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THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government, so complicated, so full of checks and balances, over such a vast extent of territory, with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty-four nations, in many senses they may be called, that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than all the proud principalities of Europe, all speaking one language—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm—the love and glory of our common country—even if parties do exist, and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come.—What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too.—Of the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climate—and then what a variety of production!—What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans—with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, surveyed, and unsurveyed, of extinguished and unextinguished Indian titles within the States and Territories, and without, estimated, in the aggregate to be 1,090,871,753 acres, and to be worth the immense sum of \$1,363,589,699—seven hundred and fifty millions of acres of which are within the bounds of the States and the Territories, and are yet to make new States, and to be admitted into the Union. Our revenue, now from the sales, is over five millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is already more than extinguished—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the War of Independence, again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land, and now we have a population of over thirteen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For example, a Senator in Congress, from Louisiana, has just arrived in Washington. Twenty days of his journey he passed in a steamboat on inland waters, moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other steamboats move, in deeper waters, but constantly moving, at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveller, who left the green prairie of New Orleans early in March; that land of the orange and olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness and life, and as it were, mocking him with the midsummer of his own northern home. He journeyed leisurely toward the region of ice and snow, to watch the budding of the young flowers, and to catch the breeze of the spring. He crossed the Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne; he ascended the big Tombecbee in a comfortable steamboat. From Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the wilds of Alabama, over Indian grounds, that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable. He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the base of the mountains of Virginia and for three months and more, he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever-coming spring; that most delicious season of the year; till, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of the Passamaquoddy, where tardy summer was even then hesitating whether it was time to come. And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country! The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the staff on the hills of Fort Sullivan, in the easternmost extremity of Maine; and the morning gun that startled his slumbers among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered till many minutes after, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embankments, the cane-brakes of the Father of Waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking alligator displayed his ponderous jaws; the cotton-fields, the rice-grounds of the low southern country, and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the regions of the mountains, were far behind him; and he was now in Hyperborean land—where nature wore a rough and surlly aspect, and a cold soil and a cold climate, drove man to launch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave, and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, to an inquisitive mind, is worth all "the tours of Europe." If a young American, then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress, let him make such a journey. Let him stand on the levee at New Orleans and count the number and the tiers of American vessels that there lie, four, five and six thick, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, of the high-pressure steamboats, that come sweeping in every hour, perhaps from a port two thousand miles off, from the then frozen winter of the North, to the full burning summer of the South—all inland navigation; fleets of them under his eye—splendid boats, too, many of them, as the world can show, with elegant rooms, neat berths, spacious saloons, and a costly piano, it may be—so that travellers of both sexes can dance or sing their way to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red river, twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction, from the western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or White River; from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches; and then in the East, from the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the meaneast of which, such as the Sandy river, on the borders of Kentucky—that will in a fresher fret and roar, and dash, as if it were the Father of Floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embosomed in the greater stream, and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him see "the Broad Horns," the adventurous flatboats of western waters, on which—laid out by the daring backwoodsman sallies forth from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above on a voyage of Atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen and cattle of all kinds on board; corn, flour, wheat—all the products of rich western lands; and let him see them, too, as he rides the strong current of the Mississippi; as if the wood on which he floated was realizing the fable of the Nymphs of Ida—goddesses, instead of pines. Take the young traveller where the clear, silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri; and where the currents of the mighty rivers run apart for miles, as if indifferent at the strange embrace. Ascend with him farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map, he will find that he is about as near the east as the west, and that soon, the emigrant, who is borne on the wave of population that now beats at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and anon will overleap its summits—will speak of him as he now speaks of New England, as far in the east. And then tell him that far west as he is, he is but at the beginning of steam navigation: that the Mississippi itself is navigable six or seven hundred miles upward; and that steamboats have actually gone on the Missouri two thousand one hundred miles above its mouth, and that they can go five hundred miles farther still! Let him, then, from this land where the woodsman is travelling

the forest every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages, pointed with the spire of the church, and adorned with the college and the school—then athwart the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinnati, well called "the Queen of the West"—a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactories, and an intelligent society, too—and this in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works; where the fierce savages, even within the memory of the young man, made the hearts of their parents quake with fear—roaming over the forests, as they did, in unbridled triumph, wielding the tomahawk in terror, and ringing the war whoop like demons of vengeance let loose from below! Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario; not inconsiderable oceans, encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania,—works, the wonder of the world, such as no people in modern times have ever equalled. And then introduce him to the busy, humming, thriving population of New England, from the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and wide sea-coast of Maine. Show him the industry, energy skill and eugenity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account; who mingle in every thing, speculate in every thing, and dare every thing wherever a cent of money is to be earned; whose lumbermen are found not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearless wilds of Maine, throwing up sawmills on the lone waterfalls, and making the woods ring with their hissing music, but found, too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John, Meduxisicag and Aroostook, streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then, too, as if this were not enough, they turn their enterprise and form companies "to log and lumber," even on the Ocmulgee and Ocoee of the State of Georgia; and on this day they actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes, and as there are no waterfalls, making steam propel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studded with superb villages—jewels of places that have sprung up like magic. Show him the hundreds and hundreds of coasters that run up every creek and inlet of tide-water there, at times left high and dry, and as the ocean would never float them more; and then lift him above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New England men are perpetrating their high character and holy love of liberty—and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village—by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles, or oftener, upon almost every road, free for everybody—high-born, and low-born—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconceivable; by asylums and institutions, amply endowed, for the benefit of the poor—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Bunker Hill, or speak of Concord or Lexington. Give any young man such a tour as this—the best he can make—and I am sure his heart will beat quick, when he sees the proud spectacle of the assembly of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests, within a single hall. He will more and more reverse the residue of those revolutionary patriots, who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution—such a government here in Washington, regulating all our national concerns—but who have also, in effect, left us twenty-four other governments, with territory enough to double them by and by—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their own sphere; now, in the winter, assembling within their various capitols, from Jefferson city, in Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebec; from the capitol on the Hudson, to the government-house on the Mississippi. Show me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history; such a constellation of free States, with no public force but public opinion, moving by well regulated law, each in its own proper orbit, around their brighter star in Washington; thus realizing as it were, on earth almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom, that fixed the sun in the centre, and sent the revolving planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!—Portland Sketch Book.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

ALIENS—AND NATURALIZATION LAWS.—On all sides the expression of public opinion is coming to us on these important questions. The authorities of the city of Boston have taken it up, and are in correspondence with our corporation on the subject, and on the propriety of bringing it before Congress at its ensuing session. In South Carolina, our mayors communication to the common council has been republished, with great and deserved commendation, and in Columbia in that State, a society is forming, with express reference to a repeal of the naturalization laws—the same in the city of Washington—and in the city of Albany. And we expect to see a simultaneous move throughout the United States on this important question. It is one fortunately on which all descriptions of party can unite—and on which no difference can exist between Whigs and their political opponents. We have already so fully stated our views on the subject that we can have but little to add; but to avoid misapprehension we repeat that we are decidedly for checking the tide of emigration, and that from feeling in the first instance for the miserable, deluded, and suffering emigrants themselves—for we have now more in the country than we shall want for the next ten years, and all that can leave the country are doing so by every opportunity. Those that remain are in a wretched and destitute condition, prepared for any act of insubordination and riot, and only kept in awe by the energetic character of our present chief magistrate. But their condition is most deplorable. Literally are they in the highways and hedges, sleeping in the fields under the open canopy of heaven, and from thence often in the morning are they taken to be committed to their kindred earth. Those who are able to raise three cents give it for a bed of shavings in some miserable hanty, where they are placed along the wall in rows, with chalked marks to designate where each man's head is to lay—and we have ourselves listened to the piteous and heart-rending appeals of the widow and the fatherless. This is no fancy's sketch—but the stern reality of human destitution and suffering. The extraordinary privileges held out to the emigrants by universal suffrage has had a powerful influence with the distressed, disfranchised, and politically proscribed subjects of the old world, and Europe and Ireland particularly has poured upon us its surplus population; and were it not for the large importations of foreign grain by our merchants, we should have had added to our great and grievous distresses the greater evils of pestilence and famine. As it is, the first to a certain extent may take place, notwithstanding all the exertions of the board of health—and the latter must partially occur for the want of means. When we say that we dread the coming winter for that deluded part of our population, we but feebly express our meaning—for should it be a severe one, and the depression of every branch of industry continue, we must prepare to have our charity tried to the uttermost, and notwithstanding all our exertions, an appalling degree of want and suffering must eventually take place, which will not be confined to the foreigner, but will press upon the native citizen—for if, in the exercise of a benevolent sympathy, we give the foreigner the means of support by giving him employment, we block up the avenues of labor against the native and adopted citizen. It is hard to draw the line of distinction between any of God's creatures—and the greater their destitution, the greater and more urgent is their claim—but the ties of country are great and powerful, and must add a res-

sponse in every bosom. While the one can plead, am I not a Man and a Brother!—the other can urge a first claim upon our sympathy—and learning the awful extent to which the more than slave trade has been driven, its evil bearing upon the emigrant—upon the native and adopted citizen—and its threatening effect upon our civil liberty—it is time that we should begin to take measures of precaution for the future. Powerful as we have already stated them to be from their numbers, and their obtaining the right of suffrage, our foreign population have been counted for political purposes—and it may possibly happen that their casting vote may have an immense bearing on great questions of national policy, and undermining the whole fabric of our republican institutions. These are not new doubts, but were long ago entertained by Thomas Jefferson and the great leaders of the democratic party. "I beg leave," says Mr. Jefferson, "to propose a doubt. The present desire of the United States of America is to produce rapid population by as great importations of foreigners as possible. But is this founded in good policy? The advantage proposed is the multiplication of numbers. But these are no inconveniences to be thrown into the scale against the advantage expected from a multiplication of numbers by the importation of foreigners. It is for the happiness of these united in society to harmonize as much as possible in matters which they must of necessity transact together. Civil government being the sole object of forming societies, its administration must be conducted by common consent. Every species of government has its specific principles. Ours, perhaps, are more peculiar than those of any other in the universe. It is a composition of the freest principles of the English constitution with others derived from natural light and natural reason. To these nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet from such we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their youth; or if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of liberty. These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass. "I may appeal to experience for a verification of those conjectures. But if they be not certain in event, are they not possible, are they not probable? Is it not safer to wait with patience for the attainment of any degree of population, desired or expected? May not our government be more homogenous, more peaceable, more durable. "The time to guard against corruption and tyranny is before they shall have gotten hold on us. It is better to keep the wolf out of his fold than to trust to drawing his teeth and talons after he has entered." While we are therefore in favor of allowing to all at present in the United States the privileges now conceded, we are for denying the right of suffrage in future to all new comers, and for an entire repeal of our naturalization laws, and for closing the door firmly and forever, except in such particular and individual cases as may claim peculiar consideration at the hands of Congress. NATIVE GENIUS IN THE WEST.—A young sculptor is just coming into notice at Cincinnati, whose history is somewhat curious; and who really promises, we are told by good judges, to be one of the wonders of our land. The first discovery of his talents has an air of romance in it. It happened thus—There is a gentleman at Cincinnati by the name of Thomas. He is proprietor of the Evening Post, and the father of a remarkably intelligent and estimable family—one of his sons wrote "Clinton Bradshaw," "East and West," and a great variety of works; another of them has produced several poems, plays, and other evidences of talent. The elder Mr. Thomas, about two years ago, happened to be passing a stonecutter's shop in Cincinnati, just as he was seeking a place where he might spread out some papers relating to business which he was explaining to a person by his side. "Stop," cried the companion—"I see a slab of stone in that shop which will do just as well as a table or desk—we need not stir a step farther—there's no need of our troubling any office for our purpose." A young man was working on a tombstone as they entered. In sweeping past him, the attention of Mr. Thomas was accidentally caught by a device the young man was chiselling on the stone. It was a representation, about the size of the palm of a hand, of the prophet Elijah; and so remarkable for its classic contour and phrenological correctness, that Mr. Thomas exclaimed, almost unconsciously—"Young man, you can do a better business than cutting tombstones. Turn your attention to statuary. You have been made for a sculptor." A few days after Mr. Thomas had bundled up his papers and gone his way, the young man at the stonecutter's returned to his memory; and he went back to the workshop to seek him out, and to make some inquiries concerning him. He discovered that he had served an apprenticeship to a stonecutter of that city; that he was then four-and-twenty, and that his name was Cleneager. Mr. Thomas examined other specimens of his work, and being more and more thoroughly impressed with his genius, he wrote an earnest notice of it, which he published in his Evening Post. The artist's ambition was awakened. Many called to see his works—"They created universal interest. A week or two afterwards, Cleneager called on Mr. Thomas. He desired his recommender to sit for a bust. The request was granted. Perfect secrecy was observed. The bust was first modelled in clay. It was seen by a few, and the likeness pronounced perfect. It was next cut in stone, and any one who had ever had a glance at the original, would at once recognize its accuracy. It was the first stone bust ever made west of the Alleghanies; and what is stranger still; the very first that the maker of it had ever seen at all. It was soon discovered that this extraordinary young man had never been two hundred miles from the spot where he was discovered; and crowds presently flocked to witness the wonder. The artist worked on at other busts. He studied drawing and anatomy most assiduously. He read every thing relating to his art, which had now become the mistress of his love, the goddess of his adoration. Up to this time, he has executed seven or eight other busts in stone, each succeeding one being better than its predecessor. Among them are those of General Harrison and Judge Burnett. He has besides numerous models of others, and among them, very excellent ones of Dr. Eberle and Henry Clay. It must be a peculiar satisfaction to Mr. Thomas to have been the means of raising this extraordinary person into notice. This is one of the instances in which the press shows a power which is most enviable; and, when directed by goodness and taste, and patriotism, how great may ever be the blessing of an instrument so influential! It affords us pride and pleasure to second the excellent purposes of the Cincinnati editor; and we shall hail with great delight the appearance of Mr. Cleneager, or of any of his productions, in our own metropolis, to which he certainly ought to submit his claims for examination, and, if allowed, for patronage, as the great emporium of arts and artists in America. A PATRIOT OF THE REVOLUTION.—Col. Trumbull, the venerable and distinguished historical painter, was in town last week. He is nearly eighty-two years of age, and yet retains his faculties, almost unimpaired. His sight is good, his nerves steady, his hearing perfect, and his memory unimpaired. The worthy Colonel is bent a little with age, and walks somewhat feeble, but no one would suspect him much beyond sixty. His conversation is spirited and full of anecdote, his language forcible and clear, and his vivacity of manner delightful. Notwithstanding his ad-

vanced years, he is journeying alone, having left New York last week, visited Lebanon Springs, and arrived here with the intention of seeing his excellent and worthy revolutionary contemporary, General Mattoon. We were sorry to find him absent from Amherst, on a visit to his children at the West. Colonel Trumbull occupies a conspicuous place in the history of his country. He was aid to General Washington in the revolutionary army, and we believe is the only officer now living, who was closely associated with him in military and social life. Colonel Trumbull has passed through many more interesting scenes, and met with some stirring incidents and singular vicissitudes of life, perhaps than any other American now living. He was in London, he says, at the time the news of the execution of Andie arrived. Public exasperation was very great, and the populace, as well as the government, seemed to be looking about them for an American, to offer up as a sort of expiation. The Colonel's rank and military standing seemed to designate him as the individual, and he was arrested by the government and kept in confinement seven months. He was finally liberated by the interposition of West, the eminent painter, with whom Col. Trumbull was then studying. When he went to London, as secretary to Mr. Jay, he wore a suit of silk small-clothes, manufactured in Connecticut more than forty years since, and at a public dinner there, a great silk weaver from Spitalfields expressed extreme gratification at the superiority of the article, a business which the venerable Colonel expressed himself pleased to learn was now successfully being prosecuted in Northampton. The fame of Colonel Trumbull as a historical painter is a proud and enviable one the world over. His masterpiece, the Declaration of Independence, now in the Rotunda at Washington, in his favorite work, and probably cost him more labor than any production. He copied, he remarked, the head of almost every member who signed the declaration, from nature, having visited Mr. Adams, for that purpose, in London, and Mr. Jefferson, in Paris. The Trumbull Gallery at New Haven contains many of his finest productions, a Gallery of which he justly feels proud, and which aids him with an annuity, most acceptable in his declining years. We were delighted to find the venerable Col. a staunch, uncompromising Whig, true to the principles which guided him through the Revolution; the same, indeed, which made him shrink with almost abhorrence from General Jackson some years since, when a friend first proposed an introduction. Col. Trumbull thought of his old and revered friend Washington we doubt not, and the abortive effort made by General Jackson to cast an aspersion upon the fair fame of the "Father of his Country," when member of Congress. Such an insult the high-minded and generous soul of Colonel Trumbull could not brook, and he turned away from his calumniator with indignation. The Colonel has been residing for many years in New York. He has now adopted New Haven for his future home—an earthly Paradise—where he will pass serenely the evening of life, we doubt not, universally esteemed and venerated.—Mass. Cour.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Few persons conversant with the world have failed to remark that, in the race of life, men of moderate means and attainments frequently outstrip competitors endowed equally by the smiles of fortune, and the gifts of genius. It is told of Chancellor Thurlow; on being consulted by a parent as to the best means his son could adopt to secure success at the bar, that he thus addressed him: "Let your son spend his own fortune, marry and spend his wife's, and then go to the bar, there will he little fear of his failure." Whence this recommendation? The man of certain independent means, Thurlow's observation had taught him, does not lay his shoulder to the wheel, as he who is urged on by the "res augusta domi," and hence, as the simple result, he is distanced. The illustration of this truth may be observed every day, particularly in the learned professions. It should ever be born in mind, that success in life is not regarded by the wise man as an end, but as a means of happiness. The greatest and most continued favors of fortune cannot in themselves make an individual happy; nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a clear conscience and well-constituted mind. The sum of human enjoyment is not, cannot be, derivable from one source; many circumstances must contribute to it. "One principal reason," remarks Bentham, "why our existence has so much less of happiness crowded into it than is accessible to us, is that we neglect to gather up these minute particles of pleasure which every moment offers to our acceptance. In striking after a sum total, we forget the ciphers of which it is composed; struggling against inevitable results which we cannot control, too often man is ledless of those accessible pleasures whose amount is by no means inconsiderable when collected together. Stretching out his hand to catch the stars, he forgets the flowers at his feet, so beautiful so fragrant, so various, so multitudinous." In conclusion, another most fertile source of human disappointment arises from having entertained views of life altogether incompatible with the imperfect character of human nature, or the declared end of our probationary residence on the earthly planet. "What is it," inquires Goethe, "that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation? It is that they cannot make realities correspond with their conceptions, that enjoyment steals away from their hands, that the wished for comes too late, and nothing reached or acquired produces on the heart the effect which their longing for at a distance led them to anticipate."

THE CITY OF LOWELL.—The "City of spindles," as it is termed, is one of the magic creations of a few years which are rarely seen in New England, but of common occurrence in the Far West. The Editor of the Boston Centinel furnishes an interesting description of it. It covers one mile square. Twenty years ago it was comprised within the domain of one farm house. The first purchases were in 1821, and the works began in 1822. The Canal which here forms a short cut across a great bend in the Merrimack, and which was constructed before 1818, furnishes the supply of water and probably suggested the locality. The Concord river unites with the Merrimack opposite the city. Draught is the name of the town opposite on the East side of the Merrimack. The population is 18000, two thirds of which, and they mostly females under 35 years of age, are connected with the cotton factories. All girls under 15, by law must have three months school each year. There are but very few under ten years. There are twelve places of religious worship. The Sunday schools are well maintained, the older girls being the teachers. The spectacle of so many beautiful faces of a Sunday reaching three miles of girls in length was said when General Jackson visited them, is in the highest degree impressive. The amount of capital invested in the factories is ten millions of dollars. The compact part of the city including the factories, is on a peninsula. The town is airy and well laid out—the houses neat and made of only one story. Many of the laborers live in the brick block of three stories. Last year four large factories of brick were erected each five stories high, and eight brick blocks for dwellings, containing ten tenements each.

THE CHOLERA.—The accounts from Sicily and Naples are frightful. Trade and commerce are paralyzed throughout Italy, and the Papal dominions are formally barricaded, to prevent the entrance of the disease, which is still believed contagious.

The deaths at Palermo on the 12th July, were 330. At Malta the number of cases, from the 9th of June to the 3d of July, was 1804, of which 663 died, and 223 remained under treatment. The number of cases declared on the 3d July was 110. Many families had

withdrawn from the capital, and shut themselves up in their country houses. Among the deaths announced at Palermo, is that of Mr. Gardner, United States Consul general. The Sicilian physicians, instead of facing the disease, betook themselves to flight. There had been no rising of the populace as reported, but the houses of the rich who had left the city, were in many cases pillaged. The mortality was by no means confined to the lower classes, many of the nobility and rich merchants having perished. The disease was also prevailing extensively in various parts of the East—in the ports of the Red Sea, in Syria, and other places. In Damascus the deaths were forty or fifty per diem. Sanatory regulations had been adopted at Suez, and other Egyptian ports. We make several extracts from an address on the duties of American citizens, delivered at St. Louis, by Charles Drake, before the Franklin Society, January 7th, 1837, and amongst other matters touching those duties, Love of Country and Education, we would arrest the readers attention at the first quotation, in which he speaks of his own society, and which remarks can be applied to our own. The subject matter of the oration is important to us all, and the manner in which he has treated it highly creditable to the author: United we have pressed on with eagerness in the race of usefulness, and have borne the assaults of untoward events and causeless opposition; and with fervency let us hope, that through every peril which can assail us, we shall stand united in devotion to our society and its objects. But while we invoke hope, let us remember that upon her anchor alone we cannot rest our stay. We must look to ourselves, and relying on the intrinsic merits of our cause, seek to sustain it, by that strength and continuity of exertion, by which only its triumph will be ultimately and unfailing secured. To the continued existence and usefulness of our association, let us look with a confidence and cheerfulness, which cannot be abashed or saddened. Let us ever remember that ours is the cause of mind, and that having started in its support, to falter would be disgrace, while every advancing step sheds new laurels on our arduous but illuminated pathway. As American citizens, we bear a weight of responsibility unequalled in any time or country—a responsibility which cannot be shaken off,—which has descended to us an inheritance; and which will descend to those, who, in after ages, are to follow us. It attaches to every native of our soil, at his first breath, and as time advances, adding year after year to our national age, and multitudes to the nation's numbers, the weight of responsibility is not diminished by being diffused, but increased by the augmented value of all with which it is connected. Nor is it a burdensome responsibility; for it demands from us no sacrifices, which we ought not to make, inflicts no pains, destroys no pleasures. On the contrary, it carries with it pleasures and gratifications of the highest order, and to the true-hearted, as it becomes more weighty, affords more exalted enjoyment. Montesquieu, in his treatise on the spirit of laws,—an immortal work, and by which the immortality of its author is secured—lays down the principles of the forms of government existing among mankind;—with equal beauty and truth, declaring virtue to be the only principle, upon which republics can be based with a stability which shall defy the shocks of time. In his support of the proposition, he bases his views upon the experience of the world as pointed out in history, and strengthens them with reasons founded on the nature of things, at once convincing and incontrovertible. It, indeed, needs no vast powers of reason, to establish the postulate, that without virtue no republic can long exist;—it is, I imagine, not very difficult to demonstrate, that with virtue, other things being equal, republics have at least as many elements of durability as any other form of government;—nay, I will say more,—that as far as internal causes are concerned, they are imperishable. To those who are familiar with the cause of education throughout our country, it must be apparent that too little time is devoted to the extension and inculcation of that kind of knowledge which is connected with the nature and operation of a republican form of government. If more time were devoted by the youth of the nation to the close study of the principles of a republic, to the operation of its laws, and the obligations which they impose, who does not believe that we should be a wiser and a better nation? Of what avail is it to an American citizen to have acquired a profound insight into every moral and physical science, if when called, in an emergency, to act as an American citizen, he finds himself ignorant of the rules which should direct his course? Can he then plead, that he has devoted his life to pursuits, which left him no time for his country, when, above all earthly things, his country should claim his first love, his most enduring devotion? And are there not now in our country, thousands of young men, who, in literary and scientific acquirement, are lights in society, who have no familiarity with the fundamental principles of a republic, and their silent and beautiful workings? There are, and would that we could say there are not! It follows, then, that in the present systems of education, there must be some defect. Let us, in a few words, inquire what it is, and how it may be supplied. Let us see how scholastic education may be made more subservient to its great end in a republic, the cultivation of popular virtue. The responsibility of parents in a republic is far greater than in any other government; for the people being the source of all power,—in fact the government,—if they be not pure, the government is corrupt; and being so, it must of necessity, for all beneficial purposes, cease to exist. The precepts and example of the parent, in a great measure, form the character of the child. Hence the high obligation on the parent, so to mould the character of the child, as to suit him for understanding and sustaining the privileges he enjoys. I fear that too little attention is bestowed by parents on this branch of their duties; for if all felt and practised its requirements, our country would not have mourned over degenerate sons, and blushed at scenes from the imperishable record of which history will shrink dismayed. Let every parent, then, reflect that his child is one of the constituents of a great republic; that circumstances may arise in which that child may become a blessing or a curse to that republic; and that upon his early education, will much depend the side upon which he will be ranked. Let him picture to himself such a state of circumstances, and in his imagination contemplate his offspring, beloved, elevated, and honored; grasping to his soul, and acting, through every trial, upon virtuous principles;—then let him change the scene, and behold his son a deserter from every manly aim and aspiration, a traitor to his country, a recreant to honor, an apostate to religion; and steeled, indeed, must he that father's heart, that recoils not from the picture in horror and desolation. FRANCIS TUCKER, Merchant Tailor, two doors east of Brown's Hotel, has just received his full supply of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTING S, which have been selected with the utmost care, and can be recommended as equal, if not superior, to any in the country. The attention of the Public is particularly invited to a lot of French Cloths, a very desirable article, and generally esteemed on account of their durability of colour and beauty of finish. Members of Congress, strangers, and citizens are requested to call and examine the above goods. Orders for clothing will be executed in the usual style of establishment. Sept 2-5w

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