

POETRY.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

THE LAST WRECK.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U.S.N.

This mighty globe, with all her flowing sail,
And streamers set, is speeding wildly fast
For that dim coast, where thunder cloud and gale
Will rend the shroud, lay low the lofty mast,
And drive her down, mid night and howling wave,
With wall shriek, to her engulfing grave.

No pharos there will cast its cheering ray
To show the mariner a welcome share,
No friendly star comes forth as dying day
Darkens above the ceaseless breaker's roar
No signal gun at distant hearth impresses,
The frenzied terrors of her last distress.

Monarchs will seize the helm to stay her roll,
Tremble and fall upon their knees in prayer,
The learned search again the charts wide scroll,
But drop its idle drafts in mute despair;
While pallid myriads on the plunging deck,
Grapple with death in this stupendous wreck.

Till down she sinks amid the tide of time,
And leaves no relic on the closing wave,
Except the annals of her grief and crime;
The plying heaven will weep above her grave,
And universal nature softly roar
A dewy urn to this departed sphere.

MISCELLANY.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS
IN MEDICINE OF THE COLLEGE OF
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.
BY JOHN B. BECK, M. D., Professor of
Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence, &c.
This Address comes from one of our ablest physicians and most talented writers in the profession, and like his other productions is marked by sound sense and originality and independence of thought. It contains within a small compass, many valuable hints, applicable to students in either of the professions, conveyed in language plain, forcible and eloquent. The following extract is from the closing part of the address:—

Again, if you wish to acquire distinction, cultivate an enthusiastic love for your profession. Unless you do this, all your aspirations after fame will prove abortive. Independently of this consideration, you have every inducement to do so. Than medicine, there is no department of human labor which is more interesting in itself, or more generous in the ends which it proposes to itself. It ranges over the illimitable field of nature—it looks to the heavens—it traverses the globe—it climbs the mountain—it dives into the solid earth—it interrogates man himself in his mysterious recesses; and it brings all its treasures to its votaries, for the noblest of purposes; to alleviate human distress—to arrest the progress of disease—to dispel the mists of clouded intellect—in short to make man a happier and more grateful tenant of this lower world. If you entertain such views of your profession, it cannot be otherwise than that you will make corresponding efforts to add something to the amount of our knowledge and means to accomplish these sublime objects; and if you do so, you cannot fail to receive your reward.

But it is not merely necessary that the man who enters our profession should love the science in the abstract; he must also respect his professional brethren. Our profession, like every other, contains a mixture of good and evil. There are some who by their misdeeds have forfeited all esteem. But all are not such. Our profession contains a mass of intelligence, and worth, and virtue, which he is bound to appreciate, if he ever hope to succeed. This he is bound to do, no less by the obligations of duty than from a regard to his own interest. He should recollect, that the character of a profession is a part of the inheritance of every individual member of it, and just in proportion as that is elevated or degraded, does to the humblest individual who belongs to it rise or sink in importance. There are some so unfortunately organized, that they think the only method of gaining importance is by trading others and rising upon their ruins. As you value your future respectability—as you value the opinion of the honorable and virtuous—and, above all, as you value your own peace of mind, do not emulate their vicious example. Retributive justice sooner or later overtakes such men. The victims of envy and jealousy, their whole moral nature becomes depraved to the core, and they become the prey of the unholiest fires which themselves have kindled. As they go through life, they cast a baleful influence around them, and at last they pass from the scene unhonored and unregretted. On the other hand, if you trust to your own merit—if you give to all their due—if you cast the mantle of charity over all around you.

There are innumerable other considerations, gentlemen, which I might urge upon you, did time permit, all of which would tend to enhance your future respectability. I might speak to you of the importance of cultivating a stern integrity of character—of a chaste and temperate life—of the subjugation of your passions—of your moral and religious duties. All of these are so many beautiful and essential elements entering into the formation of a character that is destined to exert a salutary and ennobling influence over society.

But I have done. In what I have said, I have spoken to you in the honesty of truth, and the sincerity of friendship, and no one will feel a purer thrill of joy in hearing, in after time, that you are fulfilling, with honor to yourselves, the high duties to which you are aspiring.

We must confess we feel extremely reluctant to credit the statements contained in the following communications from Havana, and we should certainly withhold our belief were not the main statements substantially confirmed by the commanders of British cruisers on the African coast, by the declarations of several intelligent citizens of Liberia, by the despatches of our colonial Governor, and by the testimony of American citizens residing at Havana. With this array of evidence pressing upon us, we are painfully constrained to believe that the statements are substantially correct, and what a spectacle do they present to the civilized world!

There is a system of trade carried on from this city, under the protection of the American flag, which deserves notice, and which if not in violation of the laws of the United States, is so near akin, and so palpable an evasion of its intent, as to call for the censure of every good citizen. The trade referred to, ought to be considered as participating, aiding and abetting, in the slave trade; for it is under such an arrangement as protects the vessel with United States papers and flag, for the outward bound voyage, and until the cargo of slaves is procured. The operation is effected in this way. Vessels of such tonnage and reputed speed, as are necessary for the trade, sailing under United States papers, are purchased here by persons engaged in the slave trade, and a contract entered into between the seller and the purchaser that the vessel shall retain her American papers for a certain time, and security is given by the purchaser that the register, and all the vessel's papers shall be returned to the proper authorities in the United States within that time. By this contract the purchaser secures the vessel's papers for the voyage to the coast of Africa. The purchaser puts on board here a new crew, and some American citizen as master—no matter who, or of what profession, so that he is a desperate fellow—and he takes the title of flag-captain, without any command whatever, serving only as a protection for the vessel against British cruisers on the coast of Africa, and until the slaves are secured. After this object is attained, the captain in fact, or the person who superintends the expedition, presents a power of attorney for the transfer of the vessel, and takes charge as captain; she is put under the Portuguese flag, and starts for Cuba; and the flag-captain returns in her as passenger, with his American papers, securing to himself a part of the profits of the voyage for his services with a full knowledge of the intention of the voyage at the time it was commenced. This is a daily operation here, and a number of vessels within the past month have been despatched in this trade.

The M. of Philadelphia, has recently cleared under a nominal command; the C. also under a nominal command; and a short time since, another vessel cleared for New Orleans to procure papers for her nominal captain. And there are now a number of vessels in this port, sold for the same trade, and preparing for the voyage.—N. Y. Star.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—Captain McDonald, of the brig North, arrived at Baltimore, from the coast of Africa. Captain McDonald has informed the editor of the Republican that thirty-one slaving vessels had been captured, carried into Sierra Leone, and condemned, between the 1st of January and the 1st of April, of this year; that the British cruisers had also landed their men, and broke up several slave establishments on shore, particularly at the Island of Boolana, a place settled by Portuguese.

The commander of the British brig of war Partage, told Captain McDonald that he had fallen in with several vessels which had the appearance of being slavers, but carrying American colors and papers signed by the consul at Havana, he was obliged to let them pass. Some of them he afterwards fell in with, and captured with slaves on board.

More slave vessels had been captured lately between the river Gambia and Sierra Leone than at any given time before; that part of the coast being so near the British settlement, and one of the principal rendezvous for men-of-war, that they did not think it required watching so closely, and thereby thousands of slaves were let slip, most of which would have been retaken and liberated had they been aware of the extent to which the traffic had been carried on, almost under their own eyes.

The British Government have several cruisers constantly on the coast, and the number is shortly to be increased, and no means left untried to put a stop to the horrid traffic.

Captain McDonald further stated to the editor that the ship Transit, of New York, in passing down the river Nunez, had been boarded by the people of one of the kings of that country, and robbed of a considerable amount of property, and one man killed, belonging to the ship, before they surrendered. The property had, however, afterwards been all restored on their being told that an American man-of-war was lying in the Gambia, and would be in the Nunez in a few days, and destroy their town, which lay close to the shore, if it were not restored. No American man-of-war was there, however, for an American man-of-war seldom goes on the coast of Africa, and never for the protection of our trade, which is highly important and merits attention. The reason the king gave the supercargo of the ship for robbing her was, that they had sold powder to his enemies up the river, with whom he was at war, and which enabled them to invade his dominions and make slaves of his people.

Divine Providence tempers his blessings to secure their better effect. He keeps our joys and our fears on an even balance, that we may neither presume nor despair. By such compositions God is pleased to make both our crosses more tolerable, and our enjoyments more wholesome and safe.

LETTERS BY THE WAY.

BY REV. DR. HUMPHREY.

THE MISSISSIPPI ought to have been called Missouri, for reasons which are just as good as if I had time to give them; but the day has gone by, and you can no more change the name of the "Father of rivers" than you can do justice to Columbus. The father of rivers though! How the Father, when the streams do not proceed from, but fall into it? But adhering to my old rule, of taking things as I find them, at home as well as abroad, I let that pass. I had from my boyhood almost, felt a great desire to see the Mississippi; you may well suppose, that when I was within twenty miles, ten miles, five miles, I wanted to give wings to our steam wheel water craft.

At length Cairo, (not yet Grand Cairo,) have in sight, and in a few moments, the great Mediterranean of the west, strewn with flood wood, came rushing by, and paying no more attention to the Ohio, on which I had sailed a thousand miles, than if it had been a trout brook; it might come in or not, just as it pleased. By thrusting our little bark into the mighty current, how soon should we have been in New Orleans, but we were bound to St. Louis, and to stem the boiling torrent, swollen by the spring contributions of both the far West and the far North, was quite another matter.

And now, peradventure you will say, let us have a description of the Mississippi, but really, Mr. Editor, you must excuse me. I cannot grasp it. It wants to be studied; and after all any body can say, you must come and see for yourself, or your conceptions of it will be very inadequate. Think of the most turbid creek you ever saw, after a smart thunder storm, and then add twice as much clay to thicken it, and mark how your boat quivers, recoils, and almost shudders under you, as the helmsman brings her up into the swift current; look first to your right upon the low and apparently interminable wilderness of Illinois with scarcely a cabin or clearing in view for many a long hour. Then cast your weary eye on the Missouri wilderness, at first equally flat, but gradually rising into undulations and rocky bluffs. Examine and admire the beautiful islands which are constantly in view, from the time you enter the river till you reach St. Louis. Trace the majestic windings of this immense accumulation of waters, sweeping away its alluvial banks by acres and furlongs with all their towering forest trees, like so many bulrushes. But this will never do. I must go back to Cairo and head up stream once more.

For thirty or forty miles after you enter the Mississippi, the current is so strong, that it requires a powerful engine to make six miles an hour, ours scarcely made four; and there was now and then a sharp pitch, as a carman would say, when, for a few minutes, we could scarcely tell whether we gained or lost. Almost the only impression made upon the primitive wilderness on either side, for the first fifty miles, is by the squatters who supply the boats with wood. They all live in miserable log cabins with scarcely a ray of comfort, you would think, in doors or out. But where the wood costs them nothing, one would think they might soon place themselves in easy circumstances, as the demand is very great. They however, have so much swearing and drinking and Sabbath-breaking to do, that I doubt whether many of them ever make any thing. Their children are greatly to be pitied, growing up as they must, as uneducated as the turkey buzzards that fly over them.

I don't like to call the Mississippi a beautiful river, because the word does not express half enough; and yet, it is beauty on a magnificent scale. The great bends, the emerald islands, and the interminable outlines of lofty forest trees, interest you more and more, as you take time to contemplate them, and give your mind an imagination up to their sweet enchantment; and the effect is exceedingly heightened by the reflected crimson and gold of a glorious sunset. It is astonishing to see how fast the bed of the river is shifting in a hundred places; how the wilderness is undermined and falling in on one side, while the young poplars are springing up upon new made land on the other; and how islands, or large parts of them are formed one year and swept away the next. Of course the sand bars are continually shifting, and in low water the largest class of boats cannot safely ascend the Mississippi above the mouth of the Ohio. But the snags and sawyers are by far the most formidable obstructions to this vast inland navigation; and I do not see how it can be made much safer on this score, so long as thousands of trees are every year washed away with the alluvial banks upon which they have been growing for a century, to be anchored in the stream, and supply the place of those which are taken out or sawed off by the snag boats.

At a small town partly French and partly American, our boat landed twenty barrels of whiskey on the American side of the creek. The men and boys gathered round like so many bees, rejoicing infinitely more, I have no doubt, in this fresh arrival of "distilled damnation" than if the boat had been laden with the bread of life. But the owner of the whiskey, and of course the head man-killer of the place, excited my particular attention. He stood in the midst of his victims, a slender, thin faced, harpy looking fellow, with the bill of lading in his hand, his shirt collar thrown open and his slouched trousers rolled up over his cowhide boots, evidently having sallied out of his den in such a hurry to count his casks of fiery death drops, that he forgot shirt, trousers, and every thing else. Query, if one barrel of whiskey will kill two men, make five demons, and beggar twenty children, how many will twenty barrels kill, demoralize and beggar?

On the Missouri side, 80 or a 100 miles below St. Louis, we passed an encampment of seven hundred German Lutherans, who have recently arrived, bringing along with them their minister, and who have, it is said, purchased ten thousand acres of fine land for their colony. If they prove to be as sober, industrious and religious, as the better part of the German emigrants are, they will be a great blessing to that part of the State.—N. Y. American.

THE TOMB OF AARON.—We extract from Stephen's Incidents of Travels through the Holy Land, the following interesting description of the tomb of Aaron:

On the very top of the Mount, (Hor,) revered alike by Mussulman and Christians, is the tomb of Aaron. The building is about thirty feet square, containing a single chamber; in front of the door is a tombstone, in form like the oblong slabs in our church-yards, but larger and higher; the top rather larger than the bottom, and covered with a ragged pall of faded red cotton in shreds and patches. At its head stood a high round stone, on which the Mussulman offers his sacrifices. The stone was blackened with smoke; stains of blood and fragments of burnt brush were still about it; all was ready but the victim; and when I saw the reality of the preparations, I was very well satisfied to have avoided the necessity of conforming to the Mussulman custom. A few ostrich eggs, the usual ornaments of a mosque, were suspended from the ceiling, and the rest of the chamber was perfectly bare.

After going out, and from the very top of the tomb, and surveying again and again the desolate and dreary scene that presented itself on every side, always terminating with the distant view of the Dead Sea, I returned within; and examining once more the tomb and the altar, walked carefully around the chamber. There was no light except what came in from the door; and, groping in the extreme corner of one side, my foot descended in an aperture in the floor. I put it down carefully, and found a step, then another, evidently a staircase leading to a chamber below, I went down till my head was on the level of the floor, but could see nothing; all was dark, and I called to Paul to strike a light. Most provokingly he had no materials with him.—He generally carried a flint and steel for lighting his pipe with; but now when I most wanted it, he had none. I went back to the staircase, and descended to the bottom of the steps, attempted to make out what the place might be; but it was utterly impossible. I could not see even the steps on which I stood. I came out and made Paul search in all his pockets for the steel and flint.

My curiosity increasing with the difficulty of gratifying it; and in a little while when the thing seemed to be utterly impossible, with this hole unexplored, Pera, Mount Hor, and the Dead Sea, appeared to lose half their interest. I ran up and down the steps, inside and out, abused Paul, and struck stones together in the hope of eliciting a spark—but all to no purpose. I was in an agony of despair, when I found myself grasping convulsively the handle of my pistol. A light broke suddenly upon me. A pile of dry brush and cotton rags lay at the foot of the sacrificial altar, I fired a pistol into it, gave one puff, and the whole mass was in a blaze. Each seized a burning brand, and we descended. At the foot of the steps was a narrow chamber, at the other end an iron grating, opening in the middle, and behind the grating a tomb cut in the naked rock, guarded and revered as a tomb of Aaron. I tore asunder the rusty grating, and thrusting in my arm to the shoulder, touched the hallowed spot.

The rocks and mountains were echoing the discharge of my pistol, like peals of crashing thunder; and while with the burning brand in one hand, I was thrusting the other through the grating, the deafening reverberations seemed to rebuke me for an act of sacrilege, and I rushed up the steps like a guilty and fear-struck criminal. Suddenly I heard from the foot of the mountain, a quick and irregular discharge of fire-arms, which again resounded in loud echoes through the mountains. It was far from my desire that the bigoted Mussulman should come upon me, and find me with my pistol still smoking in my hand, and the brush still burning in the tomb of the prophet, and tearing off a piece of the ragged pall, we hurried from the place and dashed down the mountain on the opposite side, with a speed and recklessness that only fear could give.

THE GRAVE OF THE YOUNG.—There is a feeling of melancholy comes over the soul, while standing beside the grave of one who has died in the spring tide of hope and promise, which one does not feel while meditating over the earthly remains of the aged, who have passed away from checkered scenes of life, with the head whitened with the frost of time. There is, in such a case, an antidote to sorrow in the affliction, that to the old and infirm death is a welcome visitor; we are wont to imagine, and with much of truth, that it were an easier task for him, who for three score years has been called upon to buffet the storms and tempests of life, to bid farewell to its toils and vexations, than for the young, the gay, the volatile; for how true it is, that in youth, all things look fair and gay; the prospect before us is one continued scene of beauty, and the contemplation fraught with emotions most congenial to the mind, and captivating to the senses. With light and buoyant hearts, engage in the employments and enjoyments of life, grasping after present happiness, unmindful, and caring not for the future. The current of life flows on smoothly, untroubled, save by the soft breezes of hope, which wait upon us to the haven of our most cherished anticipation.

To the dark side of the great panorama of life, we are as yet strangers; we know nothing of the disappointments, the crosses, and temptations, which await us; while indulging in the hey-day dreams of innocence, we fail to remember that the grim monarch of the hour-glass and the sickle, has received his commission from the court of heaven, to go forth among the congregation of the living, and destroy the brightest gems which adorn and beautify the fair face of earth. And when this decree is executed, how do we turn aside from the "green spot," where weeping friends have laid the victim, and having dashed from our eyes the tears of sensibility, to go forth and mingle again in the convivialities and amusements of life, careless and secure.

'Tis true, that it were not well to fill our minds with dark and unnecessary foreboding of death, but a thought given to so

solemn and interesting an event, will serve in the hour of unrestrained mirth, to check and deter us from indulging in those excesses which that unerring monster within, will, in the hour of sober reflection, call up to bitter recollections and regret. As we bend over the tomb of our loved and cherished, while living, let us, then, bear in mind, that we also, even when life's blood is coursing warmly through our youthful veins, may be called away from the endearments of friends and the fondest associations, to enter upon the untrod realities of that "far off world of spirits," from whence no traveller returns.—New England Review.

THE DESERTED CHILDREN.—"I will record in this place," says Mr. Flint, in his travels in America "a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair example of the cases of extreme misery and desolation that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river. In the Sabbath School at New Madrid we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances: A man was descending the river with these three children in his prougue. He and his children had landed on a desert island on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, and these at a little distance from the island, within a great distance. He wanted more whiskey although he had been drinking too freely. Against the persuasion of his children he left them, to cross over to these houses to renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing could dissuade him from this dangerous attempt. He told them he should return that night, he left them in tears and exposed to the pitiless peltings of the storm and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink before he had half crossed the passage; the man was drowned.

These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty, ragged dress, for he had taken his blankets with him. They neither had fire nor shelter, and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed over them in this situation. The elder was a girl or six years but remarkably shrewd and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made them creep together, and draw their feet under their clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces. She then persuaded them to run about, setting them an example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these children, for in the course of the day some Indians landed on the island, and found them, and as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them."

THE LATE STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.—The following is an extract from the discourse of Mr. Barnard on the Life and Character of Mr. Van Rensselaer.

In regard to his private charities, there are two difficulties in the way of any attempt to particularise them; one is, that they were private, and they are, therefore, to a great extent unknown; and the other is, that so far as known, they are numberless. It would be tedious and difficult to enumerate the cases alone, in which he gave by hundreds and by thousands. Two of our American Colleges received from him, in one subscription, five thousand dollars each. It is computed that he expended through a single agent, in prosecuting scientific researches, and for the advancement of his educational methods and plans, and for gratuitous instruction, not less than thirty thousand dollars. And taking the cause of learning in its various branches, the support and spread of Christianity, and the plans of benevolence and mercy, as found each of them in the hands of voluntary Associations, and dependent on individual munificence—taking these objects together, I suppose it can hardly be doubted that he was the largest contributor to them, of pecuniary means, during his life time, in the Union. In respect to his minor benevolences, nobody can number or compute them. They flowed from him in streams which were perpetual—never dry, and never scanty. It was impossible they should fail, so long as objects could be found to call them forth—and these never fail. There is not, probably, a profession, and hardly a department of active life amongst us, in which some could not be found—few or many—who owe the advantages of their position to him; while it is nearly certain that he fed more than were hungry, warmed more than were cold, clothed more than were naked, covered more shelterless heads, dried up more bitter tears, and comforted more despairing hearts, than any other man living among us in his time.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN DEATH.—Perhaps history cannot afford a more remarkable instance of desperate courage than that shown by the officers and crew of an English privateer, called the Terrible, under the command of Capt. Death, of twenty six guns and two hundred men. On the 23d of December, 1757, he engaged and made prize of a large French ship, from St. Maloes, after an obstinate battle, in which he had his brother and 16 seamen killed; he then secured his prize with forty men, and directed his course for England; but, in few days, he had the misfortune to fall in with the Vengeance, of thirty six guns, a privateer, off St. Domingo. Their first step was to attack the prize, which was easily retaken; the two ships then bore down upon the Terrible, whose mainmast was shot away by the first broadside. Notwithstanding such a furious engagement against both, as can hardly be paralleled in the annals of the British Navy.

The French commander and his second lieutenant were killed, with two thirds of his company; but the gallant Capt. Death, with the greater part of his officers and almost his whole crew, having met with

the same fate, his ship was boarded by the enemy, who found no more than twenty six persons alive, sixteen of whom were mutilated by the loss of a leg or an arm, and the other ten grievously wounded!!! The ship itself lay like a wreck upon the water, and the whole exhibited a scene of horror and desolation. The victor itself was so chattered that it was scarcely able to tow the Terrible into St. Maloes, where she was beheld with astonishment and terror. This adventure was no sooner known in England, than a liberal subscription was raised for the support of Death's widow, and that part of the crew which survived the engagement. There was a strange combination of names belonging to this privateer: the Terrible was equipped at Execution dock, commanded by Captain Death; his lieutenant was named Devil, and his surgeon's name was Ghost.—Chronicles of the Sea.

THE SUN-FLOWER.—It is said by experienced agriculturists, that this plant, properly cultivated, is probably the most profitable of any ever cultivated. The oil extracted from its seeds, which are more oleaginous than those of any other plant known to us, combines qualities for eating, of the olive or sweet oil; for burning of the best sperm oil, without the smoke of the latter; and for painting, of flax-seed oil. The young flower cups of this plant are very esculent and agreeable to the taste, when prepared and eaten as artichokes. The stalks are an excellent substitute for hemp in manufacturing pack thread. From its flowers the most luscious and highly-flavored honey is extracted. It is estimated that the plant will yield between eighty and a hundred bushels of seed to the acre, which will furnish from five to seven quarts of oil to the bushel. We think it would be an object for some of our agriculturists to make the experiment. The flower will flourish on ground unfit for any thing else.

OFFICIAL RESPONSIBILITY.—In his Treatise on Human Responsibility, Dr. Wayland, in the section, treating of the limits of official responsibility, assumes this clear principle: "All official responsibility is subject to these two limitations: first, the extent of the power conferred; and secondly, the purpose for which it was conferred. Up to this limitation every officer is responsible; beyond it, his responsibility ceases." And as a case of noble adherence to duty under its guidance, he relates the following incident: "When the late John Jay was Governor of New York, he had it in his power, by calling an extra session of the Legislature, to alter the mode of choosing electors of President of the United States, and thus to ensure the election of the candidate whom he preferred, and defeat the election of one whose elevation to the Presidency he believed would be fraught with great evils to the country.

He was strongly urged to adopt the course by those in whom he was accustomed to confide, his personal and his political friends, men of high honor and tried patriotism. But he utterly refused. His moral perceptions were far too clear to be beclouded by any such sophistry. He never could be made to believe that in so important a crisis the end justifies the means. He knew that the power of calling an extra session was placed in his hands. But he also knew that it was given to him for purposes connected with the State, and not with the United States; and more than this, that it was never given him to be used as an instrument for the promotion of his own political sentiments, whether right or wrong. He allowed the election to take its natural course, and the power of his friends was prostrated forever. It was a noble act, and worthy of John Jay. It was one of those deeds which mark a man for immortality. It was incomparably more glorious than a thousand political triumphs. A thousand political triumphs are as nothing to it.

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING.—The Harrisburg (Penn.) Chronicle says, "The prospects of an abundant harvest in all parts of the country are most cheering indeed; they never were better, if ever as good. These indications of prosperity and comfort call for our gratitude to the Author of all good for his bountiful blessing; and as we can give no return for these merciful providences, we should at least show our gratitude. In view of this we hope the Governor will appoint a day for general Thanksgiving to be observed by the people of this Commonwealth. Indeed, we wish the President would fix upon a day to be observed by all the people of the United States, for this purpose. But if he should not, we earnestly hope the authorities of this State will not overlook it. It deserves their serious attention."

MORUS MULTICAULIS IN THE FAR WEST.—The Iowa Gazette says, "The morus multicaulis fever, which had its commencement but a few months since on the seaboard, and in the Atlantic States, has already extended itself to western shores of the Mississippi. Lee county, in this Territory, in particular, seems to have caught the infection. Several intelligent and enterprising gentlemen have already engaged in the cultivation of the mulberry, and others are collecting and treasuring up the knowledge and information which is essential to success, with a view to making it the object of their entire attention the ensuing season."

Attention to the first unfolding of the infant mind will greatly facilitate the future labors of the parent; whilst improper indulgence in the first year of its life, will increase both her difficulties and her anxieties.

Opportunities neglected are irrecoverable. Rats and conquerors must expect no pity in misfortune.

Gerrit Smith, Esq., of Peterboro, has made a donation of \$10,000 to the American Anti-Slavery Society, being part of \$100,000, which it is proposed to raise the present year.