

charity, and piety. They know that whatever may be the evils existing in any portion of the U. S. States, however they may be deplored by many in the North and Northwest, that there are greater evils in other countries, where humanity, religion and letters may exert their empire over the human heart. Whenever religion leaves its proper home, the heart, to join in the noise and strife of the affairs of State, it is out of its province, and ever sullies its purity. Whatever movements may be made then in the North or the South, or the West, inconsistent with the domestic and social rights secured by the constitution to the respective States of the confederacy, will emanate from, and be confined to, *anti-republicans*, and, like all other evils, will be most effectually counteracted by the union, integrity, and resistance of the Republican Party.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

DEATH OF COBBETT.

This powerful and original writer died on the 18th of June, at his farm, in Surrey, aged 73. He retained his faculties to the very last moment, and died with perfect composure.

In an account of himself, to be found in the collection of the works of Peter Porcupine, Cobbett states that he was born in 1766. As, however, we have derived the above particulars from his family, there can be no doubt of their accuracy; and it would appear, therefore, that he was inaccurately informed as to the particulars of his early life, on his return to England from America in 1801. Cobbett was a self-taught man in the true sense of the word. His father possessed a small piece of ground at Farnham, in Surrey, and Cobbett himself was brought up as a common agricultural laborer. In 1783 he quitted his father's roof, and repaired for London, where he succeeded in finding employment in the office of an attorney. Having enlisted as a common soldier, he was sent to Nova Scotia, and attained the rank of sergeant major. On the return of the regiment to England, he became involved as prosecutor in a court-martial, but did not await the issue. He left England for France, and sailed from a French port to the United States, where he maintained himself for some time by teaching English to Frenchmen. At that time the French or democratic party in America were loud in their abuse of England, and Cobbett was induced to espouse the cause of his mother country. He published a succession of pamphlets, under the assumed name of Peter Porcupine, written with great force and vivacity, some of which were reprinted at the time in England.

He was convicted of a libel against Dr. Rush, and subjected to heavy damages. In 1801 he returned to England, and established a morning paper under the title of the *Porcupine*, in which he warmly supported Mr. Pitt. That paper, however, soon failed, and he soon afterwards set up the *Register*, which has been continued to the present time. Cobbett commenced his career as a public writer in England under very favorable circumstances. He was powerfully patronized by the ministry. Mr. Wyndham went even so far in the House of Commons as to declare that a statue of gold ought to be erected to him. His statue was drunk at many dinners throughout the Island. His letters on the subject of the Treaty of Amiens produced a great sensation both here and on the Continent. Of this production it was said by the celebrated Swiss historian, Muller, that it was more eloquent than any that had appeared since the days of Demosthenes. It is generally understood, that Mr. Pitt gave offence in some way to Cobbett, for on his return to power, Cobbett lost no opportunity of attacking his ministry with great bitterness.—Of Mr. Wyndham he long continued to speak favorably, but to him he became hostile. From a church and King man; Cobbett became, in 1805, a radical. In 1810 he was sentenced to two years imprisonment in Newgate, and a fine of 1,000.—From an idea that he would be deprived of his liberty, under an anticipated suspension of the habeas corpus act, he left England for America in 1817, whence he returned when the suspension terminated. It had long been a great object of his to sit in the House of Commons, and after the passing of the reform bill he was returned for Oldham, through the influence of Mr. Fuller, an extensive manufacturer at Todmorden. By his death a vacancy takes place for Oldham. We have merely noticed a few of the incidents in Mr. Cobbett's life. In fact he has been so continually before the public during the last forty years, and his Register is so complete a record of all that he has said and done, felt and thought, that there is no man, perhaps, of whom so little can be told that would be new to any class of readers.

Cobbett was perhaps, the greatest egotist that ever lived; and as every thing that he did, and every sentence that he uttered, was important in his own estimation; he is the constant theme of his voluminous writings. It would be vain to deny that William Cobbett was one of the most powerful writers that England ever produced. He felt keenly and observed accurately, and he never failed to make a strong impression on his readers.—His last Register, published on the 13th inst., is as animated as his first American pamphlet, published in the full tide of youthful vigour. The wonder is how a man writing every day for upwards of forty years should never exhibit any symptoms of coldness or indifference, but communicate to his pages a constant interest. As an advocate he was without an equal.—In that first of requisites—the statement of a case—he particularly excelled. He instinctively seized on the circumstances which favored the views he wished to support, and he seldom failed to produce the impression at which he aimed. What he could not effect by direct statement he attained by inuendo. He was shrewd beyond most men, and he could detect and expose a subterfuge more successfully than most men. But, after all, Cobbett was not a wise man. We question if, in the whole course of his life, he ever set himself seriously down to discover the truth. He was a man of impulses. William Cobbett was the object towards which the thoughts of William Cobbett were constantly directed. Hence the constant changes of opinion with respect to all subjects and all men. There is not, perhaps, a question which he has not by turns advocated and opposed; there is not a man whom he has not by turns praised and abused. Hazlitt supposed this change of opinion was the result of a fickleness of disposition, and that without this fickleness he should also have been without his freshness. It is certain, that it was always sufficient to be in the way of William Cobbett to incur his enmity and become the object of his abuse.

As a reasoner, in the proper sense of the word, Cobbett did not rank high. He never saw the whole of a subject, and his views were, therefore, always partial. But give him a special case, and he would make more of it than any other man. His illustrations were peculiarly forcible, and whatever he had to describe, he did well. His "Rural Rides" contain, perhaps, the best description of English scenery that ever were written. His description of rural life in Pennsylvania, when he left England in 1817, are also admirable. Being an

accurate observer, his language was always graphic. His style was always racy and idiomatic. In his earlier productions he was somewhat declamatory, and indicated a familiarity with French writers. As he advanced in years, his language and style became more Saxon. Though Cobbett, upon the whole, was a good speaker, he was not a good debater, and therefore was not in his element in the House of Commons. He could get on well enough in a lecture, when he had all the talk to himself, but he could not bear opposition with temper, and he had not a command of resources sufficient for the exigencies of a discussion. What he might have been if he had entered Parliament at an earlier period of his life, we know not; but he was evidently too old at seventy to cut a figure as a ready speaker. He made one or two good speeches; but he repeated himself, and always made the same speech. To a certain extent, indeed, his Register was liable to the same charge of sameness; but his happy illustrations and descriptions made you forget that you had heard the same opinions repeated by him a hundred times before. He has left a widow and a large family. Two of his sons are at the bar, and are, we believe, exceedingly well liked. One of them wrote the well known description of the turning up of the rats, quoted by the Quarterly Review as one of the happiest of Cobbett's effusions. No man could have occupied the public so constantly with himself as Cobbett has done without possessing great talents. Take him with all his faults as a writer, and he will still be an extraordinary man. *English paper.*

The following is the letter addressed by the Post Master General to the Post Master at Charleston, in relation to the delivery of incendiary publications:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

August 4th, 1835.

P. M. Charleston, S. C.

Sir: In your letter of the 29th ult., just received, you inform me that by the steamboat mail from New York your office had been filled with pamphlets and tracts upon slavery: that the public mind was highly excited upon the subject: that you doubted the safety of the mail itself out of your possession: that you had determined, as the wisest course, to detain these papers: and you now ask instructions from the Department.

Upon a careful examination of the law, I am satisfied that the Post Master General has no legal authority to exclude papers from the mail, nor prohibit their carriage or delivery on account of their character or tendency, real or supposed. Probably it was not thought safe to confer on the head of an executive department, a power over the press, which might be perverted and abused.

But I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak. The P. O. Department was created to serve the people of each and all of the United States, and not to be used as the instrument of their destruction. None of the papers detained have been forwarded to me, and I cannot judge for myself of their character and tendency; but you inform me that they are in character, "the most inflammatory and incendiary and insurrectionary in the highest degree."

By no act, or direction of mine, official or private, could I be induced to aid, knowingly, in giving circulation to papers of this description, directly or indirectly. We owe an obligation to the laws, but a higher one to the communities in which we live, and if the former be perverted to destroy the latter, it is patriotism to disregard them. Entertaining these views, I cannot sanction, and will not condemn the step you have taken.

Your justification must be looked for in the character of the papers detained, and the circumstance by which you are surrounded."

A KENTUCKY STORY.—Myself and some three or four other gentlemen, visited a pigeon roost, and carried with us the old hunter for a pilot. Upon our arrival, the old hunter cautioned us to be careful where and how we fastened our horses, for, says he, I visited this place two or three years since, in company with six other gentlemen; we had large, fine, fat horses; when we arrived, I hunted for some time for a suitable place to fasten our horses; at last I found a beautiful little grove of hickory grubs to one I hatched my horse securely, and the balance of the company coming up, hatched theirs to grubs near by. We were then satisfied, of having hatched our horses to the best fastening. We left them and went about diverting ourselves, killing pigeons and examining their roosts until morning. When we returned for our horses they had disappeared, and with them all that beautiful little grove of hickory grubs. We could not be mistaken in the place, the ground was very rich and loose, and we could trace our horses to the very spot where we had left them, and no further; and they could not have walked off without our being able to trace them. This strange disappearance of the horses and the hickory grubs somewhat stupefied us, and we, after a long consultation, all came to the conclusion that our horses' grubs and all, had taken wings and flown away with the pigeons, and had just given up all search and hope of ever recovering them, and were about to start off on foot for home, when I heard a shaking of the leaves overhead; I looked up, and to our infinite surprise and satisfaction, there hung all our horses, in the very tallest hickory tree to be found in the woods." He said that the pigeons had settled so thickly upon the tree, that they had bent the top to the ground, the branches of which they had mistaken for hickory grubs and hatched their horses to them. In the morning the pigeons had flown away and eased the tree of its burden, when it rose up easily with the seven large horses. He said "that their bridles were new, and of the strongest and best leather, they sent off for an axe, cut the tree down (by degrees, of course,) and recovered all their horses in perfect safety, not the least injured, only that the neck of each was stretched about a foot longer than usual. We took care not to fasten our horses to hickory grubs so that when we returned for them we found them all safe on terra firma.

PROSPECT OF CROPS. The long continued and heavy rains of the last spring, which we believe pervaded the whole west, greatly discouraged our farmers: many were apprehensive that the present would be numbered with the 3 or 4 bad crop years which have visited us, and probably the worst of all.

We are happy, however, in common with our neighbors, to witness a different result. As the rain subsided, our prospect brightened. The season of harvesting the small grain is well nigh over, and farmers in our country have mainly realized fine crops. A few weeks since, flour was sold for six dollars and fifty cents per barrel. The new crop reduced it almost instantly to four dollars and fifty cents, and will probably be cheaper. In many parts of our country, the corn crops promise to be exceedingly fine. In the vicinity of our village, the corn crops will be fine, even on the most elevated and sandy ground. The timbered land will yield excellent crops, as well in the Bonpas as the Coffee regions of the country.—*Mr. Carnel (Ill.) Sentinel.*

From the New-York Times, of Aug. 13.

DISASTROUS FIRE. In a postscript to our paper of yesterday, we stated that when our paper went to press, a terrible fire was raging, in which not only a large amount of property was sacrificed, but several lives were lost. Our worst fears have been confirmed. We have been visited before by fires which spread over a wider extent of surface; but so far as regards the amount of property consumed, the lives lost, and the number of industrious citizens thrown out of employment, nothing so disastrous has occurred for years as the fire of yesterday.

It broke out in the lofty five story store No. 115 Fulton street. The store in which it broke out was filled with combustible materials, as were the stores adjacent, and when wrapped in flames, it was almost impossible, for account of the great height, for the engines to be brought to play on them. The fire rapidly extended through to Ann street, destroying almost a whole block, and extending itself to the north side of Ann street, so as to sweep about half the block bounded by Ann, Nassau, William and Beckman, and also destroying several buildings on the south side of Fulton street. There was an immense deal of capital vested in these buildings. It is stated that there was upwards of one hundred thousand dollars worth of paper alone stored in them—there were also numerous printing establishments, bookbinderies, &c. which, with their contents, have been totally destroyed. The number of persons employed in and about these buildings is estimated at about one thousand, all of whom have been thrown out of employment.

Editors and proprietors of newspapers have been

severely sufferers. The printing and publishing establishments of the Jeffersonian, Morning Herald, Transcript, Courier des Etats Unis, Old Countryman, Christian Intelligencer, Spirit of '76, New-Yorker, Catholic Diary, Protestant Vindicator, and several others were totally destroyed. The printing establishment of Geo. F. Scott & Co. in which the New-York Mirror is printed, is totally destroyed. The amount of insurance upon the property destroyed, by the different offices in the city, is stated to be as follows:

Howard,	\$12,000
Firemen's,	20,000
Washington,	30,000
Traders'	10,000
Franklin,	4,000
Merchants,	1,500
Globe,	16,000
Mutual,	14,000
Phoenix,	10,000
Jefferson,	15,000
North-River,	12,000
City,	17,000
Bowery,	5,000
United States,	7,000
Contributionary,	10,000
Eagle,	8,000
Etna,	8,000
Guardian,	7,000
Equitable,	6,000

It has been ascertained that five lives have been lost, and it is to be feared more have fallen victims to the flames—Messrs. Scott, C. Baldwin, Carlisle and Waite, all lodging in the upper stories of the house No. 115 Fulton st. were buried in the ruins—Samuel Blanchard, master bookbinder, residing in the upper part of the building, leaped from the fourth story into the street, and expired in fifteen minutes. A colored man, whose name is unknown, was buried under the walls. Two firemen were also severely burnt.

The loss of property is variously estimated, but the lowest computation is two millions of dollars. An elderly man, named David Carlisle, a printer, who was sleeping at the time of the fire in one of the printing offices in Ann street, was burnt to death, as was also W. Piatt, while engaged in the humane effort of assisting the deceased to escape.

The following ancient recipe is recommended to all who value life, a cool head and equanimity of temper: A SECRET OF LONGEVITY. Admiration and contemplation are very powerful to the prolonging of life, for they hold the spirits in such things as delight them, and suffer them not to tumultuate or to carry themselves unquietly and waywardly. And, therefore, all the contemplators of natural things which had so many and so eminent objects to admire, as Democritus, Plato, Parmenides, Appollonius, were long-lived: also rhetoricians which tasted but lightly of things, and studied rather exhortation of speech than profanity of matter, were long-lived, as Gorgias, Protagoras, Isocrates, Seneca, and certainly, old men are, for the most part, talkative, so talkative men do often grow old; for it shows a light contemplation, and as does not strain the spirits, or them. But subtle, and acute, and eager inquisition shorten life; for it tireth the spirit, and wasteth it.

Bacon's History of Life and Death.

From the Army and Navy Chronicle.

SIR: I have just been informed that an opinion prevails to some extent, both in the army and western country, that the duties recently performed by Lieut. Lane, at the Delaware Breakwater, were assigned to him as matter of favor, and from political considerations. Justice to that gentleman requires me to say that the opinion, if entertained, is entirely erroneous. He was ordered to the breakwater on my application—not as a favor to him, but to the public; because he was considered better qualified to perform the temporary duty assigned him, than any one else. He had early in November last, commenced under my orders, a series of observations on the effect of the currents and tides on the breakwater harbor; he continued those observations until late in December, when he was compelled to suspend them by the severity of the weather. On the 17th of March he was removed from the Department by order of the Executive without having completed them, and another officer was ordered to the work.

As Lieut. Lane had not only commenced and carried on the observations ordered, with his characteristic ability, intelligence and industry, but had invented some of the instruments used, and improved others, I thought it important to the public interests that he should return to the work, and remain at it until his successor should become master of all its details. I applied to the Secretary of War, in May, for an order for him to return: he joined about the 13th of June, and on the 14th of July, having finished the duty assigned to him, he left the work and has returned to his post. As an act of justice to him, I beg the favor of you to insert this communication in your valuable journal, and

I am, sir, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS S. JESUP,

Maj. Gen. and Qr. Master General.

WARIKE PREPARATIONS. We learn from the Dayton Journal of the 11th inst., that Governor Lucas has issued orders to the Major Generals of Militia throughout the State to report to him immediately what number of *Mounted Riflemen* and *Cavalry* can be furnished from their respective divisions at a moment's warning. This news is confirmed by the report of similar orders in this section of the State.

Ohio Atlas, Aug. 20.

We had quite a military parade here on Friday. It was thought by some who profess to be judges of such collections, that there were at least three thousand persons on parade, including cavalry. The object of the call seemed to be, to beat up for volunteers, for the purpose of suppressing a "*lawless banditti*" who, it is supposed, are committing depredations on our frontier, and disturbing our peaceful citizens in the Disputed Territory.

Ohio Sun, Aug. 24.

In the city of Mexico, tumbrils are sent round by the police to take up those who are drunk. They are kept a night, and made to work in the streets for three days with a ring round their ankles.

ATTACK ON THE STEAMBOAT OHIO. The Catskill (N. Y.) Recorder gives the following account of a "disgraceful outrage" committed at the Catskill landing on the Ohio and her *inoffensive* passengers: "On Thursday evening the 4th inst. as the steamboat Ohio came to at this place, to receive passengers on her way down to Albany, she was assailed in the most noisy and violent manner, by a mob of some hundred men and boys, who had congregated for the purpose at the point. The deck of the boat was at the time covered with about two hundred passengers, none of whom anticipated the vile attack which was made upon them. A tremendous volley of stones was discharged upon every part of the boat almost at the same instant, creating a scene of confusion and alarm on board, which beggars all description. The shouts of the mob, and the pelting of stones and brick bats which could be heard and felt, but not seen, with the crash of windows and furniture, drove passengers, captain, and all hands, under shelter of the deck, and even the pilot was forced to abandon his place at the wheel. As the fury of the assailants seemed to increase every moment, and the threatened destruction of the boat and all on board, she was put in motion, carrying with her the mail and the passengers for Catskill, leaving upon deck the mail and passengers for New York. Two persons, of whom the writer was one, escaped from board, by jumping from the stern sailing into a lumber yard. We understand that some of the passengers were severely injured, and that one at least was landed at Red Hook badly wounded in the head.

"We learn that the mob was raised to revenge an assault committed by the crew of the Ohio upon Capt. Charles Baker, who was a passenger in her last trip up, and who in consequence of some alteration an hour or two before was followed on shore in the night, knocked down and badly beaten. We do not know the extent to which Mr. Baker was injured, or that he was in any way accessory to this riot. One thing, however, is certain, that the North River Steamboat Association is liable at law, and abundantly responsible for the acts of its servants, and the provocation, whatever it may have been, can in no way palliate this villainous and cowardly outrage upon persons and property.

"We cannot dismiss this subject without animadverting upon the culpable imbecility of our Whig Police, who suffered this to be concocted under their very noses, and talked of for hours, without taking a single step to prevent it."

The New York Journal of Commerce says: We have received from Catskill a handbill containing Captain Baker's version of the transactions, which led to the assault on the steamboat Ohio. Captain Baker states that on the 3d instant, he got into the small boat of the Ohio at Kingston, for the purpose of going to Catskill; that without provocation when the boat came along he was seized by the shoulders and roughly dragged on board, by which he lost his hat, bundle and stick; that upon getting on deck he called on the Captain for redress, who only swore at him; that he declined to pay his passage until his property was restored, upon which he ordered him to be hustled forward, which the men did immediately, and threw him on the deck; and that on landing at Catskill, he was knocked down, and remained some time insensible. There are several affidavits of other persons accompanying the statement of Captain Baker, which declare that at Catskill Captain Baker did not "strike or molest any one," but that he was "shamefully beaten by individuals apparently from the Ohio.—*Ulster Scut.*"

FROM LIBERIA. The New-York Journal of Commerce states that the brig Rover, at that port, left Liberia on the 16th May, having arrived there on the 2d from New-Orleans, with 71 colored emigrants. They were generally in excellent health, both during the passage and after their arrival. There had been only one death among them, and that was by consumption. The name of the sufferer was Armstead Price. The greater portion of them had gone 15 miles up the river to Millersburgh, where they will remain until the rainy season is over. The health of the colony was excellent: and the colonists apparently contented and prosperous. The wars among the adjacent native tribes had terminated—and a few days before the Rover's departure, 300 or 400 of them came into Liberia with camwood, &c. which they carried on their backs. Capt. Outerbridge states that he saw nothing which looked like intemperance in the colony, and heard no profane language. Most of the colonists, he thinks, are members of the temperance Society.—*Balt. Amer.*

SUPERIORITY OF COTTON OVER LINEN CLO