a part of the country far from the scenes of my paternal inheritance; unknown to those who knew me in youth, and living under a changed name. The metamorphosing hand of time hath changed the black hairs to the grey; and the buried body of Curtis is long since dust. He is almost blotted from the memory of the living, and his story, even in the vicinity of the place where it occurred, is remembered only as a dream of yore. If the world has been ungrateful towards him, regarding his alleged end, it is now far beyond the time for my attempting to do justice to it, by revealing the real facts of the case.

I have suffered much—perhaps, to say more than enough, would be impiety. At all events, I trust, the demands of moral justice are satisfied. I have read of a man who was tried and condemned for the murder of his own daughter; who, it was afterwards discovered, had destroyed herself; and his body ordered to be hung by the sea-shore in chains, as carrion to the wild fowl. Three years elapsed before the hand-writing developing the truth, was found, and empty, fancifully empty, was that show of justice, which endeavored to obliterate the ignominy of such a fate, by commanding the rustling skeleton to be taken down for decent interment, and a stand of white colors to be waved over insensate turf, as symbolical of the innocence of the dust that mouldered beneath.

Next to the death of Curtis, the circumstance which for a long time pressed and preyed most deeply on my regret, was the never having had the fortitude, the justice to reveal the whole facts of the case, at least to Anne Austen. How such a knowledge would have lighted her melancholy—yet I had the heart to withhold it. How such a discovery would have sweetened the bitterness of her cup—yet I left her to drain it to the dregs. Often and often did I meditate this act of justice; but my soul revolted from the task. I knew myself a fallen being, but I could not abide the idea that others should think me so; far less that *she*, the kindest, gentlest, most affectionate of human creatures, should execrate me.

For a number of years I lived in solitude in a beautiful cottage on the Lake of Geneva, not far from the scenes hallowed in romance by the loves of St. Preux and Julie. Yet there, even there, in that elysium of nature, I was not happy. Melancholy remembrances broke in upon the tranquil enchantment of the most delightful landscapes; and far remote from the faces and friendships which had enlivened and delighted the morning of life. I felt the gloom of solitude even in the brightest sunshine; and ennui in all my efforts to be amused. If the heart of man was ever formed by nature for solitude, I had here an opportunity of putting that doctrine abundantly to the test. I did so—and experienced the futility of such an hypothesis. "On some fond breast the parting soul relies;" or else it is wretched. "What is the world," says Goldsmith, "if it affords but solitude!" Pleasure uncommunicated and unshared, is only a sort of pain. The master of one of the most beautiful villas in the world, surrounded by all that the heart can desire of the soft and the sublime in scenery, without an officious glance to scrutinize the privacy of my life, yet I was unblest. I felt that something was wanting. My books sometimes failed to amuse. I became tired of my boat. I had seen Geneva, Vevai, and Chillon castle too often; and pined for an interchange of friendly thought—for a reciprocity and a communication of feelings. Often, seated on the high green banks, on the border of the Leman, with magnificent pine-forests around me, and tranquillized with the view of the wide, smooth expanse of waters, with the wooded islets, and gliding sails—of romantic white-walled towns, and sublime picturesque mountains, I have cast a longing, lingering glance to the friendships and the fields of early years, to the country which gave me birth, to the fields—

"The beautiful fields
Of England, where amid the growing grass,
The daisy bends, the yellow king-cup shines,
In the merry month of May."

But of all my melancholy reflections, none were more melancholy than those which related to Anne Austen. Deep in my heart of hearts lay enshrined the memory of my first, last, only love—the recollections of Anna Singleton; of her angelic loveliness, her retiring affection, her early, and deplored, and heart-crushing death. But that was a woe—an unavertible and irremediable calamity—a dispensation of Providence. To Anne Austen I had poured out the waters of Marah. I had been the cloud which obscured that star in the noon-night of its loveliness. Why, indeed, should I hide it from myself and others? I had been the means of shortening her life, and the work of a frantic minute had been the cause of changing her, as by the wave of a magician's wand—and she was changed. Her peace was blasted for ever and the fountain of her affections dried up. The sun never shone for her after that day. From the beauty-breathing, buoyant girl, playful from lightness of heart and innocence of thought, she sank at once into the clouded serenity of pensiveness and the melancholy of settled grief. The elastic tone of her spirit was destroyed. The noonday of her expectations had prematurely closed, and the aspect of universal nature was forever darkened before her.

"Atra calligine mersa."

It is fortunate that she did not live long, as life when so meted out is but a continuation of suffering, a succession of unpleasant thoughts. A broken heart is an incurable malady, and the sooner such a disease comes to the termination the better, as it is a life-in-death, a protracted misery. Poor girl! often in solitude hath my heart bled for thee. I deserved thy execration; but thy lips were sealed to all save the words of charity. No reproaches ever passed thy gentle lips, and thy dying hour was resigned as that of the American poet, who emblematizes departing man, as folding his mantle round him, and lying down to pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER XVII.

"When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone;
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,
There is a pleasure in this pain.
Its still small voice is often heard
Whispering a mingled sentiment
'Twixt resignation and content."

MARMION.

Age was now setting his signet upon me; and, although thoroughly severed from all early friendships, so strong in my heart were the associations of the past, that I resolved to return to my native country again, were it for no other purpose but laying my bones there.

I stood upon a hill top, that looks downward on the far-off ocean, and between me and the sea, beheld the woods that circled round the mansion of my fathers. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, towards the decline of summer. Some silvery clouds slept on the bosom of the sky; the sheep were scattered in repose over the rich, green, hilly pastures; the birds were singing amid the thickets; and borne from afar, to the pausing ear, came the tranquilly solemn sound of the church bell, 'most musical, most melancholy.'

I stood and listened. It was too much; my heart could not bear it. I leant over a moss-grown rail, and, holding my handkerchief to my eyes, wept like a child. My mother, my sister, the faithful domestics, "the old familiar faces," departed scenes, vanished friends, all the delight of the past, arose and utterly unmanned me.

Escaping from those reminiscences of early childhood, I wandered down to my old haunts in the neighborhood of Austen Park; and by a curious coincidence, for the thing was unpremeditated, I arrived there also on a Sunday morning, and the thought suddenly struck me, that I would go into some obscure part of the village church and hear service. I did so.

What a reverential well-known air had the building; every stone in it had a place in my early recollection. The deep niches—the low-arched windows, admitting "a dim, religious light"—the venerable, dusky pews, edged with the antique carving of acorn and fleur-de-lis—the hollow roof, whose crevices still held "the martin's old hereditary nest." I gazed on them all—I devoured them all with my eyes; but the pulpit had another occupant, and the silver hairs of the pastor, from whose lips I had first heard the words of truth and life from that holy place, with a solemnity of awe bordering on adoration, where was now that venerable saint? I turned to the old pew of my household; it was filled, but I knew not a face there. I looked up to the gallery, whose front was gilded with the arms of Curtis' family, and sighed to think of one "who was not." Next to it was the pew of the Austens. My heart sank when I thought of the time when the peerless Anne Austen sate there, and it was a check to habitual despondency to survey that delightful family group.

Very few faces in the body of the church could I recognise; and these how altered by the lapse of years, and the corroding touches of care! The boy now stood, in the centre of his own family, a thoughtful man—a business-worn citizen—an attentive, subdued, sober-minded father. The old had passed away "like the clouds of yesterday;" and the youthful had, like myself, far overstepped their meridian, and were declining unto the hour "when daylight doth go down." None recognised me; no one glanced towards me a look of welcome; I was a stranger among strangers.

After service I strayed into the churchyard. I have never thought of death, but its image was associated with the tranquillity of that spot. There is a pastoral quiet around it. It is in the heart of rural scenery, situated on a rising ground, and open to the sun and sky.

The people being all passed away, I sauntered towards the last habitation of the Austens, that I might gaze on the turf where reposed the ashes of the warm-hearted old squire, and of his daughter the peerless Anne. I stood for a long time gazing upon it. My heart was at my throat; and some burning tears alleviated the pressure of my afflictions as they fell to the ground. The pressure of twenty-seven years had levelled it by their passage, and the undulation in the turf was scarcely perceptible. The holly and cypress trees planted around were now grown large, dark and luxuriant; in them the winds of heaven might whistle, and the birds of summer build their nests. The marble slab in the wall, which tells her name and age, is encircled with lichens and moss, wearing an aspect of long-past years. The holly-bush at present growing beneath the window at which I am writing, is a slip taken from one of those trees. I delight in my musing hours, to gaze upon it, and think how it derived its original nourishment from the ground wherein the clay of Anne Austen was laid.

'Twas afternoon when I closed the churchyard gate behind me, and looked back to the forests, determining to repass the spot at which poor Curtis met with his death. I sauntered slowly onwards. Every tree by the wayside seemed to claim old acquaintanceship, and to say, "You will not surely pass me unnoticed;" every winding of the path on which I trod awakened "thoughts that lay too deep for tears."

At length I came to the cottage at the turn of the road, which I had bought, and given away as a marriage-gift to my old faithful servant, Thomas. A respectable looking elderly man was sitting on a stone, quietly smoking his pipe, with a curly-headed urchin on his knee. His little terrier dog, which was lying asleep at his feet, started up with a snarl, and came forward to bark as I approached. The man looked hard at me, and I returned his scrutiny as narrowly. His examination seemed to have proved abortive; for, turning his head the other way, he took his pipe from his cheek, preparatory to another whiff. Not so mine; I knew him—I recognised my old house-mate; whom, it affords a pleasure to my mind, I saw married to his sweet-heart, Sally, before I went abroad, and trust that, in so doing, I acted for the best, in making two faithful hearts enjoy as much felicity as this poor earth can supply.

I passed on with a deep-drawn sigh; but, shortly after, falling in with a little boy, who was gathering king-cups by the way side, I found, on enquiring his name, that he was Thomas' son, as his features had so denoted to me, and gave him what loose money I had about me, to buy a dress against next Sunday.

The sun had far declined, when, reaching the borders of the fatal forest, I paced on at a slow rate, examining every object around, which, from change, beauty, or old associations, solicited my attention. From a rising bank I caught a glimpse of Austen Park over the trees. It looked dark, solitary and forsaken; different from what I had once thought it, but the same. Between me and the west some tall ash trees indicated the spot, behind which lay the quondam property of Curtis.—Surrounded by corn fields, luxuriant and extensive, I passed on between the bordering trees. The last rays of sunlight gilded their tops, and broke through in long level streams where they were more thinly planted. I heard voices in the woods; and, standing still, discovered some children, who, forgetful of Sabbath decency, had been threading the verdant labyrinth in search of birds' nests, or the honey of wild bees. Their tongues, full of the joyful buoyancy of childhood, and their light laughter, proclaimed the ease and thoughtlessness of their hearts. I thought of the time when I ought to have been as one of these.

As I sauntered on I heard the joyous sounds far behind me, but they became more and more indistinct, and were soon altogether lost. All was silent as I neared the style over which Curtis had come on the fatal evening. Nature was still, serene, shadowy, and reposing. A blackbird had built her nest somewhere near the spot; and from the summit of a tall larch, the tallest in the grove, sung out, in clear, thrilling woodnotes, as it were, a hymn to the departing daylight.

Although the scene was so strongly pictured on my recollection, it was not without some difficulty that I identified the exact spot on which Curtis received his death-wound. At length I exclaimed to myself hurriedly, "Behold the tree!" It was the same against which I had rested my fowling-piece. I examined its bark for traces of blood-gouts, in momentary conviction of the vulgar belief that such marks are uneffaceable; but my eyes could behold none, nor could imagination distort any visible appearance into the least resemblance of such. Beneath my feet, on the spot which had drunk his blood, the weeds and wild-flowers were springing luxuriantly, and sent forth to the air, as my steps pressed them down, an aromatic, pastoral smell.

Rousseau describes the intensity of his emotions, when, after an absence of many, many years, he beheld his favorite periwinkle growing on the spot where he had left it. What thoughts, what feelings must have thrilled through his heart, when he exclaimed, "*Voila la pervenche!*"

He, perhaps, or only such as he, who have felt the power of similar experiences, can form a notion of what passed through my bosom at that hour. But at what antipodes were his remembrances and mine! His brought before his soul with all the rapidity and vividness of lightning, the innocence and the Elysium of youth; mine, the darkness of that cloud which had forever overshadowed such prospects, and transformed the garden of life into a desert!

As I passed down the vale, the blue mantle of twilight hung around the shoulders of the hills, the west was rapidly losing its crimson honours, and Hesperus, "leader of the starry-host," shone out brightly from the fine blue sky. Pausing for a moment to gaze on its sparkling beauty, the days of old and the lines of Sappho awoke to mind, and reciting the tender fragment—I sauntered leisurely through the quiet of evening. Alas! there was no living being to welcome my return! I had naught on earth to wish for, nothing to expect—there were none to welcome my steps to the evening threshold!

CHAPTER XVIII.

"So passeth in the passing of day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower;
No more doth flourish after first decay."

SPENSER.

It is time for me to draw these melancholy reminiscences to a close. Perhaps, unconsciously to myself, the spirit of egotism has dictated them; but if so, it is not a selfishness that by communication looks for direct sympathy, for these sheets shall not see the light, until years after I have passed away. In glancing over them, it strikes me as only necessary to add a few particulars.

After my return from the continent, I paid a visit to the grave of her, who had been to me as the light of life, the lovely, the adored, the—alas! epithets are vain—to the grave of Anna Singleton. Standing there my spirit was absorbed in the past, and when I came to a consciousness of my utter isolation, "I dropped a few hot tears, but wiped them soon." My grave will be made beside hers; for I do not think that my spirit could find repose, were my ashes any other where deposited.

Bennet never returned to his native country. He grew very rich, and got high up in the army; but he never married, a circumstance which gladdened the hearts of several cousins and second cousins in the shape of postobit remembrances.

Shall I divulge it? Why not! The living have passed away, and none remain to whom the disclosure can cost a thoughtful sigh.

On the morning that I left my residence in England for the continent, a packet was delivered me. On breaking the outer seal, I found written inside the envelope, "The enclosed must not be perused for three years. A. A."

It is needless to say, with what care this letter was preserved, and how anxiously I awaited the coming round of the period at which I was at liberty to examine its contents. My anxiety was heightened instead of being diminished by hearing, what indeed grieved me to the core, but surprised me not much, that during the following winter Anne Austen had been translated to a happier and better world.

When the time did at length come round I was residing in Switzerland. Taking the preciously preserved packet with me, I went out on the beautiful morning of the fourteenth of June, an anniversary to me thence and for ever sacred, and in the arbour at the foot of my garden, broke the seal with a trembling hand, and read as follows:—

"*Austen Park, June* 14, 17—.

"SIR:—Were it not from the knowledge that long ere your eyes peruse this blotted scrawl, the hand that traced it shall have been cold in the tomb, I would have preferred leaving my sorrows without a record, and carrying them to another world within my shut and silent heart. As it is, I fear this proceeding is only to lower me in your estimation, and to exhibit my woman's weakness. Be it so. If to love is to have sinned—oh, let it be, that to have suffered for my frailty, should plead my atonement!

"Startle not at this unfeminine confession. It is such as I know you are unprepared for,—as you imagined my affections were centred in another. No—no—that was not the case. Mr. Curtis, although a favourite with my father, never was so with me; and with the above declaration before you, it is needless that I should be more explicit for my reasons in declining the proposals of my cousin Bennet.

"If I had not accidentally heard of your early bereavement, and of your resolution of shutting up your heart forever to the smiles of woman, perhaps I should not have had the hardihood to pen this letter; but from that hour a similar vow was mine, and, knowing as I did, that change in a spirit like mine was incompatible with its nature, my determination was taken without much difficulty.

"Pardon my calling down a farewell blessing on your head, and when you read this, may it come to your heart in tranquil pleasure, although the voice that now implores it, shall have been long since quenched and forever.

"ANNE AUSTEN."

The emotions which the perusal of this epistle created within me are indescribable. A new light dawned over my bewildered path. The pure spirit that had so confidingly reposed in me had long before ascended to a more congenial region; and in the prostration of my faculties, I felt that being had been given me, not only that I might be miserable myself, but that I might blight all within the sphere of my baleful influence.

When I recalled the only days of my heart's true happiness, when, loving and beloved by Anna Singleton, a gleam of sunshine pervaded the world, which it soon lost forever, I felt as if the romance of life had only been shewn me, that I might more awfully suffer under its cold and dread realities; and that turning from the coffin, which contained her ashes, memory might more bewitchingly restore her to my mind's eye, in the radiance of consummate beauty.

It is vain to pray that the past were restored—that the days were back, when the heart could thrill, and bend, and melt as it then thrilled, softened, and expanded in its love of the bright and beautiful—that its feelings were re-purified from the world's contamination, and its rebound to the impressions of pleasure as lively. There is no second spring in human life; neither threats nor tears can recall the fleet angel of time. When the autumn of life fades into the sere and yellow leaf, the vista of death is the only one, through which we can look, in the true hope of more brilliant suns and a serener existence.

What more remains for me on earth, but to prepare for the great change that awaits me, and which, in the usual course of nature, cannot be at a great distance. Fondly would I hope, that tears shed in secret—the privations which I have undergone, and which mock the greatest austerities suffered by the most rigid anchorite—and the contrition of a penitent spirit—have blotted out from the great book the faults and follies of my immature years, and that the Author of all being will not reject utterly the offering of a heart, which, while it bleeds with gratitude and love, relies on a goodness which is at once sublime and boundless.

From the People's Magazine.

ATTRACTION.

Before proceeding farther, it may be necessary to inform the reader of the manner in which gravitation operates on its amplest scale in regulating the movements of the unnumbered orbs which compose the system of the universe. All bodies have a tendency to continue in the state of *motion* or of *rest* in which they are put. In other words, bodies do not acquire motion, nor lose motion, nor change the kind or degree of their motion, unless some force or another be applied to them. This property, as it may be termed, is called, in scientific language, the *inertia* of matter. For instance, when an arrow is shot from a bow, it would proceed onward through the infinity of space to all eternity, if some force did not curb its speed, and finally draw it to the earth. And what power is this? Plainly that of attraction. Besides, there is the resistance which the air offers to every body heavier than itself passing through it. Now, space originally was a vast vacuity, we shall suppose, in which there being no matter, there could exist none of the laws of matter. When the Divine Creator brought into existence our own system, to take a familiar instance, he placed the sun in the centre, and endowed it, so to speak, with power and authority over all the other bodies within its range; they were compelled to pay obeisance to it like the surrounding sheaves to the central one in Joseph's dream. The lesser or subordinate orbs may be supposed, for the sake of illustration, to have been hurled from the plastic hands of the Deity in a straightforward course, in which they would forever have moved, had not the sun possessed the power of attracting them to its centre, and compelling them to revolve round him. There was just as much attraction given as would keep them in their proper orbits of motion, and just that degree of impetus imparted which would prevent them from coalescing with the sun on the one hand, or departing beyond the sphere of his attraction on the other. With what wisdom, and yet with what simplicity, have not the "worlds been framed." To each of them the Creator has traced out its course. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." And they cannot for a moment cross the boundaries he has assigned.

"Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll where he has marked the way."

To this principle we are also indebted for the flux and reflux of the tides, which, as is well known, are caused by the moon's attraction.

"For this the moon through heaven's blue concave glides,
And into motion charms the expanding tides;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone and sinks the poles."

FALCONER.

It is also the cause of the roundness of our earth, of the moon, the planets, and the sun itself. Hence it may be inferred that originally all matter was, to a certain extent, in a fluid state, and that at the divine behest the atoms were endowed with attractive qualities, by which they were impelled to a common centre; and thus the congregated masses assumed a globular form. At New South Wales, which is situated nearly opposite to England on the earth's surface, planets hang and stones fall towards the centre of the globe, just as they do here. And the people there are standing with their feet towards us; hence they are called our antipodes, from two Greek words—*anti* opposite, and *podes* the feet. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain will be attracted to it in a degree exactly proportioned to its magnitude. This fact was ascertained by Dr. Maskeleyne near the mountain Shehallion in Scotland. But the plummet was not so strongly attracted to the mountain as it was to the earth, because the magnitude of the latter was so much greater than that of the former. Let it always be kept in view that it is size, in connection with distance, which determines the force of gravitation, and this may be illustrated by a few familiar facts.

A falling body receives fresh velocity every moment of its descent, while a body projected into the air loses velocity every moment of its ascent. Both propositions are illustrated by a very simple experiment. Sling a stone into the air, and the eye will be found incapable of following it till it has reached a certain height, when we can easily observe its progress. Upwards it rises slower and slower, and for a moment before it has reached and after it has passed its climax, there is scarcely any motion perceptible; just as the tide at the full appears for a moment neither to ebb nor to flow. Downwards the stone descends, however, gathering fresh velocity in every inch of its declination, until, as it approaches nearer to the earth, the eye can scarcely follow it. This may, no doubt, be partly accounted for from the well known circumstance, that, to the eye, bodies seen at a distance seem to move slower than they do when we stand nearer to them. But, in our calculations, the fallacy arising from this circumstance is comparatively trifling. The propositions have not only been proved by the most incontestible philosophical experiments, but a few familiar facts, when recalled to memory, will settle the point. Let a ball be dropped from the hand, and it can be caught easily the first instant; let it accumulate its motion, however, and the hand in vain pursues it. Take an instance on a vast scale—say the cataract of Niagara. Slow and heavily the broad column of waters bends over the precipice. It grows thinner and thinner, while its motion rapidly increases, until at last it plunges down the deep descent into the Phlegethon below, with irresistible force and swiftness, carrying all before it, and

"Rivalling the lightning's glance in ruin and in speed."

All bodies, whatever their size or weight may be, should, from the law previously laid down, fall to the ground with the same speed. But this is found not to be the case. Here, for instance, is a ball of lead and a ball of cotton dropped from the same altitude at the same moment, and the lead has reached the earth some time before the cotton. At first sight this would really appear to be quite consistent with the law of nature; because there being, we shall say, an hundred parts more matter in the bullet than in the cotton, it will be drawn to the earth with an hundred times more force; the power of gravitation being always proportioned to the quantity of matter. But again, if there be an hundred parts more matter in the lead than in the other body, it of course requires an hundred times more attraction to bring it down, for bodies destitute of this quality, as was formerly observed, have no tendency to fall; and every atom of every description of matter is drawn to the earth with the same degree of force. What is it, then, which prevents the cotton from reaching the ground at the same moment with the weightier body? The resistance of the air. The bulks are equal, and of course the resistance offered to both is alike, but the one having a far greater number of atoms, and hence a far greater power of attraction in proportion to its bulk than the other, it overcomes the resistance with greater ease, or, in other words, it has far greater strength to expend with only the same obstructions to overcome, and hence it reaches its destination sooner. For illustration's sake let us suppose there are two boats to start for the same goal. They are of equal size, and of course their bows present the same breadth of surface to the water, and are alike impeded by it. In the one boat there are two rowers, we shall suppose, and in the other six. They all pull with equal power, and it is unnecessary to say which boat will reach its destination first. But suppose that the boat which had the smallest number of rowers were to be reduced in size, weight, and resistance in a proportion which exactly counterbalanced the power which the other had over it, they would both arrive at the same time. Thus, if the cotton ball were reduced to the density of the lead, they would both reach the earth at the same time.—The powers of attraction possessed by the two substances, without attenuating our simile to an invisible thinness, may be compared to the physical energy exercised in the two several boats, and though the comparison be not perfect in some respects, it is sufficiently so in others to give a forcible illustration of the subject. In fine, it is found that in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, that is, a glass vessel deprived of its air, a feather and a guinea fall to the bottom at the same instant. It would not serve the end contemplated were the subject of gravitation to be pursued through all its labyrinths, and demonstrated by mathematical symbols. The point aimed at is rather to kindle up a desire for philosophical study, than to supply the materials of it. We do not mean to conduct the reader through the promised land, but only point it out from Mount Pisgah.

Very little need be said respecting the *magnetic* and *electric* attractions. They act only on certain bodies, or under peculiar circumstances, giving rise to a distinct class of phenomena. In so far as they operate on masses of matter at sensible distances, they coincide with gravitation. When certain bodies are submitted to friction, they exhibit electrical attraction. If a dry glass rod or a stick of sealing wax is rubbed upon a piece of silk, and then presented to light bodies, such as bits of paper or straw, these latter are attracted to the other body. With respect to the magnet, it is universally known that it possesses the property of attracting particles of iron or steel. Its undeviating tendency to turn to a certain point of the earth is also well known. No phenomenon of nature has been so often pressed into the service of poetry in the shape of a simile as this. What poet for the last two hundred years has not used it?

From the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

MAJOR DOWNING'S CLINCHER.

[PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.]

Washington, 26th Sept., 1833.

I, Major J. Downing, of the 2d Brigade of Downingville Militia, and second best man in the Government, (I and the Gineral being pretty much the hull on't,) thinking that the last Proclamation agin Biddle and the Bank ha'nt got reasons enuf in it—give out this my Proclamation by way of a Clincher.

The times are now getting pretty squally, and if we dont look out sharp, things will go to smash, and now is the time for all on you to back me and the Gineral. We have been now nigh 5 years at work nocking down abuses, and still things dont go exactly to our notion. We have taken away all the offices from the opposition folks; still some on em manage to get money to live on somewhere else. We have taken away the printin from them, and gin it all to our folks; still they keep up printin other papers, and we cant manage to choak them off no how, but they will keep jawin and twitten on us; they wont print none of our notices, but keep all the while writen and printin their own, and try to make folks think that Webster, and McDuffy, and Adams, and Sargent, and Clay, and Binney, and Everett, and Gallatin, and a raft of such kinder fellows, know more than Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Kendle, Mr. Cambreleng, and Major Barry, and such good friends of our'n, and all as true as steel too. But I and the Gineral have found out all about it.

Biddle and the Bank are the varments—and if they are not put down there is no tellin the harm they'll do us. Biddle's Bank aint like other Banks—every thing it does goes pretty much agin us; and most of the other banks do all they can to help us. There is one at Albany called the Regency Bank; now that is the right kind of a bank, it loans money only to our friends, and gits its thumb on all the banks it can and makes them do so too; and if they dont, they put the screws on em—and that's the reason why our folks are so strong in Albany; and if the U. S. Bank was managed jest like the Regency Bank, we should all be much better off. And what was the United States Bank made for? Didn't Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Adams, when they were Presidents, jest go into it whenever they pleased, and shovel out the money to their friends, and the opposition folks didn't git one cent; and now that Gineral Jackson is President—and who has done more for the country than all the Presidents and Ginerals and Commodores, and the whole bunch on em ever did—when he wants to do a trifle for his friends in the same way, they wont let him—well then, says he, I'm the Government, and I want my money: and then they turn and print books and speeches, saying the Gineral aint the Government, and try to make folks think the Secretary of the Treasury and Congress, and not the Gineral, has the right to take away the money. Now, the Gineral dont care no more for Congress than he does for the Secretary of the Treasury, and he'll sarve them jist as he has him. We dont want them, they ony make trouble, unless they do jest as we tell em. We want money, and must have it. Some of our folks who have been working hard for us haint got any, and we have got no more offices to give em.

The rich folks have pretty much all the money, but as we can out vote em they ought to shell out—and that's pretty much Mr. Van Buren's notion too. And his notion is too, that there ought to be a convention to nominate a President, jest like that one a spell ago in Baltimore. One man is enuf for each State, ony get the right one, and then vote by majority, jest as George Creamer did when he gave six and dirty votes for old Pensylvany. It wont do to wait too long—its ony three years more afore we shall want another President, and we ought to spring to it now jest as the Gineral says about the Bank—that's got only three years more to run, and he is afraid it cant wind up as safely by that time as it can now, and so he's goin to give it a twist on 1st October—and we mean to follow it up till we nock it all to bits unless Biddle resigns, and if he does, the Gineral says he'll make me President of the Bank, and give it a new charter, and then we'll git all our folks in and make things go better there.

There is no use in Congress or any body else to try and corner the Gineral—he has thrashed double their number afore this, and if they do try to drive him in a corner, it will turn out jest like a skunkin frolic—the foremost dog will get the worst on't.

By order of the Government,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

Mankind at the beginning of the fifteenth century.—"They had neither looked into the heavens nor earth, neither into the sea nor land, as has been done since. They had philosophy without experiments, mathematics without instruments, and geometry without scales.

They made war without powder, shot, cannon or mortars—nay the mob made their bonfires without squibs or crackers. They went to sea without compass, and sailed without the needle. They viewed the stars without telescopes, and measured the air without barometers. Learning had no printing presses. Writing no paper, no ink. The lover was forced to send his mistress a deal board for a letter, and a billetdoux might be the size of an ordinary trencher. They were clothed without manufacture, and their richest robes were the skins of formidable monsters.