The Carlisle Herald and Expositor.

From the New York Express.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

We regret to notice that our types did injustice to the Major's-last. The most glaring of the errors committed, however—such as 'four *days* ago,' for 'four years ago'—we presume, would be immediately noted by the reader as an error in print—for the Major never makes mistakes as to dates and facts.(unless they be wilful ones.) All we can say about it is, if any future oversight on our part should draw from the Major as good a story, by way of episode, as is contained in the following letter, we shan't regret it.

Nigh the wreck of the Two Pollies.
ROCKAWAY, Sept. 11, 1837.

To the Editors of the N. Y. Daily Express

In one of your papers in which you printed my last letter to 'Uncle Sam,' and when readin on't it was fortunate for you that you was 20 miles off,—for I never did see sich tarnal word as you made of some parts of my letter. Howsever, all I've got to say about, is, if folks who read my letters *in print*, find any thing in 'em that don't read smooth, and ain't correct as to dates and facts, they may set it down agin the printers. It was jest so once with a young Doctor, a friend of mine in the *Colare* times. He writ a long letter once, about how he cured folks by given Calomel,—he writ 'Calomel in doses *very minute*,'—and the *printers* put it in print, 'Calomel in doses *every* minute.' *Up* went Calomel among the Apothecaries—and *down went* the poor sick folks. It warn't the Doctor's fault,—for it was all owin to the printers, and a little *e*.*

Now afore I trust you with other matters, I'll give you the printin of a story I've got to tell—and you may stick as many E's and G's and I's into it as you please, and I don't care what you make on't so long as folks take the *mother wit* and barin on't. It is a story about '*Uncle Sam*,' and some of his capers about the women folks.

'Uncle Sam,' you know, always was a *sociable* kind of critter, and from his first comin into life, never could git along well without havin his hull family about him, all on 'em given him ta boost up the tree,—bet, 'Uncle Sam' found, as most folks do, afore they git gray, that unless he took a wife to take care of his buttons and kepp things slick'd up about his house—he would get into trouble and so forth. Well, after tryin various plans and seein a good deal of trouble one way and another, he took advice some twenty years ago, and got married to a smooth quiet quaker Lady, worth 28 millions of dollars,—and as Uncle Sam was considerable *liberal* in his way, he put into the family stock 7 millions of dollars; (not in the '*rale grit*,' howsever, but what *he said then* was just as good as 'grit,') and so together they had 35 millions. Well, 35 millions was no mile, and things went on smooth and slick nigh upon 20 years, and every body round at home and abroad, there never was a happier couple. Uncle Sam's wife did what a wife could do, and though Uncle Sam would once and a while, *swell up* and look big, his wife said nothin, but kept him in, up his breeches when he'd split and sew on buttons when he twitch'd them off. But by and by 'Uncle Sam' got in up with odd company and among other things, got a kink in his head out of Tommy Wright's doctrines, that a man of such importance hadn't ought to stick to one wife, but have as many as the *great Mogul*. 'I swow,' says uncle Sam, 'I'm in mind to try it!' and so he talk'd to her folks about it, and to rights he got the notion too; and then 'Uncle Sam' got one Amos Kindle to go round and sound about, and see if the galls would find the racket, and he come back, and told him, 'Uncle Sam, there's no mistake about it; the galls are all ready, and more than you can shake a stick at;' and sure enough, just then the galls all havin got their *notion*, set to,—they praised up Uncle Sam, and abused his good old quaker wife to a shocking! there's no tellin what they did say; and among other things they said that Uncle Sam's wife was——*——*——Pshaw!! you don't say so!! ——*——mercy on us!!!

Well, the next thing we see of Uncle Sam, he look'd as fine as a fiddle—new rounded both ends of his shirt, and as *caparin* as he cut among his new folks for a spell, never was seen afore—such frolics!! and all his old cronies as much as he was among 'em, till some folks began to wink and whisper 'that Uncle Sam was so *liberal* he had wives enuf for himself and friends.' Things went on so about three years, when Uncle Sam (as most folks do, when they get too much of a good thing) to smell a trouble; and jest then I got back from foreign parts, and I met Uncle Sam, who had not been for his bein my blood relation, and knowin him and lovin him in any shape, as I do my own father or mother, I never would have known him at all. 'Why,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, is this you?' says I. 'I don't know, Major,' says he; 'but why do you ask—don't I look as natural as ever?' says he. And there he stood—holdin his breeches up with both hands, and his elbows both torn out and a dirty shirt sleeve peepin through, and holes in his stockins, and his *shins* all *plastered* over. 'Why,' says I, 'Uncle Sam, what on airth ails you? Come,' says I, 'give me your hand my old friend, & let us talk it all over together.' 'I am sorry, Major,' says he, 'I can't shake hands with you jest now—my hands are busy,' says he. 'What,' says I, 'holdin the money aye, Uncle Sam—both hands full, as usual, says I. 'Not exactly, Major,' says he; and with that he cunn'up close to me, and whispered in my ear, 'I am in a bad box, Major,' says he, 'I have got so many wives, I ain't got a button left for my suspenders—they are all off. 'Do tell now,' says I, 'I want to know!!!' 'It's true,' says he, 'and you see for yourself.' And with that I look'd—and sure enuf, there never was a man in sich a pickle.

Well, says I to Uncle Sam, this comes from folks givin you bad advice—or rather by your not takin good advice. You forget, says I, one fact,—and that is, that it was intended that your family matters should be regulated on the same plan of every other well regulated family; and that though yours is the *General Government* family, it was intended to be regulated jest on the same plan as the family of the humblest of your '*masters*,' and there, says I, was the *mothe wit* of the thing in the beginning!' What 'masters?' says he, spunkin up and tryin to swell—(but takin care to hold on to his breeches) who are my 'masters?'—says he. Your masters? says I, Why '*the people*'—and I am one on 'em Uncle Sam, and if you had stuck to the rule they made for the regulating of your family, you would not now be in your present condition.

Now, says I, Uncle Sam, there is but one way that I can see for you to take, and that is for you to call on all your young women about you and tell 'em that you can't have but one wife, and they must git husbands each in their own states. Here Uncle Sam shook his head, and look'd considerable sad; I am afraid Major, says he, its too late: it was an easy job to git rid of *one wife*, but to git rid of so many all at once, I am afraid I shall git spunk'd as red as a cherry. 'Never mind that,' says I, 'you'll git no more than you deserve if you do, folks that dance must pay the fiddler, says I, Uncle.' 'But, says he, Major, must I *divorce* them all?' 'No,' says I; 'there is no *divorce* in the matter, you can't do that unless you can prove crim. con.; that is the law,' says I. 'Well *I can*,' says he, 'I can prove that (the *Post Office*, *the Land Office*, and Amos——'

Hush, says I, Uncle Sam, dont talk so, for it is an old story in all countries, that a man who has more than one wife, is a bigger fool than his friends, and has more *friends* than *buttons*. Now dont say any thing more about it. You have got in a scrape, and the best way is to get out on't. You'll find that your young wives will be as glad to git rid of you, as you will be to git rid of them. But you musn't talk of *divorce*, or they'll bring you to the proof, and show that you first came a courtin. And by the time you prove guilt on any on 'em, they'll git you 'on the hip,' and keep you there too, says I; Now look at your courtin, and compare it with what it was—its a change, says I, Uncle Sam, aint it?—however, says I, my old friend you have had a rare frolic, and this is the end on't; and pretty much the end of all frolics. Now, says I, we must go and see what can be done with the old Wife—I'll be bound, says I, she is as sound as ever she *was, and not the worse* of having taken shelter in her old native state of Pennsylvany. I'll go on first, says I, Uncle Sam, and tell her to git her *buttons* and *sope* ready for you, and if I dont miss my gues, you will in a few weeks look as cherk agin as a boy; and as she is a good natur'd critter, and likes to see all happy about her, she will do all she can to provide for the young women you have been galavantin with of late, for, she thinks *you* more to blame than *they* be. And then, says I, Uncle Sam, when all gits slick'd up, and you git all your buttons sew'd on, you will have a spare hand always ready to welcome a friend or knock down an enemy. At present, says I, Uncle Sam, you are a *humbug'd*;'——And with that Uncle Sam he twitch'd up his breeches, and spunk'd up considerable, and we moved on together

I'll tell the balance of this story another time.

Your Friend,
J. DOWING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

*We never knew *exactly* before the *actual* meaning of that word 'Hum-bug'd.'—EDITORS.

Office of the Republican,
ST. LOUIS, Sept. 30.

Prospect of War on our Frontier.

We have conversed with a gentleman just arrived in the city from Independence, Jackson county, Mo. We learn from him, that great excitement was prevailing amongst the citizens of that quarter, who were expecting an attack Osage Indians. They had sent several threatening messages to the frontier inhabitants, and had already committed some depredations on their property; having stolen several hogs and cattle, and reports say some negroes. Application had been made to the Governor for troops, and instructions had been issued by the Secretary of the State, (the Governor being absent at the time the application was made) to Gen. Lucas to raise instantly six hundred men from his division which we believe, consists of Jackson, La Fayette and Van Buren counties. The militia of the several counties were to meet on Saturday last, to raise the number of troops ordered by the comm'r of the division. We are also informed that General Atkinson had an interview with the Governor on this subject, and it is probable that the condition of affairs in that quarter will require the immediate personal attention of himself or General Gaines. The Osages say they can bring one thousand warriors into the field, and that they have no fear of the consequences of the war. Our informant had not learnt the particular grievance of which they complain. We shall wait with anxiety for particulars.

"A Plague on both your Houses."—The Am. Sentinel rejects both Wolf and Muhlenberg as candidates for the next Governor of Pennsylvania. Fair and softly my masters, if you do not know that Mr. Van Buren has promised Mulenburg the place, I do—therefore "obey orders if you break owners."—*N. Y. Star.*

Loafer No. 1.—'Have you seen Capin Peter?' asked a black fellow on the wharf at Perth Amboy. 'Capin Pete! who the deuce is he?' 'Why, he de gemman wat sleeps in Miss Nidd's barn, and goes wid his eye out, and his nose in a sling, and his elbow all over mud, and his knees naked and raw, and his hat crown swinging like a penderlum, and in old shirt sticking out of his trowzes, and a loaf o' bread stickin' out of his pocket.'

John *Stallion*, a *horse* thief, has been caught and imprisoned near Paris Tennessee.

Proceedings of the Convention.

The Convention to amend the Constitution of the State assembled, agreeably to adjournment, on Tuesday last. The President took the chair, and the roll being called, a quorum was found to be present. A resolution, that the convention will adjourn *sine die* on the 30th of November next, was offered by Mr. Darlington, of Chester, and laid upon the table. The resolution ordering afternoon sessions was rescinded, on motion of Mr. Cunningham; and the standing hour of meeting changed to 10 o'clock in the morning. On motion of Mr. Porter, of Northampton, it was *Resolved*, That when the President of the convention be absent on on leave, he may nominate a President *pro tem*, if such absence do not exceed one week. The convention then adjourned.

On Wednesday the President obtained leave of absence for a few days; and, agreably to the power vested in him by the amended rule, appointed Mr. Porter, of Northanton, to preside during his absence. The convention then resumed, as in commitee of the whole, the report of the committee to which had been referred the 6th article of the Constitution. The following sections were agreed to, viz

"Justices of the peace and aldermen shall be elected in the several wards, boroughs, and townships, at the time of the elections of constables by the qualified voters thereof, and shall be commission ed by the Governor for a term of five years.

"All officers whose election or appointment is not provided for in this constitution shall be elected or appointed as shall be directed by law.

"A State Treasurer shall be elected annually by joint vote of both branches of the legislature."

Yesterday, the Convention met at 10 o'clock, Mr. Porter of Northampton, in the chair. A resolution to change the hour of meeting to nine o'clock in the morning, with a recess from one to three in the afternoon, to take effect from Monday next, was, after various motions to amend, decided in the affirmative. The Chair presented the credentials of Mr. Sturdevant, elected to supply the vacancy in Luzerne county, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Sweetland.

The Convention then resolved itself into a comittee of the whole, Mr. Chambers of Franklin, in the chair, and resumed the consideration of the 6th article as reported by the committee. Various motions to amend the 10th section were made—the section was still under consideration when the convention adjourned. —*Harrisburg Reporter.*

WHITTER'S RIFLE.

We had the pleasure of examing, one of Whitter's *Spiral* Revolving Rifles, an invention by which sixty discharges of balls may be made in one minute. A solid canister, perforated for the charges and with appendages to receive the caps, is placed under the connexion of the barrel with the stock. This canister being charged, is by means of a spiral spring made to turn and place its charge in range of the barrel. The whole of the lock is within the stock, and the gun is cocked by the same motion of a false trigger that charges it, and is discharged in the usual way. There was no difficulty in charging and firing at the rate of once a second. The weapon is one of great beauty, and we learn that a few of the contruction are for sale at the store of Messrs. Bird & Brother, 98 Market street.—*U. S. Gazette.*

Our anticipation of the fate of sub-Treasury project, the reader will perceive, on looking at the account of Saturday's proceedings in the House of Representatives, was on that day, fully realized; the Senate's bill for carrying out the plan having been ordered to lie on the table, (equivalent to a rej ction) by a majority of thirteen votes. This is a large majority, considering the composition of the House, and the efforts which were made by the leaders of "the party" to force it through Congress. Thus have the Representatives of the People triumphantly borne us out in the prediction, confidently hazarded by us on the first day of the Session, that the body of the present House of Representatives would be found, like true patriots, acting honestly, independently, and without subservience to the Executive wishes. They have rejected the "untried expedient." The State banks may exist yet a little longer. The course of trade will continue according to its nature; and the Father of rivers will still pursue, as hitherto, its course to the ocean.—*U. S. Gazette.*

PRECIOUS CONFESSION.—The Eastern Republican, one of the most decided Van Buren papers in Maine, in explaining the "causes which produced the disastrous results of the late election in that State," gives the following as one of the principal causes of the mournful defeat.

"The radicalism of the times, ultra and agrarian spirit abroad, the fierce attacks on time honored institutions, the unrelenting warfare upon business and laudable enterprise, the prevailing disposition—to pull down—and overturn, without knowledge, means, or ability to build up, demagoguism and profligacy of those who would mount any hobby and ride like death on the pale horse, roughshod over the necks of the People, and every thing opposing their mad career, reckless of consequences and heedless of principle—this incubus and deadly sirocco, all these withering influences, pressed heavily on the party; and urged to the mournful result."

This is an honest acknowledgement of the radicalism, agrarianism, and locofocoism, with which the Van Buren party is deeply impregnated, and confirms all that the Whig papers have ever said on this subject. It is consoling, however, to find that a portion of "the party" have got their eyes open as to the ruinous tendency of the monstrous doctrines so prevalent at the present day among their organs and leaders, and will be compelled to go for the Whigs in order to save their country from utter destruction. The dawn of a better state of things in regard to the politics of this great nation is clearly preceptible, and will assuredly grow brighter unto the perfect day.—*Salem Reg.*

BETTER CURRENCY.
OR
The House that Jack Built.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

This is the house that Jack built.

These are the old rags that lie in the house that Jack built.

These are the bags, that hold the old rags, that lie in the house that Jack built.

This is the pay, that's due to the day, and paid from the bags, that contain the old rags, that lie in the house that Jack built.

This is Levi Woodbury, not very good for ye, if you ask for your pay, precise at the day: because all his bags, contain nothing but rags, snugly stowed in the house that Jack built.

This is Amos Kendall, appointed to send all, the papers and letters, address'd to his betters, yet was handled so huffy, in the affair of Old Cuffy, and now never knows, his thumbs from his toes, and would chuckle so funny, could he get his hard money, from Levi Woodbury, who don't think it good for ye, though he makes many brags, of the chink in his kags, to pay aught except rags, from out the old bags, that lie in the house that Jack built.

This is Tom Benton, who t'other day went on, a speech-making excursion, for nought but diversion, and found all his cash, was nothing but trash, meeting sundry disasters, on account of shin-plasters, which folks would not take, for the Senator's sake, because the poor ninnies remembered the guineas, which ah! to his wo, not a twelvemonth ago, he swore by the powers, would rain down in showers, and that sweet Amos Kendall, the shiners would send all, to Levi Woodbury, who would always be good for ye, for so much hard chink; and couldn't but think, it prodigiously funny, when told that his money, tied fast in his bags, was nothing but rags, stowed away in the house that Jack built.

And these puppies that foller, each one with his collar, are the mutes that are still, as a thief in a mill, whene'er they've the grace, to get slapped in the face, for not one is a dab, with the gift of the gab, yet will swagger like sack, when clapped on the back, by Kendall and Benton, who are always intent on, making puppies grow bolder, and shoulder to shoulder, cry, "Hurrah for the ninnies, that believe in gold guineas, and Levi Woodbury, the lad that's so good for ye, and won't pay ye in trash, but the real hard cash, which he has in his bags, made of old cotton rags, locked up safe in the house that Jack built.

This is Frank Blair, mad as any March hare, and lately sent packing, for too free use of blacking, and for telling more lies, than his master thought wise, yet still bays the moon, with the very same tune, and continues to roar, and hanker for more, of sue loaves and the fishes, in Uncle Sam's dishes, having swore that John Bull, had his pockets so full, that folks shouldn't throw him, the potato they owe him, yet before he was older, was tipped the cold shoulder, and Kendall and Benton, won't lend him a cent on, his best expectations, of any more rations, because they all guess, he's quite out of the mess, where Levi Woodbury, hands out the food for ye, on account of the bags, that are full of old rags, and lie in the house that Jack built.

This old Van, who was never the man, to be put in the station, at the head of the nation, yet performed such a wonder, by means of a plunder, and by sticking like wax, to Old Hickory's tracks, and has stewed to his wish, a fine kettle of fish, with nonsensical babble, to plaster the rabble, and play villainous pranks, with Uncle Sam's Banks, but discovered that Blair, wouldn't do to a hair, and so cut him adrift, in a desperate shift, while hard-hearted folks, stop his mouth with their jokes, recollecting with curses, when he talked of silk purses, all full of the shiners, which those cunning diviners, Benton, Kendall, and Woodbury, were to conjure all good for ye, by a desperate pull, from the pockets so full, of simple John Bull, to replenish the bags, now stuffed with old rags, that lie in the house that Jack built.

This is Nick Biddle, who don't care a fiddle—stick's end for the fellow, whose coin is not yellow, and has a strong box, too hard for the knocks, which old Hickory's club, sent rub-a dub-dub, down on it like thunder, for pure love of plunder; yet all could not smash, that deposite of cash, which shallow Old Van, has a lunatic plan, to plunge in disasters, by his patent shin-plasters, believing the nation, will owe its salvation, to Kendall and Benton, who are only intent on, holding fast by their places, and keep making grimaces, to bamboozle and fleece ye, who're believers in specie, and Levi Woodbury, who vows it's not good for ye, to disturb the big bags, that are full of old rags, that lie in the house that Jack built.

This is poor Uncle Sam, who was gulled by a sham, and thought that his winning, was nicely beginning; and expected moreover, to wallow in clover, but met his mishaps, by listening to chaps, who preached a fine story, about blazes of glory, but has discovered alas, that he's been a huge ass, and perceives that Old Van, is by no means the man, to retrieve the disasters, by means of shin-plasters; and that Kendall and Benton, deserve to be sent on, a jaunt of dismission, for their vile imposition—that each precious pet, is completely upset, and that the humbug of guineas, can cheat only the ninnies; and that Woodbury's bags, with all their old rags, before matters are done, will as sure as a gun, upset the old house that Jack built.—*Boston Courier.*

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The Proclamation of Mr. Van Buren, calling Congress together was much praised for its terseness and propriety, says the Albany Daily Advertiser. Here it is.

By the President of the U. S. of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas great and weighty matters claiming the consideration of the Congress of the U. S. form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do by these presents, appoint the first Monday of September next, for their meeting at the city of Washington; hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal [L. S.] of the United States to be hereunto affixed, & signed the same with my hand:

Done at Washington, the fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty seven, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-first.

M. VAN BUREN.

By the President:
JOHN FORSYTH, *Secretary, of State.*

And here is Mr. Jefferson's proclamation in 1807 calling the extra session of Congress—*word for word the same!* It has often been the subject of *modern* complaint that the *ancients* have stolen all our ideas. This is another proof:

WASHINGTON CITY, July 31.

By the President of the U. S. of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS great and weighty matters claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do by these presents appoint Monday the twenty sixth day of October next, for their meeting at the City of Washington; hereby requiring the respective senators and Representatives *them* and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of United States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Washington, the thirtieth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seven, and in the thirty second year of the Independence of the U. States.

TH: JEFFERSON.

By the President.
JAMES MADISON, *Secretary, of State.*

GRAVE AND WEIGHTY MATTERS.—To *rob the People* of more than *nine millions of dollars!*

To issue *ten millions of dollars in Government shin-plasters!*

To pay the eight-dollar-a-day Congressman in *gold* and *silver*; and the eight-dollar-a-month laborer, or the four-dollar-a-month revolutionary pensioner, in *rags!*

To invent a sub-Treasury scheme, by which the *spies of Government* will be stationed all over the land!

These are the "grave and weighty matters" to consider which Mr. V. Buren summoned Congress. Reader! what do you think of this?—*Ohio Reg.*

From the Pennsylvania Telegraph.

NEW JERSEY ERECT.

The Democrats of New Jersey have gloriously rescued that State from the grasp of Van Buren Federalism and Loco-Focoism. Last year the Federalists had large majorities in both branches of the Legislature. This year, after the most desperate struggles on the part of the Federalists to retain their power, the Democrats have elected 35 members of Assembly and 10 councillors, and the Federalists 18 members of Assembly, and six councillors. On joint ballot the Democrats have 21 over the Van Buren Federalists and Loco-Focos. A glorious victory, truly! The result in the counties is as follows:—

	Dem. Council.	*Whig.* Assem.	*Fed* Council.	*V. B.* Assem.
Atlantic,	0	0	1	1
Bergen,	0	0	1	3
Burlington,	1	5	0	0
Cape May,	1	1	0	0
Cumberland,	0	0	1	3
Essex,	1	5	0	0
Gloucester,	1	4	0	0
Huntingdon,	0	0	1	4
Middlesex,	1	4	0	0
Monmouth,	1	4	0	0
Morris,	1	4	0	0
Passaic,	1	2	0	0
Salem,	1	3	0	0
Somerset,	1	3	0	0
Sussex,	0	0	1	3
Warren,	0	0	1	4
TOTAL,	10	35	6	10

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

We learn by the Boston Atlas, that the Legislature of Vermont met on Thursday last, and organized by electing the Hon. SOLOMON A. FOOTE, Speaker, by a majority of 30. The vote stood for the Democratic Anti-Masonic candidate, 123; for the Federal Masonic Van Buren candidate, 93—showing a Democratic Anti Masonic increase since last year.

The votes for Governor were counted, and found to be as follows:

For Silas H. Jenison, (W.)	22,260
For Wm. C. Bradley, (V. B.)	17,730
Majority for Jenison,	4,530
Last year the vote stood:—	
For Jenison,	20,471
For Bradley,	16,124
Jenison's majority,	4,530

The Antimasons and Whigs have also an increased majority in the Senate, making an increase majority in each branch of the Government of the State. All hail to the Green Mountain Boys!

A loving heart encloses within itself an unfading and eternal Eden. Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

ADDRESS
TO THE YOUNG MEN OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

By the direction of the Convention, recently assembled at Shippensburg, we address you on the subject of Temperance. As the voluminous documents that have already appeared on this subject already, indicate at once the importance and the difficulty of brevity, we shall proceed, without further preface, to the duty assigned us—in the performance of which, we trust that, as the organ of the body by which we are appointed, we may be pardoned in the occasional use of a style of address, which might not become us in our individual capacity.

The reports which were presented to the convention, from the various societies represented in it, while they show that, throughout the county, great good has been derived from the Temperance reformation, declare, at the same time, that little is now doing to further its advancement.—The causes of this were also satisfactorily exhibited to the convention. The advocates of Temperance have slackened their efforts—the members of the different societies have, in too many instances, acted inconsistently. Is it not time, then, that we were aroused to a sense of the danger of this noble enterprise, and loudly summoned to rally in its defence. The venerated men whose wisdom, under God, devised, and whose energy hath hitherto, sustained this reformation, will soon have ceased from their labors, and gone to their reward,—and if we, who are to supply their places in society, do not carry out their measures, the work must stop; the fountains of misery and death, that have been dried up, will again spring forth in more copious streams; the wide-spread flood, which has partially abated, will again swell and rise with fearful rapidity; and a relapse, more formidable than the original disease, will render the "last state" of the country "worse than the first."

Young Men! are you prepared for this? Are you prepared for it? For it is upon you that the responsibility of such an event, if it comes, must rest: upon *you* its dreadful consequences will fall. Does any one shrink at the anticipation of such a result? Let him remember that, if he do not personally aid in preventing it, the fact that it may be averted by the blessing of God upon the exertions of others, will not extenuate the guilt of his own indifference. We repeat it—*The man who does not, in such a manner as will satisfy the demands of his conscience and of his God, take part in preventing the evils of intemperance, incurs the guilt of promoting them.*—"He that is not with me is against me."

How, then, shall the present success of the Temperance cause be secured, and its ultimate triumph be hastened? That this cannot be effected consistently with the use of distilled liquors, is now almost universally conceded. Although vast numbers have as yet failed to act on this ground, yet in theory, (however inconsistent it may be with a true sense of moral obligation, and however degrading to a man that his principles and practice should not correspond,) yet in theory there are few who will deny the position.—The individual who should attempt at this day, to vindicate the use, in any degree, of ardent spirits, by men in health, must show himself strangely ignorant of the records of history, and of the discoveries of medical science. And he who, amid the blaze of light that has been thrown upon this subject, will still indulge in the practice, must find some other reason than want of information—must assign some other reason than love of country, or of his fellow man.

The only question that now seems to admit of argument, is, whether the use of *fermented* liquors, as a beverage, should also be proscribed. On this point a variety of sentiment exists, and where good and wise men differ, it becomes us to dogmatize. Still, as this is a subject in which more than mere opinion is involved, we may claim your indulgence if we express the candid conviction of our own minds, sustained as it is by the almost unanimous voice of the Convention, by advocating the affirmative of the question.

In doing so, however, we must beg leave to separate this from other questions with which it has been unwarrantably associated, and which alone, in reality, most of the objections that are usually urged, have any bearing. When, therefore, we maintain, that the suppression of intemperance requires total abstinence from fermented as well as distilled liquors, as a beverage, we do not mean, and no one has a right to say that we mean, to interfere with their use for *sacramental, medicinal* or *culinary* purposes; because in none of these ways are they used as a beverage. Nor, again, do we mean to assert that the moderate use of such drink, is in itself a sin; although, when we remember the solemn declaration, "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is a sin," we dare not affirm that it incurs no guilt, who either refuses to consider the propriety of abandoning it altogether—or, when convinced of it refuses to do so. We know that many would put a stop to all discussion of this point, by adducing the example of some of the most eminent of the primitive church, and even of our Saviour himself, when on earth, in favor of the use of wine. Our limits will not permit a full examination of this objection, which, as it is often made by conscientious men, ought to be, as it can be, fairly met.

It will be sufficient, for the present, to say to such, that although the high authority which they bring forward, must forever preclude the denunciation of the practice as, in itself, morally wrong; (which reason itself, without such authority, would dictate,) yet it is a serious question whether, if St. Paul, when the wine of that day was not near so strong as our own, and even that drank in a greatly diluted state, (generally three parts water to two of wine,)—if he, who knew the full force and extent of the example of his brethren, and of his Lord, could nevertheless say—"It is good neither to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak;" and if the same holy apostle could recommend it to Timothy, (who it seems, abstained entirely,) only as a *medicine*, it is, we say, a question whether, in our day, when the intoxicating principle is found in the most intoxicating forms, and is presenting its seductive attractions at every turn, it does not become not only *good*, but *necessary*, neither to drink wine, nor anything whereby our brother stumbleth.

The proposition then, we repeat it, which we advocate, is simply—*entire abstinence from all fermented and distilled liquors, as a beverage.* To sustain this we shall enter into no learned disquisitions on their chemical properties. There are facts enough within the knowledge of every individual, to answer all our purposes. Who does not know that fermented liquors, whether wine, beer, ale or cider, can, and often do intoxicate?—that their use creates an appetite which, frequently, cannot be satisfied, without deeper draughts, or stronger drink? And in proof of this, how few are the men who have acquired a relish for them, that have not, at some time, been overcome—and where is the reformed drunkard that has not relapsed into his old habits, if he continued to tamper with any kind of intoxicating drink?

With these facts admitted, though it may not be consistent with the office assigned us, to say to the *father*—Sir, the wine that circulates at your table, and the beer or the cider that enlivens your evening circle, though they may not overpower your own stable habits, are introducing your son to all the disgusting and corrupting influences of the bar-room and the grog-shop; and though it be not for us to say to the *Christian*—Brother, your moderate drinking is quoted as a sanction for many an inebriating draught; yet we will say to him, whom especially we are commissioned to address—

YOUNG MAN, beware of indulging in that which can do you no good, and may do you much harm. Is not the dread of a single case of intoxication sufficient to deter you from a course that may lead to it? And when to this you add the danger of a repetition until the habit is confirmed, who does not shudder at the idea? Do you spurn the tho't with indignation, and exclaim, with the Syrian Captain, "am I a dog, that I should do this great thing?" Remember that that same Hazael, on the very next day, murdered his king—and take care, lest you also, in the midst of your confidence, fall by the hands of a destroyer, who has numbered among his victims the mightiest of men. But if you will not fear for yourself, yet think of the interests of others. Know you of none of your youthful associates, who, yielding to an influence which you may have been able to resist, is dishonoring his father, and breaking the heart of his mother—squandering his property, and blasting his prospects? And can you consent to afford him the slightest countenance by your example, however safe you may fancy it to be for yourself?

But it is time our remarks were drawing to a close. We cannot conclude, however, without insisting upon a principle, the neglect of which, we fear, is a great hindrance to the success of the Temperance Reformation. It is not the *signing* of the Temperance pledge, but its *observance* that is to secure our object. The merely joining a Temperance Society will no more insure a man's preservation, than being a member of the visible Church of Christ on earth will entitle him to a seat in Heaven. The pledge is the profession of our faith, the joining a society is the confirming of our resolution, and the extending of our influence; but both will be alike ineffectual, without the strictest consistency between our profession and our practice. Let not him not then, who has united himself to a Temperance Society, suppose that he is therefore perfectly safe. Let him beware of those temptations which have, in many instances proved too strong for the most serious promise, and the most sacred pledge. And in the endearments of the domestic circle, in the high and ennobling pleasures of literature and science,—and, above all, in the holy joys of a regenerate and purified heart, let him seek a happiness that shall never cloy, but which shall survive when the frantic merriment of inebriation shall have been exchanged for "wailing and gnashing of teeth."

ROBERT EMORY,
GEO. M. PHILLIPS.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

Glorious News—Defeat of the Disorganizers.

The bill of abominations, thank God, is laid upon the table by a vote of 120 to 107. Huzza for the glorious 13! They have dared to throw themselves in the breach made in the walls of the Constitution by the disorganizers, and saved the country. What was the divorce bill? A bill to destroy convertible bank paper and to substitute gold and silver therefor. Without Mr. Calhoun's amendment, it was nothing. It involved a mere question of policy as to the keeping of the public moneys. But when it undertook to say what those moneys should be, then it struck at the root of our prosperity and liberty. Then it became a bill of abominations, that will, in all future times, stink in the nostrils of the freeman and the true American. Long may it lie upon the speaker's table! There let it remain as the monument of a deep and dark conspiracy against the social moneyed and political institutions of the U. States.

But to the proceedings of this morning. This is no place to indulge in reflections upon the monstrous and wicked amendment of John C. Calhoun. Your intelligent and hundred thousand readers are fully capable of judging for themselves. They will rebuke those that presumed to vote for the destruction of their dearest interests. Late last night, 12 M., Mr. Wise finished his speech. Let Americans read that speech, and their eyes will be fully opened to the enormity of the designs of Martin Van Buren & Co. The committee then rose and reported the bank paper destroying bill to the House without amendment. The opposition had determined to force a direct vote upon it, but last evening their tactics were changed. It was ascertained that the conservatives their name will go down to posterity with glory & honor,) would vote for laying the bill on the table. Mr. Sherrod Williams, when the bill was called up, made this motion.

Mr Cambreleng immediately moved a call of the House. Previous to this operation, Mr. Clarke of New York briefly stated his objections to the bill as destructive of the social, moneyed and political interests of the country, and said he would vote to place it on the speaker's table. The ayes and nays were then taken, and a call of the house was ordered. Two hundred and eighteen members answe ed to their names.

The doors were then closed. In a few minutes four of the absentees appeared. After several excuses which were received by the House, Mr. Cambreleng moved to suspend the further call. The ayes and nays were taken merely to give time to other gentlemen to come in. The call was suspended.

Dixon H. Lewis of Alabama, the elephantine member, got at this juncture wedged in between the opposers and friends of the bill. He cried out lustily for mercy. He wanted Mr. Williams to withdraw his motion to lay on the table for a moment, that he might state his views. Williams would not consent. Finding that the opposition pressed too hard upon him, and the administration being the weaker obstruction, it gave way, and Mr. Lewis fell into the ranks of the latter. His dilemma amused the House very much.

Now came the vote, the trial. Members collected in squads to take down the votes. You could hear a pin drop, as the clear voice of the Clerk resounded through the hall. The very moment that the name of Thomas Jones Yorke was uttered, a loud cheer broke through the house indicating unexpected success. The Speaker rose, and said in his clear, satisfactory manner—ayes 120; noes 107. So the motion to lay on the table prevails. Great sensation in the galleries. They were crowded.

Mr. Lewis now rose, and wished to call up the bill. The Speaker told him it could not be done until after other business had been before the house. He moved to adjourn—lost. Now I move to take up the bill. It is out of order, said the Speaker.

One of those who voted in the affirmative moved to reconsider. This motion, it was moved by some one else to lay on the table. Ayes 119—noes 106. So a second time the obnoxious bill received a kick in the side. May it never survive the blow.

The house went into committee on the Deposite Bank Relief Bill. Several members consumed the day in speaking.

It is now nine, P. M. Both houses are in session.—The galleries are crammed with pretty women and curious men. The Deposite Bank Relief Bill is still in committee. Mr. Chamberleng has brought in an appropriation bill. The gold is out, as Mr. Wise says, and money must be had to pay for the extras. I think that all the business will be finished to-night, so that on Monday the houses will merely meet to adjourn.

The last night of the session another time. It is a curious affair. In my next, a graphic account.—We had a battle in the ladies' gallery this evening. Result—one coat torn to tatters.

THE SUB-TREASURY SCHEME DEFEATED.

Our readers will learn with pleasure that Mr. Van Buren's Loco Foco scheme of turning the National Treasury into an immense banking house, with its thousands of irresponsible agents and salaried officers scattered over the country, has been defeated in the House of Representatives, by a majority of THIRTEEN VOTES, notwithstanding the New York conservatives were whipped into the service of the President. The vote stood, on motion to lay on the table—

For the Bill,	107
Against it,	120
Majority against the Bill,	13

This result may be looked upon as the death-knell of the reign of Loco Focoism. It numbers the days of Mr. Van Buren. It declares that the sceptre of power has departed from the hands of the National Administration, and that the Representatives of the People will not be the supple tools of a new dynasty to aid in the reign of new humbugs. Reason has resumed her seat again in the minds of many, and ere another year passes away, others will be taught a profitable lesson upon political economy and humbugs, at the ballot-boxes, by their masters, THE PEOPLE.—*Pennsylvania Telegraph.*

Attention Marions.

The Members of the Marion Rifle Company, will take notice that the annual Appeal for said Company will be held at the house of George Aughinbaugh, on the first Monday, (being the 6th, day,) of November next, between the hours of 8 and 12 o'clock A. M.

L. G. BRANDEBURY,
Captain.

Oct, 24, 1837.