enough to gaze unmoved on such a scene. Not twenty yards from me, on the ground, lay two officers, one in the uniform of my own regiment, the other in the undress of a naval captain, the surgeon and the second of each were stooping over their friends, and a black servant stood at a trifling distance, in evident alarm; while the smoke from their pistols still hovered over the spot, in dark circles, struggling to rise through the overhanging canopy of mist. I hastened to the spot: one was my brother officer, M'Ivor; the other was the fighting captain of the Elmira; both mortally wounded. The surgeons of each, after a few moments, consultation, declared the impracticability of removing either of them from the ground, as a few moments would most probably terminate their existence; indeed from the paleness and agony impressed on the features of L———s, and from the crimson flood which widely stained the white sand beneath him, it was evident that the vital spark was about to be extinguished. Not so M'Ivor: his wound was in the chest, and the bleeding was mostly internal. He had risen upon one elbow; a small stream of blood flowed from between his clenched teeth; but as his dark eye was fixed sternly upon his prostrate antagonist, his whole face was illumined with an expression of exultation and delight, fearfully in contrast with his evident and increasing weakness; and the brilliant hue of pleasure lit up those features, at other times so pale and death like. The departing sailor, in faultering and broken accents, gasped out a request to be brought nearer to M'Ivor, that he might grasp his hand and die forgiving him. A strange expression of contempt played on the bloodstained lips of the latter, as he heard this demand, and beheld the surgeons, assisting his adversary to approach him. With pain and difficulty the dying man reached out his trembling hand, and the accents of forgiveness hung upon his lip; when the young Highlander raising himself to a sitting posture, fiercely grasped the extended hand, and, while a gush of blood accompanied every word, exclaimed, in accents never to be eradicated from my memory, "I, ———s, you are dying on the grave of my brother-in law, poor Baldwin; he whom you murdered rots in the soil beneath you, but my sister, Jessie M'Ivor, she rests with her forbears among the green hills of that native land I never shall behold. You wronged a M'Ivor—a son of M'Ivor has avenged her wrongs" He flung the hand from him with contemptuous violence, and falling backward in the effort, ceased to exist; his face retained, even in death, the same expression of stern defiance—his features became convulsed—the glare of his eye bore fearful resemblance to the once insulting glance of the professed and successful duellist. Suddenly he started to his feet—he assumed the posture of a prepared combatant—and with his arm extended, as if in the act of discharging a pistol, he fell prostrate over the now senseless body of his youthful antagonist.—*A Soldier's Recollections.*—*Tait's Magazine.*

The following beautiful expression of regret for the departure from among the citizens of Charleston, of "a native son of Carolina," and faithful public servant, we copy from the Charleston Patriot of the 27th ult.

Col. William Drayton, a Representative in Congress for some years from this District, a native son of Carolina, and a resident of our city for nearly the whole period of his honoured life, left our shores this afternoon in the line ship *Sutton*, for the purpose of taking up his residence permanently at the North. It is impossible to part with a man of Col. Drayton's public purity, private probity, distinguished ability, and extensive usefulness, without the expression of a heartfelt regret at the separation. He goes bearing with him the full measure of that reverence and respect, that popular approbation, unsolicited and unbought by popular arts, loves to bestow on the faithful public servant, and without an enemy, except such as the late unpopular estrangements in politics may have produced. We are sure that not one particle of political or other malice mingles with and taints the generosity of his nature—the native benevolence of his disposition. May the evening of his useful life be as serene and cloudless as its morning was britliant, and its meridian effused a steady lustre.

The Rev. Charles B. Maguire, Pastor of the Roman Catholic congregation of Pittsburg, Pa. died on Wednesday, the 17th July, after an illness of a few days. The deceased was in his 65th year—he was a native of the county of Tyron, Ireland, and had spent one of the most eventful lives. He passed through the French Revolution of 1787, in which he was an active agent, on the side of the government, for which he, with the rest of the clergy, was proscribed, and his life forfeited. "He was once seized and dragged towards the guillotine, when a cooper who knew him, heroically attacked with edged instruments of his trade, the person who had him in custody, and effected his rescue." He then escaped to Rome, where he remained until the armies of Buonaparte attacked the Pope and clergy, when he left the "immortal city," and travelled over the greater part of Europe. In 1817 he landed in the *United* States, and in 1819 came to the city of Pittsburg. He was an eminent scholar and philanthropist. His funeral was attended by about three hundred persons.—*Pittsburg papers.*

O. P. Q'S ADDRESS TO THE PEERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Paris, June 18, 1833.

My Lords,—We have long said in France, that the day *will* arrive when the purse proud and insolent portion of the Peers of Great Britain will arrive out of breath at Calais, Dieppe, and Havre, with their silver spoons and silver forks in their great coat pockets, and with a little gold and silver money which they scrambled together in an hour, and with which they set off to the Continent, thankful for having saved their lives from popular indignation and from popular fury. We have long said, and we are more than ever convinced that we were right, that the Tory portion of your Lordship's House would venture a battle with the Commons, and a battle with the Whigs and would succeed in rousing the British Lion to rage and fury. On a former occasion, my Lords, when your Lordships disgraced yourselves by an opposition to a Bill for the Reform of admitted abuses in Parliament, I put it to your Lordships whether you would think it expedient to risk the burning of your castles, the examination of your title deeds, the division of your property by the Social Revolution party, and your being turned adrift upon the world to gain, as you would be unable to do, your bread and your beer by hard labour, and to say, "*I was a Peer—but I am a Pauper.*" My appeal was heard, your Lordships took the hint, and the Reform Bill passed, and you were prudent enough to imitate the language of Horace's Miser, and say,

"——— Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arca.'

"The people hiss me, but I applaud myself at home, when I contemplate the money in my chest." Far from blaming your Lordship's prudence, I admired your Lordship's discernment, and it were certainly better to be hissed and to possess, than to be hissed and to be without a sixpence. Your Lordships did perfectly right, acted wisely and prudently, and as you gradually or suddenly bent your way to your old castles, and country seats, I confess I tho't you much wiser men than I had taken you to be, and wished you the enjoyment for life of your horses, your billiard tables, your fish ponds, your partridges and pheasants, foxes and deers, and much happiness in private society, and the less public spheres of your existence. I really began to hope for a moment that you had taken the hint—that you had resolved to meet the "evil" in its outset—that you had felt the necessity of bending to a storm which might otherwise crush you, and that you had not forgotten the Ovid of your boyhood, which had taught you to meet the first beginnings—to look at the budding mischief before it has time to ripen into maturity—to recollect that a disorder should be met at its outset, and that the medicine may be too late when the disease has gained ground through delay.

"Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas, convaluere movas."

I flattered myself that I had assisted, in some small degree at least, in attaining this result, and I said, at least we will hear no more of the old cry of "The Church is in danger," nor be sickened with the Tory yell of "our Altars and our Hearths."

But it appears, my Lords, if we may place confidence in the reports which reach us in so many ways from England, and especially from London, that your Lordships have got wearied out of your country seats, have become tired of shooting foxes, and that your Baronial estates are not large enough to satisfy your ambition, nor your pastimes of hunting, shooting, fishing, racing, and billiard playing adequate to meet your raging love of power and authority!!! This is a lamentable thing for you, my Lords, for, believe me, if your Lordships take to politics, they will be your undoing; if you venture on attempting to shiver a lance for what you absurdly call the 'Constitution,' you will be mortally wounded; and, mark my words, some of you old Tory Peers, who might live and die so happy at Lumber Castle and Strathfieldsay, will fly to France with your silver spoons and silver forks in your great coat pockets, and a little ready money in silver and gold, just scrambled together while the populace were advancing from the county town to your respective aristocratical residences. And remember, my Lords that when your ready money shall be spent, and your silver forks and spoons shall be pawned or sold—you must live upon charity, or take to working; and you surely do not forget that Louis Philip, who is now King of the French, was once compelled to give lessons in mathematics in order to get bread and meat against the hour of dinner. And yet those were times when Kings and Nobles were thought much better of than they are at present; and when Edmund Burke was cheered as he attacked the French Revolution. But now-a-days the times are greatly changed. If you arrive in France without money, I assure you, you will obtain no credit—no subscription will be made for you—no door but the door of the hotel if you pay, or the prison if you do not, will be open to you—the French Chambers will not vote you a sum even in the light of British political refugees, but you will die of want, or be compelled to labor at so much per day, and perchance sell watch chains on the Paris Boulevards to gain an honest but wretched livelihood. I present the matter thus strongly to your Lordships' minds, because it is just as certain, as that the Tory portion of your Lordships are blockheads, that if you persevere in your determination of enraging the people—of counteracting their wishes—of denying their just demands, and of slighting their sympathies, and of contradicting their hopes, your Lordships will be voted 'a nuisance,' the people will discover, that 'a Senate' will do just as well as the House of Lords, and you will be driven from society as well as from place and power, and escape to the Continent in the manner aforesaid, in order to screen your persons from popular indignation and popular violence. And have the goodness to recollect, my Lords, that you have wives and children who will have the right to, & who will reproach you. The 'poodle dog' will be sold to buy shoes—the 'jewels and the watches' to purchase shifts and petticoats—the little moveable property scraped together in an hour will not produce enough money to maintain your wives and children for a year—and when 'house is gone and money is spent,' you will have but little learning' to stand in their stead.

If, then, you may be disposed to do something amounting to an act of madness and desperation for the purpose of obtaining place, power, and office, for yourselves and your friends, remember the 'Lord Johns,' and the 'Lady Jennys' of your families. You know, my Lords, that your eldest son, 'Lord Harry' does not write well enough to gain half a guinea a week as a lawyer's clerk; and your youngest son, "Lord Thomas," can scarcely count two and two, so that, though he understands horses, he would not do for a stable-keeper's book-keeper. And as to poor 'Lady Jane' why what will she do without the 'black foot boy;' and how will 'Lady Margaret' be able to turn housemaid, when she can scarcely condescend to touch a moss rose lest it should soil her fingers! I pray then my Lords to think a little of those ignorant and unfortunate beings called 'the young Nobility,' and if you have not pity on yourselves, at least have pity upon them!

And furthermore, my Lords, I will let you into a secret, which you may as well turn over in your minds before it be too late, and which may, I think, decide some of your votes on the Irish Church Bill. You know then, my Lords, that there is such a thing in England as the 'Great Book,' and such another thing in the same country as 'the National Debt.' Now do you know my Lords, that if this Great Book were burnt, and this National Debt paid off, or cancelled, England would be the most prosperous and wealthy nation in the known world.

You know, my Lords, that moderate temperate, and honest reformers, are always endeavoring, with M. Prebrer, in his celebrated work, to find out an honest and a just method of getting rid of this dead weight on national prosperity and national amelioration. But there is another party at work in England as well as in France & that is the social revolutionary party. The Chronicle calls them 'thieves' and to a certain extent the Chronicle is right, though they are not 'thieves' in the common acceptation of the term, as they do not propose robbing for their own advantage. But if you, by your obstinacy, your insolence, and your folly, shall bring about a revolution in England, I will tell you what will then be done. Why the 'Great Book' will be burnt, or rather Great Book will be created, and the produce of your chateaus, of your estates, & of your mines and property, will be applied to the liquidation of this debt, or at least to such a portion of it as does not belong to yourselves or your 'order.'—Now, I do beseech you to think of having your three per cents cancelled, and your consols pronounced to be waste paper, and of having no more to sign 'powers of attorney' either to receive dividends or transfer stock. Perhaps most of you have never known in your lives what it was to want money, but have only had to draw your cheques and your bills, and have them paid to order. But, my Lords I can tell you of a greater man than any of you as far as rank and station were concerned, who was obliged to ask the Revolution of 1830 to lend him some money, in order to pay his expenses, and that man was Charles X, late King of France!! And I must also take the liberty to tell you of a Royal youth, even the nephew of your present King, who, the late reigning Prince of Brunswick, was sent on his travels by his people, and took with him in his trunks and boxes a certain cup, made of precious stones, and some gold and silver plates and stock, in order to support himself in a foreign country. And I have heard the Duchess d'Angouleme declare some years ago, that many a time during her long banishment from France, was she without a shilling in the world, for weeks, and actually unable to take a post-chaise, or buy a penny worth of pins until her next quarter's small allowance was made to her. I mention these facts to your Lordships, that you may not overlook them, and that you may not deceive yourselves with the vain belief that your rank or your present fortunes will protect you from future wants.—Well, then, my Lords, if you insist on war and confiscation of your own estates—and the loss of all your present funded property without the chance of one farthing in the shape of compensation. And I will go a little further that you may perhaps, expect from one who is a lover of order and of justice, and tell you, that you will merit that confiscation—and will have provoked the ruin which will crush you. No one will deplore your fate but yourselves—and you will be reproached by those who look up to you as the author of their being. My Lords this plan of paying off the National Debt, or such portions of it as does not belong to yourselves, with your property and with the property of the Church (as it is called,) is not an original idea of O. P. Q. It has long since been under consideration, and nothing but the love of justice which is cherished by moderate reformers has prevented its realization. But if you disgust those who have been your best friends and truest advisers, and throw down the gauntlet, I pledge myself that it will be taken up, and that in the general scramble you will lose all and gain nothing. And this result you will richly merit. This loss of everything you will abundantly deserve, and there will be no pity for your children when they cry as emigrants in a foreign land "Pray pity us; the poor children of the ex-British Peers!"

And my Lords, before I terminate my address to you, you must allow me to point a little to the present state of Europe and to show you that from without you can expect no assistance, and will receive no sympathy. I assure you that Europe is on the eve of great revolutions and immense events! Do not imagine that the Revolution of 1830 is destroyed or its principles crushed. In France, the cause of Republicanism is making hourly progress, and your momentary triumph in England would quadruple the number of popular societies, popular Journals, and popular active agents in even the short space of a month. In Germany the middling classes have joined the students, and form together one vast conspiracy against the German Diet, which must be, and will be overthrown. You cannot have failed to observe, my Lords, that the King of Wurtemburg, and the Duke of Baden, have gained nothing by dissolving the Chambers of Deputies of their States—the same men are returned—the same principles are proclaimed—and the Frankfort Diet is there virtually defeated. And do you imagine, my Lords, the people of Great Britain, and the Electors, there, are more venal, and less patriotic than those in the German states? I advise you not to provoke the comparison, for it will be greatly in favour of the British people—and greatly opposed to the interests of your "Order." And then look at Poland!—Do you not perceive that notwithstanding she has lost by war, or by a forced emigration, tens of thousands of her sons, yet that enough remain to conspire at Warsaw, whilst others arm in the forests and attack the Russian invading regiments? Do not suppose that Poland will settle down as a Russian Department to be governed by foreign and military foes. Look again at Piedmont—Savoy—Switzerland—and Naples. Is not the Piedmontese army conspiring against the King of Sardinia? Do not the Savoyards demand the reunion of their country to France? Are not the Swiss engaged in different ways in yet further putting down even the remnant of aristocracy which remain and which were injuriously attached to more modern Constitutions? And have not Neapolitan soldiers been found only recently, conspiring against the Government? And then turn to Greece, to Spain, to Rome, to Turkey, and to Portugal? Are not the Greeks fighting against their Bavarian oppressors? Is not Zea Bermudez compelled to convoke together the Spanish Cortes, in order to prevent or retard an explosion? Is not order preserved in the Papal territory simply because it is occupied by foreign troops—and are not the subjects of his Holiness resolved on being free?—Is not the great Ottoman empire in a state of dissolution—and has not civilization arrived there, even from Egypt? Is not liberty struggling in Portugal with a Monarch, who, in the hour of peril to his throne, is literally afraid to head his own troops, and is wasting his time with little girls and mistresses? Do not the Crowns of at least half the Monarchs rest lightly on their brows—and may not the breath of popular indignation in the next hour remove them? I allude to the Kings of Spain and Portugal, the King of Poland, the King of Hungary, the Pope of Rome, and even Mahmoud, the descendant of the victorious but false prophet. Do you not know, my lords, that never during the lives of the oldest of you, was the Monarchical principles in Europe in such jeopardy as it is at the present moment—when even the King of Prussia lives in a state of daily apprehension of disorders and desertion in the Rhenish provinces?—And pray what is there in the state of Belgium to assure you, or of Holland to inspire you with courage? The former cannot exist as an independent monarchy, and the latter, without Belgium, must return to the government of a Stadtholder or a Republic.

If, then, you take this rapid, but accurate view of the state of Europe, you will perceive that nowhere is there any sympathy for your principles—that no where could you find allies, except at St. Petersburgh and Vienna; and the former will soon have enough to do in Poland, and the latter will lose ere long her influence in Venitian Lombardy and Italy. Besides, the interests of Russia are opposed to those of Great Britain, both in the Mediterranean and in India—and it is impossible that even British Tories could consent to sacrifice British commerce and British merchants.

Well then, my Lords, do for God's sake, abandon your prejudices or abandon your Peerage. Do not compel the Reformers to avail themselves of the aid of the Social Revolution party—and do not realize my prediction in your fatal experience by continuing in a system of persevering opposition to good and national measures, and thus rendering your elopement to the Continent with your silver plate and a little ready money, your last and only resource.

Allow me to terminate by reminding you, that every thing in nature has its limits; and that for this, as well as for other reasons, the patience of the people is not infinite! Do not presume too much on a generosity which is not boundless. Calculate something against yourselves from the passions of the people, which are necessarily arrayed against you; and do not flatter yourselves with the hope that you will be forever able to appease by concessions at the twelfth hour. Pass, then, the Irish Church Bill, or abandon your seats in the House of Lords; and if the people will hiss you, at least have the satisfaction of the miser of Horace, and preserve your wealth. It is bad to be hated; but to be hated and destitute is terrible.

Your obedient servant,
O. P. Q.

Lafayette.—The following extract is from Galignani's Messenger of June 14th. The General enclosed it to one of his friends in this city, so adding his sanction to the correctness of the report, at the same time exhibiting his friendly remembrance of us and his desire to keep alive the kind feelings which our nation has so warmly and so properly expressed towards him.—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

Sitting of June 13th.

The President—'General Lafayette demands to address the Chamber on the Order of the Day for to-morow."

General Lafayette—"The rapidity of our labours, and a two fold sense of duty, unite in compelling me to make some observations on the Order of the Day. A Treaty with America—(Reclamations from the Centre)—was announced by the King's Speech at the opening of the last Session. I shall not recur to the delays of various natures which have arisen, but shall confine myself to what was told us the other day by the Ministers of the Finances. I will not dilate upon the sentiments of justice, of national honour and of becoming feeling due to an allied nation—the only one which in 1814 and 1815 did not join our enemies, and which if it had done so, let me say *en passant*, would long since have had all its claims upon us liquidated, as those of all the hostile powers have been. I will add, that if even it had allowed a third power, England for instance, to take on itself the support of its demands, they would long ere this have been satisfied; but it would not consent to appear in the character of an enemy, but chose to wait for the moment when it could bring forward its claims in a friendly manner. I shall also abstain from enlarging on one of our greatest interests, the very first of out maritime interests, I mean the *freedom of the seas;* although as we cannot place any great confidence in such a coalition as took place during the American war, between the Russian, Spanish, Dutch, and French fleets, I conceive that a union between our navy and that of America, without anticipating possible circumstances, is the only means of securing to us that freedom; but I will turn my attention solely to the more urgent interests of commerce. I regret that our Honourable colleagues M. Fulchiron is not present, he could have repeated to you the particulars of calculations which he communicated to me a few days ago.—The city of Lyons alone (I cite this merely as an example:) formerly carried on a trade with America, to the amount of 55,000,000 francs per annum, which, after the treaty which was made by the good will of America, has amounted to 80,000.000 fr. and will by the 1st. Jan. reach to 100.000,000f.

I might also speak of what one of the members of the Chamber of Commerce at Havre has written to another of our colleagues; I might bring forward the interests of our vine growers but I shall content myself with making only a single observation. If the treaty be not brought to a conclusion during the present session there is every reason to apprehend that when the American Congress assembles, in the month of December next, in consequence of the negligence shown during two sessions here, it will feel it its duty to order all things to be restored to their former position. I leave you to judge of the inconvenience which would hence result to our commerce. After these short observations, and in the belief that if the Minister for Foreign Affairs were still in the Chamber he would, as he has just told me he would, support my views, I shall conclude by replying in advance to one objection, which may probably be urged against them. It will be said that on this point I show myself an American. Gentlemen, this is a title of which I am proud; it is a title dear to my heart, but no one will ever, I believe, venture to tell me that it has made me forget that I am a Frenchman. I propose therefore, that this question may be put upon the Order of the Day as early as possible, that you may take it into consideration before the end of the session; and I recommend, if I may venture to make use of the term, that, after a mature examination of course, you will come to such a decision as will show that the great national interest to which I have alluded has not been lost sight of"

The President observed in reply to the desire expressed by the Hon. General, to have the question discussed as soon as possible, that the Standing Committees were summoned to examine the bill to-morrow (this day;) and that the Special Committee would of course be instantly appointed.

No further remark was made.

The agent sent from Washington to ascertain the situation of the banks incorporated by State authority, in the large cities where custom houses are placed, for the purpose of determining where it will be expedient to transfer the *United* States deposites, which are now in the Banks of the *United* States, turns out to be Mr. Amos Kendall, 4th Auditor of the Treasury! This public officer is considered as one of the most influential members of that secret, irresponsible, but pernicious conclave of individuals who are known in the community round about them by the name of the "*Kitchen Cabinet*" As far forth as the result of this investigation is concerned, in our judgment, the 4th Auditor might as well have stopped at Bladensburg, and made up his report there, without even troubling himself to visit Baltimore, or any other of the large cities. That the business is all "cut and dried"—that the State banks which are safe, are already known and determined upon: and that the enquiries of Mr. Kendall may be considered as a perfect farce, does not, in our opinion, admit of a doubt. If "*the hand of Joab*" is not in this business, we shall be very much mistaken. We do not believe there would be much difficulty in naming the several banks which Mr. Kendall will find, *upon careful investigation*, to be safe.
N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

From the U. States Telegraph.

The Deposites.—The plan for the disposal of the Government deposites, is developing itself rapidly. As if the removal was finally resolved on and they had nothing else to do but appreciate them in the manner most beneficial to the concern, the New York Evening Post has brought forth the plan, which has, no doubt been some time in contemplation. It is a State Bank of 6 or 8 millions, which is to be created for the special purpose of receiving them.

The present banks are of such limited capitals, that the Post thinks it hazardous to trust so much money to their prudence or honesty. It, therefore, wishes a large bank to receive them. The State to take a certain share in the bank, and the rest to be distributed out among the people of New York; in the same *fair, equal,* and *uncorrupt* manner, that we have lately seen in the distribution of the new bank in that city.

[illegible] will unbaubtedly meet with also, of the Albany Regency, unless they have already made the necessary arrangements to have them placed even more under their control, than they would be under the disposal of the new bank.

It cannot fail to strike us, how soon the danger to be apprehended from banks with large capitals has disappeared. While the money of the government was confided to the United States Bank, nothing was heard of but the danger that might result to the liberty and prosperity of the people, from their being under the control of an institution wielding so large a capital. But now, banks of a small capital are not competent, and a large bank, under the control of the New York politicians, is avowedly to be substituted in place of the present bank! And the United States is supposed to be more safe in placing their funds in this New York Bank, in which they have no direction or control, than in that of the United States, in which a number of the directors are appointed by the Government!

This seems to show, either a great want of honesty, or an extraordinary degree of mental obliquity. And the effrontery of the proposition, after what the organs have been advancing on the subject, is not the least remarkable part of the transaction. After contending for years, that the State banks were fully competent to discharge the duties, and that they were much safer depositories than the United States' Bank we are now, all at once, told that the former are neither competent to perform the duties, nor can they sufficiently secure the Government against the chances of loss.

The people will now have to decide as to which will be the most safe depository, and the least liable to be corruptly managed, the present bank, or the contemplated one in N. York, under the control of the Albany Regency. Upon this question, we think, there can be but one opinion, among those who are not under the direct or indirect influence of the Regency.

It is a choice of evils. The present bank, if disposed to distribute its discounts, and exercise its controlling power over the State banks, according to the politics of the bank, and of the persons soliciting discounts, might unquestionably do most injury. But the temptation to the directors to do so, would be much less than where, as in this State bank, the whole concern would be openly and undeniably a political machine, erected by a political party, for political purposes.

That a beneficial modification of the system may be made, we are not inclined to dispute.—We think there may be; but is it prudent to abandon, suddenly, one system, which is not at present productive of the evils anticipated, to try the same one which has once been tried, and proved most completely unsuccessful; or to try one of so mixed a character as to have the evils of both and benefits of neither?

Business men ought to look ahead and prepare for the contest that is inevitable. It will be felt—severely felt—but the recuperative energies of our country are great; and that which would produce a revolution in other countries, will not be worse—will not be so bad—as the scenes of 1818—'19.

Extraordinary Mortality.—We have been informed, that on an estate of Gen. Wade Hampton, on the Mississippi a little above New Orleans, out of fifteen hundred slaves, more than seven hundred have been destroyed by Cholera.—*Richmond Compiler.*

Education for Families.—We recommend the following extract to the consideration of every Farmer and Mechanic who reads this paper, and who has, or even expects to have a son. It is from the Bacculaureate Address of Dr. Lindsley, President of the University of Nashville, (Ten.) delivered Oct. 7. 1829.
Gen. Farm.

"But our farmers ought, beyond all question, to be liberally educated: that is, they ought to have the best education that is attainable. I do not say that *every* farmer ought to go to college or to become a proficient in Greek and Latin. I speak of them as a class; and by liberal education, I mean such a course of intellectual discipline as will fit them to sustain the rank which they ought to hold in this republic. They are by right the sovereigns of the land, because they constitute an overwhelming majority. Why do they not then, in fact, rule the land? Because, and only because, they are too ignorant. And thus they sink into comparative insignificance: and suffer themselves to be used as the mere instrument of creating their own master, who care as little for their real welfare as if they were born to be beasts of burden. Were it possible, I would visit every farmer in Tennessee, who is not already awake, and endeavor to arouse him from his fatal lethargy by every consideration which can render life and liberty desirable and urge him to reclaim his abandoned rights and his lost dignity, by giving to his sons that measure of instruction which will qualify them to assert and to maintain their just superiority in the councils of the State and of the nation, like men proudly conscious of their intellectual as well as physical power.

"The same general remarks apply to mechanics and to all the laboring classes, in proportion to their numbers. As education, even of the highest order, may be valuable to them as to others. In our free country a farmer or a mechanic, with equal talents and intelligence, would be more likely to become a popular favorite, than either a lawyer or a well bred heir of an opponent practical family. Suppose a farmer could speak as well, write as well, appear as well versed in history, geography, statistics, jurisprudence, politics, and other matters of general and local interest as the lawyer—would he not stand a better chance of being elevated to the highest, most honorable, and most lucrative offices.

"The grand heresy on the subject of education seems to have arisen from the usage which obtained at an early period in European society and which many years have sanctioned and confirmed—namely; that a learned or liberal education was and is deemed important only for a liberal profession, or for gentlemen of wealth and leisure. Hence the church, the bar, and the medical art have nearly monopolized the learning of the world. Our people reason and act in accordance with the same absurd aristocratic system. The *cui bono* is upon every tongue. What good, it is asked, will college learning do my son? He is to be a farmer, a mechanic, a merchant.'—Now I would answer such a question in the first place, directly thus: 'A college education or the best, most thorough and most extensive education that can be acquired, will be of immense benefit to your son, simply as a farmer, mechanic, merchant, manufacturer, sailor or soldier.' And I would patiently endeavor to show him how, and in what respects; but I will not attempt to illustrate such truisms at present. But in the second place, I would reply to my plain friend's interrogatory, thus: 'Educate your son in the best manner possible, because you expect him to be a Man, and not a *horse* or an *ox*. You cannot tell what good he may achieve, or what important offices he may discharge in his day. For ought you know he may, if you do your duty by him, become the President of the *United* States. At any rate he has reason and understanding, which ought to be cultivated for their own sake. Should he eventually live in the most humble retirement and subsist by the hardest manual labor, still he may enjoy an occasional intellectual feast of the purest and most exhilerating kind.' If all our laboring fellow citizens could relish books and should have access to them, what a boundless field of innocent recreation and profitable entertainment would not be always at hand and within their reach? What a flood of cheering light and happiness would not be shed upon the dark path, and poured into the bitter cup, of millions of rational and immortal beings, who at present, rank but little above the brute in their pursuits, habits and enjoyments?"

"In reference to the elementary education, a parent ought never to inquire what his child is to be—whether a farmer or a lawyer but should educate him in the manner practical, and endeavor to inspire him with sentiments of virtue and independence, which would preserve him from vulgar pride of being ashamed to earn his living by honesty and industry. Besides learning is itself a treasure—an estate—of which no adverse fortune can ever deprive its possessor. It will accompany, & console, & support him to the world's end, and to the close of life.

Our farmers and laboring classes have as much leisure for miscellaneous reading and study as the professional—or even the wealthy or fashionable *idlers* who do nothing. Paradoxical as this may seem, it is notoriously the fact. Even in England where the leisure is not half so great as the poorest of our people habitually enjoy, it has been discovered that the most ignorant and debased and hard-worked manufacturing operators have abundant time for intellectual cultivation.

Prevention of Forgery.—The Lord Mayor of London received a letter containing a plan for preventing the issue of forged checks and bills. His Lordship stated that though the communication came from a person who appeared to have got into disgrace by some means or other, the suggestion seemed to be well deserving of consideration. The following is a copy:—

"My Lord—Observing by the papers that one of those forgeries so injurious to society has been just completed, I beg leave to say that I have been speaking to Coster on the subject of his nafarious practices, and in the course of our conversation I asked him what he thought of a plan which I, for a long time, have entertained as effectual against forgery, viz—Every person requiring a check, for instance to have a private system of numbering, as follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
CUMBERLAND,

and to have it in water mark in full on the paper; then when drawing on his banker say 'PAYBER:' ie 456*l.* Coster himself said that if it was properly managed no ingenuity could foil it without a confederate in the confidence of the parties about to be robbed. My love of social order induces me to offer my simple aid for its benefit, although I fear from the suspicion of my pollution and other circumstances, I shall be ever hapless and cheerless in myself in consequence of a wrong suspicion attaching to me."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11030-0513.jpg