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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Edinburgh Review for October, contains the second biography of the political character of George Washington, by Lord Brougham. Appended to it is a delineation of Napoleon—from which he turns his attention, by contrast to George Washington, whom he designates as "the greatest man of our own or of any age." The following description is the best portraiture of that American patriot which ever yet was written.

Lord Brougham thus depicts him:—"In Washington, we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices of *Napoleon*, which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration and sorrow, and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds, with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation, clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or to astonish, as if he had passed unknown through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgment sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling, to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked, rather than forced, its way through all obstacles—removing or avoiding, rather than overleaping, them. His courage, whether in battle or in council, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A just man, with a firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than by others over-awed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weakness or self-delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoiled on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man—whether we regard him, sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns, all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally, retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided, as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of the great American, a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior, whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler, who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him; nor would suffer more to wet his lips, than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!"

"To his latest breath, did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a Captain, the patron of Peace, and a Statesman, the friend of Justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war for Liberty, charging them never to take it from the scabbard but in self-defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them that, when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheathe it nor ever give it up, but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome. It will be the duty of the Historian and the Sage, in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!"

The remains of the venerable Martha Washington, have been placed by her Relatives in a Marble Sarcophagus, similar in all respects (save the decorations) to the one that contains the ashes of the Chief. The Sarcophagus is of white native marble, and executed by Mr. Struthers, in his best style. Upon the lid is inscribed—
MARTHA,
THE CONSORT OF WASHINGTON.
Ætatis 71.
It is proposed early in the Spring to erect two crypts or cells, one on each side of the entrance to the Family Vault, to receive the Sarcophagi, the coverings to be of zinc or copper—the present vault of arched brick-work, from excessive damp, being extremely unfavorable for the preservation of the Remains.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

New Theological Seminary in the West.—A Convention was held at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 22nd ult. composed of delegates from the synods of Indiana, Cincinnati, and Kentucky, and from the Presbyteries of Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Madison, Salem, Louisville, West Lexington, and Ebenezer. When the plan of establishing a Theological Seminary was matured, and New Albany Indiana selected for its location.

A correspondent from Liverpool states that it is contemplated to establish a British line of steam packets between that port and New Orleans.

The St. Louis Gazette of the 25th ult., states "that within three days seventeen steamboats from the Ohio have arrived, fully loaded with passengers, and have added at least 1500 persons to our city population."

THE DEAD-HOUSE OF PARIS.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

LA MORQUE. (or the Dead-House) of Paris, is a retired gloomy building, situated on that part of the left bank of the Seine which lies between the city quay and that of Orlevres. The object of the establishment, as its name partly implies, is to receive the bodies of all those who have come to a violent end, by land or water, and either to retain them till they are claimed by friends, or to bury them if they remain unknown. It is strange how the existence of this building influences the district in its immediate vicinity. La Morgue is the centre-point of attraction, the source of news and novelty. The neighbors there talk not of politics or revolutions. "A fine corpse was that brought in this morning." "He was fair, was't he?" "Did you see the girl to-day?" "What long black hair she had! It trail'd on the ground as she passed on the hurdle!" Such is the general nature of the gossip in the neighborhood of the Dead-House.

I visited La Morgue twice. On the first occasion, Francois, the receiver of the bodies, could not show the establishment to me in the absence of the recorder, M. Perrin. These two persons dwell with their families on the upper floor of this house of death, and have the sole charge of it. Francois, with whom I became somewhat familiar, desired me to return at a certain time, and I should see the whole. Accordingly, I went again to La Morgue.

"Ay, you are there!" said Francois, rising to receive me, and introducing me to his wife and another person who was present. "This is a neighbor," continued Francois, alluding to the latter individual, "who comes, out of sheer friendship, to help me when I require assistance, and on this morning his services have been much required. Your visit has been timed most luckily, sir. We have to-day a woman who hanged herself with her garters; a man who has been four hours in the water; and a third, a little female child, an infant, who was suffocated last night by accident in a stage coach. They mistook her for a packet, and crushed her. Poor thing! how lovely she is!"

"Ah!" said the wife of Francois, "perhaps she had a mother, who waited anxiously for her return from the country! By the bye, Francois, where did you lay her? On the dissection table?"

"No, no; why, what use could there be in opening her? Who could think of that dear little child having been poisoned? Go and look at her; she was clean as if she had come out of a bath. And then the young nurse, who brought her here in her apron, wept as if the little one had been her own. She told me that she had been returning from her native village in Normandy, whither she had gone to nurse the child, and that the stage coach, in which she was, was so full of people that she was compelled to put her little nursing between her knees. She was then much fatigued, having slept none for two days. When night came, she fell asleep. The child slipped from her grasp; she slept still. The child moved, and perhaps cried, but the rattle of the coach stifled the sound; and the nurse slept on. In the morning when she awoke, she found that she had but the body of her babe!" "Is this all, Francois?" said his wife.

"The rest may be conceived. On reaching Paris, where the mother lives, the nurse durst not go to the house, and thus she thought of bringing the body here for interment. But she would scarcely part with the child. She kissed its cold brow, she kissed its hands, she kissed its shoulders, its feet, saying all the while, 'Oh! can it be true that she is dead, sir?' Then she gave the body to me, took it back again, shook it, called it by its name, and strove with her fingers to open its eyes. 'Oh! do you know no way to open its eyes for me? Ah! they were such pretty eyes, so round, so blue! Its eyes! My girl had blue eyes like her mother—oh, she will kill me, that mother! I will tell her the child died from its teething; but all our village will say it is not true. I will say they took her from me in the coach; but the coachman will say it is not true. No, no; I will tell nothing. I will go back to my village, and wait till her parents come to see the child. Perhaps they may not come for three—four six months—perhaps not for a whole year! But still I can never go back to my village—never more, if I have not my infant, my little Leonore!"

Here Francois interrupted his account of the poor nurse's exclamations, to tell his wife to note the name Leonore. "Remember, wife, to repeat it to Monsieur Perrin, that he may inscribe it in his register." Francois then resumed the nurse's sibilizing.

"Ah, I cannot return to my village in Normandy. Every body there was so fond of my Leonore! Sugar-plums and cakes were showered upon her. Monsieur the Curate was distracted about my girl! Oh! sir, could we not bleed her and bring her back? or put her feet into warm water? Ah, you know many cases of children being restored—don't you, now? Ah, you do! No! Oh, tell me—tell me what to do! Her mother will kill me; yes, certainly she will kill me! Or, if I go home to my village, they will stone me—they will throw dirt upon me like a toad! Oh, sir, bring my Leonore back to me, and I will—yes, I—I will give her to you!"

Francois paused, and then continued in his own words: "When it was absolutely necessary to depart, the nurse again kissed the infant's cheeks, and besought leave from me to take away with her the cap and kerchief that were upon it. It is not our custom to permit this, but I was always too soft-hearted. I had her take them, and, after snatching them up, the poor woman threw her apron over the babe's features, and ran out of the house." This was all Francois had to say about the nurse and child, and his wife summed up by the remark, "You see, one ought always to take two places in such a case in a stage-coach." This was all Madame Francois thought about the matter.

A knock at the door was now heard, and Francois, opening it, introduced M. Perrin, the recorder of La Morgue, a little old man, who coughed incessantly. He politely professed his willingness to show me his establishment, and away we went for that purpose. We went up a flight of steps, and, in doing so, were obliged to stand by the wall, in order to allow a bevy of showy, pretty young girls to pass us. "These are four of my daughters," said M. Perrin; "I have eight children. Francois has had four, and he has been so fortun-

late as to see them all married. He is a good father, Francois."

So, (thought I), twelve children have been born in the Dead-House! Conjugal and domestic joys, marriages and baptisms, love, religion, and virtue, all have a place in this funeral abode, as well as elsewhere. Meanwhile we passed on through chambers which it is not my purpose to describe, until we came to the administrative cabinet or registry-office of M. Perrin. I asked and received permission to look over the book containing the records of the dead. It was in double columns, the one for the Known and the other for the Unknown. The numbers of the unknown greatly predominated. Such entries as these were abundant: "Brought at three in the morning; skull fractured; unknown.—Brought at midnight; drowned under the Bridge of Arts; a pack of cards in the pocket; unknown.—Child newly born; found dead from cold at the door of a hotel; unknown." And so on.

"Ah!" said M. Perrin to me, "don't you find our registers kept very nicely now? My hand does tremble a little, but you may see that it is still a firm hand-writing for my age. I have cultivated a flowing dash with some success. There is a capital M now—neatly turned, is it not?"

Good, simple man! Proud only of the turn of a capital letter, whilst heedless of the fact that that very letter was the commencement of a *prince's* name—of a name inscribed upon an Italian coinage. How came the name of a prince into the pages of a dead-house register? I remember the occasion, though I know not the cause. One night, when a proud mansion was lighted up in Paris, when its magnificent halls were crowded with the gay and fashionable, all thinking only of life and its enjoyments, a domestic, with haggard look, rushed up to the mistress of the dwelling, who was surrounded by the guests entertained by her in her husband's temporary absence. The lady had no sooner listened to her servant, than she flew from the assembly. The music ceased, the dancers stopped, whispers passed among the crowd, a voice cried, 'Po! La Morgue!' and away rushed the whole, some of them unclashed, some with their very heads uncovered, and all in confusion. A strange sight it was to see that lately brilliant throng flying in disorder through the open streets, in a night of storm and darkness. They reached La Morgue one by one; and there, stretched on a table, they beheld the lord of the mansion they had left, cold and lifeless. The body of the Prince—had been found in a wood in the environs of the capital. How he died was undiscovered. But, opposite to his name in the register there was, as M. Perrin made me remark, the words *well-known*.

To return, however, to M. Perrin. From the chamber of registry we went to another apartment, that in which the *clothes* of the dead were kept. There they hung upon the wall, of all forms, kinds, and dimensions, hideously coupled together; a spatterdash, joined by a pin to a sleeve; a shawl resting upon the collar of a man's coat; dresses of gentlemen, ladies, workmen, and in short, of every class, mingled together, all dirty and defaced, and exciting the most painful impressions on the mind. One could even mark the aprons of the workmen, still rolled up, and showing that death had surprised them at the end of a day's common toil.

Francois, who followed my eyes in looking at these objects, in order to observe the effect made by them upon me, here drew a profound sigh. "What you, then, are moved at this sight?" said I to him. "Your condition is unsatisfactory—repugnant to you, then, is it?" "Not precisely that, sir," replied Francois. "But you must know, sir, that hitherto the clothes of the Unknowns have fallen to us after being exposed for six months. We then sell them. Now they speak of taking the clothes from us."

Strange callousness of habit! I consoled Francois by the assurance that neither the Government nor the world at large spoke of taking away the perquisite of the clothes. From this apartment we now went to the room where the bodies are exposed; and here, upon a marble table, its sole furniture, I beheld the three bodies spoken of. The infant, which had fallen from the grasp of the poor nurse, and been suffocated in the stage-coach, was beautiful! The other bodies were disagreeable objects, and I hurried from the sight of them.

I said to M. Perrin, when we came to his register-room again, that I feared he must find his situation tedious in the long nights of winter. "No, no," said he, in a lively tone; "my daughters sing and work; Francois and I join our wives at a game of piquet. The misfortune is, that our little party is often put into disorder. A knock comes below; we are obliged to descend, to receive and undress the new-comer, and to put the case in the register. This disturbs our game; we forget to mark the points."

"But your daughters, are they perfectly—?" "Oh! you mistake much, if you imagine that the common spectacles to be seen here distress them at all," said M. Perrin. "They pass the night here with the greatest composure and cheerfulness. One grows to anything."

He might well say so. The rooms which his family occupied were on the floor immediately above that where the bodies were laid. Nay, the piano of the young ladies stood directly above the table on which the unfortunates were exposed, before being reclaimed or buried. So much was I struck with the wonderful *searing* of habit in this instance, that I could not help fancying it possible for these girls—so familiar with the idea of dead bodies, so accustomed to the domestic spectacle of their existence—to forget themselves on some occasions, and to ask strangers whom they visited, just as one would inquire for a garden or a kitchen, "But where do you keep your dead bodies here?"

I now prepared to leave La Morgue. After bidding farewell to M. Perrin and Francois, they opened the gate for me, and I was about to issue, when I was driven back by an advancing crowd. These people were following, or rather surrounding a man who was wheeling a barrow to the door of La Morgue. As it entered, a track of water marked the course of the vehicle. The cover which was over the body—for body it was which the barrow contained—was taken off, and it was plain that the young woman who lay there had died recently, from the clasped hands and compressed lips. From one of her hands Francois found some difficulty in withdrawing a kerchief which she held. He had no sooner got it, than

he cried, "Good heavens! let me look at this woman!" He gazed for a moment at her countenance, and exclaimed, "It is she!" "Who? what she?"

"The visiter of the morning—the Norman nurse!" was the reply of Francois. I had been affected by the story, and was more so now, when I saw what despair had driven the poor nurse to. Francois said quietly, "Ah! well, we shall lay her beside the body of the little one."

M. Perrin put on his spectacles, opened his register, and wrote with a superb dash "Unknown!"

FROM THE WATCHTOWER.
EARLY RISING.

It is perhaps no good reason, we should be silent on this subject, that our *own practice* has not been uniformly in accordance with what we shall feel bound in all good conscience to recommend. It is said that the author of Thompson's seasons penned that fine passage in that poem in the early rising, while in bed at ten in the forenoon.

"Falsely luxurious will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due, and so red song?
For is there aught in sleep, can char a wife?
To see in dead oblivion, losing all
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of enlight'ning soul!
Or else to feverish vanity give
Wild'ry, and tossing to rough distemp'ered dreams?
Who would in such a ghastly state remain
Larger than nature craves; when every muse
And every blooming creature wait without,
To bless the wildly-devous morning walk?"

To be sure we have no such monument at once of our indolence and our genius as this which we have quoted,—yet we feel constrained to recommend to all who value their health, and their length of life to practice the self-denial—if habit has rendered it such—of rising early, even in the winter season. It directly makes life longer; because the person who spends his mornings in bed and in slozing, actually shortens the time given to him by his Creator for better purposes. Too much sleep like all other excesses, is injurious, the physicians tell us, to the health—and when circumstances do not seem to demand late study and late hours at night, there can be no excuse for continuing through the whole of a winter's night and the morning too, in a *snore*, which would better become the Northern bear.

Our readers may perhaps remember the astounding fact which Dr. Franklin announced to the Parisians, viz. that the sun did actually rise every morning at a certain time,—a phenomenon to which he invited their attention,—and if they had any doubts as to the truth of the statement, he requested that they would make the observation for themselves. We believe it was he too, who demonstrated, that the light of the sun is cheaper by all odds than lamp-light,—and when it is poured out by the sky full, he could see no reason why it should be rejected. All these things are as true now as in Franklin's day, and we leave the whole matter to the consideration of the *wise* and the *efficient*.—for after all none will profit by these hints but persons of this sort.

LECTURES ON PALESTINE.—Rev. Mr. Paxton, recently from Palestine, where he has resided two years, has commenced a course of lectures in Cincinnati College Hall, in which he will communicate interesting information concerning the geography, geology, climate, population, and general state of the Holy Land. The first lecture was given on Monday evening last. We listened to it with delighted interest. Mr. Paxton, is a sober, matter of fact man. He makes no display, but goes straight forward in detailing the facts which fell under his observation. There is so much simplicity and apparent truthfulness in his manner, that every statement made in his first lecture was received and accredited without the least hesitation. With a rod in his hand, which he himself cut in the King's Dale, just without the walls of Jerusalem, he pointed us to the mountains and plains, hills and valleys, rivers and seas, and towns and cities of Palestine, describing them in succession, without the map, from the north to the south, until we seemed to be almost as familiar with them all as though we had ourselves inspected the walks of the ancient prophets, and traced the footsteps of the Son of God. Though we had studied the geography of Palestine with some attention, and thought to derive comparatively small profit and gratification from the lectures, we were happily disappointed.

Mr. Paxton's next lecture is on Saturday night. As he has expended large sums of money in his travels, he admits citizens to his lectures by tickets, at 50 cents each, or \$2 for the course.

We feel an unusual degree of regret that any of our friends who love the Bible, should lose this opportunity to become more familiar with that land from which it has, in the language of the lecturer, borrowed its imagery and costume.—*Cin. W. C. Adv.*

MISSIONARIES FOR LIBERIA.—The ship Emperor, Captain Lawlin, sailed this morning at 1 o'clock, with a fine westerly breeze, for Africa. The following passengers are on board the Emperor. The Rev. Dr. Savage and lady, and the Rev. Mr. Perkins and lady, of the Methodist Episcopal mission, the Rev. John Seys, Rev. William Stocker, Rev. George S. Brown, Mr. Walter P. Jayne, Printer; Mr. Jabez A. Burton, and Mr. Henry P. Barker, teachers, attached to the Methodist Episcopal mission. Mr. Burton is from Alleghany College, and Mr. Barker from Wilbraham Seminary.

All are well qualified for the offices which they are to fill. They were attended to the ship by a large number of their friends, and a deputation from each missionary board. May prosperous gales wait them to their destined haven.—*Com. Adv.*

The Mayor of New York, assisted by High Constable Hays, lately dispersed some three hundred men and boys, assembled to witness a bear fight, with some ten or twelve bull dogs. The same fierce and cruel spirit has also shown itself at a dog fight in Philadelphia.

A magnificent iron steam ship it is said is to form one of a line of packets from England to Calcutta. She is to be called the "Queen of the East," of 2,618 tons, and 600 horse power.

Dr. Wm. Bathop, of Kinderhook, has left \$5,000 to the Tailoresses Society, of New York.

FROM THE N. Y. GAZETTE.

THE LATE MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

When the possessor of exalted genius has departed, justice seems to require that we should pause from our usual avocations and mark his own vacant place with some memento. And however unfit our columns may be to grace the memory of such a being as Margaret Miller Davidson, we would pay a passing tribute to one whom this country has lost, an ornament of rare beauty.—This bright being died on the twenty-fifth of November last, at Saratoga, at the age of little more than fifteen years. She is a sister of Lucretia Davidson, whose wonderful poetic powers were a theme of Southey's raptures, and whose untimely fate Miss Sedgwick has beautifully commemorated. And when we read that memoir, we thought that her place would be well supplied by that sister whose verses to her memory written at the age of ten years were appended to it. But she too has followed to the grave. At the age of five years the existence of her beautiful fancy and power of expression were discovered by her friends; and since that time they have been developed with a strength and rapidity that gave a promise of her becoming a poet of whom any country might be proud. With a delicate form on which consumption long since placed her mark, she had accomplished more than many writers have done in a long life. By reading or writing, something every day, she has left behind her a collection of poems which it appears almost incredible could have been composed in so short a time. One of these, an eastern epic, consists of eight cantos, and was written when she was twelve years old, and another occasioned by and embracing some of the incidents of the great fire in this city, extends to several hundred lines. The number of her small pieces which has thus far been discovered, is very great. The very few that we have seen, exhibit proofs of the most extraordinary poetical powers that we have ever known of. While their author lived, they were confined to the circle of her most intimate friends by her acute sensibility to observation, but we hope that now when the silver cord is loosed, the labors of her gifted mind may be presented to the public. Of the pure and gentle and retiring spirit with which her brilliant fancy was blended we will not speak here. Its memory is the treasure of her friends alone. But that a poet of such rare gift should be removed before her title to the name was acknowledged, the germ hardly unfolded that promised such fruit, its fragrance undiffused, is a general loss and must be felt by every American who is interested in the literature of his country.

PARENTAL FAULT FINDING.—Do not be continually finding fault.—It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be ever more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault finding, on the part of its parents. And hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never express her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that there is no use in trying to please. Their dispositions became hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting. At last finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of a child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behaviour makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affections. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him asleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been a good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves little children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinary affectionate tone, you say, "Good night my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eye for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.—*Mother at Home.*

ELLIOT CRESSON.—In the article in the Vermont Mercury which we copied into our columns, favorable and just notice is taken of the zeal and ability with which our friend Mr. Cresson upholds and explains the Colonization cause. Master as he is of all its grander features and applications, as well as of the minutest practical details connected with it, both in Africa and this country, it is not surprising that his auditors should suppose, as did the Mercury, erroneously, that Mr. Cresson has been in Africa. Were the interest of the cause to demand such a visit from him, he would, we are sure, be nothing loth to make it. Uniformly indeed, the efforts of his friends are directed, restraining the workings of a zeal, which if totally unchecked, would wear him out long before he could reach the season of the sere or yellow leaf.—*Colonization Herald.*

Our readers will notice with pleasure that the Hon. Judge Wilkeson, General Agent of the American Colonization Society, has succeeded in purchasing a vessel of 300 tons, to sail regularly between the United States and the American colonies in Africa, under the management of colonial men. We have understood from good authority that some of the colored citizens of Baltimore who are men of capital, contemplate becoming part owners of this vessel. May success attend them.—*Col. Journal.*

The Christian Register, of Boston, says, "I cannot but be impressed with the opinion that the [the friends of African Colonization] are fast multiplying the numbers of the advocates and promoters of their measures; and we believe that the cause of Colonization is destined to become more popular than it has ever yet been."