EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1839. VOL. VI-NO. 36

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE
Is edited and published every
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BY
GEO. W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

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Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.
☞ All communications to insure attention should be *post paid*

For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for Sale the farm known as "KINGSTOWN" where he now resides. Kingstown is a well known situation on the Choptank, with every facility for the Boating Business. He will dispose of on moderate terms, and the premises can be examined at any time by those wishing to purchase.

RICHARD ARRINGDALE
June 25, 1839. tf

HATTING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public generally, that the co partnership business started by Mr. James C. Millington and himself, is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved, and that he has become entire owner, and will continue the business at the same stand.

He has just returned from Baltimore, with an assortment of

FINE MATERIALS,

selected with great care, and is now prepared to make

Black & White, Russia, Silk

AND ANY OTHER KIND OF

HATS

in a very superior style, and assures those have been under the necessity of purchasing articles in his line, manufactured out of the county, that he is now ready to preclude any such necessity, and therefore hopes to receive a sufficient share of public patronage to sustain him in his effort "to live."

The subscriber has no desire to get customers by any appeals that he could possibly make, but requests the citizens to reflect one moment upon the impropriety and injustice of neglecting the mechanics of their own towns and supporting those of foreign places—Such a course will, in its operation beggar the mechanics of any town, no matter how industrious and careful they may be—and not the mechanics only, but the merchants who deal in those foreign articles also—Such is the undeniable tendency of such a course of business.

The public's obedient servant,
JOSEPH W. BARKER
Denton, april 30, 1839—may 7 tf

NOTICE.

LEWIS F. SCOTTI'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Old Establishment, No. 2 West Fayette street, basement story of Barnum's City Hotel, and nearly opposite the Battle Monument.

"*Now's the day and now's the hour.*"

Idle times are now all over for those who will apply for situations Just bring recommendations and you will certainly find employment.

WANTED DAILY, Porters, Waiters, Ostlers, Coachmen, Laborers, Clerks, Barkeepers, Chambermaids, Cooks, Wet and Dry Nurses, &c

FAMILIES may rely upon getting good servants at this office

INFORMATION on any business given or received, or forwarded far or near.

HOUSES, Lots, Farms, &c. for sale, rent lease.

CITIZENS, Strangers and Emigrants visiting this city, would do well to call at this office.

LOST CHILDREN kept at this office un called for.

SLAVES.—Persons having Slaves for life that wish to dispose of them, either out of the State, can find purchasers for them at this office.

Any commands will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Charges moderate and particularly be it understood, all communications through the post office must be post paid.

In order that strangers may be informed as to general character of the advertiser, for industry and prompt attention to business and general knowledge and experience, he is kindly permitted to refer to the following gentlemen.

Reverdy Johnson, Esq. Samuel Moale, Esq James M. Buchanan, Esq. James Purviance, Esq David Barnum, City Hotel; William Frick, Port Collector.

LEWIS F. SCOTTI.
Baltimore, Nov. 6, 1838.

DENTISTRY.

THE undersigned having determined to locate himself permanently in Easton, would say to the public, that he is now fully prepared to attend to all the various branches of his profession having just returned from Philadelphia, with a full supply of the BEST MATERIALS & the most approved instruments. He is prepared with satisfactory references; but would prefer to rely upon his character and quality of his work, as his most substantial recommendatories He attends to Extracting, Filing, Plugging, and Inserting Teeth. His charges will be moderate and operations *warranted.*

Private Families or persons in the adjoining counties, will be attended at their residences, if required. JAS. NEALL, Dentist,
and Manufacturer of Artificial Teeth
aug 6

THE STEAM BOAT MARYLAND.

Will commence her accustomed route to St. Michaels and Wye Landing on Monday the 6th of May. She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, touching at Annapolis, arrive at St Michaels about 1 o'clock proceed to Wye Landing and return to Baltimore, direct, the same day. All baggage at the risk of its owners.

L. G. TAYLOR, Capt.
April 30, 1839

COACH, GIG AND HARNESS

Making.

THE subscribers return their grateful acknowledgements to their friends, customers and the public generally, for the liberal patronge extended to them in their line of business and now respectfully take this method to inform them that they continue to manufacture every kind of Carriage, in the neatest and most elegant manner, and on reasonable terms,

They flatter themselves that from their knowledge and experience in the business, and from their determination to use none but the best materials, and employ the best workmen, that they will be able as heretofore, to give entire satisfaction to all who may honor them with their custom

They have now finished and ready for sale, a large assortment of

NEW CARRIAGES, made in the latest style and fashion; among them a beautiful COACH, two handsome family CHARIOTEES, BAROUCHES, YORK WAGONS, GIGS, &c. &c. and a large lot of

HARNESS,

both double and single, which they will dispose of with or without the carriages. In connexion with the above, they have a great variety of second hand Gigs and four-wheeled work, which they are anxious to sell at the most reduced prices; and they would most respectfully invite the attention of the public to call and examine their assortment and judge for themselves. All kind of repairing done as heretofore, at the shortest notice, in the best manner and on accommodating terms. Orders for work from a distance thankfully received and punctually executed by

The public's obedient servants,
ANDERSON & HOPKINS.
april 30, 1839 (G)

N. B. Five active intelligent boys will be taken at the different branches of coach making if early application is made.

A. & H.

The Aurora & Chronicle at Cambridge, and Centinel and Times at Centreville, will copy the above advertisement 3 weeks and charge this office

New Establishment.

JOHN B. RAY, respectfully informs the citizens of Easton and its vicinity generally, that he has taken the store at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets and nearly opposite the Market House, where he intends carrying on the

SADDLE, TRUNK AND HARNESS MAKING,

in all its variety, and on the most accommodating terms. He solicits a share of the public patronage, & promises to execute his work with all possible despatch, and in the most substantial and workmanlike manner. He has on hand,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Whips, Bits, Stirrups of all kinds, travelling Trunks, Harness & Saddles of every description, which he will sell at city prices.

August 6, 1839 6w

CLARK'S

OLD ESTABLISHED LUCKY OFFICE
N. W. corner of Baltimore & Calvert sts.
(UNDER THE MUSEUM.)
WHERE HAVE BEEN SOLD
Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!!
Dollars—Millions of Dollars!

NOTICE.—Any person or persons, throughout the United States, who may desire to try their luck, either in the Maryland State Lotteries, or in authorised Lotteries of other States, some one of which are drawn daily—Tickets from $1 to $10, shares in proportion—are respectfully requested to forward their orders by mail (post paid) or otherwise, enclosing cash or prize tickets which will be thankfully received and executed by return mail, with the same prompt attention as if on personal application, & the result given (will if requested) immediately after the drawing.—Please address

JOHN CLARK.
Old established Prize Vender, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, under the Museum.
Doc. 4, 1838.

The following ingenious parody upon Southey's "Falls of Lodore," is published in the last number of the New York Mirror:

SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR BANISHING THE POULTRY FROM LINLITHGOW.

Why banish the poultry away from thy door?
Because they come scratching,
And cackling and snatching,
And strutting and fighting,
In such things delighting,
They hasten along, conflicting and strong;
Now squalling and raging,
As if a war waging,
The borders and hot beds among,
Flying and creeping,
Dodging and peeping,
Swelling and darting,
Closing and parting,
Springing and spurring,
Winging and whirring,
Wounding and bounding,
Pipping and kipping,
And feathering and gathering all over the ground,
Now swelling and cresting,
And each other breasting,
And shattering and deafening the ear with the sound;
Some quiet, some riot,
Some eager and meagre,
And fattening and battening,
And worming and squirming,
And growing and crowing,
And choking and soaking,
And worming and storming,
And nestling and wrestling,
And robbing and bobbing,
And stooping and grouping,
And tripping and dipping,
And ducking and clucking,
And wandering and gandering,
And nesting and breasting,
And watching and hatching,
And picking and chicking,
And bracing and racing,
And spying and lying,
And wooing and cooing,
And scrambling and rambling,
And jolting and moulting,
And missing and hissing,
And quacking and clacking,
And shivering and quivering,
And mating and hating,
And ruffling and scuffling,
And shaking and raking and quaking,
And hopping and slopping and stopping,
And quailing and ailing and failing,
And adding and straddling and wadling,
And fluttering and sputtering and guttering,
And running and stunning and sunning,
And laming and maiming and gaming,
And laying and playing and staying,
And winking and blinking and drinking,
And spying and eyeing and flying,
And braving and craving and laving,
And carrying and harrowing and tarrying,
And burrying and skurrying and worrying,
And threshing and gobbling and squabbling,
And wrangling and strangling and mangling and bangling,
And filling and spilling and billing and killing,
And waking and aching and taking & breaking,
And peering and fearing and nearing and rearing,
And warring and sparring and marring and jarring,
And dripping and nipping and stripping and whipping,
And dabbling and rabbling and scrabbling and gabbling,
And gaping and flapping and clapping and napping,
And slipping and sipping and clipping and skipping,
And falling and sprawling and crawling and brawling,
And so never ending,
But riving and rending,
Sounds and motions for ever & ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er,
With a screaming uproar,
And so they were banished away from the door.

THE LEE SHORE.

An extract from NIX'S MATE, a Romance by the author of ATHENIA OF DAMASCUS, nearly ready for publication by S. COLMAN, New York.

Either trophic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven, the clouds,
From many a horrid rift abortive, poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water and fire
In ruin reconciled PARADISE REGAINED.

A brave vessel
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. TEMPEST.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,
And these are of them. MACBETH.

The moon had scarcely been a moment above the horizon, streaming her loveless light on the cold and tremulous ocean, when a deep black cloud, that had been slowly unrolling from the west, threw its impenetrable drapery between her and the earth. The wind had been gently breathing from the southwest, its tranquil current disturbed only at intervals by the fitful gusts that broke in upon its quietude, like our passionate emotions which interrupt the repose of the soul,—those spirit birds of prey that hover over our purer affections, and veil them awhile with the shadow of their wings It now suddenly veered round to the north west, and distant thunder rolling heavily from the same direction, foretokened a conflict of the elements. For a few minutes afterward its very breathing seemed to cease, and a sense of suffocation was felt, as if for a time the electric fluid had drawn to its mighty reservoir the principle of life. Though the moon was up, there was no light, and the stillness of nature appeared like the silence of a man before his last agony of dissolution.

Presently a light breeze came puffing from the north west, and a few large drops fell heavily to the earth,—when all at once a flash of chain lightning burst forth from the exploding clouds, blinding and bewildering with its intenseness, accompanied by a simultaneous crash of thunder that made the heart sick by its appalling power. The rain now poured down like the water sheets of a cataract, and the blue lightning, with incessant fires, flashed fearfully from the clouds, the wind from the north west blowing with increasing violence. It seemed as if the fountains of the great deep had again been broken up—as if God's covenant with man had been cancelled for his crimes.

Notwithstanding the comparatively secure harbor that the Dolphin occupied, there was considerable danger to be apprehended from the wind, which the commander knew could not be relied on should the gale continue. Accordingly all hands were piped on deck, additional anchors were let go, and every needful preparation was made to meet any contingency. But the thunder storm, after raging with great violence for three hours, gradually died way, and the wind hauling round to the north east, the rain continued to fall in cold, drizzling showers.

As the day broke, Fitzvassal was no longer doubtful about the weather. Though the lower currents of the atmosphere were setting from the north east, the clouds above were flying in other directions and thin vapory mists scudding beneath the heavier & denser, showed that the rain would certainly continue, and probably be accompanied by extraordinary gales.

He now regretted, that while the wind was blowing from the north west, he had not availed himself of the advantage and run out to sea; for though he believed that his anchor would hold the vessel in any event that might occur, he felt that the open, unobstructed ocean, with a wind off shore, was better than an indifferent harbor in a gale. Possibly, however, (was his consolatory reflection,) the Dolphin could not have cleared Cape Cod in time, and he knew Nantucket Shoals too well to prefer their danger to one of infinitely less magnitude.

Unlike the thunder storm that heralded it, the north eastern came on gradually. It is generally so with the most tempests. In consequence of the change of the wind, the waves rolled in upon the rocks with tremendous energy, which seemed now, as the day advanced, to increase every instant; but the wind did not blow with such strength that any vessel might not safely attempt a harbor along the coast; and in the early part of the day several ships and brigs, with some smaller craft, were seen beating into Salem and Boston harbors, the anchoring grounds of which they reached with little difficulty.

Towards evening, as the tide approached its full flood, which was uncommonly high, the wind began to rise, and soon raged like a tornado. The roar of the waters could be heard even across the lower harbor of Boston as it thundered on Nantasket Beach; coming, too, against the wind from a distance of many miles and partly drowned by the din that sounded from the iron bound coast of Massachusetts.

The sublimity of the scene that now presented itself cannot be imagined, though it was soon to be surpassed; for it is not while the storm is raging that the waves run the highest; but when the violence of the tempest has abated, and the winds have subsided to rest,—then it is that the vexed waters swell & heave with the most fearful fury, and show their perfect resemblance to the action of human passion:—and how near to spiritual influences is the analogy of the raging & the waves! For who, when the ocean is troubled, and the billows toss him with unrest, has not seen him tranquilized by the descending drops from heaven? So when the agitated bosom heaves with its lacerated affections, our heaven commissioned tears fall fast and soothingly upon them, and leave us in the peace of the angels.

While the Dolphin was rocking on the waters, Fitzvassal stood on the quarter deck with Morgan gazing on the surrounding conflict with no little uneasiness The surf ran so high, that it would have been madness to attempt forcing a boat in among the rocks; and, notwithstanding their belief that Felton had crossed the beach the night before, and was now prevented from returning to Nahant, both the commander and his pilot could not help expressing their apprehension that all was not well with the first officer of the Dolphin.

'Morgan,' said the commander, addressing the pilot after they had been standing together some time in silence, 'I wish I could only get a glimpse of Mr. Felton somewhere; for though we could not take him off at such an ugly time as this, it would be some satisfaction to know that he is in the land of the living.'

'He's safe enough, I guess,' replied Morgan, who seemed to be willing to afford all the encouragement he could to hope for the best, for the reason that he himself feared the worst; 'he's safe enough, I guess, Sir; he's only larking about Lynn, sailor fashion He'll be heaving in sight by and bye, depend on't.'

'But Mr. Felton has always been punctual to an hour whenever he has been ashore, and I hardly believe that he would have run the risk of going over to Lynn. But if he *did* go, why it will be difficult for him to get back again at present.'

'As for that matter,' said Morgan, 'he can manage to get back well enough arter he gets through his lark, if he starts at low tide; howsomever, it would be a tough job jest now.—He's pluck enough though, and knows what's what; but I would'nt give much for all the petticoat he got on Nahant this time.'

'Morgan!' exclaimed the commander, looking at him steadfastly, 'you remind me of a horrible dream I had last night.'

'What was it?' inquired the pilot, with an expression of suddenly awakened interest.

'It's of no consequence,' replied the other, turning away abruptly, as if inclined to obliterate the remembrance of it; 'thank heaven, I don't believe in dreams.'

'But I do!' exclaimed Morgan, 'for I've had'em tell as true as a book. Did you never hear of my dream of the spectre ship?—Hullo! what's all this?' continued he, changing his tone to one of more earnest inquiry as he looked seaward.

The commander turned his eyes in the direction indicated, and involuntarily started backward.

'Bring me the glass, Morgan, instantly!' he demanded.

Morgan did as he was ordered, when the commander, having rapidly adjusted the instrument, narrowly examined the object of their attention. It was a brig scudding before the wind, and heading southwest by west, as if she intended to make a harbor. She was leaning down to the blast like a half stripped oak in a hurricane, and as she ploughed the huge waves, the foam boiled up above her cutwater like the surf of the cataract rapids.

'By heavens!' cried Fitzvassal, after carefully observing her movements, and throwing out repeated ejaculations of concern, 'that brig, Morgan, is in a dangerous way; only look at her!'

Morgan took the glass, and after a few moments' examination, replied, with an emphasis of the utmost excitement—

'You are right! you are right!—the wind has hauled out to the east, and will have the south with it presently,—she has got a lee shore that brig; God have mercy on her, whoever she is! See there, Sir! she has made signal for a pilot—the devil himself coul l'nt get aboard of her in such a storm as this; do, for mercy's sake, look at her!'

The violence of the wind had now brought the vessel near enough to be clearly seen from the deck of the Dolphin, where all hands had collected on the forecastle to watch her dangerous progress.

'Whoever commands that vessel,' said Fitzvassal in a low and deliberate tone, expressive of the deep interest he felt in the fate of the stranger 'understands his business. He was right in bringing his royal masts and top gallant yards on deck.'

'Never saw any thing to beat that,' exclaimed Morgan, whose eyes almost started from his head with astonishment, as, leaning over the tafferel of the vessel, his feet shuffled on the quarter deck from his mere inability to be quiet: 'that fellow understands a thing or two!'

'She is gone right before the wind, Morgan!'

'Ay, ay, Sir; and if the wind would haul another point to the east, and take a little of the north with it, that poor devil might yet get into Boston harbor; but the way she has it now, there is a small chance for her.'

'That's right! my good fellow, that's right!' exclaimed Fitzvassal, who was so highly excited by the movements of the brig as not to heed what the pilot was saying; 'that's right, close reef your main top sail!'

As he spoke, the close reefing of the sail was executed with a promptness & decision which drew a loud murmur of approbation from the crowded forecastle of the Dolphin.

The brig was evidently relieved by this movement and was still more so when, a moment after, the intrepid sailors sprang to the treadropes of the foresail, and reefed that also in obedience to the speaking trumpet below them.

'Gallantly done, my boys! gallantly done, that!' shouted the commander of the Dolphin, as if the mariners of the stranger brig were in hearing of his voice, or were under his command: 'now set the foretopmast stay sail!' cried he, elevating his voice—'away there, for your lives!'

As if in obedience to that voice, the foretopmast staysail of the brig was immediately set, and the vessel, for a few seconds after, seemed to be feeling the wind north west by north.

At this juncture, while the brig was about three miles distant from Nahant, bearing hardly two points clear of the Sunken Ledge, the tide being nearly high, and the wind and current setting in the same direction, so that the danger was not so apparent to them on board, the wind suddenly shifted several points to the southward, and at once revealed to them the appalling danger of their vessel.

"God have mercy on her now!" groaned Fitzvassal, "there is nothing but a miracle can save her!"

The manœuvres of the brig were now most painfully interesting to every one that observed them "and the boldest held his breath for a time The unhappy vessel immediately hauled on a wind in the desperate attempt to work herself out of the danger. Fitzvassal seized the hand of Morgan, lost to every other consideration in his overwhelming anxiety for the stranger that was now exposed to the worst possible lee-shore, and seemed doomed to inevitable destruction.

"That's right!" exclaimed Fitzvassel, set your trysail! Right again! Now your double reefed foretopsail! Well done, my fine fellows! Thunder and Mars! was there ever such a gale as this!"

"Hurrah!" vociferated the pilot, "she feels it now—that seamanship was to some purpose."

The brig was now evidently wearing away from her dangerous bearings; but though she had a possible chance of clearing the Sunken Ledge, she made too much lee-way to afford any security to her hopes. She had already approached near enough to Nahant to discover, by the boiling of the water, that a terrific reef of rocks lay right in the course she had just avoided. The commander of that devoted vessel was unquestionably master of his art, and in the midst of the horrors that surrounded him, had displayed all the skill it was possible to exercise in his dreadful situation.

Since the trysail had been set, and the double reefed foretopsail, the brig ploughed deeper furrows, and tossed the foam about her like a wild horse chased by a lion. The wind raged with such power that the waves were torn up from their ocean-bed, and scattered like the driving rain in the blast. Never had the spectators of the scene witnessed so tremendous a tempest. Fortunately for the Dolphin, her anchors and cables proved sufficient for the trial, though she rocked and pitched about most dangerously for her safety.

"She makes too much lee-way, Morgan!" said the commander of the schooner, "she cant clear those rocks, I'm afraid"

"What ought she to do?" inquired the pilot; "what would *you* do, Captain, in such a case as this; for, by the ghost of my great grandmother, I can't see any to get off in such a fix as that!"

"It would depend somewhat on the quality of my spars," replied the commander. It is one of those tough cases that a sailor doesn't like to think of, much less to experience.—Would to God the wind would shift an atom to the north."

"Amen! ejaculated Morgan.

The devoted brig, in the meanwhile, gained rapidly on the reef, and the hearts of the mariners, steeled as they were to extraordinary danger, quailed with instinctive horror. They were but a mile from Nahant rocks, where the surf ran mountains high; and it was but too apparent that if they could clear the Sunken Ledge, their chance was still but one in a thousand of escaping a watery grave; for the brig must have run down the Dolphin if it escaped the Ledge. Their chance was in the desperate movement that followed.

"Look! Morgan, only look!" cried Fitzvassal, stretching both arms in the direction of the brig and turning his face round to the pilot—"she is going to make the last, great move—every thing now depends on the toughness of her pine and canvass!"

"Good luck to that Captain, for a fine fellow" said Morgan, in a tone that indicated his entire interest in the stranger.

As they spoke, the close reef was let out from her main-topsail, which was hoisted up.

"Now for it! Now for it?" breathed Fitzvassal in hardly enunciated tones.

Immediately the brig bowed before the force of the superadded canvass, burying herself in the foam.

"God of mercy! it is *going!*—it is *going!*" exclaimed Fitzvassal; it is all over with her now!—God have mercy on her crew!"

While he was speaking, the main-topmast bent like a strained bow; then cracked, and went by the board—while the main-topsail and the trysail were torn literally to ribbons, leaving the ill-fated vessel perfectly unmanageable, and wholly at the mercy of the storm. To keep her by the wind was now impossible; her head payed off, and she ran before the tempest in despair.

Amid the roaring of the waters, the shrill whistling of the winds, and the beating of the surge, came the agonizing shrieks of the passengers and crew of the doomed vessel, as now, unmindful of the helm, she rolled and pitched about at times with her broadside to the gale.

In this moment of abandonment, a gleam of hope still remained to those on board of her, that the brig might possibly drive harmless over the Sunken Ledge. That hope, in its fruition, would have been fatal to the Dolphin, and perhaps as destructive to herself; for a concussion of the two would have been almost unavoidable, and either they would have chafed themselves to pieces, or the Dolphin would have been run down and foundered. It was a moment of intense agony to them. The hope of the one was the despair of the other. The sacrifice of all on board one or both of them seemed inevitable!

Ala! the hope that gleamed for a moment on the hearts of the devoted crew was soon to be quenched for ever. The brig once more turned her bow towards the Sunken Ledge, and gaining fresh headway in the hurricane, amidst the heart-rending cries of the voyagers, drove fast upon the treacherous reef. For a moment the whole fabric shook like an earthquake, and as the sea roared over her decks, her remaining masts and spars were rent away, carrying with them stays, rattlings and all, in one fell swoop of destruction.

The night was now fast closing in—coming "at a stride," to throw its mantle over a scene of horror that defies description. The last trace of despair exhibited to the appalled gaze of the spectators, was the vision of a dozen men and as many women lashed to the weather gunwale of the brig, that lay careened on the rocks with her lee buried in the ocean. Her whole deck was exposed to view; but in a few minutes no knowledge would have been had of their perilous endurance, except from the frantic streams of the people on board.

The feelings of Fitzvassal and his crew may haply be imagined by those who have been similarly placed, where the agonizing cries of the dying have appealed to them in heart-rending entreaties under circumstances where relief was impossible.

We will now ransfer the reader to the peninsula of Nahant, where scenes were in the interim enacted that may at the present day seem incredible, but which, about the time we refer to, were known and authentically reported in every part of the known world.

We live in the iron age of science, when men run to and fro, and knowledge abounds. We have seen so to speak, the consummation of the sensual church, when the spirit of selfishness has completed its insane philosophy in the reception of exclusive egotism or in dreams of pantheistic romance; we have stripped spiritual truth of all the habiliments by which she can be known to man; we have torn away the beautiful vesture of holiness, and suffered her to grow cold and die in the chill atmosphere of the world; we have reduced all experience to faith, and our principles to generalized facts—we cannot see a truth that is not tangible by induction, we cannot recognise a good which does not contribute to wealth. What is art, what is literature, what is religion in this utilitarian age! There is no art but mechanic art that meets with encouragement, there is no literature called for but what the purient irritation of a morbid body desires, there is no religion but the worship of the idol *Self.*

Men would at this day deny the principles of the Scriptures as boldly and as openly as they reject the testimony of Cotton Mather, Chief Justice Holt, and half the contemporary judges of Christendom, in relation to witchcraft if they dared to do so. And is it strange, that they who are ashamed to be called or even to be thought Christians, should strive hard to put down all belief in those horrid forms of spirituality, which, if we admit them to be true, go so far to demonstrate the existence of their beautiful opposites, the reality of angelic beings—the certainty of a state of living which to the worldly and self-sufficient would be any thing but congenial?

Our fathers have been studying pyschology ever since the Mosaic world began, and we, their descendants, know absolutely nothing about it yet. A vast many stones of curious speculation have found the present generation as ignorant as were their renowned authors.—There was a time when a true psychology existed—or rather, when a perception of the soul's nature was permitted to man; and hence we see a ray of truth struggling here and there in the writings of Plato and his followers, though nothing more than a ray is discoverable. A gem of inestimable value has been lost by man, and because his children have been vainly groping for ages in the wrong path to find it, they have at last concluded not only that there never was such a loss, but that the reported existence of the gem itself is only an historical blunder.—Lord Shaftsbury's test of truth is nothing more than a criterion of human firmness, precisely as is any other form of persecution. The ridicule of the encyclopedists *did* prostrate truth in France, and the persecution of the English ecclesiastics *did* shake the fortitude of Cranmer. The truth was not essentially affected because religion became unfashionable in Paris, and the faith of the English dissenter was not touched by his temporary recantation. It is time to overhaul and cast away many of our old saws and most of our modern instances.

Since the sacrifice of Felton, an apparent change had taken place in the feelings of Namcoke. She had been disappointed in her efforts to avert evil, and she bitterly lamented the fate of the unhappy wretch, whose uncontrolable impulses had hurried him to his death. Often would she suddenly start from her fixed posture of thoughtfulness, and, as if to fly from some predominant reflection, hurry away among the rough passes of the rocks, and chant her wild songs to the waves. Then as suddenly would she turn to her cave, and rekindling