EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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POETRY.

From the Baltimore Express

SPECIÈ SUSPENSION.

BY JACOB MATS HOBBLETRUFFER.

I vonder vat te banks does mean,
Ven times ish so perplexing;
By stopping all te silver pack,
Indeed it tish quite vexing.
Vat vill ve do mit all te notes,
That dosh come in upon us;
Ve dosh not know vich vones to take,
Mine Got have mercy on us.

Te times ish very hard tey say,
Ant peoples all in rages;
Because te silver it ish stop,
Ant struck fur higher wages
Fur vile te notes tey do come out,
Tey feels not goot ant heavy;
Until te peoples gets te knit,
In Quarters, fips and levys

I vonder vats te peoples do,
Ven banks von pay te dollar;
Tey betters keeps teir notes likevise,
Ant ten 'twould be no bother.
Fur notes vont pass since silver's stopt,
Ant tat ish all te reason;
No vork vill be about te varves,
Fur all te vile tish season.

I'se gitting mad mit all te banks,
My passion it ish stronger;
Go way ye notes, I vant ye not,
I cannot bear it longer.
I vish te mob it vas in town,
I knows tey vould be raving;
If tey vould see me mit a note,
Ant I te silver craving

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BURNING SHIP AND THE SIGNAL GUNS.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

I remember an occurrence connected with one of the voyages which I made across the Atlantic, which exhibited, by a fearful example, how potent an ally the imagination may become to the conscience in its persecution of the guilty.

Late in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of travelling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S., who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any note-worthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and we t on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it, might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might, pretty certainly, realize a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning a light was described to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constatly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel; for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed—his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain and said to him that I deemed it my duty to inform him that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship He replied with agitation that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin and locked the door. He was a kind hearted man by nature, and on ordinary occasions few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look; the countenance of a man who brave', yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view: he then turned fully round, and with an affected gaiety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks drew out his glass, and having, by a long and scrutinizing examination satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlour of a London hotel when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S. It stated that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure, my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated began his communication.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "of desiring your company, this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application, and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms; and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day on entering a *cafe* I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of the awful burning of H. B. M. ship———. The anouncement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered; but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of two hundred persons.

"My peace of mind was gone forever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went, that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to seren ty, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind and racked it to agony, whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in incipient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fantasy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds; but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world, I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonizing signals, boom! boom!!'

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and upon human face never saw yet I such anguish. He resumed, in a few moments, his account.

"This must soon end. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this. The whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall obey your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man; promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish?"

I gave him the promise which he desired and I left him.

That night Captain S. took poison.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY UNTO DEATH.

Among those who were accused as accomplices in the assassination of the Emperor Albert by John of Swabia, was the Baron Vonder Wart, though, according to the unanimous testimony of early and later historians, he had not taken any immediate part in the deed itself. He was bound to the wheel alive. His wife Gertrude, did not forsake her unhappy husband even in his last moments, and she describes those dreadful hours in the following letter to Margarethe Freianstein, which inserted in a book, published at Harlem in 1818, under the following title:—Gertrude Vonder Wart, or Fidelity to Death; a true history of the fourteenth century by J. C. Appenseller."

"I prayed under the scaffold on which my husband was fastened alive upon the wheel, and exhorted him to fortitude. I then arose, and with thick pieces of wood built myself a kind of steps, by means of which I could mount up to the wheel, laid myself upon his trembling limbs and head, and stroked the hair from his face, which the wind had blown over it. I beseech you, leave! Oh, I beseech you! he exclaimed continually. When day breaks, if you should be found here, what will be your fate? Oh God; is it possible that thou canst still increase my sufferings?

I will die with you; 'tis for that I came, and no power shall force me from you, said I, and spread out my arms over him and implored God for my Rudolph's death.

The day broke slowly, when I saw many people in motion opposite us; I replaced the thick pieces of wood where I had found them. It was the guard who had fled on my appearance, but had remained near the spot, and as it appeared, caused a report to be made of what had passed; for at break of day, all the people, men, women and children, came flocking out of the town.

Among these people I recognised the jailor, who had given me up the preceding evening to Von Landenberg. The report must also have reached him that I had been with my husband for he approached, me, shaking his head, said "Woman! this was not the intention when Landenburg fetched you yesterday.

As more people approached, I saw also several of my acquaintances; among them was the wife of the bailiff, Hugo Von Winterthur; I saluted her, and begged her intervention with her husband, that he might order the execu- tioner to put an end to my husband's dreadful sufferings.

He dare not do any thing for me, sighed Wart upon the wheel, again moving his head at this moment, and looking down upon me with his swollen eyes, 'he dare not do any thing; the queen pronounced the sentence, and the bailiff must therefore obey; otherwise I had well deserved of him to do me this last service.'

Some persons brought me bread and confectionary, and offered me wine to refresh me but I could take nothing for the tears that were shed, and the pity that animated every heart, and was kindly expressed, was to me the most agreeable refreshment. As it grew lighter, the number of people increased; I recognized also the sheriff, Steiner Von Pfungen with his two sons, also a Madame Von Neffenbach, who was praying for us.

The executioner came also; then Lampucht the confessor; the first said with a sigh, 'God have compassion on this unhappy man, and comfort his soul!' the latter asked Rudolph if he would not yet confess? Wart, with a dreadful exertion of all his strength, repeated the same words that he had called out to the queen before the tribunal at Brugh. The priest was silent.

All at once I heard a cry of 'Make way!' and a troop of horsemen approached with their vizors down.

The executioner kneeled, the confessor laid his hand upon his breast, the horsemen halted. Fathers and mothers held up their children in their arms, and the guard with their lances formed a circle, while the tallest of the knights raised himself in his stirups, and said to the executioner, 'whither are the crows flown that he still keeps his eyes?' and this was the Duke Leopard.

My heart ceased to beat, when another knight with a scornful smile, said 'Let him writhe as long as he has feeling: but these people must be gone. Confounded wretches! this crying and sighing makes me mad! No pity must be shown here; and she here, who so increases the howling!—who is she? what does she mean? what does she want? take her away!'

I now recognise the voice of the queen. It was Agnes, in the dress and armor of a knight. I remarked immediately that it was a woman's voice, and I was certain that it was Agnes.

It is Wart's wife, I heard a third knight say. Last night when the sentence was executed we took her with us to Kyburg. She escaped from us; and I must find her here then! We thought that in her despair she had leaped into the mote of the castle. We have been seeking her since this morning early. Heavens! what faithful love! Let her alone; nothing can be done with her.

I have recognised the mild tempered youth, Von Lagdeberg. How well did he now speak for me! I should have fallen at his feet.

Well, Gertrude! cried a fourth tone, will you not take rational advice? do not kill yourself! save yourself for the world! you will not repent of it.

Who was this, Margaretha? I trembled, it was she who wanted to persuade Brugh, at me to leave the criminal Wart to his fate, and pass days of joy with her. Then I too could almost have exclaimed, 'This is too much! cease!'

Agnes made a sign to an esquire to raise me up, and bring me away from the scaffold He approached me but I threw my arm around it, and implored my own and my husband's death. But in vain! two men dragged me away. I besought assistance from heaven it was granted me.

Von Landenberg once more ventured to speak for me—Cease to humble her, said he, such fidelity is not found on earth; angels in heaven must rejoice at it; but it would be as well if the people were diven away.

They let me loose again; the horsemen departed; tears flowed from Lamprecht's eyes; he had acted strictly according to his duty, & executed the will of the queen, he could now listen to the voice of nature, and weep with me. I can hold out no longer noble lady? I am vanquished! your name shall be mentioned with glory among the saints in heaven for this world will forget it. Be faithful unto death and I will give you the crown of life said he—gave me his hand and departed.

Every body now left the place, except the executioner and guard; evening came on, and at length silent night; a stormy wind came on, and its howlings joined with the loud and unceasing prayers which I put up to the Almighty.

One of the guard now brought me a cloak to protect me against the wind, because it was night; but I got upon the wheel, and spread it upon the naked and broken limbs of my husband the wind whistled through his hair, his lips were dry. I fetched him some water in my shoe, which was a refreshment to us both. I know not my dearest Margaretha how it was possible for me to live through such heart breaking and cruel hours?

Though Wart had at first so earnestly begged of me not to increase his agonies by my presence, yet he now thanked me as much for not having left him.

How the last dreadful morning and noon were spent, permit me to pass over in silence. A few hours before evening, Rudolph moved his head for the last time, I raised myself up to him. He murmured very faintly, but with smiling love upon his lips, these words:—"Gertrude, this is fidelity to death" and expired.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

A man named Edelmann died lately in Bohemia at the age of 115 years. His father was a mason, and he followed the same trade. He did not marry until he was 50, and then had seven children, of whom three survive him. He was passionately fond of music till he lost his hearing, about two years ago. His memory was excellent, and he frequently related facts which had taken place a century back. His last illness was for a month's duration.—*Boston Commercial.*

This man must have been born in 1721. What changes have been made, not on man singly, but on nations, since his birth! The American Revolution was 54 years, and the French 68 years after he came into life. Kings are landmarks, and the greater part of them are no more; and without enumerating German and Italian Princess by the dozen, since the birth of Edelmann, there have been

5 Kings of Naples,
6 do. of Sardinia,
6 Sovereigns of Austria,
7 do of Spain,
5 do of Portugal,
5 do of Great Britain,
10 Czars of Russia, male and female,
6 Kings of Denmark,
4 do of Prussia,
6 do of Sweeden, and
7 in France,

which we have left to the last, from the difficulty of determining how many sovereigns have swayed the ceptre during the last 115 years.

Of this goodly catalogue of 71 crowned heads, of whom ten or eleven are living, if we except half a dozen or so, what have they done to repay mankind for the honors bestowed on them, and the luxury in which they lived at the public expense? The genius of history blushes with shame at the question.

But there are moral and political considerations, arising out of the history of European sovereigns, during the past century, of infinitely more consequence than the r own generally useless lives. Of the Sultans, one Achmet III, was deposed in 1730, and two were murdered; Selim III, 1807, and Mustapha V. 1808.

Of the Czars, Ivan was imprisoned in 1741, and murdered in 1764, Peter III was deposed and murdered in 1762, and Paul murdered in 1801.

In Sweeden, Gustavus III was assassinated in 1792, and his son, Gustavus IV, still living, was deposed in 1809, and his crown placed on the head of a marshal of France.

In France, one King was dethroned and beheaded; his son perished mysteriously, and the whole family, after years of exile, restored, to be again expelled, and the last of them, whose feeble hands and feebler head were recently placed at rest, leaving a name for moralists to use as a figure in their pictures of human change.

Bonaparte rose a meteor, blazed a few years over a terrified world as Napoleon *Empereur*, and then sunk into the bosom of an isle of the southern hemisphere of the earth.

Louis Phillippe, into whose hands have been placed the sceptre of Charlemagne and sword of Napoleon, and whose brows are encircled by the crown of the Bourbons, what has he gained by so much grandeur? The history of the last six years can answer.

Thus we are taught the fearless lessons that, of the sovereigns who have reigned in Europe since 1721, eight sleep in bloody graves; three died in exile, and one of those Napoleon. Two if not three, perished in prisons; one Victor Amadus, King of Sardinia; another, Louis XVII, history states not where. Another, Gustavus IV, wanders as a purturbed spirit over Europe? It is time such instances of royal or imperial participation in the calamities incident to humanity can claim little rational sympathy, from their rank; but as an unerring symptom of radical change in the moral principles of mankind, their examples are awful and impressive. Boasts, perhaps well founded, have been made of the improvements made on human society during the past century, but we cannot refuse reflection to the fact that more sovereigns have become victims in Europe since 1730, than did in the five previous centuries.—Pittsburg Advocate.

"It is fashionable now with the New York belles to parade Broadway in calico gowns. Then they have got bravely over their old tastes in their matter of dress, that's all we can say.

She is thine.—It will be remembered that an extraordinary excitement was created some months since, in the most fashionable circles, by the secret marriage of a lady, equally celebrated for her wealth, beauty and accomplishments, to the younger branch of a family more illustrious for its talent than remarkable for any other possessions. Upon the discovery of the marriage by the father of the lady, a variety of circumstances prompted the demand of that kind of satisfaction which an exchange of pistol balls is supposed to communicate: a 'message" was delivered from a friend of the obdurate and indignat parent to a distinguished nobleman, the husband of one of the ladies, whose honor was supposed to be implicated by the transaction. A "meeting" took place, happily without serious consequences. A considerable time elapsed before a reconciliation took place;—and that event was, we believe, the result of accident.

"*She is thine*" has ever since been the reigning favorite in the most *distingue* circles, and is invariably introduced on "Bridal occasions;" add but to this, that it is but a reigning favoite with the Queen of British Song (Mrs Wood) and another cause of its universal popularity will be discovered.

The father of the bride, happening to hear the exquisite music of "*She is thine,*" took up the ballad, and casting his eyes over the poetry, became so much affected, that his carriage was ordered, and he returned home; that night a letter of foregiveness was forwarded to his daughter.

She is thine, the word is spoken;
Hand to hand and heart to heart,
Though all other ties be broken,
Time these bonds shall never part,
Thou hast taken her in gladness
From the altar's holy shrine;
Oh! remember, in her sadness,
She is thine and only thine.

In so fair a temple never
Aught of ill can hope to come,
Good will strive, and striving, ever
Make so pure a shrine its home;
Each the other's love possessing,
Say that care should cloud that brow,
She will be to thee a blessing,
And a shield to her be thou.

London Morning Post.

THE REMEDY.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.—After all said on the subject of the times, of reform, and the necessity of economy in all our outlays, the true way is to set to work forthwith, and carry reform into practical execution, and see how it works. Example is a great guide, and what one will do, the other will imitate. Fashionable extravagance would be at once surrendered, when it is fashionable to be economical.

A very large importing house was prostrated by the consent of extension, but finally gave up, and suspended payment. About a fortnight or three weeks after that event had taken place, I called at their magnificent mansion in ——Place, and found the house closed, and a bill on it, for sale or to let. I stood musing for a few minutes calling to mind the splendor of the last party I had been at, in that very house, in January last: the parlors with their magnificent ottomans, damask chairs, rich Persian carpets, candelabras, and costly mirrors—the gay and fluttering crowd of fashionables, the superb supper, and massive plate, and flashing lights, and jocund faces, and, above all, the graceful and delighted mistress of the mansion. Now all was dreary and desolate; the dust had already collected on the Venetian blinds, and the plated bell handle looked dark and dingy. An air of desertion and decay lowered on the mansion; the airy dreams of the occupants had vanished. I determined, however, to see my friend, for he who forgets a friend in the hour of adversity is not fit to live in this world, and, on pursuing enquiry, I traced them to a small street east of the Bowery, and living in a neat two story house. I rang the bell, and was ushered into the parlour by a little girl with a clean check apron. I looked round the rooms.—What a contrast! A plain but new ingrain carpet, neat rush bottom chairs, a sofa, two small looking glasses in the piers, under which was a plain mahogany table, and plated candlesticks on the mantle piece. Every thing was neat, and directly in opposite of the splendor of their former habitation. The lady of the house met me with a cheerful smile and cordial shake of the hand. The last time I had seen her she was alighting from her carriage, splendidly dressed, at Stewart's in Broadway; she now had on a neat calico dress, a silk apron, and a plain cap, and she looked exceedingly interesting. 'Why, how you stare,' said she; 'am I not an altered woman?' 'Yes, but altered for the better.—How well you do look!, 'Do I? Why yes, I think I do. I take great exercise—bustle about the house, rub furniture, as you once advised me to do—look after the kitchen—am constantly employed; indeed, it must be so, for we cant keep an army of servants, as we formerly did.' 'It will all work well be sure of it; the storm will soon blow over, at least with you, because you show yourself to be a skilful pilot; you take in sail in time, and will soon have your ship moored in smooth water.' 'Well, you do comfort me exceedingly, for I have seen but few of my gallant friends of late. Here comes my husband; now you must sit down and take a cheerful family dinner with us.'

A very white but not very fine table cloth was spread; uncut tumblers, blue plates, buck handle knives and forks, japanned bread basket, and the little girl with a check apron waited on us. A beefsteak and hot potatoe, a couple of slices of fried halibut, an apple dumpling, good white bread and a tumbler of beer, constituted our dinner. "Don't look at me," said the hostess, "for really I eat like a ploughman, of late I have found a most unfashionable appetite; but then I rise with the sun, and the day passes so quickly that night sets in before I have done one half of my work; now don't smile when I say work, for although you know I have not been used to it, yet really I do work, and very hard."

"Do you not miss your horses and carriage, your rides up and down Broadway, your visits to Stewart, Boyle, and Venables?" "No, not in the least; I do miss my purse occasionally, to be frank with you, but then I accommodate my means to my wants, and all is smooth. We cannot eat gold you know, it only can perform certain offices, which I do not want. I have enough of a rich wardrobe to last me for years, rather too many pocket handkerchiefs that cost me $30 a piece, and as to the carriage and horses, if they brought their gratifications, they were also a source of trouble, vexation and expense, and I am better without them. It is thus I derive consolation from misfortune, and am content and most happy." All this is the result of practical good sense, of a determined mind, which soars above misfortune, of a happy, contented nature. What a treasure such a wife is to a man in these times, and who, instead of increasing his gloom and despondency by frowns, upbraidings and fretfulness, meets him with the smile of hope and cheerfulness, points out the road to reform, and leads him towards it by her own good and successful example, keeps up his energy and inspires him with new life, animates him to future exertions, smooths the pillow of disappointment, and cheers him with the assurance of better times.—*N. Y. Star.*

OUR COUNTRY.

BY JUDGE STORY.

When we reflect on what has been, what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilites of this republic to all future ages What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts? What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm? What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its marvelsous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece! the land of scholars and the nurse of arms, where sister republics, in fair procession, chaunted the praise of liberty and the good—where is she? For two thousands years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins! She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ, and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She fell not by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising sun—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains proud even in her desolation, noble in decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm in the composure of death. The malaria has but travelled in the parts won by the destroyer. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A moral disease was upon her before Cæsar had passed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bute money.

And where are the republics of modern times which clusters around immortal Italy; Venice and Genoa exists but in name The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness, and not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his paths. The peasantry sinks before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for a valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealously of the neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fail probably the last example of self government by the people. We have began it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constituents have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self government and self respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of lattitude we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? what more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created.

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself in the life blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low lands of Holland It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lesson of better days.

Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "they were, but they are not." Forbid it my countrymen. Forbid it heaven.

I call upon you, fathers, by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, resist every project of disunion; resist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or smother your Public schools, or extingush your system of public instruction.

I call upon you mothers by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them as they climb your knees, to lean on your bosoms, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows to be true to their country and never forsake her.

I call upon you young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression.—Death never comes too soon, if necessary, in defence of the liberties of our country.

Western produce at New Orleans is a perfect drug. The Courier correspondent states that a cargo of the same valued at $7000, was recently pledged to pay the freight $2000.

News.—A New York paper states that there are twenty thousand pretty women in that city who would like to get married.

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