John Caturp Jr.

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POETRY.

From Mellen's Poems.

THE BUGLE.

"But still the dingle's hollow throat,
Prolong'd the swelling Bugle's note;
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream,
Round and round the sounds were cast,
Till echo seem'd an answering blast"
Lady of the Lake.

O, wild enchanting horn!
Whose music, up the deep and dewy air,
Swells to the clouds; and calls on Echo there,
'Till a new melody is born!

Wake, wake again, the night
Is bending from her throne of Beauty down,
With still stars beaming on her azure crown,
Intense and eloquently bright;

Night at its pulseless noon!
When the far voice of waters mourn the song,
And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long
Barks at the melancholy moon!

Hark! how it sweeps away,
Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
As if some spirte of sound went wandering by,
With loose halloo and roundelay.

Swell, swell in glory out!
Thy tunes come pouring on my leaping heart,
And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start,
As boyhood's old remember'd shout!

O, have you heard the peal,
From sleeping city's noon-bathed battlements,
Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
Like some near breath around ye steal!

Or have ye, in the roar,
Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
Shriller than eagle's clamor to the skies,
Where wings and tempest never soar!

Go, go; no other sound,
No music, that of air or earth is born
Can match the mighty music of that horn,
On midnight's fathomless profound!

From Blackwoods Magazine.

EVENING STAR.

Oh! sweetly shines the summer sun,
When heaven from clouds is free,
And brightly gleams the moonlight on
Field, rock, and forrest tree:
But to the pensive heart of love,
Oh! sweeter than those by far,
It is with devious step to rove
Beneath the evening star.

To others give the festive hall,
Where wine cups shine in light:
The muse of the crowded ball,
With beauty's lustre bright;
But give to me the lonely dell
Oh! sweeter than these by far;
Where pine trees wave and waters swell,
Beneath the evening star.

The days are past that I have seen,
And ne'er shall see again,
When nature with a brighter green,
O'erspread the field and tree,
Though joyless not the present day,
Yet sweeter than it by far,
'Tis on the past to muse and stray
Beneath the evening star.

For all the future cannot give,
What spaceless time has left,
And oh! since thou hast ceased to live,
A vacant world is left;
I turn me to my days of love,
The sweetest on earth by far,
And oft in thought with thee I rove,
Beneath the evening star.

The *New Monthly Magazine* contains an article which every lover of literature will read with more eagerness than pleasure. We copy it, and we know the principal facts to be true. The sublime bard was literally torn piecemeal from his coffin:

"VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB.

"24th of August, 1790.—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visiters to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacrilegious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favorable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard, Milton, who it was known, had been buried in this church.—The parish register-book bore the following entry: '12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumption, chancel.' Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3d, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcarious nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried at his request near the remains of his parent; and the same register-book containing the entry, 'John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646.' No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been enclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died, it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscription being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width in the broadest part one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3d, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labor on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishioners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should disinter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkesworth, who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth and proceeded to the church—

'When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine.'
MILTON

The sacrilegious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting place: Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slant-ways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible: It was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishing perfect state; its color a light brown; its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were not certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithrone, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a paving stone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis the player, who had now joined the party, told the former that being a good hair worker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch, adding that such a relic would be of great service by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons. Hoppy and Grant, who said that they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg bones in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that when the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G. This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church: 'And little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"

From the People's Magazine.

THE PROGRESS OF AMERICA DURING THE LAST CENTURY.

From the elevated position we now occupy, let us turn our eyes back on the history of the past century, to observe the progress of America since the birth of Washington, and the influence of his life and character on the destines of his country, and of mankind. What *was* this country? Eleven small British colonies (for Georgia then had no existence, and Delaware no separate name) were scattered along the shores of the Atlantic, within the present limits of the United States. They extended inland only to a short distance, their remotest outposts hardly reaching the foot of the Alleghany mountains. Behind them was an unexplored wilderness, from the recesses of which, savage tribes, trained to war and plunder, were ever ready, at the instigation of an ambitious chief, or the temptation of a favorable opportunity, to spring forth on their inhabitants, without warning and without mercy. On the north and on the south were the colonies of France and Spain, both ancient rivals of Great Britain, and according to the universal opinion of that age, its natural as well as hereditary enemies; so that every contest between those nations brought war home to the doors of the colonists, who thus suffered from all the intrigue of European policy. From a "Report of the Lords of Trade," it appears that wool, flax and hemp were raised in small quantities by the farmers, and wrought into coarse cloth & ropes, in their own dwellings, for their own use. Besides these household manufactures, and a number of establishments for refining sugar, for distilling, and for tanning, there were several forges and furnaces for making iron, and in all America, one slitting mill, one nail mill, and one paper mill, the last of which produced paper enough to sell for nearly a thousand dollars a year. The inhabitants of the northern colonies also had recently begun to make hats, and had even exported some, of which great complaints were made by the hatters of London, as interfering with their business. Parliament "diverting the thoughts of the colonists" from manufacturing and exporting the produce of their soil, enacted under severe penalties, that neither hats nor wool, nor any manufactures of wool produced in America, should be water borne, or laden in any vehicle or on any animal for transportation, even within the colonies themselves; and that every slitting mill should be abated as a common nuisance.

Only two of the colonies had the right of choosing their own chief magistrates The others had governors appointed in England; either by the crown or by the proprietors of the colony; who possessed also, respectively, the right to annul, within a limited time, any laws passed by the Colonial Assemblies.—The colonies were not bound together by any other tie than their common allegiance to the British Crown.

Such was America; a number of feeble, scattered colonies, surrounded by enemies, disunited, dependent. Possessing, indeed in its habits of industry and enterprise, in its domestic, civil, literary, and religious institutions, the germs of its subsequent greatness, but faintly developed: crushed beneath the oppressions of the colonial system, and in this part of the country still languishing under the influence of that connexion of civil and ecclesiastical power, which is every where degrading to religion, and dangerous to liberty. Such was America! Look on it now. What do you behold! One great, united, powerful, prosperous, free people, without a master, without an enemy, without a rival. The Alleghanies, which were then our utmost limits, are now in the midst of our population; the vast region beyond them, at that time a wilderness, is crowded with villages, and towns, and cities, swarming with inhabitants, burdened with plenty; the Mississippi, whose origin and course were not then known, is now a common highway; and the still-more remote territory, then unexplored, may I not say undiscovered, is now entirely subjected to your laws. Your manufactures, relieved from the monopoly of the colonial system, have extended with inconceivable rapidity; your commerce peoples the ocean, enterprise and industry in every pursuit are all unshackled; and under the protection of a free government and equal laws, the institutions then so feebly developed, have shot up, and spread abroad, and covered the whole land, and blossomed and brought forth fruit abundantly—the fruit of knowledge and virtue.

But general expressions can give no idea of our progress. Fancy itself flags, and lingers, and halts behind the truth. Look only at our population. A hundred years ago, it did not exceed 700,000. At this day, it is more than 13,000,000. Consider, too, the difference between our progress in this respect, during the first half and the last half of the century just ended. The first fifty years added to the existing population 2,000,000, making in all nearly 3,000,000 of the inhabitants in 1782. The last fifty years have added to that number more than 10,000,000. The whole shipping of America a century ago, was not 10,000 tons.—At present, though the revolutionary war almost swept it from the ocean, and it suffered greatly in the last, it approaches 2,000,000 tons. In the whole fishery alone, 1,300 tons only of shipping were then employed, and it now gives occupation to 90,000 tons. Our whole exports and imports, which did not exceed one million sterling, have increased twenty fold. There are no sufficient data for estimating our progress in other respects, but we can look around him without perceiving, that in domestic comfort, in internal improvements, in wealth, in knowledge, and in all the arts of life, it has been far more rapid even than in population or in trade; and that we have advanced with constantly accelerated speed during the whole period. It began with achieving the work of a century in a generation, and it seems to end with crowding the work of generations into single years.—*Grey.*

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE HELLS OF LONDON.

On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty hells have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the low houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table; no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession.—The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector, the more timid out of their money by deciding that bets have been lost, when in fact they have been won.—Bread, cheese, and beer is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame: a table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensitious of mankind are portrayed on their countenances. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average of from one to twenty shilling to play with. As the money is lost, the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gaming table in the course of the night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money that was brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box-hands; whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed, most of them may be said to have figured already.—The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2s. 6d. or 3ss 4d. is demanded for the box hands, at these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior; where, if they show talents, they either become confederates in forming schemes of plunder, and in aiding establishments to carry on their concerns in defiance of the law, or fall back to their own station of playing *chicken-hazard*, as the small play is designated. Capital offences result from this horrible system.

A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist club, held at a public house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterized for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half a crown at any game of chance, previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years of age. By some means, a fellow named H******k, an emissary of *rouge et noir* house in Bury Street, obtained an introduction to the whist club; and one evening, as he and his dupe were leaving the house, he said "I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play." In an ill fated hour the tradesman assented, as he subsequently stated, prompted only by the same curiosity which his companion affected to be influenced by. When at the table, seeing others win, and perhaps impelled by his cupidity, (for he was fond of money) he was induced to venture a few stakes, which came off in his favor; following up his success, he left the house that night a winner of £80, and probably went home to sleep in peace, but it was the last night he ever enjoyed! Without doubt he had the bump of adventure, and its situation would have pointed out and fully explained, had his pericranium been submitted to the inspection of Dr. Gall; for no man ever followed gaming with such avidity as he afterwards did; he attended morning and evening play, till poverty only stopped his going. At one period, it is said that he was a winner of £2000. He repeatedly knocked up his intimate friends in the middle of the night to borrow money, after having lost that which he took to the table.—In a few short months his funds began to wane, and his health to decline. He lingered not long, but departed from this world, a sad example of the danger of once crossing the river Styx, and entering into the infernal regions.

The relation of this case leads me to treat another class of gambling swindlers, who work in society enormous mischief, and call for exposition, as they are but little known, although their wicked practices are daily and acutely felt. As soon as it was known that the hero of the above tale had a mania for play, it surprised him much to receive invitations to dinner from many persons respectably stationed in life, among whom were two attorneys; one whom by dint of importunity and repeated calls at his shop, succeeded in drawing him to an entertainment given at his chambers in Lyon's Inn. The result of this visit was, in ten days subsequently, the presentation of an accepted bill of exchange for £200, on which payment was demanded; threats were used, ultimately a writ issued to enforce its liquidation, but it was never paid. The dinner party, it appeared, consisted of four persons, and the acceptor of the bill, who, afterwards, taking copious libations of wine, sat down to play at whist, and subsequently at loo. How long they played, the loser of the money could not recollect, but he remembered being engaged at cards, and borrowing money of one of the party, to whom he thought he gave an acknowledgement for the same but was not aware that he had given an acceptance on a stamp, until it was presented for payment.

From the Elgin Courier, published in Scotland.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MAKING, CURING, AND CASKING BUTTER.

A number of copies of the subjoined having lately been printed in another form at the Courier office for one of our country gentlemen, we think we cannot do a more acceptable service to our agricultural friends than to insert it in this place. It was drawn up by order of the Agricultural Association, as the result of inquiries into the practice adopted in Ireland in the making of butter, and of the experience of some extensive cures in the county of Aberdeen.—ED.

1st. The milk house or dairy should have no internal communication with any other building. It must be kept free from smoke, well aired, and no potatoes, fish, onions, cheese or any thing likely to impart a strong or bad smell should be kept therein. In short, nothing but the dairy utensils, which should be kept sweet and clean.

2d. The milk when brought in from the cows should be strained through a fine hair sieve or strainer, and when cool, put into sweet well seasoned oaken tubs, keelers, or milk pans—the latter to be preferred. A tin skimmer, with holes in it, is the best for taking off the cream, which should always be churned while the cream is fresh.

3d. The churns whether pump or barrel, should be made of the best well seasoned white oak—and as cleanliness is of the first importance, great attention should be paid to the washing, drying and airing of the churns immediately after use; otherwise they are sure to contract a sour and unwholesome smell which must injure the quality of the butter.

4th. The butter immediately after being churned, should be thrown into fresh spring water where it should remain for one hour at least, that it may grow firm; and, at the end of the third or fourth washing, some fine salt should be put into the water, which will raise the color of the butter, and purge away any milk that remains among it. Before salting it is very essential that no milk or water be left, otherwise a strong and unpleasant taste will be the certain consequence.

5th. The butter thus prepared should be immediately salted. The proportion of salt may be from one and one fourth to one and one half ounces of scotch salt for the pound of butter—or, for the best stoved rock or bay salt one ounce for the pound. But when butter is not intended to be kept through the winter and spring, or for any long period, the quantities of salt above recommended may be somewhat reduced, the curer exercising his own judgment in doing so.

N. B. In Ireland, the use of salt and saltpetre is recommended, to proportions of one ounce of stoved rock or bay salt, and one fifth of an ounce of saltpetre to the Aberdeen pound.

6th. It is a very injurious practice to keep a making of butter uncured to the next churning, for the purpose of mixing the two together. This mode invariably injures the flavor of the whole, and renders it of too soft a quality ever afterwards to get firm.—This applies to curers who are the producers of the butter; but as the greatest quantity of butter in this country is collected and cured by merchants, they are particularly cautioned against the practice of throwing the fresh butter together, and retaining it in that state for days, until they have collected what they consider a sufficient quantity to commence curing—the butter treated in that manner is invariably found inferior to what is salted after churning.—Should, however, there not be a sufficient quantity collected in one day to fill a package when cured, the quality of the butter may in a great measure be preserved by giving it a partial salting, and covering it over with a clean linen cloth dipped in pickle; and placed in a cool situation. Country dealers who are in the habit of sending carts through the districts where they reside, to collect the butter should endeavor to arrange it so between themselves and the makers of the butter, that it is churned upon the day it is called for.

7th. When the butter is cured, it should be trampled firm into the firkin with a round, wooden tramp-stick, of sufficient weight and thickness. The firkin should be filled up to the crose, and then covered over with a little of the purest salt—sufficient room merely left for the head of the cask, and must be well secured to exclude air, and to prevent the pickle from getting out.

8th. The Liverpool stoved salt, or Portugal St. Ubes, or bay salt, is from strength and quality, always to be preferred. All salt must be kept quite dry, and at a distance from fire, to prevent the first imbibing the smell of the smoke. If kept in a cask, a little unslacked lime placed under it will prevent it from drawing moisture from the ground.

9th. The mixing of the salt with the butter should be done in wooden dishes, after the water and milk are completely expelled, and no time should then be lost in tramping it into the firkin which will make it draw even and firm.

10th. The milk of new calved cows should never be set for butter until at least four days after calving, as a small quantity of beast milk butter will injure a whole firkin. The practice of scalding cream in cold weather should also be avoided, as cream thus treated will never make good butter.

11th. Great care should be taken not to steep the firkin in boggy or unwholsome water. Nothing but the purest spring or clear running water should be used for that purpose—and the firkins should be rendered perfectly dry inside after being steeped, either by long dripping, or being rubbed by a smooth towel. Old butter should never be mixed with new—and the lining of the casks with inferior sorts, or grease butter, is a practice which cannot be too much reprobated.

12th. The casks ought to be made of the best oak or ash, (the former to be preferred,) and the largest size should not exceed eighty-four pounds gross, that being the size used in Ireland, and most convenient and saleable in the London market. The casks should be tight and well hooped. Beech, plane, ash, &c. should never be used, as that quality of wood is more apt to observe the pickle; and independent of the injury thereby occasioned to the butter, it will often lead to dispute about the tare.

To render these observations more complete, it might be thought necessary to point out the injurious, and even nefarious practices, which more or less prevail in the making of butter throughout the country; but as a perseverance in such practices must ultimately have the effect of entirely destroying this profitable branch of agricultural industry, it is hoped the makers of butter will see it to be their own interest to produce nothing but butter of the best quality, and that these malpractices, which are perfectly known, will be discontinued. The dealers in the country have it in their power to put a chock to them—and it is expected they will do so, by refusing to purchase from those who adopt any artificial means to hasten the making of the butter, or to increase the quantity, while the quality is thereby deriorated.

The first day of October is fixed by the legislature of Tennessee, for the election of a Senator in Congress, in the place of Felix Grundy, whose term expired on the 4th of March last. The new candidates are John H. Eaton and Ephraim K. Foster. Mr. Grundy is also a candidate for re-election.

The vote on the convention for revising the constitution of Tennessee presents, so far as received, a majority of six thousand votes in its favor. The mode of taking the vote was singular. No votes were required *against* the call, but every one who voted for representatives, and did not vote for a convention, is counted as having voted against it. Thus, the number of those who voted for representatives in 49 counties was 70,330, and those who voted for convention was 41,212. The remainder 39,118 is taken as having voted in the negative. The majority thus in favor of a convention was 6,094.

It is stated that several mercantile houses have recently failed at Quebec, and the claims against them will amount to between 60 and £70,000. There has also been a failure at Montreal and another at Kingston, which has had the effect of creating a want of confidence in that community.

CONSUMPTION.—Completely to eradicate this disease, says a correspondent of the U. S. Gazette, I will not positively say the following remedy is capable of doing; but I will venture to affirm that a temperate mode of living—avoiding spirituous liquors wholly—wearing flannel next to the skin, and taking every morning, half a pint of new milk, mixed with a wine glass full of the compressed juice of green hoarhound, the complaint will not only be relieved, but the individual shall procure to himself a length of days beyond what its mildest form could give room to hope for.

I am myself a living witness of the beneficial effects of this agreeable, and though innocent yet powerful application. Four weeks use of the hoarhound and milk relieved the pains in my breast, gave me to breathe deep long, and free, strengthened and harmonized my voice, and restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for years.

COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor:—You will confer a particular favor by inserting in your paper the following resolutions, drawn up by several individuals of this place, for the express purpose of furthering the Temperance Cause.

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES HARRIS, jr.

Queenstown, Md. Sept. 21, 1833.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Article 1st.—Conscientiously believing, as we do, that the use of ardent spirits, wines, &c. are among the greatest evils that men were ever habituated to, and also believing that they are the cause of thousands of families being brought to destruction, we therefore, putting our trust in the Almighty for assisting grace, do hereby covenant to each other that we will use our utmost endeavors, not only by abstaining from the use of them ourselves, but will cry them down wherever we go.

Article 2d.—And for the further accomplishment thereof, we do hereby form ourselves into a Society, which shall be called the *Cold Water* or *Temperance Society*, of Queenstown, Md.

Article 3d.—All persons, after joining this Society, are not to use or suffer to be used, in his or her house, any kind, or kinds of drink, stronger than *Water, Tea, Coffee*, or *Chocolate* except in extreme cases of necessity, and then it must be ordered by a practical Physician.

N. B. All persons desirous to join the above Society, will please address the Post Master, Queenstown, Md.

Editors friendly to the Temperance cause, will please give the above an insertion.

THE AGITATORS.

According to the New York papers, the meeting called in that city on Wednesday, of those "in favor of immediate abolition of slavery, was a signal fadure, so far as the object of who callled it, was concerned. The mass of the people there, as throughout the eastern and middle states, much as they dislike the "institution," are disposed to frown indignantly upon any unconstitutional effort to meddle with it. And it seems that when this call was made, large numbers of the citizens, unfavorable to its object, resolved to attend, and, if necessary, vote down the agitators. They did attend accordingly, and in such numbers, as to shew the agitators that they had no possible chance for carrying any question The few in favor of the original call, were in fact swallowed up by the overwhelming number in attendauce, opposed to it. The former quietly took themselves away to another place, and the citizens then present, after organizing themselves as a public meeting by the appointment of Gen. Bogardus as President, and M. C. Patterson and P. P. Parsells, Esqrs. as Secretaries, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That our duty to the country, and Southern Brethren in particular, render it improper and inexpedient to agitate a question pregnant with peril and difficulty, to the common weal.

Resolved, That it is our duty as citizens and christians to mitigate, not to increase the evils of slavery by an unjustifiable interference, in a matter which requires the will and cordial concurrence of all to modify or remove.

Resolved, That we take this opportunity to express to our Southern brethren, our fixed and unalterable determination to resist every attempt that may be made to interfere with the relation in which master and slave now stand, as guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be presented to Messrs. Howard and Lovejoy, for the gratuitous use of their room on this occasion.

Resolved, That these proceedings be signed by the Chairman and Secretaries, and published in all daily papers.

ROBERT BOGARDUS, Chair'n.
M. C. Patterson, } Secretaries.
P. P. Parsells, }

From the Baltimore American.

A Subaltern in America, comprising his narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Baltimore, Washington, &c. during the late war, in one volume. Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart. Baltimore, Carey, Hart & Co.

The Subaltern is a man of sense, acuteness, and good feeling, who writes with spirit and good taste. Considering that he is an Englishman and an English officer writing about America, his book is tolerably fair—and makes fewer insulting comments upon things which he did not understand, than has been customary with that kind of authors. There are, indeed, inaccuracies in his, geography and statistics, and some occasional symptoms of the Hall and Hamilton airs of superiority, which are more pardonable in him personally, because he came here as a public enemy, whose business and duty was hostility, and because we must acknowledge that he was not received with much courtesy. He was among those who were at North Point in 1814, and was wounded at New Orleans in January, 1815. He candidly confesses to some of the marauding inroads upon pig sties and hen roosts, which Captain Scott of the Royal Navy lately denied under his own name with such hardihood, and now and then he flourishes in a vein, which we can forgive, about the vast excellence, &c. of the British soldiery. No people can understand better, or ought to forgive more readily the laudable preference which a man entertains for his own country and friends, and in this case, there is the less difficulty inasmuch as the British fleet and army which came so pompously up the Patapsco, and took a look and a shot at the hills which encompassed Baltimore, called philosophy to their aid, and went back again without their errand. No American, we are sure, denies the right of our author to question the "taste" of the American Army at New Orleans in their selection of military airs—even though he have an especial dislike for "Yankee Doodle."

The "Subaltern" is nevertheless a very agreeable, well written book, and we are glad to see it republished here. No doubt an American would have written some portions of it differently, but we can profit, we trust, by observing how opposite accounts can be fairly given of the same transactions, and learn something of the trouble in which history is written.

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