VARIETY.

THE PROTEST.

What every intemperate woman ought to make and adhere to.

I PROTEST that no more I'll get drunk—
'Tis the curse and the plague of my life;
It ruins my credit, my health, and my purse,
My peace and my comfort, and what is still worse,
It vexes and angers my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—
It torments and embitters my life;
To rain 'twould hurt me to wet my headlong,
And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong,
And so do the tears of my wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—
Not least such a vagabond life;
Its attendants are poverty, shame and disgrace,
Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,
And so does my heart-broken wife.

I protest no more I'll get drunk—
'Tis the spring of all miseries in life;
'Tis the source of contentions—of evils the worst;
'Tis the box of Pandora—a demon accurst!
No wonder loud chides my poor wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk,
Since I find it the bane of my life!
Henceforth I'll be watchful that nought shall annoy
The comfort and peace I so well might enjoy,
In my children, my home, and my wife.

From the Lutheran Observer.

Ministers, Sunday School Teachers, &c.

There are duties incumbent upon Ministers of the Gospel in relation to the Sabbath School Institution, which cannot in my opinion be neglected without a gross disregard of Christian obligations, without disparaging a reckless disobedience of, implied gospel requirements, and setting at naught the power and virtue of the precious blood of Christ. An indifference to the duty of establishing Sunday Schools in congregations where there are no important obstacles to be surmounted, shows that the value of souls is not duly estimated;—that though the minister may study the science of souls sequence and the power of truth from the pulpit, he fails to prepare the way for its profitable reception; and hence it is not to be wondered at that there is so little fruit produced unto righteousness.

And if after the establishment of Sunday Schools, we see the teacher's hands hanging down through fatigue, and the whole school languishing; and all concerned sinking together, while the minister neglects to raise his voice in loud and earnest calls upon the church to come forward and lend their assistance and by their prayers and presence keep it alive; it savours of that popular kind of "zeal" that grasps at mountains but eventually faints before a mole-hill. When ministers of the gospel remain mute upon the subject of Sunday Schools, what is it but virtually telling the church that it has no need to care for them; that it has no interest at stake there; that it is under no obligations to see it crowded with earnest seekers after that divine truth and knowledge which make wise unto salvation! This must be counted by the world, by all warm hearted christians, and what is more awful still, it must be regarded by Almighty as being the best species of destructive indolence and ungodly recklessness of sacred duty which must sooner or later recover the frown of the church and the just retribution of a righteous God.

But if ministers, recreant to duty in this important matter, are dead to the interests of Sunday schools, it is certainly no reason to parents in their children grow up without the benefits of such instruction; for there is a divine command which sets forth how they are to be trained up, and this command cannot be trodden under foot with impunity. Instead of being indifferent because of the neglect of their minister, they have the more cause to be alarmed for the souls of their offspring, seeing that it almost entirely depends upon their individual efforts whether their children are to be early trained in the way which leadeth to Heaven, or whether they are to be left to grow up with their minds closed to divine truth and their hearts steeled against the long-suffering and kind invitations of the Saviour, and eventually find themselves banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power. Point out the parent who cares not to send his child to the Sunday school, and you will have your eye fixed upon him whom the Eternal will condemn as an unnatural judgment day, and justly charge with having indirectly contributed to the destruction of the immortal spirit entrusted to his care. Christian—christian—parent—guardian of this inestimable treasure, ponder, I pray you, over these things; and may Almighty God incline you more to his service, that you may not only save your own soul alone, but rescue the spirits of your offspring from the woes of eternal perdition.

TEACHERS, how great is the inducement for you to persevere in your efforts to sow in the minds of the young for the hearty reception of the pure word of God! Ministers may preach from the pulpit with all the eloquence of which they are capable; they may labor a century in publishing herself and gathering the scattering into her fold; yet the Sunday school teacher has a more important work still to perform, for it is his province to begin at the root of the matter: to *lay the foundation* of the living temple upon which hang the hopes of the church; upon which all the Heavenly hosts gaze with intense anxiety, and towards which all the true children of the Most High cast their longing eyes, expecting to see issue forth in a blaze of christian glory; their children trained up as ornaments to the church and spirits redeemed and wedded in love to the Saviour, and ardently devoted to the promotion of the true glory of God.

Parents have, at different ages of the world, laid deep plots to bring about their dark purposes, and this by either corrupting or annihilating the young: their success just where they should if they would succeed. On this point we may also learn a lesson from the *Pope's church*, in which papist principles are *early* instilled, and so deeply do we see their hold that the powerful Spirit of God can but seldom wrest them from their fatal grasp. Thus likewise may the prayerful, self-denying, Godly Sunday school teacher early implant those saving and sacred principles in the tender hearts of the young, which are destined to tell upon the annals of eternity the blessed fruits of these mighty labors. This is joining hands with God and angels to do good to the children of men. Thus dear teachers, go on, and precious and abundant shall be your reward in Heaven.

FROM THE NEW-YORKER.

Temperance and Humor.

Says a cotemporary:—the Fourth of July was celebrated at Boston by about two hundred choice spirits, assembled at the Marlborough Hotel, a well-known public house, lately fitted up in an elegant manner without a bar-room. No wine or other intoxicating liquor was allowed to make its appearance at the table; but the guests, according to the Boston Advocate, 'got most prodigiously exhilarated over their bumper's of iced water!'—They had merry songs, capitally sung—spirited addresses, excellent good jokes, and pointed toasts. The following is one of their songs:

ODE—By REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

In Elijah's days retreats,
A water-brook, that play, ed
Between soft mossy seats
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves — Was Adam's drink,
Dancing in the brink, And was Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning vows did plight;
And Eve, in dress her hair,
Kneel on the pebbly strand. And make its tide
That fringed its side, Her looking-glass.

And when the sun of God
From Egypt led the flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the jubilant rock;
And forth a rill And on they rushed,
Of water gushed, And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had wine to Eden come?
Would Paradise, sin-exiled,
Have been refreshed with rum?
And had Eve's fair face, — What she have been
Been dressed in gin, Reflected fair?

Had Moses built a still,
And sold to his host,
To every man his gill,
At fifty cents a toast,—
Have Jordan been a Styx, — Had laid their bones
Instead of Canaan's land?
Forbid it, Heaven! — Forbid it, Pisgah's mound!
Lest, beyond "Death's flood,
'Stand dressed in living green;'
For then the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,
A river, rolls, May come and fill
Where all who will Its crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom
COLD WATER thus hath given—
How beyond the tomb
It is the drink of heaven—
Are not good wells *The new things*
And crystal springs *For our Hotels!*

Now on the appearance of the aforesaid Ode and its accompaniments in the Boston journals, some of the devotees of high living and vinous potations in that Epicurean city were moved to indignation and some to uncontrollable merriment. Of this latter class was a waggish correspondent of the Courier, who seized his goose-quill impulsively and trolled forth the following parody. *Wadefy* on Mr. Pierpont himself to read it without detriment to his gravity.

ODE—THE FOG-EATER.

TUNE—*Pauco venzor.*

In Paradise, down East,
Where Adam built his bakery,
What d' ye think was the feast
The jolly old dad and his sci ehiors
Sung in the leaves, Was Adam's prog,
A slice of Eve's pie? And Eve's dodgers?

'T was a t feasting, piping, harping,
That roused them from their beds;
Or for breakfast they ate
And—then they scratch'd their heads:
'T was no allegro, I ween, but rather a
Squabble and spatter! Was a t it charming?

Oh, happy lads and lasses!
Go for the fog dainty dished,
God Lord! the very asses,
Are not they snarl'd up the East wind!
As if they'd got Sniffing and snuffing,
The sky down, puffing, And greedily stuffing
Their fill.

Would Nature thus have smiled,
Had Eden's pigs been roasted?
Would, o'! had Eve provided
At the smell of smoke and toasted?
Sure 't would have been Grandmother Eve
Funny to see, Sweeten her tea
As I conceive, With Holland Gin.

Had Adam ate stewed mutton,
Instead of keeping fast,
Pll bet you a farthing
He'd not been so tough as to last,
As he did, it appears, — Not even to mistake,
Alive and awake, Nine hundred years.

I warrant you he was wiser,
And fatter, forsooth,
Than the hungriest gormandizer
That—or dwelt with a cooh—
No choice, to vex Nor rheumatics, nor gout,
His stomach at rest, Had his eyes held out
Without any specs.

Then how marvellously fat
He must have been!
If the old gentleman grew so
In the days of Noah's ark,
Is the man who settles Enough to split a
Your stomach with bitter Bomb-shell to fritter,
Pat, bilious and bilious? The right sort of critter
For our Hotels!

NICK BIDDLE AND THE RED RIVER ROAREE.—A Red River roarer, from the vicinity of Big Lick, arrived in town yesterday, half horse, half alligator, with a slight touch of the snapping turtle, having heard awful things about this same President of the United States Bank, and being, in Philadelphia on some business, thought he must have a look at the animal before his return home. Accordingly he marched into the Bank, and inquired for Mr. Biddle. The clerk showed him modestly into a room where, in an arm chair at the desk, sat a nice, well dressed gentleman, with a smile on his lip and a pen in his hand.—"Good morning, sir," blandly observed the President. "How do you stand it, stranger," said the Kentuckian. "Be you Nick Biddle?" "My name is Biddle," was the soft response. "Steamboats and lightning rods! Gee—why you isn't THE BIG BOSS?" "That is a title with which I have been sometimes honored." "Give us your fist, stranger, I thought you was a venomous nat'ral critter, ye, but you're as white a man as I ever set eyes on. Good bye, stranger—I thought I could not go home without a squint at you." So saying, the hunter of coons departed, fully satisfied that the United States Bank could not be such a menagerie, as it had been represented.—*Courier.*

THE LARGEST SHIP.—The big Pennsylvania line-of-battle-ship, at Philadelphia, is not, after all, the largest "monster of the deep" in the world. The great Roman Galley, described in Chaimock's Naval Architecture was 420 feet long—had 13 banks of five oars each on her lower and middle tier; making 200 oars of a side, and mans in each oar, giving her a crew of four thousand oarsmen! The Isis, an Egyptian vessel, was 180 feet long, 45 feet beam, and 43 feet from deck to well.

History of the Times.

John Quincy Adams.—The Currency.

☞We ask the attention of our readers to the following letter from *John Quincy Adams.* In tendering it into the columns, the Editor of the Boston Advocate says—We publish to-day a correspondence conveying opinions of one of the most eminent and independent statesmen of this or any other country, on a question of paramount importance to this Nation. It will be read with interest, and cannot fail to command the respect and grave consideration of every candid citizen, whether he agrees with, or dissents from the writer. On a question involving the moral philosophy of political economy, or of government, the opinions of no man are more entitled to respect than those of the venerable Ex-President at Quincy. In those opinions, no one party will entirely agree with him, for he is attached to no party, and can be claimed by none; but the party of the people will find in this letter a firm and fearless condemnation of the immoral violations of law and right by the party of privilege, which has perhaps never equaled in awhement and forcible language from any other man in this nation.

QUINCY, 1st July, 1837.

WILLIAM FOSTER, Esq. Boston:

DEAR SIR: Your friendly letter of the 21st ult. has perhaps remained already too long unanswered; but when I received it, I had expressed opinions respecting the present condition of our public affairs, in answer to inquiries from some of my constituents of the twelfth Congressional district, which have since been published, and which I presume are as explicit as you may think they ought to be at this time, and which will pass for what they are worth in the community.

I still believe it the duty of every good citizen to contribute, according to his ability, towards the forming and modifying of public opinion, because she is more than ever the queen of the world; but for the regulating of the public mind, a long and trying experience has taught me two lessons, though not always to square my conduct by them. The first is to distrust the correctness of my own opinions upon every thing prospective and conjectural—The second, never to flatter myself that my opinions will have any influence upon the action of any other human being.

Thus, in the present condition of our country, I have very decided opinions upon the past—differing perhaps considerably from yours; certainly differing from those of a large majority of the people of the United States. And, as our views of expedient action for the future might, in a great degree, depend upon the conclusions to which we have come upon the past, it is impossible that the measures which I should deem the only effective remedies for our complaints should be acceptible to the ruling power of the country. I am, and during a great part of my life have been, in a minority. It is the business of the majority to propose and accomplish measures. It is not much the province of minorities to propose and accomplish measures. It is too much the practice of minorities to expend all their energies upon devices to defeat the measures of the majority. The operation of *right* and *wrong*, so far as my experience goes, is of use to either party only for the purpose of making professions.

We are now in the midst of a national bankruptcy, occasioned by the insolvency of multitudes of individuals. We are now told that all the banks in the United States have *suspended specie payments*, and what is the meaning of specie payments but setting the laws of property at defiance? If the president and directors of a bank have issued a million of bills promising to pay five dollars to the holder of each and every one of them, the suspension of specie payments is, by one act, the breach of one million of promises. What is this but fraud upon every holder of their bills? And what difference is there between the president and directors of such a bank, and the skillful artist, who engraves a bank bill, a fac-simile of the bill signed by the president and directors, and saves them the trouble of signing it, by doing it for them? The only difference that I can see in the two operations is, that the artist gives evidence of superior skill and superior modesty. It requires more talent to sign another man's name than one's own; and the counterfeiter does at least his work in the dark, while the exercise of specie payments goes forward in the face of day, and laugh at the victims and dupes who have put faith in their promises.

You ask what is to be the remedy for this state of things? There are two remedies, both of which may be practicable. One is, that the Congress of the United States should exercise the powers so explicitly given them; but they must do this (which they will not) without consulting banks, their presidents and directors. The Legislatures of New York and Virginia have already shown what the presidents and directors of *banks* will advise. And the proposal of the president of a broken bank in Charleston, South Carolina, to begin with a amendment to the constitution granting powers to Congress which have already been granted to them, and which they have twice exercised to the great benefit of the nation, is an insult at once to our understanding and upon our misfortunes.

As little do I relish his other proposal of a general convention of broken bank presidents and directors, to *enlighten* Congress with their advice: a convention of bankrupts to teach Congress reverence for the obligation of contracts, and how to make nothing but gold and silver a tender for the payment of debts!—of all remedies for existing evils, the last I would resort to would be a spurious coin from the mint of multification.

The other remedy which I believe practicable is that of Solon—a sponge upon the account of debtor and creditor; wipe out all old scores and begin again. This is the measure I would adopt, if I had a case to judge, it is the essential system of the present administration; it is to detach the Government from all banking, and deal in nothing but the precious metals. If Mr. Van Buren is made of stuff to go through with this operation, I wish him well out of it; but he will want other co-operators than the Legislatures of New York and Virginia; and other advisers than presidents or directors of broken banks, or land jobbers upon loans from deposite banks,

I think of this as I thought of the dry-dock gun-boat restrictive anti navy system of Mr. Jefferson. It cost the nation a terrible war to be delivered of that; but the nation was effectually cured of its hydrophobia. The war was a drastic purge, but it effectually worked its cure. I fear that our present bankruptcy will need a still more violent course of alteratives, but the cure will come when the patient are prepared to receive it. They are certainly not so now; they will most probably not be so during the remnant of my term of life. I hope you will live to enjoy the convalescence.

Forgive the freedom with which I have answered your letter, and believe me to be, with great respect, your friend and servant,

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the New-Yorker.

Speech of Nicholas Biddle.

At the opening of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, in reply to a toast from the President of the Company acknowledging their obligation to the President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of the United States, and saying that they were indebted to the Bank for the means of completing the work and the opportunity of meeting together on the occasion, Mr. BIDDLE said:

I am very reluctant, Mr. President, to intrude any poor thoughts of mine upon this highly respectable company; but I should seem wanting in a proper sensibility to your courtesy if I did not make some acknowledgment of the manner in which you have alluded to the institution with which I am connected. On behalf of my colleagues in that institution, and for myself personally, I thank you very sincerely and very cordially for the kind and flattering pleasure, because I know that your approbation is not numerited by them. In the administration of the resources confided to them, they have unfeignedly striven to consult and to promote the general interests of the country. They endeavored to establish a sound and uniform currency, the reward of every man's labor, the measure of every man's property—without which all labor is precarious, and all property fluctuating. They endeavored to regulate the domestic exchanges, so as to give uniformity and economy in the commercial intercourse between all the States of the Union. We endeavored so to influence the foreign exchanges as to avoid those convulsive movements which shake the whole frame of society to its foundation—thus sustaining at all times and at all hazards, both at home and abroad, the high commercial character and credit of the country. How far their efforts have succeeded it becomes me not to say; but since the object has been introduced at this meeting, I may be allowed to state that these internal improvements, the channels of commercial connexions which form the strength and wealth of the Union, have received a most especial attention, and that they have always given cheerfully and with hostility, their distant brethren, with whom all communion had ceased. Not so now. These marvellous inventions have levelled the Alleghenies. They have brought us to measure distances not by space but by time. They pursue the pioneer to the frontier—carrying to him alike the means of instruction and of useful intercourse. They make him feel that if he has left his home he has not abandoned his country, while he have protect him, while her arms defend him, even in his remote solitude; and that even the most distant settler to re visit his native fireside and renew his old attachments. These seem small things, sir, but they are the minute fibres which make up the living mass of the body domestic symptoms of its health and its purest patriotism. These improvements thus counteract the hazards of our expanding population. They solve the great problem of free institutions—how to create a central power at once not too strong for freedom, yet strong enough to radiate vigorously to the extremities. They have in fact secured at last that long polished secret—that we may widen without weakening our empire. This meeting recalls a singular illustration of that truth. When the present union of the States was adopted, its dissolution was confidently predicted from the want of cohesion in its extended parts, which would render the habitual assemblages of Congress utterly impracticable.

"What," said one of the most distinguished writers of England in 1783, "What but some extraordinary emergency like the invasion of Xerxes or of Louis the 14th could induce deputies from distant provinces cross a great ocean or a great continent," and why "should deputies from Georgia leave their families and sail through a great ocean to N. York, when they can transact their own State business by proxy?" Yet the long list of these heretofore published we must now add a couple more. A writer in the Harrisburg Reporter nominates Gen. Jacob Spangler; a correspondent of the Keystone nominates Henry Welsh, Esq. (late editor of the Reporter) both of York county, as suitably qualified to fill the high office of Chief Magistrate of that Commonwealth. But why go out of the State, when a purpose of rubbing them up and selecting thence the strongest and brightest, as an opponent to old farmer RITNER, at the next Election for Governor. To