

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 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 revoltings of licentious press, could awe it into silence, or soften 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 seasons 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, by committees chosen on the part of each, and with 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 defense 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 defense 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 instigated 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 a regent of the University of the University of Lawrenceburgh, 1815.

P. Z.

AT A LOSS. Jonathan Gawk, 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 tohoker?” “No, sir,” said the fair shopkeeper. “Well, don't our Sam keep here?” “No, sir.”—“Congress-all-Jerusalem! Marin told me that he kept in a store close along-side Boston meetin' 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 *aux* (which we hardly need say was the exciting cause of this crime) in transforming a man into a *demor*. 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.”

ENOM. “In meditating a journey through the confines of Edom, I had overlooked the prophetic denunciations against any who should traverse it, so literally and wounding enforced up to the present hour. ‘None shall pass through it for ever and ever.’ I will cut off from Mount Seir, him that passeth 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; Burkhardt 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 hypatal 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 steamer 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 almost 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 fee 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—of 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, con-

frontless November—the month of agues, horrors

and suicides.—And yet we have been very slightly

subjected in this region to its influence in anticipa-

tion. The chief characteristic of our Autumn

has been its uninterrupted mildness—its unruffled

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 wormeaten

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 dura-

tion. Our city is as fully alive with business

and the presence of strangers as the September of

a less prosperous season; and only the sear 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 state-

ments and complaints which reach us from differ-

ent 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 narra-

tive 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

remarkable, westward of the Alleghany, 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 rock-

ing 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;

the evil of to-morrow need be contemplated and

dwell upon only when it is not inevitable.

New York.

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