, (absolute non-resistance,) but of refusing allegiance to any human Government, inasmuch as, being constituted to enforce its commands, it is founded in sin.

"We do not see how any man, adopting the premises laid down by the American Peace Society—viz: that *all war* is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel—can arrive at any other results than those maintained by the New England Non-Resistance Society. We have no fault to find, then, with the *logic* of the Non-Resistance Society."

I have occupied so much space already, that my remarks on the annual meeting of the Non-Resistance Society must be brief. When I entered the hall on Tuesday, I found about one hundred persons present, and a vigorous discussion going on upon the subject of Capital punishment. Among those present, I noticed Adin Ballou, of the Hopedale Community, N. P. Rogers, of New-Hampshire, W. L. Garrison, A. B. Mott, &c. &c. An assembly more strikingly marked by all the outward manifestations of benevolence and moral worth I have never seen. The speeches on the subject of Capital Punishment were excellent, and would have been responded to by all the enemies of the gallows, however widely dissenting from the ultra views of the meeting on other points. Measures, I am happy to learn, are about to be adopted for bringing this important subject before the next Legislature. Petitions are to be circulated, which, I am confident, will be returned with a large number of signatures, embracing the names of many of our most distinguished men.

The next subject which came before the Society, and which occupied its attention yesterday until the final adjournment, was the *Immorality of Voting*. The ground taken was that laid down in the Society's declaration, viz: that governments being founded on violence, it was a sin for Christians to hold, or elect others to, office under them. Admitting the premise to be sound, the conclusion would follow of course. The speeches of Garrison and Ballou in defence of the doctrine were certainly marked by great ability, and a spirit of philanthropy which must ever command the respect of all candid minds. As to the soundness or unsoundness of their arguments, I shall express no opinion; my object being simply to give your readers information respecting what is generally deemed one of the most singular movements of this singular age. Said a politician to me, after hearing Garrison's speech last night, "If I pretended to be a Christian, I should be a Non-Resistant; I do not see how I could be any thing else. The teachings of Christ are certainly very clear on the point, and how they can be reconciled with violence, in any form, is to me incomprehensible."

L. O.

* Democratic Review, March, 1839.

Chemistry and Philosophy.

Messrs. Greeley & McElrath:

My attention has lately been called to one of your Series of Useful Books for the People, and I am so well satisfied of its usefulness, that I would greatly rejoice to meet with it in every family. The work to which I allude is "CHEMISTRY of the Four Ancient Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water;" also the "Book of Philosophical Experiments."

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JOHN H. GRISCOM.

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☞ Seven Yellow Fever patients were admitted to Charity Hospital, New Orleans, on the 23d—4 died.