

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger, but never before nor since, have I experienced an hour so terrible as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron bolt. to weather Scilly on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

During the gale, Mrs. Livingston enquired of the Captain, if we were not in great danger, to which he replied, as soon as we had passed Scilly, "You are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church."

It is singular that the frigate Boston, Captain McNeal, about the close of the Revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France, Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward's, and, also, Minister to the Court of St. Cloud. He likewise had his wife on board, and while the vessel was weathering a lee shore, Mrs. Livingston asked the Captain—a rough but gallant old fire eater—if they were not in great danger; to which he replied—"You had better, madam, get down upon your knees, and pray God to forgive your numerous sins, for if we do not carry by this point, we shall all be down in five minutes."—*Selected.*

#### "UNCONSTITUTIONAL."

**A** BUTCHER in this city was recently arrested, for selling *beef*. He was detected in the very act. We humbly suggest that this is a case which calls for the interposition of the Governor. Such a high-handed invasion of personal liberty—such an outrageous interference with the rights of commerce, should not be passed over in silence by our Chief Magistrate. Is not the sale of *beef* "constitutional?" Is not the interference of the policeman with the "vested rights" of the butcher, clearly "un-

constitutional?" May not a man do what he will with his own?

We submit these queries to the Liquor Sellers' Association of the City of Albany.

*Post Scriptum.* Cows are mortal. Our persecuted butcher's cow died one day, without the interposition of the *knife*.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

#### THE YOUNG.

**O** COULD we gain the young, who have no inveterate prejudices to combat, no established habits to overcome; could we gain the young, we might, after a single generation had passed away, shut up the dram shop, the bar-room, and the rum-selling grocery, and by shutting these up, shut up also the poor house, the prison house, and one of the broadest and most frequent avenues to the charnel house.

"More than this, could we shut up these licensed dispensaries of crime, and disease, and death, we might abate the severity of maternal anguish, restore departed joys of conjugal affection, silence the cry of poor deserted orphanage, and procure for the poor demented suicide, a respite from self-inflicted vengeance.

"This, the gaining of the young to abstinence, would constitute a mighty fulcrum, on which to plant that moral power to raise a world from degradation.

"O! how the clouds would scatter, the prospects would brighten, and the firmament of hope clear up, could the young be gained, intoxicating liquors be banished, and abstinence with all its train of blessings introduced throughout the earth."—*Dr. Nott.*

SLEEP is death's younger brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without prayer.