THE BEE.

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"THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED."

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1833.

FOR GOVERNOR:

J. B. DAWSON.

The Bee, for the remainder of the summer, will only be published three times a week, viz: Monday, Wednesday and Friday. We shall continue to use every possible exertion, to make our paper useful and interesting, and to discharge every duty that belong to our office. We think the cessation of business in our city at present, and the anticipated dullness, the remainder of the season, will be a sufficient apology to our patrons, for the suspension of our daily publication.

N. B. We shall commence our daily publication much earlier than usual in the fall.

The northern mail failed beyond Mobile yesterday.

GUATEMALA.—We extract from the *Mensagero Federal* of Vera Cruz, the following decree, enacted by the Federal Republic of Central America. Liberty of religion is so intimately connected with political liberty, that the existance of the latter, without the former, is a mere chimera. No law could be more conducive than this to the consolidation of free liberal institutions. The decree runs thus:—

ART. 1st. The citizens of the Republic may worship God according to their conscience; the General Government will protect them in the liberty of their religious worship.

ART. 2d. Moreover, each State will take under her protection the religion of the inhabitants, and will maintain all kind of worship, not inconsistent with the laws.

ART. 3d. The preceding article will be substituted to the 11th article of the Federal Constitution.

ART. 3d. The present reform shall be notified to all the State Legislatures, in order that they may be duly informed of the same, and may make known such resolutions as they will adopt in consequence.

Given at Guatemala, on the 2d march, 1833.

CALISTE J. AREVALO, President
JUAN DE DIEU MATORGA, } Secretaries.
JUAN HERNANDEZ, }

The Congress having received the votes of all the State Legislatures on the above reform, as well as the assent of two States, as required by the Constitution of the Republic, it shall be held as a fundamental law, and solemnly published throughout the country.

Given at Guatemala on the 26th March, 1833

J. HERNANDEZ, Vice President.

V. CASELLANOS, } Sec'ys.
M. GALVEZ TRUNGARAT. }

In consequence I ordain that the disposition of this decree shall be executed. Palace of the Federal Government, at Guatemala, April 10, 1833.

J. GREGOIRE SALAZAR, Pres. of the Rep.

An extract from a speech delivered by the Hon. E. Everett, at a meeting of the Mechanics Association in Faneuil Hall—convened for the purpose of raising money to complete the Monument at Bunker Hill, May 31:—

"The time is well adapted to the deed. It is now eight years since the corner stone was laid; on the day that completed the half century from the battle. Let us this year bring the work to the close, with the completion of the first century, since the termination of the war. If we celebrated the grand commencement of hostilities, in the foundation, by crowning with the top-stone, in happy commemoration of the return of peace.

I believe, sir, as I have already said, that the work is in the proper hands. I mean no fulsome compliment; I speak what history avouches, that the mechanics as a class, were prime agents in all measures of the Revolution. It was with them, that Warren and Hancock, and Adams and Quincy, counsel, in dark and trying hours. As a class, they contributed their full quota to the armies, that fought the battles of our freedom—and when the war was over, and it was found to be a sea, whether we had reaped any substantial fruit from the contest—when the Constitution was proposed—when it was laboring, when it was in imminent danger of miscarriage—the mechanics, as a class, put their shoulders to the wheel, and urged it into action. Who so fit to take an energetic and decisive lead, in achieving the great work of commemoration?

I place above all, in this day's meeting; and that the walls of Faneuil Hall have been thrown open to this great and solemn assemblage; a temple worthy the offering.—The spirit of the revolution is enshrined within its colonnades and old Faneuil Hall seems to respond to old Bunker Hill—this with the ancient thunders of its eloquence, echoes it with the thunders of the battle—as deep calleth unto deep with the noise of its water-spouts. It was because this roof that the *spirits of our fathers* were roused to that noble enthusiasm, which led them up, calm and unreasoning to the flaming terrors of the mount of sacrifice; and well does it become us, their children, to gather beneath the venerable arches, and resolve to discharge the debt of gratitude and duty to their memory.

Two of the periods assigned to a generation of men have passed away; since the immortal Warren appeared before the yellow-citizens, on the memorable anniversary of the 5th of March. He was, at that time, in the very dawn of manhood; and as you beheld him in vonder delineation of his person. Amiable, accomplished, prudent, energetic, eloquent, brave; he united the graces of a manly beauty to a great heart, a sound mind, a safe judgment, and a firmness of purpose, which nothing could shake. At the period, to which I allude, he was but just thirty-two years of age, so young and already the acknowledged head of the country—He had never seen a battle field, but the veterans of Louisbourg and Quebec looked up to him as their leader; and the newly headed sages, who had guided the public councils for a generation, came to him for advice. Such he stood, the organ of the public sentiment, on the occasion just mentioned. At the close of his impassioned address, after having depicted the labors, hardships and sacrifices, endured by our ancestors, in the cause of liberty, he broke forth in the thrilling words, "the voice of our fathers' blood cries to us from the ground!" Three years only passed away; the solemn struggle came on;—foremost in council, he always was foremost in the battle field, and offered himself, a voluntary victim, the first great martyr in the cause. Upon the heights of Charlestown, the last that was struck down, he fell, with a numerous band of kindred spirits, the grey-haired veteran, the stripling in the flower of youth, who had died side by side throughout that dreadful day, and lie still together, like the beauty of Israel, on their high places.

And now, sir, from the summit of Bunker-Hill, THE VOICE OF OUR FATHERS' BLOOD CRIES TO US FROM THE GROUND. It pleads with us, by the sharp agonies of their dying hour; it adjures us to discharge the last debt to their memory. Let us hear the awful voice, and resolve, before we quit these walls, that the long-delayed duty, shall be performed: that the work shall be done, shall be done!

ROSINE LAVAL, a novel; by Mr. Smith. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. This work will be published immediately.—We have not yet had time to read it through, but what we have read we are pleased. It is pungent and poignant, conceived by a young and warm and gay and vivid imagination. It is humorously dedicated to Miss Fanny Kemble, who certainly should give the meed the author requests. It is by an American, and certainly will not disgrace our literature.—*Phil. Sen.*

Affection is always to be distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the act of counterfeiting those qualities which we long to get, with innocence and safety, be known to want.—Thus the man, who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigors of devotion, and exactness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, as the ends, for which he puts on the false appearance, is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkward address, and unpleasant countenance, boasts of the conquests made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation—Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villany, affectation but part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other furnishes only a fop. Contempt is the just punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

Gleanings of Natural History.—The lovers of nature will be much amused and interested by the perusal of the little volume, just published, entitled "Gleanings of Natural History, with local recollections, by Edward Jesse, Esq. deputy surveyor of His Majesty's Parks, to which are added, Maxims and Hints to a an angler." The animal kingdom is thoroughly surveyed and all the most striking peculiarities of the several tribes of insects, birds, fishes and beasts are displayed and appropriately commented on. It is a miscellaneous, rambling, unmethodical work, without system or arrangement, but it abounds in interesting anecdotes and curious facts. It is well suited for occasional reading, to be taken up and laid down as convenience and inclination may dictate. Some of its speculations respecting the intelligence and reasoning powers of the brute creation, and some of the alleged facts upon which they are founded, are indeed extravagant and improbable, but even they are amusing and instructive. It is on the whole a highly interesting work, and is well calculated to lead to useful observations and reflections.

AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.—Nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the average duration of human life, where the matter is applied to an individual: yet there are few that are less subject to fluctuation than the average duration than the average duration of a multitude of individuals. The number of deaths happening amongst persons of our own acquaintance is generally very little different in different years; an uncommon event that this number shall be double, treble, or even many times larger in one year than in the next succeeding. If we consider larger societies of individuals, as the inhabitants of a village or small town, the number of deaths is more uniform: and in still larger bodies, as among the inhabitants of a kingdom, the uniformity such that the excess of deaths in any number, seldom exceeds a small fractional part of the whole. In the two periods, each of fifteen years, beginning at 1780, the number of deaths occurring in England and Wales in any year did not fall short of, or exceed, the average number one-thirteenth part of the whole; nor did the numbey dying in any year differ from the number of those dying in the next by a tenth part.—*Babbidge on the Assurance of Lives.*

A BRACE OF ORATORS, AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.—The following is an extract from a letter of the Washington correspondent of the Portland Daily Advertiser:—"It is difficult to give the reader a vivid idea of Mr. McDuffie's eloquence. The majority of men say he is not eloquent, and affect to be, or are, disgusted with his style, and yet will listen to him with intense attention for hours. One thing is certain, he has a very bad manner, bad so far as good taste or propriety is concerned. He hesitates and stammers, he screams and bawls—he thumps and stamps like a madman in bedlam. But yet he is eloquent, and often eloquent, with lit le or *nothing* to say. I will attempt to give you an idea of his manner in the report of a few periods, putting in brackets as well as words will admit, his modulation and gestures. "Sir, [a thump on desk upon a pile of paper heavy enough to echo over the whole hall] sir, South Carolina is oppressed, [a thump.] A tyrant majority sucks her life blood from her, [a dreadful thump.] Yes, sir, [a pause] yes, sir, a tyrant [a thump] majority sucks her life blood from her, [a dreadful scream] has persecuted and persecutes me, [a stamp on the floor. We appeal to them, [low and quick,] but we appeal in vain, [loud and quick.] We turn to our brethren of the north, and pray them to protect us, [a thump] but we turn in vain, [prolonged and a thump.] The whips cords of fire on our backs (with immense rapidity) they give us burden on burden; they ax us more and more, (very rapid, slam-bang, slam—a hideous noise.) We turn to our brethren of the south, with a solemn thoughtful air. We work with them; we fight with them; we vote with them; we petition with them; [common voice and manner] but the tyrant majority has no ears, no eyes, no form, deaf, sightless, inexorable. Despairing, [a thump] we resort to the rights which God and nature has given us," &c. &c. This is no caricature, but gives you a better idea of Mr. McDuffie's manner than I could give you in sheets of description."—So much for the American, now for the English orator. Mr. M. Atwood, whose motion on the state of the country, or rather, on that of the *execution*, occupied the attention of the House of Commons three nights during the last week, is one of the most ungainly speakers we ever saw. When speaking, he throws his arms about as if he were a blacksmith wielding a hammer, or a thrasher wielding a flail. He generally comes to the table, which he thumps most unmercifully, first with one hand, and then with the other; his body undergoing every variety of contortion, and his legs occasionally crossed the one over the other. The Times, of Tuesday last, thus describes Mr. Atwood's action:—"All that we could say of the honorable member was, that if he was not a convincing, he was a *striking* speaker; and that, judging from his mental vehemence, he must have made a *deep impression* on the table, if not on his audience. A reporter, who had some curiosity and a few minutes to spare, timed the honorable member's thumps upon the table, and found that the honorable member inflicted no less than two *hundred* knocks in a quarter of an hour. At this rate Mr. Atwood must have struck the table no less than three thousand times in the course of his speech. Few orators have ever before made so many hits in so short a time; and the *powerful* preacher, who hung at the inside out of six Bibles in the course of a week's preaching, was nothing to Mr. Atwood."—*Dudley Paper.*

THE ANT EATER.—The only animal of this kind ever exhibited here before, died about two and a half years ago, and was carefully examined by several accomplished anatomists, and was in the subject of a communication to the Boston Society of Natural History, by one of the gentlemen engaged in the dissection.

They found his internal structure not less curious than his external appearance and habits. The muscular apparatus of the tongue, by which he is enabled to project that organ so surprisingly, and with sufficient power and sweetness to penetrate the tunnels formed by the insects in little ant hills which constitute his food, is one of the most beautiful exhibitions of animal mechanism to be found. This organ, with the muscles attached to it was 20 inches in length. The same is true of the mechanism of his fore head claws, which consist of his only defence. By an admirable combination of muscles and tendons, nature has armed his arm capable of exceedingly strong as well as instantaneous gripe, so that he can, as it is said he does, grasp his enemy, and hug him with mortal severity.

The Ant Eater has no teeth, but a substitute for mastication is provided in the operation of his stomach. This organ is very muscular, resembling that of a gluttonous bird, and like them, the animal swallows gravel or some hard substance, which by the powerful contraction of the stomach, crush and kill the ants, which are swallowed alive, and thus render them susceptible to the action of the digesting fluids of the stomach and intestines, which could not act in them while life remained.

DR. FRANKLIN.—In a lecture recently delivered in Philadelphia, Mr. Rush made the following allusion to Dr. Franklin:

"Archimedes, in his glory, boasted if he had a spot on which to place a fulcrum he could move the earth. But, gentlemen, the earth was never moved by Archimedes. This spot existed only in imagination—it was a fiction; but a *dream*—interpreting what might be the future power of knowledge over nature. *Now let me bring you from* an ancient fiction to modern fact. What has made Franklin's name immortal? Why is America proud to own him as one of her noblest sons? Why stands his name enrolled upon her imperishable charter of rights, and upon her tablets of science? Why is this memory revered at home, and honored? See in yonder church-yard the carved pale which strangers tread, that leads to this modest tomb.—What takes him there? For

"No rad tear upon his grave is shed,
That *common* tribute of the *common dead*;
But there, the *wise*, the *generous* and the *brave*,
With God-like envy, sigh for such a grave."

What were his original claims to distinction? Was he clothed in the robes of riches or authority? Did the breath of popularity blow *him*, like some of its paper puppets, into worldly notice? No. In early life he was poor and friendless; but he had with him treasures, the price of which posterity will pay. What were these treasures? His senses, *with knowledge of their use and application*; observation and experience as to *their results*. He cultivated his senses and acquired knowledge of *things* and their effects. He saw their resemblances, classified these, and when he perceived disagreement between them, as in *would have done* with quarrelsome men, he separated them. He cultivated his sense of *hearing* by attention to sounds, so that when an agreeable succession and modulation of them struck his ear from a single or combined source, he acquired knowledge of melody and harmony—thence he became a Musician. He studied men and their minds, but he looked at them as *things*; he saw their incongruities, their want of proper classification or arrangement—but having more power over *things*, than he had over men and their minds, he smiled at them, and often by apt analogies drawn from the exercise of his *senses*, publicly, though delicately, *ridiculed* them. This was his Wit, his Imagination. He observed the *phenomena* of lightning, and recorded these as experience. He was also familiar with the effects of electricity; and marking their resemblance, as you would in the countenance of your companions, he classified them together, and thus with the universal consent of science, established or discovered their identity. This is the secret of Franklin's scientific fame, and immortality is the reward that posterity will pay him for the discovery."

COUNSELLOR DUNNING.—Counsellor Dunning was cross-examining an old woman, who was an evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant. "Was he a tall man?" says he. "Not very tall; much about the size of your honor." "Was he well looked?" "Not very; much like your honor." "Did he squint?" "A little; but not so much as your honor."

JUDGE COOPER.—This man, who is one of the ringleaders of the nullification party in South Carolina, is an Englishman by birth, was formerly a resident of Pennsylvania, and was engaged in a whiskey insurrection of this state.—He is now president of Columbia College. A Columbia, S. C. correspondent of one of the Boston papers, gives the following description of him; and we may add from our personal knowledge of the Judge, that he is about the most unseemly lump of flesh we wished to look upon; his head round and ball like a pumpkin, and his face about as expressive as a midsummer oyster; talents he doubtless has, but he must be an exception to the general rules of physiognomy.

"He is just the oddest sight that ever was; an accurate description of him would be a burlesque on humanity; short legs, stooping, hump back, slovenly dressed, and wearing an old white fur hat. He rides a small, bobtail, pacing horse, and when they are under weigh it seems as if the devil was making off with his last load." *Penn Pry.*

AMERICAN VINES.—There is perhaps no vegetable in America that strikes the mind with greater surprise than the wild vine. I have seen one with a steam nine inches in diameter, and heard of others measuring eleven inches. Some detached trees have their tops closely wreathed with the vines in a manner that forms an elegant and umbrageous canopy, into which the eye cannot penetrate. In the woods they overtop the tallest trees, and from thence hang the festoons from the branches of one tree to others, overshadowing a considerable space. In many instances their roots are at the distance of several feet from any tree, and their tops attached to branches at the height of sixty or eighty feet, without coming in contact with the trunks of trees, or any intermediate support. To make the case plain, I have only to say, that the positions of some of those vines I saw a lie. The question, how they have erected themselves in this manner, is frequently put. Boats that descend the Ohio are often moored without any other cable than a small vine. If a notch is cut in the stem of the vine in the spring season, clear and tasteless water runs out, not in drops, but in a continued stream. I have several times quenched my thirst with sources of this kind.—*Flint's America.*

Coffee is the seed contained in a berry, the produce of a moderate sized tree called Coffea Arabica, and which has also been named Jasminum Arabicum. This tree grows erect, with a single stem, to the height of from eight to twelve feet, and has long, undivided, slender branches bending downwards: these are furnished with evergreen, and opposite leaves, not unlike those of the bay tree. The blossoms are white, sitting on short foot-stalks, and resembling the flower of the jessamine. The fruit which succeeds is a red berry, resembling a cherry, and having a pale, insipid and somewhat glutinous pulp, enclosing two hard *oval seeds*, each about the size of an ordinary pea.

THE FATHER'S VERSIFIED.—Mr. Moore, in his *Travels of an Irish gentleman in search of a religion*, says, by way of keeping the virgin in good humor, as well as the ladies as with myself, I occasionally translated into verse some of the *most fond passages* which occur in these writers, and laid them, in double homage, at once, of piety and piety, at her feet. With these half-tender, half-saintly strains, the lady was, as may be supposed, inexpressibly delighted. To the task of copying them out the most delicate crow-quills were devoted: and it was the first time, I dare swear, in the annals of gallantry, that the names of St. Basil, St. Gregory, and St. Jerome were found to shine forth in the pages of a morocco covered album." Thus St. Chrysostom:

"Why come ye to the place of prayer
With jewels in your braided hair?
And wherefore is the house of God
By glittering feet profanely trod;
As if, vain things, ye came to keep
Some festival, and not to weep?
Oh! prostrate weep before that Lord
Of earth and heaven, of life and death,
Who blights the fairest with a word,
And blasts the mightiest with a breath.
God has not thus in bright array
Such sinful souls would dare to pray.
Vainly to angels' harp ye raise
Luxurious hands where diamonds blaze;
And she who comes in bridal veil
To weep her frailty, still is frail."

"The same homily he finished me with rather a curious passage, showing how just this saint's notions of female beauty, and how independent of the aid of ornament was its natural power, in his eyes.

"If frail, then say'st, my gown is plain,
My sandals are of leather rude;
Is this in one whose heart is vain—
Like one who dresses to be woo'd?

Perceive not thus, young maid, thy heart;
For far more oft in sin, is gown
Doth beauty play the tempter's part,
Than in brocade of rich renown;

And I confess God hath oft been found
When typed and moulded to the shape,
To deal such shafts of mischief round
As waist in sin can scarce escape."

Saint Gregory of Nazianzum, who himself wrote poems, and was the only one of the fathers of the first four centuries who did so, is thus rendered:

"Let not those eyes, whose light forbids
All love with ev'ry look to stray,
But as the watch thy secrecy bids
Like timid regime in their chambers stay,
Keeping their bright beams as to themselves and day.
Let not thy lips by man be won,
To breathe a thought that wakens thy guiltless breast;
But, like maybuds, that kiss the sun,
Set up in rosy silence, ever rest—
So once, that speaks the maiden's sweet thoughts best."

But St. Basil comes nearer Little's poems:

"I see upon your alabaster face,
A chaste and sacred modesty take place
Of the woman's form and face
That steals, like light, into man's heart.

Her look is to be ever a heart
Of [illegible] at once;
Her [illegible] a feud
Of [illegible] fragrance,
And in [illegible]
Awaken [illegible] to win;
For [illegible] a vast transcendent show
The [illegible] that [illegible] within.

Nor charm it only when she [illegible],
Her [illegible] is always [illegible];
Leaving [illegible] away while,
And [illegible] on [illegible],
Like [illegible] shower,
Her [illegible] woman must wear;
Or [illegible] of [illegible]
No [illegible] [illegible]."

This [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]