

From the moment when in early youth, Martin Van Buren espoused the democratic principle, he never wavered in his course. In those days of darkness which followed the embargo, he neither apostatized, flinched nor doubted. His support of the government was not merely active but zealous; nor was his the zeal of ordinary men. It absorbed his whole soul; it led to untiring exertion; it was exhibited on all occasions, and under all circumstances. Neither the contumely of inflated wealth, nor the opposition of invidious talent, nor the weekly revilings of a licentious press, could awe it into silence, or often it to moderation.

The influence of such principles, accompanied with talents like those of Mr. Van Buren, was not to be circumscribed within the limits of a single country. It accordingly extended in the same proportion with his professional reputation; and as early as 1811, we find him taking the lead in a meeting held at the seat of government, and composed chiefly of the democratic members of the legislature. In 1812, he was for the first time, a candidate for an elective office—that of State Senator for the then middle district. His opponent was Edward P. Livingston, at all times a man of high character for virtue and capacity; but at that time placed, by peculiar circumstances, in opposition to the democracy of the district. Mr. Van Buren was bitterly opposed by the federalist, aided by most of the old Burrites, and by the friends of the Bank of America, against whose incorporation (which was then a pending question) Van Buren had taken high ground. A more violent struggle was hardly ever known in the State; Mr. Van Buren succeeded, but by a majority of less than two hundred out of twenty thousand votes.

He took his seat in the Senate, in November, 1812, at the meeting held for the choice of Presidential electors. The republican members of the legislature having, in the preceding summer, nominated De Witt Clinton for President, in opposition to Mr. Madison, then a candidate for re-election, and that nomination having been tendered to and accepted by Mr. Clinton, he thought it due to consistency and good faith, to support electors friendly to that gentleman. In this opinion a majority of the republicans in each branch of the legislature concurred, and Mr. Clinton accordingly received the vote of New York. Mr. Van Buren, however, uniformly declared, that he should acquiesce in the decision of the majority; and that he would support to the end, every measure of the government, by whomsoever it might be administered, which was calculated to bring the war—a measure which he had advocated in advance, and constantly defended—to a successful result. In conformity with these principles, he took a leading part in the following winter, in the nomination of Governor Tompkins, whose patriotism had identified him with the history of the country, and whose re-election seemed essential to the safety, if not to the existence of the government. On this occasion, he wrote the address to the electors of the State, issued by the republican members of the legislature; an elaborate and eloquent production, in which the duty of sustaining the administration in its prosecution of the war was enforced by every motive that could reach the hearts, or call out the energies of the people. It was widely circulated, and produced a great effect. Mr. Clinton and many of his friends, supported the candidate of the opposition; and from this point a separation ensued between that distinguished statesman and Mr. Van Buren, which, as to all political matters, continued ever after.

The season of 1813 and 1814 were particularly trying. The federalists then had the control in the assembly, and were violent and uniform in their opposition to the war and to its supporters. A majority of the Senators, with Mr. Van Buren and his able coadjutors, Nathan Sanford and Erastus Root, at their head, were equally inflexible in their support of the government. They passed many bills of a patriotic character, which were rejected by the other branch. This led to several public conferences, in which the points in controversy—involving the justice and expediency of the war, and the conduct and merits of the national administration, not less than the particular measures in dispute—were debated at large, in the presence of the two houses, all the energy and ardor which the spirit of the times was calculated to inspire. These conferences, from the nature of their subjects, the solemnity with which they were conducted, and the crowded and excited auditories that attended them, presented opportunities for the display of popular eloquence, almost rivaling in dignity and interest, the assemblies of ancient Greece. In all of them, Mr. Van Buren was the principal speaker on the part of the Senate, and by his dexterity in debate, his powerful reasoning, and his patriotic defence of the government and its measures commanded great applause. On one occasion in particular, he delivered a speech of such eloquence and power, that immediately after the termination of the debate, a committee was appointed by the republicans of Albany—who, in great numbers, had attended the galleries—to present him the thanks of their constituents, and to procure a copy of the speech for publication.

In September, 1814, the legislature was convoked by the Executive to deliberate on the alarming crisis then existing. The republicans had then regained their control in both branches, and various measures were adopted with the express view of aiding the national administration, in the prosecution of the war. The most prominent of these measures, were the acts "to authorize the raising of troops for the defence of the State," and "to encourage privateering associations." These bills were each supported by Mr. Van Buren; but the first and most important was peculiarly his measure, it having been matured and introduced by him. They were assailed by the opposition, both in and out of the legislature, with unwonted violence. Written opinions, denouncing them as inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, and the public good, were published in the newspapers and extensively circulated, and from the high reputation and learning of the authors, they were calculated to excite doubts as to the validity of the laws, and impair public confidence in those who enacted them. They were answered by Mr. Van Buren in four numbers. In the first of these papers, he took a general view of the several topics connected with this controversy; the others were devoted to minute examination of the various charges made by the authors. This controversy, as conducted by all the parties, was one of the ablest which grew out of the late war. Mr. Van Buren's share of it, which was distinguished by great ability and research, soon became known among his political friends, and contributed, in no small degree to his appointment as Attorney General, which took place in February following. He was soon after appointed by the Legislature a regent of the University. Lawrenceburgh, 1835.

P. Z.

At a Loss. Jonathan Gaw, who had just arrived from Vermont, in search of a brother who resided in the city, entered a millinery store near the Old South, and enquired, "Do you keep tobokker?" "No, sir," said the fair shopkeeper. "Well, don't our Sam keep here?" "No, sir,"—Congress-all-Jerusalem! Marm told me that he kept in a store close along-side Boston mactin' house!"

ANCESTRY. Paulding, in the tale which he has contributed to "The Gift" for 1833, says—"I never knew a man boast of his ancestors, who had any just cause to be proud of any thing else." Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," has a similar conceit with an epigrammatic turn:

From the Saturday Evening Visitor.

HORRIBLE CRUELTY.—We do not in general approve of ministering to that depraved and vitiated taste in reading, which craves the details of every infamous crime with which the annals of justice are filled. But there is such a striking portraiture of the effects of ardent spirits, and such a warning lesson against their use, contained in the evidence which was exhibited against Peter Crine, recently tried in New York for the murder of his wife, that we subjoin the account, as worthy of being read and reflected upon by every member of community. These details are so shocking to humanity, and so contrary to the natural impulse of feeling, that we should hardly give credit to them, had we not often witnessed the influence of rum (which we hardly need say was the exciting cause of this crime) in transforming a man into a demon. Let the "temperate drinker" pause in a career that may, even by the remotest possibility, lead to such a result. However tenderly he may now be disposed to treat the wife of his bosom, he cannot answer for his actions when the evil spirit—the spirit of intoxication—shall have taken possession of him, and turned his natural feelings of affection into the malignant fury of a fiend. The unfortunate victim, in this instance, was an amiable and pious woman, a kind and affectionate mother, and had always treated her husband with all that fondness and devotedness which characterize a faithful wife. The extremest sentence of the law has been passed, and will soon be executed upon Crine.

Maria Crine, a daughter of the prisoner, twelve years of age, after satisfying the Court of her competency as a witness, was examined, and deposed as follows:—Is the daughter of Peter G. Crine; remembers the night her mother and brothers and sisters, five in number; her mother was in bed; father told her to get up, come to him, and pull her frock off; deceased obeyed him; father pushed her back on the bed, and sent Decatur (her brother) out for a whip which he brought in; prisoner whipped deceased on the bed; whipping her; then pulled her out on the floor and went to the fire; whipped her with his hand upon her head, pushed her back against the cupboard and compelled her to eat; then pulled her on the bed again; went out of the door, and got a whip about the size of the first, from a tree at the door, and whipped her again; the whip was of oak, with knots on it; mother said, "O! Peter, how can you be so cruel as to whip me so!" get seven whips and used them all up; saw him kick her mother; prisoner pulled her out of bed, and pushed her by the fire: struck her a great many times; deceased fell, and prisoner pushed her about on the floor with his foot, and when she was in the middle of the floor kicked her; prisoner then got another whip and whipped her while on the floor; turned her over and whipped her on the other side; pushed her out of doors; went to the fire and sat down; father said he must go to the mill; sat down and talked about it; deceased was in the cellar at the end of the house about a quarter of an hour; prisoner called her in; she requested to sit as near the fire as the prisoner did; prisoner damned her, and said she was as near as he was, and struck her with his fist; as she was sitting on a chair, prisoner pulled it from under her, and threw her on the floor, pulled the chair on her, went out and got two large whips and whipped her on the floor, and said "d—n you I wish I had a barn to whip you in, this floor (ceiling) is not high enough!" asked her if she ever had such a whipping before; she answered "no;" prisoner said he would "whip her worse than he ever did the Eclipse mare;" set her up in a chair, told witness to wet a towel and wipe the blood from her face; prisoner put on a cap and put her in bed; after sitting by the fire a short time all went to bed except Theodore; only one room in the house; beds all in that room; father fell asleep; deceased got up, asked witness to boil the kettle and make her some tea, which she did; deceased drank a dish or two, warmed her feet, and in attempting to return to bed, fell on the floor; asked witness to assist her; she did so; and she got into bed; deceased groaned much; prisoner awoke and ordered her to quit groaning; deceased replied, "she had such a pain in her stomach she could not;" prisoner said she could stop if she would, and if she did not he would kick her out of bed; she answered she would try and be still if she could; but continued to groan when prisoner pushed her out of bed; she crawled towards witness's bed, and attempted to get in; groaned on the floor, and was ordered by Crine to "shut up;" he called her to come to bed again, two or three times, but received no reply; he then said, "Ruth, why don't you come to bed again?" she made no answer; he then continued "Mother, why don't you come to bed?" prisoner got up, went to her, and exclaimed, "d—n you! you want another horse whipping, don't you?" prisoner could not see her, and lit a candle, went to her and said, "Sis, I believe your mother is dying!" he then put her in the bed and covered her up; directed witness to get the handkerchief to tie up her face, which she did; prisoner tied up her face; she gasped twice and died. Prisoner went and set down by the fire; went once or twice to see if she was dead; said "wait awhile she may come to;" proposed going to the neighbors; witness said she did not like to stay there alone; father told her to go to the neighbors, and tell them her mother fell down stairs! that she fell over the potato hole, and that she fell in the fire, and burnt herself; said they must never tell any one, if they did, he would be hung or go to jail for life; witness went to Amos and Nathan Wilcox's, to Aaron Howell's, and Mr. Smith's in company with her brother Theodore; returned home and neighbors came in; it was four o'clock when she was at Amos Wilcox's; mother was well and sound before father came home that evening; father was sitting by the fire when she returned from the neighbors; mother said to her father while beating her, "don't be so cruel! don't be so hard hearted."

ENOCH. "In meditating a journey through the confines of Edom, I had overlooked the prophetic denunciations against any who should traverse it, so literally and wonderfully enforced up to the present hour. 'None shall pass through it for ever and ever.' I will cut off from Mount Seir, him that presseth out, and him that returneth." The repeated and persevering attempts of travellers to explore Idumea have always proved abortive, except in two instances. Seventeen did "pass through," and died soon after at Aleppo; Barckhardt penetrated into it, but turned aside in dismay, died soon after at Cairo." *Monroe's Travels in Syria.*

A RECIPE FOR CHANGING THE HUE OF THE EYES. May kind host allowed me to occupy a flat upon his house-top during my stay at Aleppo, in preference to being confined in a room; but the influence of the moon upon my head was so powerful, that whenever its beams reached me I was compelled to get up and move my mattress to some part of the hyphæral chamber which was in the shade; and it was easy to comprehend the full force of the Psalmist's prophetic promise, "The sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night." The injurious influence of the moon upon the eye in eastern countries has been noticed by various travellers. In passage from Messina to the coast of Calabria with Messrs Wordsworth, Errington, and Menzies, the captain of our shipboard had eyes of so light a blue as to be unnatural in appearance. He said it was occasioned by having slept under the moon's beams.

NATIVE ALMONDS.—A Mr. Ira Simpson, of Gates County, near Rochester, in the State of New York, has this fall raised nearly a peck of Almonds, from a limb grafted on a peach tree.

Civil and Religious Liberty.—Mr. O'Connell, in a letter accepting a public dinner offered to him at Manchester, for his services to the cause of Civil and Religious Liberty, thus defines each:

"CIVIL LIBERTY is nothing but justice reduced into action. It drives the unjust, the speculator, the under-worked public officer, the partial judge, the squanderer of the public purse from power, from station, from the opportunities of doing wrong. It gives to the people equal laws, good laws, cheap laws. It leaves every honest man in the full enjoyment of all his property not indispensably required to defray, in the most economic manner, the expenses of government. It scruples to levy a tax as most as it would scruple to levy as a robber, and it has its basis in the utmost possible extension of popular control over all public functionaries, with one only, a safe exception.

Religious Liberty, is, I own it, more dear to me still. Religion is the most important and awful concern of human existence; but its tenets are matters between man and his creator. It is the great creator who alone can see the hearts of men; and he alone can judge how far each of us is sufficiently sincere, and sufficiently cautious in the adoption and maintenance of his religious belief. Our fellow men have nothing to do with it. The law of man is impious, I would say blasphemous, when it usurps the province of God, and in the pride of its usurpation dares to coerce conscience and to attempt to compel belief. I feel that in vindicating freedom of conscience I vindicate our common Christianity from the foul stain of persecution."

AN EXTRACT. The Greeks sculptured the butterfly upon their tombstones—the poetical and philosophical genius of the people seeing in its transformation a type of that futurity which they believed but did not understand. They placed it there as a representative of the soul. The image is beautiful and touching; and Sharon Turner, taking up the same idea, has expressed a belief that the Creator appointed insect transformations to excite the sentiment in the human heart of death being only one step in the path of life.

AUTUMN. The season of golden fruits and faded foliage—the fulfilment of the rich promise of Nature, coupled with the blight and desolation of all by which that fulfilment has been accomplished, again visits us in the ripeness of its fall maturity. October wanes apace—the dead leaves strew the forest walks—and not the forest walks only, but even the busy haunts of commerce and speculation. Ere another week shall elapse, we shall have passed the Rubicon of a General Election, (about which no one seems to be troubling himself), and have fairly entered upon gloomy, chilly, comfortless November—the month of agues, horrors and suicides.—And yet we have been very slightly subjected in this region to its influence in anticipation. The chief characteristic of our Autumn has been its uninterrupted mildness—its unrelieved placidity. Day after day has the same good-natured sun looked down in beneficence upon our hundred spires and twenty thousand dwellings, though often after struggling for hours through a morning fog, which might well put so wormhearted a personage out of humor—day after day have all indications of approaching tempest and inclemency proved delusive—and we are still, at the close of October, enjoying and appreciating a most auspicious Indian Summer, of unwonted consistency and duration. Our city is as fully alive with business and the presence of strangers as the September of a less prosperous season; and only the sea leaves beneath our feet, and the diversified and bountiful products of the husbandman's toil, which greet us on every side, conspire to give assurance that we have passed the autumnal equinox.

Perhaps nothing can give at a single glance a more forcible idea of the vast extent and diversity of our common country, than the conflicting statements and complaints which reach us from different sections, on the subject of the weather. A lamentation over the ravages of a deluge in New-England, reaches us simultaneously with the story of sufferings and losses by drought in the South-West. Nay, further—we have even now the narrative of an unprecedented inundation in the Mid-Western section of our own State, while the whole Southern portion of it, with the entire tide-water country of the Northern States, if we mistake not, is laboring under an unusually serious privation of rain. So, while the season has been generally a dry one on this side the Mountains, it has been remarkably westward of the Alleghanies, for its scarcely intermitting falling weather. The Ohio, with its tributaries, has been in excellent navigable order throughout the season—a most unusual circumstance—while the pursuits of agriculture, in some portions of the country lying between it and the Lakes, have been very seriously interrupted and retarded by the inclemency of the weather, and the unfavorable condition of the saturated and reeking soil.

But Autumn—pensive, gorgeous, abounding Autumn—is fast receding from our anxious sight. The season of quiet joys and soothing reflection—of memory, of fruition, of chastened feeling, is fast speeding to the tomb of buried centuries. Be it so: if it has been wisely improved, we need not mourn its flight; if otherwise, better that its course had been earlier sped.—But not now a welcome to its stern successor—not now a smile expectant for the chilly blasts and scowling skies of the ungentle season. Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof; of the evil of to-morrow need be contemplated and dwelt upon only when it is not inevitable.

New Yorker.

ANECDOTE.—The origin of singular names of individuals is sometimes truly laughable.—In illustration of this we give the following:—The father of Return J. Meigs was born at Middletown, in Connecticut. For some time prior to his settlement in life, he addressed a fair Quakeress at Middlefield, some few rods from his father's residence, and found much difficulty in obtaining her hand. She repeatedly answered his protestations of fidelity and attachment with "Nay, Jonathan, I respect thee much, but cannot marry thee—for better is a dinner of herbs and contentment, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." Mr. Meigs finally told Ruth that he was paying his last visit as a lover, and should strive to form an alliance with another family, and would therefore bid her farewell. The kind and lengthened word pronounced with so much softness, fell upon her heart with healing in its tone; and, as he mounted his horse to ride off, the Quakeress, relenting, beckoned to him to stop, exclaiming, "Return Jonathan! Return Jonathan!" Mr. Meigs went back, and fixed upon a day for the celebration of the nuptials. The first fruit of their union was a son, which the father, in commemoration of the happiest words he had ever heard spoken, had baptised "Return Jonathan," who rose to distinction, and subsequently to the office of post-master general of the United States.

THE SIAMESE TWINS OUTDONE.—There are now on exhibition in New York, a couple of Virginia born twin mulatto children, perfectly formed and united together in the upper part of their bodies, and in their necks and faces as if in close embrace, forming, by a continuity of surface and flesh, one individual. They were a premature birth, but lived several hours after they were born. Their limbs, backs, heads, eyes and features of each are perfect, and even beautiful. Boston Post.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Independence, Capt. Nye, arrived on Saturday from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 26th ult. Her intelligence is of little moment.

Don Corles has appointed the Holy Virgin commander-in-chief of his forces! Henceforth the Royal Standard is to be distinguished with the title of generalissimo, is never to be lowered to any person, and is to be treated with the same honors and salutes as the Holy Sacrament! Nothing would seem too monstrous for monkish trickery and Spanish credulity.

There has been another revolution in the Ministry of the Queen Regent. It can no longer be disguised that the new Government has no hold upon either the affections or confidence of the Spanish people.

Louis Philip positively declines to extend any efficient aid to the Constitutional Government of Spain. There is no longer any doubt that he is in full communion with the Northern Despot.

We copy a few additional items from the Star.

New Yorker.

That remarkable man, O'Connell, is making a triumphal progress through Scotland. The people of Manchester gave him a public dinner—the people of Newcastle, ditto—the people of Edinburgh, ditto—the people of Glasgow, ditto. From Glasgow he goes to Ireland, where he is to be feted at Dublin, Belfast, and even the Orange hold Londonderry. Every where he has been received with such honors as never before have been accorded to a private, unofficial man. Think of sober-minded Edinburgh sending out 150,000 men to meet him! Lord Brougham was expected at the O'Connell dinner, at Edinburgh, but declined the invitation.

The Count Torreno, late prime minister of Spain, is appointed ambassador to the French court.

Mehemet Reschid Pasha, the commander-in-chief of the Sultan, against the Kurds, has an army of 18,000 men. He recently captured 300 men, who were drowned in the Alack Sea on their way to Constantinople, where it is probable they awaited a more painful and ignominious death.

The London Gazette of September 23d contains the following announcement:—"The King has been graciously pleased to nominate Henry Stephen Fox, Esq. now his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.

Kalisch, where, under the disguise of a military review, the Holy Alliance are to settle the affairs of Europe—is a small town in Poland, 130 miles from Warsaw. During one of the reviews before the Emperor, there were seen performing there evolutions, besides 800 Kourdish horsemen and Tcherkessess and Cossacks, &c. &c. also a body of 1600 Circassian cavalry, presenting in costume and movement a most picturesque spectacle. The shining helmets and glittering hauberts of silver mail of the fifty Circassian Princes, recalled the scenes of Ivanhoe. The 400 Kourdish, in a charge they made, were so furious that several were wounded, and their enthusiasm to seize the victorious standard won at Erzerum could only be repressed by their padishah holding up his finger. The Prince Frederick, of Netherlands, was there with his brilliant suite, and was embraced by the Russian Emperor during the review.

PARIS, Sept. 15th.—Defeat of D'Adel-Kader near D'Oran.—The Government have, this day received the following telegraphic despatches, dated—

ALGERS, SEPT. 6th.

To Marshal Clausel, Minister of War.—Abd-El-Kader experienced a severe blow near D'Oran on the 29th August. The Bay Ibrahim and Douares fought bravely. The fire of our artillery decided their retreat. The loss of the enemy is very considerable."

The French vessel Recherche, Capt. Trehonert, sent to the north polar seas, in search of the Lilloise, Capt. Blasseville, has discovered no trace of that navigator.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, are on an excursion to Bohemia. Metternich has gone to Konigswarth.

The Duke de Nemours, second son of Louis Philippe, is visiting the English manufactures at Birmingham.

Shipwreck and loss of one hundred and thirty lives.—The convict ship George the Third, bound to Hobart Town, was lost on the 22th of April, and of those on board, 132 perished.

Advices from Greece to the 15th of Aug. state that Col. Gordon at the head of a moveable column, had succeeded in destroying near Corinth the band of robbers who murdered Capt Kraus and 50 Germans.

The Cholera in Italy appears to be subsiding. The aggregate number of deaths at Genoa is stated at between 3000 and 4000, of which 1000 occurred in a single week.

It appears by the London Morning Chronicle the accredited organ of the Whigs, William IVth is at last convinced of the necessity of going forward with the popular voice for reform. He does not any longer give much ear to the Conservatives, and consequently is on more harmonious terms with his present ministry.

LATER. Private advices from New Orleans state that the American Schooner San Felipe, Captain Hurd, which captured and brought to that port the Mexican Revenue Cutter, le Correo, sailed again on the 10th inst for Brazoria, Texas, loaded with merchandise, arms and ammunition, without having taken any papers from the Mexican Consul at New Orleans. Capt. Hurd previously made a considerable addition to his former armament, and appears determined to carry on the war, on his private account.

The same advices add that the Mexican expedition which landed at Copons on the 5th October, under the command of General Cos, sailed for Matamoros on the 3d, and that more transports were preparing there for the same destination with a similar number of troops. The port of Copos as is situated beyond Matagorda, and at about 40 leagues from Matamoros, where most of the troops for the expedition of Texas, are assembled. The distance from Copos to San Antonio de Bexar, where Gen. Cos intends to unite his forces with those of Colonel Tgarteceea, is about fifty leagues.

A NOBLE ACT REWARDED. We a short time since, published the fact that a man by the name of Wood, had unexpectedly inherited the sum of £27,000 sterling, bequeathed to him by some friend in England. It appears that the fortunate person is Mr. Joseph Wood, of Trenton, in this State, and that the bequest was made under the following curious circumstances:—Several years ago, the only child of an English gentleman fell overboard from a steamboat in the Delaware, at the foot of Chesnut street wharf, Philadelphia, and would inevitably have perished, but for the promptitude of Mr. Wood, who instantly plunged into the water, and with great difficulty and danger succeeded in

restoring the child to the arms of its agonized parents. Repeated and liberal offers of reward have since been made to Mr. Wood, which have been as constantly refused by him, on the ground that he had done no more than his duty, and the conscientious feeling of a worthy action carried with it its own reward. The gentleman, however, who recently died, could not forget the noble disinterested conduct of the preserver of his child's life; and on opening his will, it was found to contain the above munificent bequest, of which Mr. Wood has been duly apprized.—Truly a magnificent reward for a noble action! New Jersey Gazette.

THE FRENCH QUESTION. The state of this question is, at this moment, according to our apprehension, very critical. The indemnity bill, as it finally passed, requires "a satisfactory explanation" of the language held by the president in his message to congress at the commencement of the last session as a preliminary to the payment of the money. Mr. Livingston, on the eve of his departure from Paris, and while the indemnity bill was yet under consideration, addressed an official note to the minister of state, explaining the character of our government in reference to the president's connection with congress, and protesting against the construction put upon the message by the French government. After Mr. Livingston's return, the president, it appears by the statements of the Globe, officially and publicly declared his approbation of Mr. Livingston's letter, "repeating to the French government that the construction of the enemies of peace here and in Europe, converting the message into an insult and menace, was wholly unauthorized by its terms or the intention of its author." This would seem to us to amount to a "satisfactory explanation," and we imagine, from the tone of the public press, that it is as much, in the way of explanation, as the feeling of the country will approve of or allow. It remains to be seen whether the French government considers the explanation as "satisfactory,"—and on the arrival of the next packet from France, the government may receive advice of a definite character.

It is hinted to us, from private sources, that M. Pageot, the French charge des affaires at Washington, has advised his government of the fact that Gen. Jackson had in his communications with him, approved of Mr. Livingston's letter, and directed him to assure the French government that the message was not intended to convey any menace or insinuation of a character inconsistent with the friendly relations subsisting between the two governments. M. Pageot had not, at the date of our last intelligence from Washington, received any reply from his government. It is well known that M. Pageot feels deeply anxious upon the subject, and has exerted himself greatly to prevent the occurrence of anything unpleasant to either government at this critical juncture.

M. Pageot is an inmate of the president's family, having married Miss Lewis, and is on a footing of friendly intimacy and confidence with him.

From M. Pageot's representations to his government, we therefore look for the most gratifying results; and, indeed, we confidently expect, in our next paper, to have the pleasure of announcing the complete and satisfactory adjustment of the question.

N. Y. Sunday Morning News.

"To lie in cold obstruction and to rot," is the lot of all, and is the greatest of the many bug bears which agitate the brief span of life allowed to us. How often have we heard ladies, of the most cultivated minds, and possessed of the highest degree of fortitude in regard to present ills, express the most soul-sickening horror at the thought of the exposure of their mortal remains to worms, to consuming mould, and perhaps to the eyes of gloating and morbid curiosity, or mercenary speculation. Even the hardier spirits of males cannot altogether resist the feeling of disgust and horror at the prospect of the dissecting room, and the anticipation of the brutal laugh of the demonstrator, and of his stupid and unfeeling assistants and pupils. The Roman and Grecian custom of reducing the remains to ashes, and of inurning and preserving them, for the continued love and respect of the bereaved parent, wife, husband, child or friend, is a proof of the superiority of those nations in refinement and civilization.

No improvement, in modern times, brings us so nearly to the grade of ancient civilization, in this respect, as the stone coffin of Mr. John White of Syracuse, exhibited at the late fair of the American Institute.

This coffin is made of an artificial stone cement, and the lid is laid on after the last gaze of the living has been fixed upon the dead. The whole coffin then becomes one solid, thick, and impervious mass of stone, which, if taken up by the medical faculty, can be of no use to them, without the apparatus by which they would undertake to split and sever blocks of granite. At the moment of the union of the lid with the box, the air from the coffin may be easily exhausted, in consequence of which the remains of the mortal inside becomes forever incorruptible. The last trump will bring them before the throne of the everlasting, in their original form and feature.

N. Y. Sunday Morning News.

Loss of the eastern mail.—The Salem Gazette of Tuesday morning states, that the great eastern mail was stolen from the stage on Sunday evening after it had been shifted at the post office in that town. The loss was not discovered till the stage reached Boston. No trace of it had been discovered on Monday night. The opinion prevails that the mail must have been stolen from the stage, in the yard of the Lafayette coffee house, by some villains who had come on from the eastward for the purpose. There was a great rush and confusion of passengers in the yard at the time when the mail was changed, on account of the arrival of three extras at the same moment with the mail stage, in addition to the usual throng. It has since been recovered.

N. Y. Sunday Morning News.

One half of that valuable paper the Providence Journal, is, we notice, for sale—affording a rare chance to a young enterprising printer, with a small ready capital. It is the only daily paper printed in Rhode Island, and sustains a high rank among the journals of the day. Mr. Paine, the junior editor, advertises that he is shortly to leave the concern, and remove to the western country.

N. Y. Sunday Morning News.

By the last accounts from Para, (Brazil) the Indians, &c. had entire possession of the town, and would probably continue to hold it. Most of the former inhabitants who were fortunate enough to escape massacre, had fled to Maranhham, many of them in a state of great destitution.

Journal of Commerce.

The New York Courier States that a fine looking young white female was married on Wednesday evening last, in that city, by Rev. Mr. Hayborn, to a full blooded negro, of unmixed descent.