THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY instils into the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

SOLILOQUY. *Addressed to Lelia.*

What matchless charms of person and of mind!
How sweet her voice, her words how mild, how kind!
Her touching tone electrifies the soul,
Her modest mein throws grace around the whole.

But 'tis'nt that form of Nature's skilful hand,
'Tis not those eyes, so beautiful and bright,
'Tis not those cheeks, so blooming and so bland,
Which fills my mind with such intense delight;

'Tis not those tempting lips, nor winning smiles,
Nor artless glance, which every care beguiles;
'Tis not that beauteous, bounding bosom's heave,
Which makes my mind, to her rich accents cleave.

Oh no! It is that highly cultur'd mind,
Those just ideas so critical and free;
Those wreaths of *virtue*, in her tho'ts entwin'd,
Which wraps my soul in richest ecstasy.

Oh Lelia, could I ever dwell with thee,
And ever drink thy Music's melody,
What Joy sublime, would fill this panting breast!
—But man on *earth*, was ne'er with HEAVEN blest!

EDMUND.

Bellavilla, May 29, 1828.

Selected from Weems' life of General Marrion.

In the spring of 1779, Marrion, and myself [Horry,] were sent, with our commands, to Purisburg, to reinforce general Lincoln, who was there on his way to attack the British in Savannah, which a few months before had fallen into their hands. As the Count D'Estang, who was expected to co-operate in this affair, had not yet arrived, general Lincoln thought it advisable to entrench and wait for him.

While we were lying at Purisburg, a couple of young men of our regiment achieved an act of generosity and courage, which, in former days, would have laid the ground-work of a heroic romance. One of the actors in this extraordinary play was the brave sergeant Jasper, whose name will forever be dear to the friends of American liberty.

Jasper had a brother who had joined the British, and held the rank of sergeant in their garrison at Ebenezer.—Never man was truer to his country than Jasper, yet was his heart so warm that he loved his brother though a tory, and actually went over to see him. His brother was exceedingly alarmed at sight of him, lest he should be seized and hung up at once as a spy, for his name was well known to many of the British officers. But Jasper begged him not to give himself much trouble on that head, for, said he, "I am no longer an American soldier."

"Well, thank God for that, William," replied his brother, giving him a hearty shake by the hand, *"and now only say the word, my boy, and here is a commission for you, with regimentals and gold to boot to fight for his majesty."*

Jasper shook his head and observed, that though there was but little encouragement to fight *for* his country, yet he could not find in his heart to fight *against* her. And there the conversation ended.

After staying with his brother some two or three days, inspecting and hearing all that he could, he took his leave, and *by a round about*, returned to camp and told general Lincoln all that he had seen.

Having wasted several weeks longer of tiresome idleness, and no news of the French fleet, Jasper took it into his head to make another trip to Ebenezer.

On this occasion he did not, as before, go alone; but took with him his particular friend, sergeant Newton, son of an old Baptist preacher, and a young fellow for strength and courage, just about a good match for Jasper himself.

He was received as usual, with great cordiality by his brother, to whom he introduced his friend Newton, and spent several days in the British fort, without giving the least alarm. On the morning of the third day his brother had some *bad news* to tell him.

"Aye! what is it?" he asked, *"what is it?"*

"Why," replied his brother, "here are some ten or a dozen American prisoners, brought in this morning, as deserters from Savannah, whither they are to be sent immediately. And from what I learn it will go hard with them, for it seems they have all taken the king's bounty."

"Let's see 'em," said Jasper, *"let's see 'em."*

So his brother took him and Newton to see them. And indeed it was a mournful sight to behold them where they sat, poor fellows! all handcuffed, on the ground. But all pity of them was forgot, soon as the eye was turned to a far more doleful sight hard by, which was a young woman, wife of one of the prisoner, with her child, a sweet little boy of about five years old. The name of this lady was Jones. Her humble garb showed that she was poor, but her deep distress, and sympathy with her unfortunate husband, shewed that she was rich in that pure conjugal love, that is more precious than all gold.

She generally sat on the ground opposite to her husband, with her little boy leaning on her lap, and her coal black hair spreading in long neglected tresses on her neck and bosom. And thus in silence, she sat, a statue of grief, sometimes with her eyes hard fixed upon the earth, like one lost in thought, sighing and groaning as if her heart would burst—then starting as from a reverie, she would dart her eager eyes, red with weeping, on her husband's face, and there would gaze, with looks so piercing sad, as though she saw him struggling in the halter, herself a widow, and her son an orphan. Straight her frame would begin to shake with the rising agony, and her face to change and swell; then with eyes swimming in tears, she would look around upon us all for pity and help, with cries sufficient to melt the heart of a demon. While the child, seeing his father's hands fast bound, and his mother weeping, added to the distressing scene by his artless tears and cries.

The brave are always tender-hearted. It was so with Jasper and Newton, two of the most undaunted spirits that ever lived. They walked out in the neighboring wood. The tear was in the eye of both. Jasper first broke silence. "Newton," said he, "my days have been but few; but I believe their course is nearly done."

"Why so, Jasper?"

"Why, I feel, said he, "that I must rescue these poor prisoners, or die with them: otherwise that woman and her child will haunt me to my grave."

"Well, that is exactly what I feel too," replied Newton—"and here is my hand and heart to stand by you, my brave friend, to the last drop.—Thank God, a man can die but once; and there is not so much in this life that a man need be afraid to leave it, especially when he is in the way of his duty."

The two friends then embraced with great cordiality, while each read in the other's countenance that immortal fire which beams from the eyes of the brave when resolved to die or conquer in some glorious cause.

Immediately after breakfast, the prisoners were sent on for Savannah, under a guard of a sergeant and corporal with eight men. They had not been gone long, before Jasper accompanied by his friend, Newton, took leave of his brother, and set out on some errand to the upper country.—They had scarcely, however, got out of sight of Ebenezer, before they struck into the piny woods, and pushed hard after the prisoners and their guard, whom they closely dogged for several miles, anxiously watching an opportunity to make a blow. But alas! all hope of that sort seemed utterly extravagant; for what could give two men a chance to contend against ten, especially when there was found no weapon in the hands of the two while the ten, each man was armed with his loaded musket and bayonet. But unable to give up their countrymen, our heroes still followed on.

About two miles from Savannah there is a famous spring, generally called the *Spa*, well known to travellers, who often turn in thither to quench their thirst. "Perhaps," said Jasper, "the guard may stop there." Then hastening on by a near cut through the woods, they gained the Spa, as their *last hope*, and there concealed themselves among the bushes that grew abundantly round the spring.

Presently the mournful procession came in sight, headed by the sergeant, who, on coming opposite to the spring, ordered a halt. Hope sprung afresh in our heroes' bosoms; strong throbbing, too, no doubt, with great alarms, for *"it was a fearful odds."* The corporal, with his guard of four men, conducted the prisoners to the spring, while the sergeant with the other four, grounded their arms near the road, brought up the rear. The prisoners wearied with their long walk, were permitted to rest themselves on the earth. Poor Mrs. Jones, as usual, took her seat opposite to her husband, and her little boy, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep in her lap. Two of the corporal's men were ordered to keep guard, and the other two to give prisoners drink out of their canteens. These last approached the spring where our heroes lay concealed, and resting their muskets against a pine tree, dipped up water: and having drank themselves, turned away, with replenished canteens, to give the prisoners also. *"Now! Newton, now is our time!"* said Jasper. Then bursting like two lions, from their concealment, they snatched up the two muskets that were rested against the pine, and in an instant shot down the two soldiers that kept guard. And now the question was, who should first get the two loaded muskets that had just fallen from the hands of the slain. For by this time the sergeant and corporal, a couple of brave Englishmen, recovering from their momentary panic, had sprung and seized up the muskets; but before they could use them, the strong swift-handed Americans, with clubbed guns, levelled each at the head of his brave antagonist, the final blow. The tender bones of the scull gave way beneath the furious strokes, and with wide scattered blood and brains, down they sunk, pale and quivering to the earth, without a groan.—Then snatching up the guns which had thus a second time fallen from the hand of the slain, they flew between the surviving enemy and their weapons, grounded near the road, and ordered them to surrender, which they instantly did.

Having called the prisoners to them, they quickly with the points of their bayonets, broke off their handcuffs, and gave each of them a musket.

At the commencement of the fray, poor Mrs. Jones, half frightened to death, had fallen to the ground in a swoon, with her little son piteously screaming over her. But when she came to herself and saw her husband and friends around her, all freed from their fetters and well armed, she looked and behaved like one frantic with joy. She sprung to her husband's bosom, and, with her arms around his neck, sobbed out *"Oh, bless God! bless God! my husband is safe, my husband is not hung yet,"* then snatching up her child, and straining him to her soul as if she would have pressed him to death, she cried out—*"O praise! praise! praise God forever! my son has a father yet!"* Then wildly darting round her eyes in quest of her deliverers, she exclaimed, "where are those blessed angels that God sent to save my husband?"

Directing her eyes to Jasper and Newton, where they stood, like two youthful Sampsons, in the full flowing of their locks, she ran and fell on her knees before them, and seizing their hands, kissed and pressed them to her bosom, crying out vehemently—"dear angels! dear angels! God bless you! God Almighty bless you for ever."

Then instantly, for fear of being overtaken by the enemy, our heroes snatched the arms and regimentals of the slain, and with their friends and captive foes, recrossed the Savannah, and in safety rejoined our army at Purisburg, to the inexpressible astonishment and joy of us all.

REMEDIES FOR INDIGESTION.

Of indigestion, two of the prominent features are flatulence and acidity; and the remedies for these states are clearly indicated. They are the alkalies and magnesia; and the advantages which the latter, in the general way, possesses over the former, is this: that, as containing an alkaline principle, the stomach acidity is neutralized by its administration; and a purgative salt being formed, in some measure, by the combination, the double purpose is thus effected of a corrective and an aperient. A tea-spoonful or two of magnesia, thrown into a glass of water, and then taken before going to rest, will often anticipate, as it were, the acid formation in the stomach, which would otherwise be consequent upon a little irregularity of eating or drinking; and will destine the individual to a good, who otherwise would pass a restless, uncomfortable night. When a more positive purgative is required it will be right to combine the sulphate of magnesia (epsome salts) with the carbonate (common magnesia.) Two large tea-spoonsful of the former, with one of the latter, will constitute a good aperient; and, for a gouty invalid, one tea-spoonful of the carbonate of ammonia (sal volatile) will be found useful, or, if the habit be cold, two or three spoonsful of tincture of rhubarb may be advantageously mixed with the salts and magnesia.—*Uwins on Indigestion.*

Irish indirectness of answer.—'Macklin and I (says O'Keefe in his Memoirs) were walking through the Little Green in Dublin; (at that time the market for fruits and vegetables;) he seemed much pleased with the good humor of the sellers; 'Ay (said he) they're comical and good-natured, and ready witted, and obliging—this is, I mean, what we call the lower order; but you never can get a direct answer from them.' 'Oh (I said) that's not fair, but your question first.' 'Well (said Macklin, coming up to an old woman who had a basket of vegetables before her,) what's the price of that cauliflower?' 'That cauliflower (said she taking it up in her hand,) Sir, that's as fine a cauliflower as ever was seen, either in a garden or out of a garden.' 'Well but what's the price of it?' 'The price! the devil a prettier cauliflower could you see of a long summer's day.' 'Well it's pretty enough, but what's the price of it?'—'What's the price of it? What's the price of it! arrah, Sir, you may talk of tulips and roses, and pinks and wallflowers, and gilliflowers, but the flower of the flowers is a cauliflower as this, Sir all over the market—here, feel the weight of it Sir.' 'There, O'Keefe,' said Macklin, 'if you had a wager with me that I could get a direct answer when I put a question to them, you'd have lost it.''

From the American Farmer.

AGRICULTURE IN MISSISSIPPI.

City of Washington, May 12, 1828.

Dear Sir,—The period is fast approaching, when the staple of our state, (Mississippi,) will not be worth the culture. A serious inquiry presents itself to the people—to what other culture will they resort?

The Pearl river country, from experiments made on a small scale, will produce the *grape* in abundance. In the neighbourhood of Mount Carmel, a beautiful and elevated country, I have been informed by Mr. Reagan, that the grape never rots. In the town of Monticello, I have seen the native grape growing in great perfection at Colonel Blair's, equal almost to the foreign grape, and which will no doubt improve by proper culture. All that part of the state, on the sea-board, will produce the olive, grape, data, sea-island cotton, and sugar; and I have been much surprised, that so few enterprising individuals have not resorted, for settlement, to that country. The Islands of the coast of Mississippi, will no doubt be settled, so soon as their value is ascertained. All that portion of the state, below the 31st degree of latitude, is supposed to be as healthy as any country in the world.

With regard to *sheep*, they need no attention in our climate, and they increase to a greater extent amongst us, than in any other state. Our hills are covered, winter and summer, with an everlasting verdure, and in a few years, we could raise a sufficient quantity of wool to supply our own wants. With respect,

W. HAIL, *of Mississippi.*

Great Product of Corn and Hemp—on Two Acres.

York, (Pa.) April 28, 1828.

Sir,—Permit me, through the medium of the American Farmer, to communicate the produce of two acres owned and cultivated by Jacob Dritt, Esq. of this borough.

The lot lies in the neighbourhood of this town, and the statement has been given by its owner, a gentleman of respectability and character. It was cultivated in Indian corn and in hemp last season. The corn was planted in drills about two and a half feet apart—the hemp seed was sown at the same time—the plants were thinned about two feet apart. These two acres produced one hundred bushels of corn, and forty-five bushels of hemp seed. This seed was sold at two dollars and twenty-five cents per bushel. The whole expenses of cultivation and gathering did not amount to more than twelve dollars. Some of this seed was purchased at Baltimore by Sinclair & Moore. This lot had been cultivated the year before in corn and hemp. The corn was better the first year, but the hemp not so good in consequence of the season. As soon as the female plants were discovered to be in seed, the male plants were removed. The farmers of this county are beginning to raise hemp in considerable quantities. The result has been very profitable: Several acres of land put in fine order, if cultivated in this article, are really more productive than many poor farms tilled in wheat and corn.

Some beautiful samples of cotton have been shown here. It was raised in Washington township, York county. The seed was distributed by General Forman, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland—some of it was obtained by me, and given to our farmers for experiment. Yours, &c.

WM. B. DONALDSON.

A REMEDY FOR SMUT IN WHEAT.

The original cause of smut in Wheat, is easily discerned and explained. It is found in the effect of heat generated in the grain at the time, and immediately following its being harvested. As a demonstration of this, let two bundles of wheat be gathered, the seed of which shall have been perfectly pure; bind one up, either not fully ripe or with any green substances that may be intermixed with it, and immediately stow it in a place as much confined from air as possible, and where it must necessarily become heated so as to smoke when disturbed, and let it remain thus several weeks before threshing;—gather the other in the same manner, let it be thoroughly dried, after which, place it under cover and thresh it immediately. In pursuing the above process, you will find in the former instance, the wheat produced will almost infallibly prove to be smutty, while in the latter it shall be totally free from smut.

The above simply exhibits the cause and the preventive, which I have proposed to discover. But it may be important also to show a remedy for injured wheat, that has already become partially smutty, and which from necessity is to be used for seed. Various prescriptions have been followed to effect this by different agriculturalists, some of which have sometimes proved effectual, and at other times not so. The method that I should prescribe, similar to what is generally used, is as follows:—First, wash your wheat in clear water thoroughly and repeatedly, until the last water that you apply shall come from it as pure as when first poured upon it. In many places where the soil is light and warm, seed washed as above will be sufficiently prepared, but to have it more sure in all places, a further process is necessary. Therefore, after washing as above, take three quarts of good lime, or six quarts of ashes, with which make a lie, in which put the wheat, frequently stirring it till it sprouts, or until you can rub off the outer hull between the thumb and the finger, and immediately sow it. This process will be effectual, and no danger will accrue from it.

Many farmers complain that they have found, by experience, washing seed, both with and without, liming to prove ineffectual. I am confident that they must attribute their ill success to their not thoroughly performing the operation. A partial washing is much worse than none. By this the smutty kernel becomes dissolved in the water, and the particles thereof gather again on the hollow part of the kernel, the place of germination, and there adhere, unless by repeated washing they are displaced. The product of such seed must necessarily become smutty.

JOHN BICKNEL.

Buckfield, (Me.) July 1, 1819.

N. B. To render seed wheat perfectly pure and sound, it is important that it should be thoroughly, dried and threshed early and put up in small bundles, when gathered. Much bad grain arises from its too long continuance on the sheaves.

REAPING GRAIN.

The French claim the merit of a new discovery of great importance to agriculture, in the advantages which, according to them, result from the practice of reaping grain before it is perfectly ripe. This theory, which has just been promulgated by M. Cadet de Vaux, originated with M. de Salles, of the agricultural society of Beziers. The following are the particulars:

Grain reaped eight days before the usual time is, in the first place, secured from the dangers which threatened it at that time—this is only accidental; but a positive advantage is, that the grain is fuller, larger, finer, and that it is never attacked by the weevil.

The truth of these statements has been proved by the most conclusive, comparative experiments upon a piece of grain, one half of which was reaped before the usual time, and the other half at the degree of maturity fixed by the ordinary practice. The first portion gave a hectolitre of grain more for half a hectar of land. Afterwards, an equal quantity of flour from the wheat of each portion was made into bread; that of the grain reaped green, gave seven pounds of bread more than the other in six decalitres. Lastly, the weevel attacked the grain which was cut ripe, the other was exempt from it. The proper time for reaping is, that when the grain, on being pressed between the fingers, has a dough appearance, like the crumb of bread just hot from the oven, when pressed in the same manner.

A KING AT THE PLOUGH.

The subjoined extract from the Philadelphia Advertiser, presents a beautiful picture of the rural pursuits and republican habits of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain. In his case, the sword has almost literally "been beat into the plough share, and the spear into the *pruning hook*." How enviable is his lot compared with that of the distracted and wretched monarch upon the throne once occupied by himself!

"His estate occupies a large territory. His house is in the French style, but not so splendid. His lands, on which immense sums have been expended, are well cultivated. In all public improvements he contributes liberally—something like 4000 dollars, I am told, he paid on one road.

"He is much beloved, and his memory will be ever dear to the villagers. There is scarcely now a poor family in the village, so many does he employ on his lands. He pays liberally, punctually fulfilling all his contracts—no lawsuits, no disputes, and the intemperate and immoral are at once discharged. He is constantly, in the season of agriculture, in the field with his men, and is constantly, with an elegant pruning hatchet in his hand. Strangers who are introduced, partake liberally of his hospitality. He has thus exchanged a coronet of thorns for that of a graceful agriculturist, and becomes a citizen of our happy republic."

From the Gazetta di Napoli, March 21.

Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.—On the 14th inst. a new orifice, about 15 feet in circumference, was opened in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, on the eastern side, from which issued an immense quantity of smoke, in the form of a globe; this burst with a tremendous explosion, and scattered around a quantity of boiling liquid. After some days these explosions ceased, but the new aperture continued to discharge a great deal of smoke, and occasionally some flames. On the 17th and 18th these phenomena were renewed with increased force, the detonations became more frequent, and a slight flow of lava was perceptible.—It was observed that, on the 20th, the new opening was increased to 60 feet; that the matter ejected piled round it in a pyramidical form to the height of 50 feet; that stones were occasionally thrown up into the air, and that the explosions were continued at intervals of ten minutes. In the opinion of the inhabitants near Vesuvius, an eruption is at hand.

March 22.—Since yesterday two other openings have been made in the crater, and they are of larger dimensions than the first; from them issue quantities of smoke and flame. After a variety of explosions a tremendous shock forced the three apertures into one, and a column of smoke and ashes arose from it, and presented to the city of Naples the appearance of a pine tree of gigantic dimensions.—The rays of the sun reflecting against it, presented one of the most extraordinary spectacles ever seen. Stones were thrown up in great numbers, and one among the rest of immense dimensions, which was thrown over the side of the crater, and rolled down the mountain.

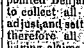
The violence of the eruption began to diminish about 8 o'clock, and the wind having changed, caused the volcanic column to incline towards Ottojano, and it began gradually to diminish in size. At 5 o'clock the summit of Vesuvius displayed only a small cloud of smoke. The road of Portici is crowded with carriages and pedestrians.

Eight o'clock.—As the column of smoke diminishes the explosions in the interior of the mountain increase, and symptoms of earthquake threaten another violent eruption. Shocks have been felt at Calabria; in the districts of Riggio and Palmi. No damage of importance has been done.

VALUABLE PROPERTY

AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his FARM, situated at the mouth of Wicomico Creek, in Somerset county, Md. containing about 900 acres and known by the name of "Kibble's Destiny." The improvements are an excellent two story frame house, with necessary outbuildings—A peach orchard containing nearly 1000 trees—Also, a good apple orchard,



Vessels of a large burden can come within 20 yards of the house.

☞The crops of corn and wheat on the farm will be sold with the land—There are about 175,000 of the former and of the latter about forty bushels were sown.

For further particulars and terms apply to JOSHUA MORRIS.
May 20, 1828.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I have appointed Benjamin I. Jones my agent to collect all money due me, and to adjust and settle all claims against me; therefore all persons owing me, or having claims against me will please call on him.

JOHN JONES, (of Benj.)
May 27, 1828.

Consumptions, Coughs, &c.

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE INDIAN SPECIFIC,

For the Cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, Asthma, and all Disorders of the Breast and Lungs.

The Vegetable Indian Specific has stood the test of experience, and proved itself the most valuable remedy ever discovered for the cure of coughs, colds, asthmas, and all diseases of the breast and lungs, leading to consumption.

Among the numerous testimonials in the possession of the proprietor is the following:—

CERTIFICATE.

10th May, 1827.

I, Samuel Moore, do hereby certify that for upwards of a year, I was severely afflicted with a pain in my breast, accompanied with a very bad cough, and shortness of breath and every indication (in the opinion of a physician) of approaching consumption. After passing through a course of medicine, and finding no relief, I was induced to make trial of Butler's Vegetable Indian Specific, and the use of one and a half bottles, completely restored me to health, and I have remained so ever since, being upwards of a year.

(Signed) S. MOORE.

The celebrated Dr. Cullen has taught us that "our first attention should be employed in watching the approach of disease and preventing its proceeding to an incurable stage; and in persons of a consumptive habit, especially those born of consumptive parents, the symptoms of approaching consumption at the consumptive period of life ought carefully be attended to."

The Specific is obtained by extraction from herbs, roots, flowers, plants, &c. when in perfection. In consequence of a happy combination of the most valuable herbs, &c. it becomes a balsam of superior value. It heals the injured parts, opens the pores and composes the disturbed nerves, after the manner of an annodyne, consequently the obstruction of the chest and the lungs which constitute the disease, particularly need its use. It promotes expectoration, which is so constantly called for, and whilst it cleanses and heals, it also gives strength to the tender lungs. In this manner it removes the hectic fever, improves digestion, gives strength to the nerves, repairs the appetite and improves the spirits. This Specific may always be given in safety—it is mild, pleasant to the taste, and is found particularly useful in hypochondrical, nervous and hysterical diseases.

Each bill of directions contains a detailed account of this disease in all its different stages, and will be accompanied with the signature of the proprietor, in red ink. It is offered for sale by

JOHNSTON & SUDLER,
Princess-Anne, Md.
Nov. 20, 1827.

PROPOSALS

For publishing in the City of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRACTICAL FARMER'S MAGAZINE, OR *Agricultural and Literary Gazette.*

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE is designed to contain information drawn from Authentic Sources relative to the improvement and management of remarkable Farms, sources of manure, number and kind of Stock, farming utensils, labourers, dairies, &c.; Agricultural Improvements; drawings and descriptions of Useful Inventions; critical notices and reviews of such publications as may tend to the interests of the Husbandman; improvements in the breed of Domestic Animals; accounts of such Foreign and Domestic trees, shrubs, vines, plants, seeds and grains, as are considered necessary or useful for subsistence, comfort or ornament, with Information relative to their treatment, growth, requisite kinds of soil, &c.; and in short, whatever may tend to increase the product of the soil, and advance the Rural Economy of the country.

Insertion will always be given to such Reports, Addresses and Papers as may be communicated for publication, by the several Agricultural Societies of this and other states.

A Land Register will contain as far as practicable, a list of farms, which are now, or may hereafter be, For Sale, account of their size, situation, quality and such other particulars as may be deemed Useful.

Space will be afforded the Solid and Sterling Beauties of Literature, the useful arts and science, Chemistry, Natural History and Philosophy, Biography and Travels, states of the Markets in the principal Sea Ports, &c. &c.

TERMS.

The Farmer's Magazine will be published semi-monthly, the price is three dollars, payable either at the time of subscribing, or on receipt of the first number. That form and size has been adopted, which is deemed most convenient for *binding*, while the *quality* of the paper, the *beauty* of the typo, (*entirely new*,) and the general execution of the work, will be such as it is hoped will reflect credit on the Publishers, and gratify its patrons.

☞Address (post paid) Thomas C. Clarke, agent for the Proprietors, No. 48, Market St. Phila.

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS *Handbills, Cards, Blanks, PAMPHLETS, &c.* Thankfully received and neatly printed, on moderate terms. At the Office of the Village Herald.

Village Herald.

TRUTH WITHOUT RESERVE—JUSTICE WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. II. PRINCESS-ANNE, MD., JUNE 10, 1828. NO. 11.

To secure the continued attention of the reader, it will be only necessary to assure him that in the present number he will find that there is no falling off from the first. The same elegant, lively and finished style; the same just and pointed reflections; the same wise and salutary lessons prevail throughout. "*O quanta gemma!*"—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE CONTRAST; OR, *Military Chieftains & Political Chieftains.*

One who reads the history of republican France, is compelled to admire the high and heroic character, devoted patriotism, and sublime virtues of the generals, "the military chieftains," who continued to serve the nation; the success and popularity were most certain to make them the victims of the orators and statesmen of the convention and the tribunals—while they repelled united Europe from the frontiers, and deemed no sacrifice too great, no hardship too severe, no danger too appalling, if the glory of France could be sustained and its independence protected, their reward was the guillotine. Even Fayette, the pure and virtuous Fayette, could only escape the common fate of all who were faithful to France, by finding his shelter and his safety in the dungeon of Olmutz. During the long, "the long agony," of the revolution, how were the orators and statesmen of France employed? Either denouncing in the convention, all whom liberty loved, or who loved virtue, the rich, the moderate, and the good, or at the tribunals, in selecting new victims, or in watching the bloody axe as it descended on priests and women, or on their own fellows and comrades, whom like sharks raging with hunger, they had seized when the exhausted prisons refused other victims.

Mirabeau, whose eloquence sapped the foundations of the throne, sold his talents to the court, and engaged to restore what he had overthrown. Danton never rested till he was satiated with plunder and gorged with blood. Marat was counting the number of victims whose blood was daily required to moisten the roots of the tree of liberty. Some of the statesmen occasionally performed electioneering tours through the provinces, and as commissioners, recreated themselves in the country, and did some professional business. Lyons, Nantz, and the Loire can furnish many memorials of an energy far surpassing that of "military chieftains." The horrors of battle dwindled into nothing when compared with the greater horrors of noyades and fusillades of the south of France.

At last appeared on this bloody stage, the dictator Robespierre, wearing the red bonnet for a crown, and wielding a bloody dagger for a sceptre. Robespierre, the orator and statesman who in the day of his power spoke as long and as loud as Mr. Clay, and denounced military chieftains in language no less severely eloquent. A philanthropist too, who wrote a treatise against inflicting the punishment of death in any case, and yet the most dreadful minister of death that ever appeared in this world. Like the Azael of the Orientals, his blows fell on all, on age, on infancy, on woman.—Had not the efforts of this great statesman, orator and philanthropist been arrested, France would have become a vast desert, where he had wandered a solitary demon, howling for more victims—a vampyre, maddened with a raging thirst for blood, which his unsparing cruelty had deprived him of the means of assuaging.

Compared with such wretches, Napoleon appears an angel of mercy.—The despotism of the sword became a necessary evil to control the more horrible despotism of the tribune. And who called him to the exercise of this despotism? Who placed on his head the imperial crown, after the royal crown "had been thrown into the ditch?" Those practised and celebrated statesmen, the Abbe Seiyes, Arch Bishop Talleyrand, and the republican Fouche, duke of Otranto!

Those, who fear and hate the military character, have constant recourse to the French revolution, to prove the dangerous character of military chieftains in a republic; and that revolution certainly presents many striking instances of the moderation, forbearance, disinterestedness, obedience to the civil authority, and exalted patriotism, of the military. At one period, all that was left in France of public virtue was confined to the army. A succession of Generals, commencing with Fayette, at any time could have overthrown the civil authority; but all remained obedient to the laws, although those laws were frequently under the administration of the vilest wretches, and many a felon face was seen on the judgment seat.

When Bonaparte seized the sovereign power, France was in a state of frightful anarchy. A century must elapse before the character of that extraordinary man can be viewed free from rancorous dislike or overweening partiality. The mighty fabric of his power is overthrown, and he rests in his quiet grave in that lone island which kept his mighty spirit in—which witnessed his humiliation and his end.

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

That his ambition disturbed and desolated the nations of Europe, cannot be denied. They were certainly fulfilling the prime duty of man, self preservation, in annihilating his power. But if the power of Bonaparte was employed in subverting the independence of nations, that independence was preserved by the Kutuzoffs, Swartzenburgs, Wellingtons and Bluchers, all "military chieftains," who contended with him and subdued him. However formidable he might have been to Europe, France will long look back to his reign as the most brilliant era in her national history.—His troops are now laid in the dust.—His existence almost seems a dream.

"I dreamed there was an Emperor Anthony:
His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The elements they liv'd in. In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates from his pocket."

Fame has wound her wreaths around the brows of the revolutionary statesmen of New England, and they have received their rewards. If they deserved well of their country, what do those daring men deserve, who commenced the conflict in arms at Lexington, Concord, and on that immortal Height crimsoned with the richest blood of the sons of freedom? It is not so much their unyielding firmness while witnessing the hostile approach of the bravest veterans of the [illegible] was in flames, while the clang of arms was resounding in their ears, and the gleam of bright steel was flashing on their eyes,—it was not their steady courage in that hour of deadly peril,—on which their claim to the gratitude of posterity is founded. It is on their disinterested love of country; their deep, unwavering devotion to the cause of liberty. It was something more than the love of glory which induced them to dare the peril of such conflicts.—True it is, they had arms in their hands, but the halter was around their necks. True it is, they might have received the felon's death, and instead of a monument rising to the heavens to tell, and tell forever, the illustrious story of their deeds, the rank grass of those now consecrated spots might have waved over a rebel's grave.

"Rebellion, foul dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stain'd
The holiest cause, that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gain'd,
How many a spirit born to bliss,
Has sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success,
Had wafted to eternal fame!"

It is not my purpose to repeat the oft-told story of our revolutionary contest. I hasten to the closing scene, when the army, that army which had endured and had suffered so much; whose officers and soldiers had sacrificed the best years of their lives and had received nothing; had undergone physical evils far more fearful than the dangers of the field; watched through the long night-storms of winter, and when worn down with fatigue and cold and hunger, found their couch on a rock, with a snow bank for a pillow, what was their conduct when their sufferings were brought home to them by an eloquent and able incendiary, in this soul-stirring language—when they were told that after a pursuit of seven long years, the object for which they set out was at length brought within their reach? "Yes (says the writer,) yes my friends that suffering courage of yours was active once, it has conducted the United States of America through a doubtful and bloody war. It has placed her in the chair of independency, and peace returns again to bless, whom? a country willing to redress your wrongs cherish your worth, and reward your services? a country courting your return to private life, with tears of gratitude, and smiles of admiration; longing to divide with you that independency which your gallantry has given, and those riches which your wounds have preserved? Is this the case? Or is it rather a country that tramples on your rights, disdains your cries, and insults your distresses? Have you not more than once suggested your wishes and made known your wants to congress? wants and wishes which gratitude and policy should have anticipated rather than evaded; and have you not lately, in the meek language of entreating memorials, begged from their justice, what you could no longer expect from their favour? How have you been answered? Let the letter which you are called to consider to-morrow reply. If this then be your treatment while the swords you wear are necessary for the defence of America, what have you to expect from peace, when your voice shall sink and your strength dissipate by division? When those very swords, the instruments and companions of your glory, shall be taken from your sides, and no remaining mark of military distinction left but your wants, infirmities and scars? Can you then consent to be the only sufferers by this revolution, and retiring from the field, grow old in poverty, wretchedness and contempt? Can you consent to wade through the vile mire of dependency, and owe the miserable remnant of that life to charity, which has been spent in honour? If you can, go—and carry with you the jest of tories, and the scorn of whigs—the ridicule, and what is worse, the pity of the world. Go—starve, and be forgotten! But if your spirit revolt at this; if you have sense enough to discover, and spirit enough to oppose tyranny under whatever garb it may assume, whether it be the plain coat of republicanism, or the splendid robe of royalty; if you have not yet learned to discriminate between a people, and a cause, between men and principles, awake! attend to your situation, and redress yourselves. If the present moment be lost, every future effort is in vain, and your threats then, will be as empty as your entreaties now."

One would have thought that this high wrought address would have kindled a flame of indignation in the most apathetic bosoms. It did; but it was counteracted by that strong love of country which was cherished by these brave men, their deep veneration for the laws and government.—Not one among them hesitated or doubted, and when urged to turn their swords against that congress which had neglected their claims, turned a deaf ear to their complaints, treated them not only with injustice, but with scorn; instead of assailing that congress, too weak to resist, and too mean to be just; they would have defend it. And yet such men are to be feared, suspected and hated! The sublime virtue of Washington, of Washington the "military chieftain," devoted to military employment from his earliest youth, educated in the tented field, resisted an attempt, which if unresisted would have placed a crown on his brows and a sceptre in his hands. When the gratitude of the American people called him to the highest place in their government, where is the man who will not say that their affairs during his administration were not conducted with consummate wisdom? Where is the man who will undertake to compare the Ebony of John Q. Adams with the Topaz of Washington, or will presume to measure the intellectual giant of the field and the cabinet, with the pedant from the university.

Hamilton and Knox, two "military chieftains," were called to aid in the councils of Washington, when he deliberated on a nation's destiny. Can the most bigoted of the coalition dream of instituting a comparison between Alexander Hamilton, the first secretary of the treasury, the mighty spirit which reduced its chaos to order, restored the public credit, created a system which has stood the test of time and trial,—with Richard Rush, who writes mazy nonsense in blank verse and calls it a treasury report! One would as soon think of comparing a Corinthian column with an "empty barrel," as the bold, judicious and manly Knox, with the loud-talking declaimer of the war office,

"That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows more than a spinster."

Those great, but modest and disinterested characters, who composed the cabinet council of Washington, were always at their bureaux. They were not to be found scouring the country to gain personal partisans.—They were not to be found revelling at taverns, paper-mills, and cross-roads, pronouncing convival panygerics upon their own surpassing honesty, and wisdom. Can the human imagination conceive the possibility, that George Washington could have been found at a public dinner, toasting Ebony and Topaz!

Another "military chieftain," Gen. Marshall, has presided over the jurisprudence of the United States for twenty-five years. Has this great jurist developed a powerful perception of justice, great purity of intention, and profound legal science, in the discharge of the duties of his high office, or has he not? The coalition shall answer.

In the period between the peace of 1783, and the establishment of the federal constitution, when the absolute sovereignty was in the state governments, General George Clinton was called to the government of New York, General Mifflin to that of Pennsylvania, General Smallwood governed Maryland, General Moultrie and General T. Pinckney, South Carolina, and General Sullivan, New Hampshire. Was there any misrule in those states? Did these military governors discover any improper ambition? Did they commit any acts transcending the laws and constitutions of their respective states? Was not the government of each ably and impartially administered? Were not disorders repressed, and the laws protected and executed? But the government of the civil Bowdoin, in Massachusetts, was distinguished by an alarming and dangerous insurrection, which was quelled by the energy, firmness and prudence of that veteran "military chieftain," General Lincoln. And what governor in the latter state has been more popular, or caused so little reproach, as that celebrated "military chieftain," colonel Brooks? "A military chieftain," one of the last of the revolutionists, now governs New Hampshire, prudently and wisely.

It would be unpardonable in this discussion, not to allude to one transaction during the last war, and that is the defence of New Orleans, by the western militia. Between the city and the invincibles of Wellington, twelve thousand in number, was a ditch, an embankment, four thousand militia, and a few regulars. It was filled with wealth. The entire property of many anxious and despairing men, throughout the nation was deposited at that place. It was almost in a state of mutiny. The intercourse of some of its inhabitants with the enemy was in the face of day; that intercourse had for its object the surrender of the city.—The commander of the Americans was a hero. He saw the extent of the danger; he estimated his means, and he resolved on defence. He proclaimed martial law, and compelled the mutinous, who in this hour of peril had forgotten their country, to assist in their own defence. The trumpets sounded; the banner of St. George was unfurled. On came the embattled host of England: On they came, the conquerors of the conqueror of Europe. Little did they think that their countless laurels were to be torn from their veteran brows by American militia. On they came in the proud anticipation of a bloodless victory. The cannon were unmasked. The battle fell like grass before the scythe of the mower. Fresh columns succeeded: the death-dealing rifle soon laid them in the dust. Again they advanced.—Again they were repelled. "A republican militia-man speeded a bullet to the heart" of the British commander. He fell, full of honour, gallantly fighting "in the fore front of the battle." The enemy retreated. The stars and stripes waved in triumph over this field of blood.

An honourable foe may be permitted to lament the fall of an honourable adversary. This feeling may be tolerated in military chieftains, whose patriotism is not of that exalted character which exults for years in the fall of an individual, and sneers at the *posthumous honours* with which a grateful country solaces the grief of the mourning family of a gallant soldier!* The deep and bitter sorrow which filled the bosom of Colonel Hamilton for the fate of Andre, the spy, was not charged upon him, even in revolutionary times, as a fault. But Hamilton was a military chieftain, and of course his patriotism was not of that stern and vindictive character, which was required in the statesman. There are some whose petulance is excited by the augmentation of a coat of arms; but who can view the "innocent riband," the badge of aristocrat distinction, with complacency. There are some whose warfare is confined to the dead, who run no tilts with the living, but whose vampyre tracks are on the graves of honourable men.

What honours were offered, what rewards were bestowed upon him who had wrought this great work for his country? Did the bounty and the gratitude of the nation come to him in the shape of a magnificent pension? Did a superb monument arise to perpetuate the remembrance of this unparalleled victory? The man who had preserved the law, the constitution, and the American dominion over this opulent region, was accused of violating the law and the constitution, at a time, when all men were put on the elementary principles of society, the paramount law of nature self-preservation. He was arrested on the process of a wretched judge, brought to his bar, and sentenced to an ignominious fine. In the pride and flush of his victory, with his triumphant army about him, he submitted to the sentence, obeyed the law, and paid the fine.—This has not been a sufficient expiation. Neither the sanctity of the senate chamber, nor the lonely retirement of his farm, can shield him from calumny: Wherever he is, he is pursued with every tale which falsehoods can devise, and credulity believe.

It is a question deserving examination how far General Jackson is liable to the charge of military ambition, in the offensive sense in which the term has been applied by the secretary of state. He first appeared in military employment as the commander of the Tennessee militia, in the Creek war, when of mature age, and after he had holden the highest civil offices which his state could give him. His conduct in that war received the unqualified approbation of the government, and of president Madison. Did his success in that war excite any feelings of lawless ambition? Did he devise any scheme to possess himself of any part of the national funds, to further the purposes of ambition? Did he not undertake to defend the southwestern region of the confederacy, when the invader was on his soil; when an enemy disciplined in twenty campaigns, was in his front, outnumbering his raw and undiciplined militia in the proportion of three to one: when so far from having at his disposal the resources of government, the government was literally without credit, and his means were created on his own responsibility, and his whole fortune staked on the issue: when in the face of the foe, he was compelled to "create his defences;" when the wisest heads were confounded, and the stoutest hearts desponded? What object could he have had but to save the south-western states, which the enemy must have conquered, had not this gallant attempt succeeded? But, says his enemies, he proclaimed martial law. Did he proclaim martial law for his own benefit? No; he intended to use the means of the country in defence of the country. He intended that every man should be compelled to fight, not for *his* aggrandizement, but for his 'hearths and his altars,' his friends, his wife, his parents and his children. He intended to compel those who were interested, to defend that interest. He intended to prevent that horrible desolation, which must have fallen on the city of New Orleans, when beauty and booty were the watchwords to a licentious soldiery. And when the coward was skulking from the danger, or devising plans for its surrender, his was that moral alchymy which transformed treachery into patriotism, into heroism! Had he been a "military chieftain," of deep and dark designs, cherishing an unholy ambition in his heart, would he have engaged in this desperate enterprize? No; he would instantly have made his [illegible] states, formed a new confederacy, & at the head of an armed force, and aided by Great Britain, controlled all the regions of the upper Mississippi, secured his fortune, and established his power. Never was there a more hopeful opportunity for self-aggrandizement, than that period presented, when Jackson, Decius like, devoted himself for his country.

And where at this terrible period, were our worthy President and his prime minister, Mr. Secretary Clay? Enjoying the gala days of Europe, after the overthrow of Napoleon. Mingling with kings and nobles, parading at courts with laced coats and feathers, interchanging friendly greetings with the "military chieftains," of Europe, (as no military chieftains are hateful to these gentlemen, excepting such as have found favour with the people of America for their services to America.) The President was writing letters to Leavitt Harris, denying the ability of self-defence to his country, complaining of her penurious government, fattening on the public calamities, and drawing from the exhausted coffers of a suffering people, in less than two years, more than $60,000.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

(To be concluded next week.)

*Vide the president's speech at a public table at Baltimore.

VILLAGE HERALD.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two Dollars a year, *if paid in advance*; or $2 50 if paid within six months; or $3 if not paid within six months.

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Blank Warrants for sale at this office.

FELIX JENKINS, Saddle, Harness, AND Trunk Maker, *No. 10, South Street, BALTIMORE,*

Respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that he continues to carry on the *Saddlery, Harness, and Trunk Making Business*, in all its variety, and on the most extensive scale. He has lately received from England, per the ship Philip Tabb, an assortment of articles in his line. Country merchants will find it to their interest to call at No. 10 South street, and to examine the qualities and prices of his goods, as he is determined to sell as low as they can be purchased in Philadelphia.

☞A liberal discount will be made for cash or town acceptances.

April 15 jdm

EASTMAN'S MANUFACTORY OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

At No. 36 Pratt street, opposite the United Hotel, Baltimore.

THE subscriber would inform the public, that he has on hand a large assortment of Gideon Davis' Improved Patent PLOUGHS of cast & wrought Shares, with & without Coulters; Hill-side, Substratum and Shovel Ploughs; a large stock of Cultivators of superior quality; Harrows; Swingletrees, double & single; Cornshellers and Washing Machines. Also on hand as usual; his Patent Cylindrical Straw Cutters, which have given universal satisfaction, and Brown's Vertical Wool Spinners; Cast-steel Axes; Grubbing Hoes, Picks and Mattocks, which he warrants of superior quality; very superior Oil-Stones, saturated with oil—all of which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or acceptances in this city.

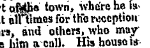
His very extensive sales of the above articles for the last 8 years is an evidence of the general satisfaction he has given to his numerous customers, and he flatters himself that with the increased pains he has taken in selecting his timber and other materials this season, and also to improve as much as possible on the workmanship of his [illegible] continue to which he takes this opportunity to express his grateful thanks.

Orders by mail (post paid) will receive prompt attention.

JONATHAN S. EASTMAN.

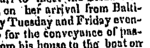
N. B. On hand, 9 bushels good MILLET SEED, which will be sold low. FRUIT TREES will be furnished to orders. Implements ordered by any customers which I do not keep on hand will be carefully selected and furnished to the orders. March 11. tx

CAMBRIDGE HOTEL, *Sign of the Steamboat & Stages*



THE Subscriber continues to keep this handsome establishment, a few doors above his old stand, in a very central part of the town, where he is prepared at all times for the reception of travellers, and others, who may please give him a call. His house is well furnished; the rooms private and comfortable; his bar supplied with a choice selection of the best liquors; his stable stored with good provender, and his prices regulated by the times. By strict attention to his business, he flatters himself with a continuation of those customers who have been so liberal heretofore, to whom he gratefully acknowledges himself indebted.

The public's obt. servant.
WM. C. RIDGAWAY.



N. B. His hack runs to the Cambridge wharf to meet the Steamboat *Maryland*, on her arrival from Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday evening. Also for the conveyance of passengers from his house to the boat on her departure every Wednesday and Saturday morning, *free of charge.* He has, for the accommodation of persons who are going on to Baltimore, rented a private stable with a fine grazing lot, well enclosed, for the purpose of taking at livery horses at a low price, which shall be regulated by the price of grain, hay, &c. he is prepared at all times with fine horses and carriages, for the conveyance of Travellers to any part of the Peninsula. W. C. R.

Cambridge, June 3, 1828.

The "*Iris*" and the "*Snowhill Messenger*" will each please insert the above tawfow and forward their ac'ts. to this office for collection.

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS *Handbills, Cards, Blanks, PAMPHLETS, &c.* Thankfully received and neatly printed, on moderate terms. At the Office of the Village Herald.

PRO PATRIA LIBERTATIS.

THE VILLAGE HERALD.

Princess-Anne, Md.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10. 1828.

PEOPLE'S TICKET.

For President.

ANDREW JACKSON.

For Vice President.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

For Elector of President and Vice President of the U. S. for the District composed of Worcester, Somerset, and part of Dorchester counties:

Thomas K. Carroll.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The fifty-second Anniversary of American Independence will be celebrated at B. C. Springs by a number of gentlemen from different parts of the Electoral District. An Oration will be delivered on the occasion, at 11 o'clock A. M. by WESLEY SLOAN, Esq after which the company will be addressed by Messrs. DENNIS and CARROLL, the candidates for Elector of President of the U. S.
June 10, 1828.

We shall here present our readers with several extracts which are taken from the Report of the Select Committee appointed in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of enquiring and reporting, if any, and what, retrenchment could be made, &c.

"The committee do not intend to recognize the principle which a comparison [of the expense of the late and present administration] seems to imply, that the last administration is to be appealed to as a standard of economy; on the contrary, they are aware that that administration was thought by many to be *profuse* in its expenditures; and the committee themselves are of opinion, that, for many years past, there has been far too little regard to economy in the operations of the government, *in several* of its branches.

Your committee will now proceed to exhibit some statements respecting particular heads of expenditures thro' the State Department, confided exclusively to the discretion of the President.

That portion of the contingent fund for foreign intercourse, which has been [illegible] deemed by him expedient to disclose, generally denominated "*secret service money*," is found, by reference to the document No. 8, greatly to exceed, in amount, the expenditure of the last three years of the late administration,

Expenditure for--

1822,	nothing	For 1825,	$1,700 00
1823,	$3,000	1826,	1,666 66
1824,	2,130	1827,	8,958 01
	$5,130		$12,324 67

"Your committee, considering that the Constitution has, with a wise jealousy, especially exacted publicity in the fiscal transactions of the government, are of opinion that this secret fund, from the abuses to which it is liable, ought to be abolished in time of peace; and that, if allowed during a war, it should be regularly accounted for by the President, in a message, on the termination to hostilities of both Houses, which they may, or may not, consider confidential; and your committee, for this purpose, report a bill.

Your committee find, by an examination of the fund for the contingent expenses of foreign intercourse, that the expenses of bearing despatches have been greatly increased during the three years of the present, when contrasted with the last three years of the late administration, as appears by the following exhibit:

For		For	
1822,	$ 375	1825,	$4,727 68
1823,	3,822	1826,	9,131 69
1824,	2 630	1827,	5,026 75
Total,	$ 6,827	Total,	$18,886 12
			6,827 00
		Excess,	$12,059 12

INDIANA ERECT!!

Of the vote of Indiana for General Jackson, no doubt is now entertained by men acquainted with the politics of the state. The following communication, (says the Louisville Advertiser,) is alike accurate and interesting:

Paoli, May 9.

Dear Sir:—On Monday last our listers of taxable property, made their returns, and 5 out of 6 had made it their business to ascertain the strength of the parties on the Presidential question, which stands as follows, to wit:

		Jackson.	Adams.
Northeast township,		200	100
Southeast	do	164	11
Greenfield	do	139	600
Southwest	do	80	4
Northwest	do	118	10
Paoli	do	159	159

The above you may rely upon as much as tho' the vote was taken. Old Hickory will get all that is claimed in this statement, in this county.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.
W. HOGGATT.

A letter from Col. Lee states that he was present at Martinsville, at a battalion muster on the 8th ult. a vote was taken on the presidency, and the result was:

For Jackson 103 For Adams 29

On the 9th, a similar vote was taken at Mooreville, and stood thus:

Jackson 135 Adams 49

At a battalion muster at Greenville, in Floyd county, on the 10th May, a vote was also taken on the Presidency. The result was:

Jackson 136 Adams 11

The question was taken on the Presidency at Columbus, Bartholomew county, on the 10th May, and the result was:

Jackson 217 Adams 90

At a battalion muster of the militia of Warrick county, at Booneville, on the 3d of May, the vote on the presidential question was taken, and resulted as follows:

Jackson 330 Adams 53

At a muster of Capt. Joseph McReynolds' company, in Posey county, on the 5th April, they agreed to try the presidential question, when there appeared for

Jackson 89 Adams 1

The same day, in the same county, the question was tried in capt. Rogers' company, and the result was:

Jackson 50 Adams 7

Here are 1956 votes—1661 for A. Jackson, 295 for J. Q. Adams—this is considerably more than 5 to 1, yet the Coalition editors put down Indiana for Adams Poor souls! their day of misrepresentation will soon be past.

The interesting letter which we give below is copied from the *Signs of the Times*, of May 24. The following beautiful eulogy on its author, delivered by a distinguished member of Congress, several years ago when the compensation law was under discussion, will be peculiarly acceptable:

"No man in the United States has been more misunderstood—no man more reviled, and that is a bold declaration for *me* to make, than Alexander Hamilton; unless, perhaps, the venerable gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Pickering,) who generally sits in *that* seat, and whom, whatever may be said of him, all will allow to be an honest man. The other day, when on the compensation question, he was speaking of his own situation. When his voice faltered, and his eyes filled at the mention of his poverty, I tho't I would have given the riches of Dives himself, for his feelings, at the moment—for his poverty was not the consequence of idleness, extravagance, or luxury, nor of the gambling spirit of speculation—it was an honourable poverty, after a life spent in a laborious service, and in the highest offices of trust under government during the war of independence, as well as under the present constitution. Sir, I have not much, although it would be gross affectation in me to plead poverty.—What I have, however, such as it is, I would freely give, to the venerable [illegible] it said over my grave as it may with truth over his—*Here lies the man who was honoured with the confidence of Washington, and the amity of his successor.*"

The following is the letter to which we have above alluded.

"SALEM, April 18, 1828.

"Dear Sir—Since closing my letter in answer to your inquiry, I have thought it might not be unacceptable to you, to have a short account of the defence of New Orleans, derived from a source which you may not have seen.

"All admit that General Jackson deserved well of his country for that defence. I have read the details of it, as given by an English officer, "who served with the British army there, and witnessed all that passed. The first body of British troops, sixteen hundred strong, advanced and rested some miles below the city. There were two American armed vessels on the river, at Jackson's command.—One of these took a station on the opposite side of the Mississippi, and with her shot raking the position of the British troops, soon caused them to flee to the bank (called by the French the Levee) raised on the brink of the river, to prevent an inundation, which in time of freshets, would otherwise deluge the flat, or intervale land on its border. Jackson marched down and attacked the enemy, in the evening of the same day; and after several hours of hard fighting returned to the city. The officer states, that in this action five hundred of the British troops had fallen. The first battle on the 23d or 24th December, was a momentous check to the enemy; and in my view laid the foundation of the final victory of the 8th of January. Jackson without delay began to throw up a breast-work across the whole flat, or intervale, from the river to an impassable swamp, erecting at the same time one or two batteries for cannon. On these, in their unfinished state, the British made an attack and were repulsed.

"About this time arrived General Packenham, and one or two other British Generals, with the remainder of the troops composing the British Army. The British work, with the ditch in its front, then appeared so formidable that Packenham judged it necessary to make a breach in it, before he should attempt to surmount it. Accordingly, in one night he raised six batteries, mounted with heavy cannon, *to batter in breach*, but Jackson had erected a battery on t'other side of the river, the shot from which enfilading these batteries, rendered that project of the enemy vain. Thus disappointed, the British general, with great labour and some days delay, essayed other means to attack his enemy to advantage. At length he made his last and gallant but desperate effort to pass over Jackson's lines. In this fruitless attempt he persevered until he was slain—until the second in command received a mortal wound, and about a thousand of their troops had fallen. This is the number stated in the narrative of the British officer. The remainder of the army then withdrew, and after obtaining a truce, to enable them to bury their dead, they departed, and re-embarked on board their ships.

"You my friend, are an old soldier of the revolution, and if you place any value on my opinion as a fellow soldier, you will permit me to express it in relation to Gen. Jackson. And, after an attentive examination of his measures for the defence of N. Orleans, as they appear in the narrative of the British officer, I assure you, that they exhibit to my mind that quick discernment—prompt decision—and energetic execution, which characterise a man fitted to command an army. And is a man thus endowed, incompetent to discern and adopt the measures calculated to promote the welfare of his country in its civil administration? The idea is absurd. A strong mind will soon grasp a new subject to which it turns its attention. But *Politics*, the most common subject of conversation and reading among American citizens, cannot be new to Gen. Jackson. He has lived, I suppose sixty years or more—was (as I understood) attorney general of Tennessee, and assisted in forming its constitution—was a judge of its supreme court—a member of the house of Representatives when congress sat in Philadelphia—and of late a senator in congress at Washington. With these advantages, and all the additional light and information which he will derive from heads of departments whom he will select for those offices, I entertain not a shadow of doubt, that under his presidency, the government would be wisely and faithfully administered.

"But I have heard it said that Gen. Jackson was an illiterate man; and in evidence of it, a short letter or note to a printer in Washington is adduced, in which there are two or three letters of the alphabet misplaced or superfluous. And of what moment is this? Deep reading and scholarship, it is well known in the U. States, are not essential in the head of our government, to insure its faithful administration. An immense quantity of learning may be acquired, much to the pleasure of the individual; but to little purpose as respects the public. The elder Adams, in his learned Defence of the American Constitution, long since avowed a *truth*,—alas but too well known that KNOWLEDGE, is by no means necessarily connected with WISDOM or virtue."

Mr. Clay called General Jackson a "Military Chieftain." But with what view? Did Mr. Clay believe that the liberties of our country would be endangered, if this "Military Chieftain" were raised to the Presidency? Not at all. If ever so ambitious of military glory, how would he raise an army; and how obtain a revenue to support it? Where would be find a sufficient [illegible] become traitors, to destroy the public liberty. Mr. Clay perfectly well knew, that neither General Jackson, nor any other American citizen, could effect such wild projects. Why, then, did he so emphatically call Jackson a "Military Chieftain?" Obviously, to excite the fears of the uninformed and unreflecting portion of our citizens for their liberties,—and to rouse and inflame the prejudices of others. Gen. Jackson is a citizen of the west. Had he been chosen president instead of Mr. Adams, the political pendulum, in its next vibration, would probably swing to the East or South; and thus deprive Mr. Clay of the chance of rising to the Chair of State—the object of his supreme ambition. In voting himself, therefore, and persuading his friends to vote for Mr. Adams, of the remote East, he was preparing the way for his own elevation, when Mr. Adams' term should expire; in effect, voting for himself. Especially may his management be so viewed; since by securing Mr. Adams' election, he must have confidently expected to be appointed Secretary of State, an office which three successive elevations had shown to be the stepping stone to the presidency.

"Pardon me, my good sir, one word more. I do not know that in a single act of my public life, I ever considered, before hand, whether any advantage would result to myself. Adverse results, indeed, I have repeatedly contemplated; and I was willing to encounter them. I am now almost 83 years old; and I have nothing to fear or to hope, "at aught this world can threaten or indulge." If you, or your friend at Albany, shall think this letter and my other of the same date, may contribute to the removal of prejudices and errors, they are at your and his disposal. For you called on me for information which had relation to General Jackson, as a candidate for the Presidency; and I was willing to lend my aid to remove some groundless objections. I do not know that gentleman; nor is it at all probable that I shall ever see him. But I have no apprehensions for my own rights, for the few years I may yet live, nor for those of my children and grand-children; all of which, indeed, are involved in the rights of our country; and I shall consider them as perfectly secure, should Gen. Jackson be raised to the Presidency.

"With pleasure and respect I return your salution—"your old revolutionary friend."

TIMOTHY PICKERING.
Gen. PHILIP VAN CORTLANDT."

*This letter, we are positively assured by a gentleman of the first respectability was pronounced a sheer fabrication, by Gen Jackson himself, in the hearing of our informant —*Editor of the Eve. Post.*

One brief remark on the above only shall be indulged.—We call on every high spirited, honest federalist in the United States, be he who he may, to read the above, from "the man who was honoured with the confidence of Washington," and say if the appeal it contains is not irresistible.

From the Balt. Republican, June 3.

LATEST COALITION FALSEHOOD.

The following paragraph from that mint of forgeries and falsehoods, the *Democratic Press*, is going the rounds of the Administration papers. It appeared in the *Baltimore Patriot* of Saturday last.

"In the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session, in Pittsburg, there are 197 members, including six Bishops. In that highly respectable body of men, the last number of the Crawford Messenger informs us there are but *seven* in favour of General Jackson, and the remaining, *one hundred and ninety*, are in favour of Mr. Adams. This, as the Messenger remarks, "*is no ordinary* sign of the Times."—*Dem Press.*

Now, a gentleman of the highest respectability, well known to the people of Baltimore, *a friend of the present administration*, and *a member of the General Conference* alluded to in the above paragraph, on hearing that such a statement had found its way into the newspapers, expressed great regret, said that the subject of the Presidential election was not (as every body ought to have known) agitated by the conference, and that so far from its being true, that from what he could learn from the expression of opinion by the individuals composing the conference—we mean the private expression of their individual opinions—there was a majority of them in favour of General JACKSON; for that almost every member from the *West* preferred him.

It cannot but be a source of deep regret with every true republican to see at any time an attempt made to bring the influence of the *church* to bear upon the affairs of the *state*. We are sure there is no enlightened professor of religion, of any denomination, but must feel deeply mortified to witness any attempt on the part of politicians, to use the holy subject of RELIGION for the purposes of *electioneering*. In this country the independence of *state* and *church* has been guaranteed by that monument of the wisdom of our ancestors, the CONSTITUTION; and every attempt to connect them should be frowned upon by both churchman and layman.

The attempt to bring the subject of religion to bear upon the politics of the country, we believe, was never made but once before in this country since the adoption of the constitution; and that was by the party which supported the *elder* ADAMS against Mr. JEFFERSON. We are sure no good man wishes to witness a recurrence of the scenes of that day. Then Mr. Jefferson was denounced, in some instances, from the pulpit, as a *deist*, an *unbeliever*, an *atheist*—it was predicted [illegible] *to stables, high example* would be set of *disrespect to religion*, and the impious systems of the *French Philosophers* encouraged by the executive, if Mr Jefferson were elected President. A long life of purity, charity, and benevolence, and a quiet, unpretending discharge of the duties of father, friend, neighbor and citizen, proved to the world, that he whom *party spirit* had represented as a mammon of unrighteousness was a virtuous and amiable man and practical christian. Isn't there reason to believe that those, who are now denouncing General JACKSON, are doing him equal injustice? If he is the monster that his political opponents represent him to be, why is it that every minister of the Gospel, whoever visited the Hermitage bears such unequivocal testimony to his kindness to his neighbors, his attention to the embassadors of Christ who pass through his country on their missions of peace? If General Jackson is this bad man,—so bad that a whole sect of religious professors, so large and respectable as the Methodist, should set their faces against him, why is it, that all the members of that society from the *West*, who know him best, are attached to him, and bear such honorable testimony to the excellence of his character, his respect for religion, his kindness to its Ministers, and to his discharge of his duties as citizen, neighbor and friend? But the people of this country understand the object of all this calumny which issues now against Gen. Jackson, from the lips and the presses which but few years ago, were loud in his praise. A large body of his fellow-citizens have selected him as their candidate in opposition to *John Quincy Adams*. The mortal sin he has committed, the offence not to be forgiven is, that he has suffered his name to be placed before the people as a candidate in opposition to the late *enemy* and new *ally of Henry Clay*—JOHN Q. ADAMS. If this is a sin which interested politicians cannot forgive, it is one which the *People*, at least, will not think so unpardonable, and it is one to the punishment of which, we are sure the Reverend Clergy will not lend their aid.

CLAY'S SPEECH.

This travelling politician, though he declined a public dinner at Baltimore, for obvious reasons, contrived to get up a kind of a barbacue, to enable him to make a speech—the season for making speeches having arrived. Upon the health of the President being drank by his old federal friends, Mr. Clay rose and said, though his *physicians* had actually prohibited him from participating in the enjoyments of the table, yet he could not leave Baltimore without saying a few words. He then proceeded to speak of his being proscribed, denounced, calumniated, injured, decried, and his "public character, *dearer than life*," assailed by "a thousand profligate or deluded tongues and presses."

We have heard all that before, and at every barbacue throughout the country. The man who bargained away the presidency, who brought into that high office a person whom he himself had denounced as a profligate politician and who accepted in return, from his ancient enemy, the office of Secretary of State, has no right to complain of the indignant expressions of an honest and betrayed people.

Mr. Clay proceeded to denounce the republican party opposing the administration, as "a heterogeneous party," containing Cromwells and Cæsars; a party in which the Ethiopian is washed white: and after much slang of the same character, he falls to praying that the Almighty will visit us with pestilence, famine, with any scourge other than "military rule and military renown."

The following is the extract:—

If indeed we have incurred the Divine displeasure, & it be necessary to chastise this people with the rod of His vengeance, I would humbly prostrate myself before HIM and implore his mercy, to visit our favored land with war, with pestilence, with famine, with any scourge other than military rule, or a blind and heedless enthusiasm for mere military renown.

This hypocritical display he has imitated from Parson Mason's old federal speech.

If thou wilt chastise us for our sins, make the heavens that is over our heads brass the earth that is under our feet iron—turn the rain of our land into powder and dust; smite us with pestilence until thou hast consumed us from off the land; destroyed our cattle by murrain; but O, save us from the most terrible of all curses—the *friendship of Napoleon Bonaparte!*

We shall not find fault with Mr. Clay, in turning religious and renouncing cards, dice, and women—it is time for him to do so, but his daring and infamous aspersions of the republican party should not go unchastised. *He* calls the Republicans "Cæsars, the Cromwells, the Scyllas and Mariuses," of former times? he: Henry Clay, politically and personally associated with the traitors and knaves who attempted to break down the union during the late war? *He*, who by base *bargain*, brought into the Presidential Chair the head of the old aristocracy—the reviler of Jefferson, and who now has attempted to palm upon a free and injured people the Hartford Convention, Essex Junto and Dartmoor agents as rulers? Fallen as he justly is, in the estimation of every honest man, dare he asperse the character of the defenders of their country? He says he would go every where—speak to every body—travel through the union, if his health permitted him. No doubt he would—he is only good as a stump orator—a speaker at dinners and annual elections. Who are his followers—who are his echoes—who applauds him?—The very men who, for years have denounced and persecuted him—driving [illegible] by his conduct from the confidence of honest politicians, he has no alternative but to join the party which he himself has so long and bitterly assailed—but let him go—he sinks with an administration which is obnoxious to the people, and can no longer sustain itself.—*N. Y. Enq.*

An old federalist requests us to ask Mr. Clay, who it was went to Mr. Madison, and told him if he would not agree to a declaration of war against Great Britain, he must not expect to be nominated by the caucus of democratic members of congress,—in other words, must not expect to be made president of the United States for a second term.

The old federalist is one, who, from religious principle, is opposed to war in every form. He, however, judges of the conduct of other men by *their* professions or principles.

The last war, he believes to have been as *just* as nine wars out of ten, on the principles which wars are attempted to be justified: but he always considered it *very inexpedient*,—and, above all very, *impolitic* to rush into it unprepared. Mr. Madison, and many other statesmen of the dominant party of that day, entertained, it appears, the same opinion. But Mr. Clay's *rhetoric* was an overmatch for their *reason*. The cry then was, "war, pestilence and famine," or Madison shall not be president. The cry now is "war, pestilence and famine" rather than Jackson shall be President.

The old federalist thinks the evils which wars occasion are properly attributable to the *legislators, diplomatists*, and others, who bring on the wars,—not to the sailors and soldiers who fight their country's battles. As a man of peace, he consequently prefers Gen, Jackson to Mr. Clay and his associates.—*Philadelphia Gaz.*

Another old federalist, who, also is from religious principle, opposed to war in every form, says at the last election he could not vote for Adams because he could place no confidence in his integrity, not for Jackson because he feared the warmth of his temper. His views of General Jackson are now, however, materially changed, simply by the *patience* he has evinced under the numberless attacks made on his character and conduct, and his *forbearance* towards the enemies who have assailed him with a *violence* and *virulence* unprecedented in the annals of party warfare. *Ib.*

The report of the congressional committee respecting the affair between Mr John Adams, is not quite as satisfactory as it probably might have been. We refer to the committee now commonly called the *Nose* Committee. They appear to have differed much upon *the subject* of their inquiry, and though undoubtedly they have had *a long pull*, they have not had *a strong pull*, nor *a pull altogether.*

The circumstance of the assault upon *the Nose* are but slightly adverted to:—and we are left in the dark as to what sort of a *blow* this prominent feature had received, or whether it had received, from either *puller or pullee* any *blow* at all. These circumstances though threatened with *contempt*, by the committee, are in common estimation, not to be *sneezed at*. To touch a *nose* with a thumb and fingers is, as every body *knows, prima facie* evidence of an intent to have *a blow out*. This nasal presumption may, however, be repelled by explanatory evidence: as, for instance, a *Barber* may handle the projection, as the seaman does the tiller, to guide the hulk, and the innocency of the act be as plain as the nose in your face. Yet he who would take it for granted that every tweaker of a nose was a barber, would certainly be on a wrong scent. Hence, the propriety of ample details, whence each man may determine for himself the *quo animo* of the digital compression.

Nor do the committee dwell, for even a moment upon the *character* of the *Nose*:—whether Roman, acquiline tapering chubby, Congo, or turned up:—whether it curves like a sickle, pointing to the earth—or pertulantly started for the skies—or indolently luxuriated in expanded repose upon the cheeks—or elegantly, like Mr. Clay (see his Baltimore speech) "*stood erect and firm amid all the bellowing of the storm.*" And yet these are points of some moment, to enable us to determine the extent of the injury inflicted. One nose may be benefited by a process which would wholly ruin another:—that of an ancient Scipio, (aye, even Nascia) would scarcely feel a squeeze which to a modern Pompey would be worse than—*War, Pestilence* and *Famine*. Some noses are so smooth, that an effort to pull them would do as little harm as the catching an eel by the tail:—others, again are so diversified with hill and valley, so pimplified and tumulous, that the slightest jirk would disarrange the whole physiognomy and produce a convulsion of absolute despair. The nose that is peering to the clouds may, by a resolute pull, be restored to less indecent exposure: and the one that is prying into the secrets of the mouth may be snatched from the punishment of curiosity.

The committee, indeed, seem to have thought, as the rest of mankind are apt to think, whatever may be the structure of this organ, that the commercial principle is the nasal principle, and that all noses, like all merchants, cry aloud, "*let us alone.*" They, therefore, pay no attention to the manner in which the nose of Mr Adams was seized, nor to the quantum of pain it endured:—and this we consider altogether unsatisfactory.

American Sentinel.

MR. WARFIELD.

This gentleman continues to maintain the most mysterious silence in relation to the interrogatories. He has had every opportunity to reply and has had sufficient time to reflect upon what course he will take, in the unfortunate and perplexing dilemma in which he is placed. It is very evident that he is afraid to deny that he told Dr. Zollickoffer, *he could get any foreign appointment he wanted; but that it would not do now, lest the people might discover the manner in which things were conducted, &c.* The proof of it and all the other charges in the queries, can be produced, and Mr. Mr. Warfield knows it well. The question now is, when was Mr. Warfield to be believed—at the time he made the disclosure of the manner in which things were conducted; or now when he denies that some of the facts mentioned in that disclosure, are not so? Mark the distinction—he does not deny that he made the disclosure, because that can be proved; but he denies that some of the circumstances embraced in the disclosure ever occurred, because they rest as he thinks exclusively upon the credibility of his communication to the doctor.

The first question is—Did Mr. Warfield make the disclosure to Dr. Zollickoffer? The affirmative is proved not only by the doctor, but by Mr. Warfield's tacit assent that he did.

The next question is—Did Mr. Warfield state facts to Dr. Zollickoffer? The presumption is that he did; and we shall hereafter prove by various concurrent circumstances that his statement to the Doctor is entitled to belief.

Since the disclosure of one responsible name has not had the effect of drawing out Mr. Warfield more distinctly, we shall now gratify him with a copy of Dr. Zollickoffer's certificate which we hold in his own hand writing attached to the queries which have been propounded to him.

"The above is the substance of a conversation I held with the Honourable Henry R. Warfield, after he returned from the city of Washington, and shortly after the election of John Q. Adams as President of the United States. WM. ZOLLICKOFFER.

Fred. Citizen.

A Milledgeville paper states, that the price of *corn* is rising in different parts of Georgia, particularly in the new counties. This price at Columbus is said to be *two dollars and a half* per bushel—which is partly ascribed to the great influx of population, and partly to the scarcity among the *neighboring Creeks*, which approaches to a state of famine. The price at Milledgeville does not exceed from 62½ to 75 cents per bushel.

The Methodist General Conference which meets once in four years, has just closed its session at Pittsburg—we understand that the Rev. Wm. Capers of the South Carolina Conference, is appointed a delegate from the general conference to England. The convention was very harmonious.

[From] the Argus of Western America

WASTE OF PUBLIC MONEY.

We have received a document containing a detail of the "expenditures [of] the department of state." It is the report of the committee of the house of Representatives, accompanied by accounts made out in the department itself, showing for what objects the public money placed at the discretion of the secretary of state has been paid, and has been printed by order of the house. This document contains many extravagant expenditures, and some most curious items. We have not now time to analyse the whole document, but we shall give a few specimens, both for the instruction and amusement of our readers.

There seems to have been several thousand dollars paid for "*books.*" In most instances, the *kind* of books for which the money was paid, is not specified; but from the following our readers may judge for themselves upon that point.

[illegible] 19. To cash paid B Chapman for Burns' work,	$3 00
April 8. James Thomas, for Edinburg Review & Pha. Medical Journal,	10 00
[illegible] 16. Overall, *Adam's church History*,	4 00
[illegible] F. Catbush, *a work on Pyrotechny*,	5 00
[illegible] S. Bernard, for a *Polyglot Grammar*,	8 00
[illegible] 25. John Overall, four nos. Church History,	1 00
[illegible] 8. H. Clay, for books,	52 00
[illegible] Carey and Lea, *memoirs of R. H. Lee*,	5 00
1826.	
[illegible] 10. Kellogg, 1st volume *Bonaparte's Ornithology*,	15 00
May 23. N. White, *Biographical Dictionary*,	3 00
July 10. J. S. Skinner, 7th and 8th vols. of the American Farmer,	10 00
Sept. 4. Robert Ellis, *Lives and Portraits of eminent Englishmen*,	40 00
Dec. 5. David Yates, 1st volume *Goodman's Am. Nat. History*,	4 54
[illegible] G. Batterton, 1 copy *Edmondson's Heraldry and Cation's Peerage*,	75 00
[illegible] Alston Mygatt, American Mechanics' Magazine & Celestial Planisphere,	9 00
1827.	
Sept. 12. James Ewell, one copy of *Medical Repository*,	5 00

Thousands of dollars have been laid out for books not specified; but here we have poetry, criticism, medicine, biography, natural history, the dead languages, agriculture, mechanics, science, the planisphere, ornithology, alchemy, &c. &c. all for the use of the state department. Here too is 75 *republican* money paid for a work on heraldry and peerages! What has all these things to do with the business of the State Department—the people's business? Can any clerk, when he wants to amuse himself, go and buy Burns' works, Don Quixotte, Robinson Crusoe or Tom Thumb, and charge to the government? Does every department at Washington buy out of the contingent fund allowed to it by Congress, just what *books* its incumbents please, and make the people pay for all?—Poor "*Uncle Sam*" has a broad back and a long purse!

We believe it has not been generally understood, that there are *Horses* as well as *Clerks* in the department of state. By this account, however, such appears to be the fact. In supporting these said beasts, in sundry purchases, horse swaps, mishaps, &c &c. that befell them, our good *Uncle Sam* seems to have come off pretty much *as usual.*

[illegible] J. Waring, was paid, in 1824, for keeping "the horse," $186! besides 60 for "petty expenses," such as curing him, riding him to water, &c. &c., we suppose.—So, Uncle Sam paid for his horse in one year no less than $246! In the third quarter of this year, the old gentleman seems to have had another horse upon his hands, in the care of R. W. Fenwick, to whom he paid, for horse-keeping during the balance of the year, $50; so that he paid, in 1825, for horsefeed, &c. in the state department, $296.

In 1826, there was paid J. Warren for horse-keeping, $168, and to R. W. Fenwick $112, besides $60 to the former for "petty expenses," making in all $370. This year the old gentleman seems to have *branched out* in the *horse line*, as appears from the following items:

1826.	
Feb. 10. Cash paid to J. Dougherty for medicine and attendance on the horse,	$7 12
April 15. C. W. Boteler, for a horse for the patent office,	70 00
June 1. W. Brown, for saddlery,	27 00
7. R. W. Fenwick, difference in exchanging horse,	7 00
July 12. A. W. Beall, for a saddle,	15 00
Aug. 12. J. D. Murphy, horse-shoeing,	4 37
5. W. Brown, bridle and martingale,	10 50
Oct. 11. J. D. Murphy, for horse-shoeing,	3 00
Nov. 1. W. Brown, for a saddle,	11 00
Dec. 30. J. P. Latruite, a riding whip,	1 75
	$159 74
Add from above,	370 00
	$529 74

So Uncle Sam's two horses, trimmings, doctoring &c. cost, for this one year, only $530 74! When he bought this first horse of Boteler at 70, we wonder what became of the old horse? Was he sold? If so, who pocketed the money? Did the buzzards eat him, after he had been feeding at the rate of $142 *per year*? To all appearance, the old gentleman must be well stocked with saddlery, &c. In addition to the old stock, here was $66 50 paid for those article in 5 months, besides *a whip* and —no, we do not perceive any *spurs* in the account.

In 1827, there was paid to J. Warren $168, and to R. W. Fenwick $168, for horse keeping, making $336, besides at least 40 for "petty expenses," making in all $376. In addition to this we have in this year's account, the following items:

1827.	
Jan. 11. M. Higgins, horse-feed,	$25 64
J. W. Murphy, horseshoeing,	4 94
Feb. 17. Elisha Johnson, securing, &c. horse belonging to patent office, which had been stolen,	10 00
April 4. J. Bosworth, horse shoeing,	3 61
12. John Bittinger, a mate for the use of the messenger,	70 00
June 1. R. W. Fenwick, his expenses in endeavouring to recover the horse belonging to the patent office, which had been stolen,	2 50
July 18. W. Young, horse shoeing,	5 75
26. C. Polkinghorn, saddlery,	6 10
Aug. 14. C. Byrns, horse shoeing,	5 69
20. Saml. A Childs, difference in exchange of horses,	30 00
27. R. W. Fenwick his expenses in recovering the horse from W. Mail,	5 00
C. W. Boteler, do do	10 80
Oct. 1. H. M'Gee, difference in exchange of horses,	10 00
	$189 13
Add from above,	376 00
Cost of horses in 1827,	$565 13

There are two things particularly remarkable in *Uncle Sam's* economy, viz.

1. He frequently *buys* horses, but *he never sells one.*

2. When he *swaps* horses, *he always gives boot.*

In the year 1827, he was remarkably unfortunate with his beasts. He not only gave $70 for a mare and 40 boot in his swaps, but the rogues about the city stole his horses two or three times, and compelled him to pay $27 50 to get them back! Poor fellow, must he not have *a long purse* to stand all this!

The aggregate cost of the old gentleman's horses attached to the department of state, during the three years of the present administration has been:

For 1825	$246 00
1826	529 74
1827	565 13
Only	$1340 85

How many horses he has, attached to the other departments and the president's house, we know not. Old John Adams, when he decamped, left sundry old horses and carriages behind him as the property of the government, and from appearances, John Q will do the same thing, unless, indeed, possession gives right, as in the case of his Ghent outfit, and he takes them all off to Quincy!

When Uncle Sam sees this account, we doubt whether he will think much worse of the thieves who stole his horses, than of the faithless stewards who have so strangely spent his money.

The following items in this account would be laughable, did they not fill the reader with indignation.

1827.	
June 1. P. Frazier and Chas. Hawkins cleaning the grass from the pavements,	$11 50
15. Chas. Hawkins, destroying the grass about the pavements with hot ley,	2 25
July 20. Chas. Hawkins, cleaning grass from the pavements,	3 75
Aug. 23. Chas. Hawkins, clearing grass from the pavements,	3 75
	$21 25

Now, this must have been most obstinate grass! Pulled up on the 1st June, scalded with hot ley on the 15th, it had still to be exterminated again on the 20th July and 23d of August! We wonder whether *Uncle Sam* can flatter himself with the hope that it is dead now? Put a little hickory ley on it, and it will never again be heard of! This pavement is nothing more, we suppose, than a brick pavement of no very great dimensions, around the Secretary's office.

This document contains numerous other curious items, such as $5 for a wheelbarrow, $6 for repairing and cleaning two guns, &c. &c. but we cannot analyse it any further at this time.

If the people tolerate such extravagances and follies as are exhibited in this paper, they are ready to give up their money and their liberties.

The Daily Advertiser the *Adams* paper at Albany, speaking of the recent election of Supervisor in the 4th ward of that city, says:—

"*Fourth ward.*—The election for Supervisor in this ward, was held yesterday, and Wm. Mayell, the *Jackson* candidate, is elected by thirty-one majority over James P. Gould the *Adams* candidate. Of course, we have to acknowledge that we are beat—but not routed."

[From the Waterloo (Sen. co.) Republican Observer.]

It is worthy of remark that the very acts of General Jackson during the late war, which crowned the American arms with honour and success—which retrieved their character, and established the fact in the opinion of the European governments, that *republican troops* are not altogether "*inefficient*" in war—are now referred to by the General's opponents, to prove that he is *unworthy the confidence of the people!* The peculiar impropriety of such efforts to injure the man who did infinitely more for the good of his country during the late war than any other, arises from the fact that many of those who are now foremost in abusing him for these acts, at the time advocated the propriety of his conduct throughout, and defended him against all charges of impropriety.

An editor says, that "the bill for the revolutionary survivors only wants the signature of the president to become a law." To this Alderman Binns says, "*that it shall have.*" What a prodigious fellow the Alderman is.—He has only to say to John Quincy—do this, and he doth it.—*N. Y. Enq.*

Let the Poor Man look at the following Picture.

GEN. JACKSON AND THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

General Jackson having been represented by his enemies as inimical to Universal Suffrage, the Nashville Committee, (appointed at a public meeting for the purpose of detecting and exposing the numerous falsehoods circulated against him;) published an Address, which contained the subjoined paragraph, noticing this charge. The gentlemen who signed the address, and whose names are attached to the extract stand among the most respectable citizens in this country.—One of them is brother to our *present Minister to Russia.*

"It is alleged that General Jackson, when a member of the *Tennessee Convention* voted for a property qualification in a voter. *This the Committee positively assert is UNTRUE. It is notorious that he advocated the provision appointed in the Constitution of our State which secures the Right of Suffrage to every Freeman.*

John Overton, chr'm.	Robert Foster
G. W. Campbell	Wm. L. Brown
John Catson	Robert White
Thomas Claiborne	Joseph Philips
Daniel Graham	Wm. B. Lewis
Jessy Wharton	Edward Ward
Alfred Balch	Felix Robertson
John Shelby	Josiah Nicholl
Wm. White	John M'Nairy.

Thus the matter is settled with regard to Gen. Jackson; and it is shown that the allegation is absolutely false.

But how stands it with Mr. Adams? We shall show, by undeniable testimony, that Mr. Adams has voted, not only for a property qualification in voters, but for other provisions equally repugnant to the principles of a republican government. While Mr. Adams was a Senator in congress the following will be found upon the Journal of that body:

"Friday, February 10th, 1804—on the second reading of the bill to erect Louisiana into two territories, an amendment was offered containing the following provisions:

1st. That no person should be eligible to a seat in the territorial legislature *unless he owned ONE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, or a HOUSE and LOT in the city of New Orleans.*

2d. *That no person should be qualified to vote for a representative unless he owned FIFTY ACRES OF LAND.*

3d. That the Governor of the territory should have power to *PROROGUE the Legislature.*

4th. That he should have power to *DISSOLVE* it.

5th. That he should have power to *NEGATIVE all the bills passed by the Legislature.*

Mr. Adams voted *for the amendment* containing those five provisions, in a minority of *five*, as may be seen by referrence to the Journal of the Senate, vol. 3, page 354.

Baltimore Prices Current.

Baltimore, Friday, June 6.

FLOUR—white wheat family, $6 a 6 50—superfine Howard st. 4 75 a 4 87½; city mills, 4 50; Susquehanna 4 37½ a 4 50—GRAIN, best red wheat 87 a 92, best white wheat 95 a 1 00, ordinary to good 80 a 85—CORN, 31 a 33—RYE, 50—OATS, 20 a 22—CLOVER SEED, 3 a 3 50—TIMOTHY, 1 25 a 2 00—BARLEY, 60 a 62—FLAXSEED, 75 a 80.

We are authorized to announce
Anthony B. Bennett, Esq.
as a Candidate for the next General Assembly of Maryland.
May 27, 1828. jw

We are authorized to announce
John C. Wilson, jr. Esq.
as a candidate to represent Somerset county in the next House of Delegates of Maryland.
May 13, 1828. mu

State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County, Orphans Court, May 28th, 1828.

[SEAL.] *ON application of Levin Walter, Adm'r. d. b. n. of Wm. Walter, late of Somerset county dec'd, it is ordered, that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of three successive weeks, in the paper printed at Princess-Anne.*

True copy, *Test,*
JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county.

In compliance with the above Order,
Notice is hereby given,

That the subscriber of Somerset county, hath obtained from the Orphans court of said county in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of William Walter, late of Somerset county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th of December next they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of May, 1828.

LEVIN WALTER, Adm'r. of W. Walter, dec'd
June 3, 1828.

SHERIFF's SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of Somerset county court and to me directed, at the suit of the State of Maryland against Peter Bell, I have seized and taken in execution the following property, to wit: part of a tract of land called Casqua, containing 200 acres, more or less—part of Casqua and part of Woodfield containing 250 acres, more or less; also a horse and gig, which I shall proceed to sell on the premises on Friday the 27th instant, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M. for cash, to the highest and best bidder to satisfy the above mentioned writ.

JOSHUA BRATTAN, Shff.
June 5—10 jh

SHERIFF's SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of Somerset county court and to me directed at the suit of Sarah Huston use of William W. Handy against James W. Dashiell, I have seized and taken in execution the following property, to wit: one negro man Sampson, one do. Shadrick, one do. Huett, one do. Moses, one do. Albert, one do. John, one woman Betty, one do. Harriet, one do. Sally, one do. Sophiah, and one child Milly, which I shall proceed to sell at the Court-House door, in Princess-Anne, on Tuesday the first day of July next, at the hour of 2 o'clock, P. M. for cash, to satisfy the above mentioned writ.

JOSHUA BRATTAN, Shff.
June 10 nk

COHEN's OFFICE—*Baltimore.*

3d class Maryland State Lottery, for 1828. To be drawn in the city of Baltimore on
WEDNESDAY, 25th JUNE, inst.
THE HIGHEST PRIZE,
Ten Thousand Dollars.
SCHEME.

1 prize of	$10,000 is	10,000 Dolls.
1 prize of	2,000 is	2,000 Dolls.
1 prize of	1,000 is	1,000 Dolls.
2 prizes of	500 is	1,000 Dolls.
2 prizes of	200 is	400 Dolls.
10 prizes of	100 is	1,000 Dolls.
20 prizes of	50 is	1,000 Dolls.
30 prizes of	20 is	600 Dolls.
100 prizes of	10 is	1,000 Dolls.
200 prizes of	5 is	1,000 Dolls.
4000 prizes of	4 is	16,000 Dolls.

4567 pr's. amounting to 35,000 Dolls.

Only 10,000 Tickets in the Scheme. The 10,000 dollar prize will be part payable by 1000 tickets, Nos. 1 to 1000 inclusive, valued at 3500 Dolls.

Whole Tickets, $4 | *Quarters,* $1 00
Halves, 2 | *Eighths,* 50

To be had in the greatest variety of Nos. at

COHEN'S OFFICE

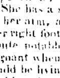
114 Market-street, Baltimore,

Where were the Great Prizes of *One Hundred Thousand Dollars each* were sold in former Lotteries, and *where more Capital Prizes have been* sold than at any other office in America.

ORDERS either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing the Cash or Prizes, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if on personal application.

Address to
J. I. COHEN, Jr. & BROTHERS, Baltimore.
Balt. June, 1828. j16t

$35 REWARD.



STOLEN or ran away from the subscriber's, on the 16th day of May, 1827, negro BETTY—about 19 or 20 years of age, of dark chestnut colour, speaks quick, when spoken to, and lisps in her speech. She has a scar from the kine pock on her arm, also a scar on the top of her right foot, in the shape of a heart, quite notable. The said girl was pregnant when she went off, and if her child be living, it is nearly five months old at this time. It is thought unnecessary to describe her clothing as they probably were changed before this time. This girl was conveyed to me, as security for the payment of money by Henry I. Riggin, and it is expected that she is either in the neighbourhood of Princess Anne or Wetipquin. Any person taking up said negro Betty, and lodging her in Somerset county jail, shall the above reward and all charges paid by

WILLIAM WHITE, near Snowhill, Md.
June 10 kf

State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County Orphans Court, May 27th, 1828.

[SEAL] ON application of Jacob W. Bayly, administrator of David Vance, late of Somerset county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in the paper printed at Princess-Anne.

True copy. Test,
JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county

In compliance with the above Order.

Notice is hereby given,

THAT the subscriber of Somerset county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of said county in Maryland letters of administration on the personal estate of David Vance late of Somerset county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of December next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 27th day of May, 1828.

JACOB W. BAYLY, Adm. of D. Vance, dec'd
June 3d, 1828. k

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber being about to remove from the county, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on Tuesday the 10th of June,

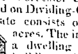
All his remaining Stock of GOODS.

The sale will continue from day to day until the whole is sold. He also avails himself of this mode earnestly to request, that those who are indebted to him make it convenient to pay the same immediately.

SEVERN TEACKLE.
Princess-Anne, June 3d. tf

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber is desirous of disposing of his real estate, being and lying in Worcester county, Md. and situated on Dividing-Creek. The landed estate consists of 2000, or more acres. The improvements are a dwelling house and out buildings with a good SAW and GRIST MILL, both in excellent order; also a young orchard. About 100 acres of the land is in a good state of cultivation.



There is, on one part of the above property, an abundance of *Iron Ore*, which would warrant the erection of a Forge, and prove an object of value to a purchaser acquainted with, and calculated for, such an undertaking.

The terms of sale will be—one third down, and 3 years for the payment of the balance. For further particulars apply to

JOHN MORRIS.
April 22 kd

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued by George M. Willing, a justice of the peace, and to me directed, at the suit of Levin D. Jones against Adam Horsey, I have seized and taken in execution the following property, to wit: one negro girl named Sarah, which I shall proceed to sell for a term of years, at Back-Creek Store on Wednesday the 2nd day of July next, to the highest and best bidder for cash to satisfy the above mentioned writ, with interest and cost.

SAML. McBRYDE, Con.
June 3, 1828. kd

FOR RENT,

FOR the ensuing year or for a term of years, the FARM on Little-Monie, now occupied by Mitchell Phœbus. For terms apply to

JAMES POLK.
June 3, 1828. kw

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are respectfully requested to come forward and settle their accounts by paying the cash, before the 15th of June next. The subscriber is compelled to this course from the peculiar situation of his affairs. He returns his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal encouragement he has received from the public, in his line of business, and solicits a continuance of the same, as he will continue to exert himself to render universal satisfaction. The public's ob't serv't,

THOS. L. DISHAROON.
Snowhill, May 27th, 1828.

N.B. Those of my customers, whom I may not have seen during Somerset Court, are requested to remit me the amount of their accounts and thereby prevent the addition of cost. T.L.D.

PROPOSALS
For publishing in the City of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRACTICAL
FARMER'S MAGAZINE.
OR
Agricultural and Literary Gazette.

THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE is designed to contain information drawn from Authentic Sources relative to the improvement and management of remarkable Farms, sources of manure, number and kind of Stock, farming utensils, labourers, dairies, &c.; Agricultural Improvements; drawings and descriptions of Useful Inventions; critical notices and reviews of such publications as may tend to the interests of the Husbandman; improvements in the breed of Domestic Animals; accounts of such Foreign and Domestic trees, shrubs, vines, plants, seeds and grains, as are considered necessary or useful for subsistence, comfort or ornament, with information relative to their treatment, growth, requisite kinds of soil, &c.; and in short, whatever may tend to increase the product of the soil, and advance the Rural Economy of the country.

Insertion will always be given to such Reports, Addresses and Papers, as may be communicated for publication, by the several Agricultural Societies of this and other states.

A Land Register will contain as far as practicable, a list of farms, which are now, or may hereafter be, For Sale, account of their size, situation, quality and such other particulars as may be deemed Useful.

Space will be afforded the Solid and Sterling Beauties of Literature, the useful arts and science, Chemistry, Natural History and Philosophy, Biography and Travels, states of the Markets in the principal Sea Ports, &c. &c.

TERMS.

The Farmer's Magazine will be published semi-monthly, the price is three dollars, payable either at the time of subscribing, or on receipt of the first number. That form and size has been adopted, which is deemed most convenient for *binding*, while the *quality of the paper*, the *beauty of the type, (entirely new,)* and the general execution of the work, will be such, as it is hoped will reflect credit on the Publishers, and gratify its patrons.

Address (post paid) Thomas C. Clarke, agent for the Proprietors, No 18, Market St. Phil'a.

SINCLAIR & MOORE,

Pratt-St. Wharf, Baltimore,

HAVE in store—Millet, Lucerne, early Corn, bunch, pole & soup Beans, a large assortment for planting, and garden seeds generally.

PLOUGHS,

amongst which are the much approved self-sharpening point Plough—By turning and reversing said point, the share lasts much longer than the cast share of any other plough, in as much as the point is of steel, and when worn bevelling it is sharpened, if turned over. The CULTIVATORS made by Sinclair & Moore, pulverize the ground more effectually, and much deeper than the old fashioned three hoed kind—and by the use of these in the culture of corn, it will save nearly two thirds of the ploughing.

ALSO, Socket Shovels, Scythes, Mattocks and Picks, with handles;—spring steel Hay and Manure Forks, WHEAT FANS, & GRAIN CRADLES, with best Waldron Scythes; Garden Tools generally; Wove Wire for Seives, and Mill Screens.

They have received from on board the brig Hyperion, capt. Forbes, just from Liverpool, a quantity of grain and grass Scythes, (Waldron's prime) Sickles, Maleable trace Chains; Straw and Hay Knives; Grass Hooks, and Garden Tools, amongst which are turnip and other Hoes; Edging Tools; budding and pruning Knives, &c. &c.

For the greater convenience of those who use our PLOUGHS in Somerset, we have appointed Messrs. JOHNSTON & SUDLER, of Princess Anne, our agents for the sale of them, who will constantly keep a supply of the different kinds at our prices. S & M.

WEAVERS' BRUSHES,

Reeds and Shuttles,

Wash and cake boards,
Sifters, Lamp and candlewick,
Muddlers, and lime squeezers
Pound, half pound and and quarter pound Butter Prints, of various patterns
Weaver's slays or reeds
Shoe, sweeping, dusting and other brushes
Twine and cord, patent taps
Cane, for reed makers
Humming and common tops
Boot & shoe blacking, towel rollers
Lamp wicks, assorted sizes, by the dozen or gross
Spiggots and fossets, suitable for hogs heads, barrels, kegs, and hydrants
Fancy and common bellows
Fishing lines and rods, butter bowls and trays, Baskets
Nests of sugar boxes and tubs
Potato & turnip mashers, rolling pins
Carpenters' or joiners' chalk lines, etc

The above articles are offered for sale on reasonable terms, by

VALERIUS DUKEHART.
No. 101½ Baltimore, between South and Calvert Streets.
May 13th, 1828.

E. T. J. Woodward,

Corner of Dugan's wharf & Pratt St. BALTIMORE,

Informs his friends and customers that he will sell on COMMISSION, Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, and Tobacco, and all other articles of Country Produce, and will make liberal advances on the same.

He has on hand a large supply of

Groceries, Liquors, &c.

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Family Flour, Brandy, Wine, Gin, Spirits, Whiskey and Cordials, Spices, Soap & Candles, Shad, Mackerel, Herrings, Oil and Salt, together with every other article in his line.

ALSO,

Glass Ware, Queen's Ware,

Stone and Earthen Ware, &c
And a general assortment
Of Garden Seeds of approved kinds which he will sell on the most liberal terms.

DRY PINE OR OAK WOOD
Will be taken in exchange for Goods, on fair terms
May 13, 1828. mw

State of Maryland, sc.

Somerset County Orphans Court, May 20, 1828.

[SEAL] *ON application of Edward Fowler & Levisa Kennerly, Administrators of Orrell Kennerly, late of Somerset County, deceased, it is ordered that they give the notice required by law, for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for three successive weeks in the paper printed at Princess Anne.*

True copy, *Test,*
JAMES POLK, Register of Wills for Somerset county.

In compliance with the above Order

Notice is hereby given,

That the subscribers, of Somerset county, have obtained from the Orphans Court of Somerset county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Orrell Kennerly, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 20th of November next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 20th of May, 1828.

EDWARD FOWLER, & LEVISA KENNERLY,
Adm'tors of O. Kennerly, dec'd.
May 27, 1828. k

JOB PRINTING

Neatly executed at this office.

THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY: still, ate [illegible] and a relish for the useful and the sweet.

NEW WAVERLY NOVEL.

The following is the XIth chapter of the new Waverly Novel. The style reminds us of the most powerful romances of the author; and it seems that he had not yet made up his mind to repose on his well earned laurels. The time, and the manners and characters of the age in which he has laid his new scene, are particularly adapted to his genius. He has not yet, by any means, exhausted the materials afforded by Scottish History.

We must here trace, a little more correctly, the events which had been indistinctly seen from the window of the royal apartments, and yet more indistinctly reported by those who witnessed them. The glee-maiden, already mentioned, had planted herself where a rise of two large broad steps, giving access to the main gateway of the royal apartments, gained her an advantage of a foot and a half in height over those in the court, of whom she hoped to form an audience. She wore the dress of her calling, which was more gaudy than rich, and showed the person more than did the garb of other females. She had laid aside an upper mantle, and a small basket which contained her slender stock of necessaries, and a little French spaniel dog sat beside them, as their protector. An azure-blue jacket, embroidered with silver, and setting close to the person, was open in front, and showed several waistcoats of different coloured silks, calculated to set off the symmetry of the shoulders and bosom and remaining open at the throat. A small silver chain worn around her neck, involved itself amongst these brilliant coloured waistcoats, and was again produced from them, to display a medal of the same metal, which intimated, in the name of some court or guild of minstrels, the degree she had taken in the Gay or Joyous Science. A small scrip suspended over her shoulders by a blue silk riband, hung on her left side.

Her sunny complexion, snow-white teeth, brilliant black eyes, and raven locks, marked her country lying far in the south of France, and the arch smile and dimpled chin bore the same character—Her luxuriant locks, twisted around a small gold bodkin, were kept in their position by a net of silk and gold. Short petticoats, deeply laced with silver, to correspond with the jacket, red stockings which were visible to near the calf of the leg, and buskins of Spanish leather, completed her adjustment, which, though far from new, had been saved as an untarnished holiday suit, which much care had kept in good order. She seemed about twenty-five years old, but perhaps fatigue and wandering had anticipated the touch of time in obliterating the freshness of early youth.

We have said the glee-maiden's manner was lively, and we may add, that her smile and repartee were ready. But her gaiety was assumed, as a quality essentially necessary to her trade, of which it was one of the miseries, that the professors were obliged frequently to cover an aching heart with a compelled smile. This seemed to be the case with Louise, who, whether she was actually the heroine of her own song, or whatever other cause she might have for sadness, showed at times a strain of deep melancholy thought, which interfered with and controlled the natural flow of lively spirits, which the practice of the Joyous Science especially required. She lacked also, even in her gayest sallies, the decided boldness and effrontery of her sisterhood, who were seldom at a loss to return a saucy jest, or turn the laugh against any who interrupted or interfered with them.

It may here be remarked, that it was impossible that this class of women, very numerous in that age, could bear a character generally respectable. They were, however, protected by the manners of the time; and such were the immunities they possessed by the rights of chivalry, that nothing was more rare than to hear of such errant damsels sustaining injury or wrong, and they passed and repassed safely where armed travellers would probably have encountered a bloody opposition. But though licensed and protected in honour of their tuneful art, the wandering minstrels, male or female, like similar ministers to the public amusement, the itinerant musicians, for instance, and strolling comedians of our own day, led a life too irregular and precarious, to be accounted a creditable part of society. Indeed among the stricter Catholics the profession was considered as unlawful.

Such was the damsel, who, with violin in hand, and stationed on the slight elevation we have mentioned, stepped forward to the bystanders, and announced herself as a mistress of the gay science, duly qualified by a brief from a Court of Love and Music held at Aix, in Provence, under the countenance of the flower of Chivalry the gallant Count Aymar; who now prayed that the cavaliers of merry Scotland, who were known over the wide world for bravery and courtesy, would permit a poor stranger to try whether she could afford them any amusement by her art. The love of song was like the love of fight, a common passion of the age, which all at least affected, whether they actually possessed it or not; therefore the acquiescence in Louise's proposal was universal. At the same time, an aged, dark browed monk who was among the by-standers, thought it necessary to remind the glee maiden, that since she was tolerated within these precincts, as an unusual grace, he trusted nothing would be sung or said inconsistent with the holy character of the place.

The glee-maiden bent her head low, shook her sable locks, and crossed herself reverentially, as if she disclaimed the possibility of such a transgression; and then began the song of poor Louise, which we gave at length in the last chapter.

Just as she commenced, she was stopped by a cry for "Room—room—place for the Duke of Rothsay!"

"Nay, hurry no man on my score," said a gallant young cavalier, who entered on a noble Arabian horse, which he managed with exquisite grace tho' by such slight handling of the reins, such imperceptible pressure of the limbs and sway of the body, that to any eye save that of an experienced horseman, the animal seemed to be putting forth his paces for his own amusement, and thus gracefully bearing forward a rider who was too indolent to give himself any trouble about the matter.

The Prince's apparel, which was very rich, was put on with slovenly carelessness. His form, though his stature was low, and his limbs extremely slight, was elegant in the extreme; and his features no less handsome. But there was on his brow a haggard paleness, which seemed the effect of care or of dissipation, or of both these wasting causes combined. His eyes were sunk and dim, as from late indulgence in revelry on the preceding evening, while his cheek was inflamed with unnatural red, as if either the effect of the Bacchanalian orgies had not passed away from the constitution, or a morning draught had been resorted to, in order to remove the effects of the night's debauchery.

Such was the Duke of Rothsay, and heir of the Scottish crown, a sight at once of interest and compassion. All unbonnetted, and made way for him, while he kept repeating carelessly, "No haste—no haste—I shall arrive soon enough at the place I am bound for. How's this—a damsel of the joyous science? Ay, by St. Giles! and a comely wench to boot. Stand still, my merry men; never was minstrelsey marred by me. A good vice, by the mass! begin me that lay again, sweetheart."

Louise did not know the person who addressed her; but the general respect paid by all around, and the easy and indifferent manner in which it was received, showed her she was addressed by a man of the highest quality. She recommenced her lay, and sung her best accordingly; while the young Duke seemed thoughtful and rather affected towards the close of the ditty. But it was not his habit to cherish such melancholy affections. "This is a plaintive ditty, my nut brown maid," said he, chucking the retreating glee-maiden under the chin, and detaining her by the collar of her dress, which was not difficult, as he sat on horseback so close to the steps on which she stood. "But I warrant me you have livelier notes at will, *ma bella tenebrosa*, ay, and canst sing in bower as well as wold, and by night as well as day."

"I am no nightingale, my lord," said Louise, and endeavouring to escape a species of gallantry which ill-suited the place and circumstances, a discrepancy to which he who addressed it to her seemed contemptuously indifferent.

"What hast thou there, darling?" he added, removing his hold from her collar, to the script which she carried.

Glad was Louise to escape his grasp, by slipping the knot of the riband, and leaving the little bag in the Prince's hand, as retiring back beyond his reach, she answered,, "Nuts, my lord, of the last season."

The Prince pulled out a handful of nuts, accordingly "Nuts child! —they will break thine ivory teeth—hurt thy pretty voice," said Rothsay, cracking one with his teeth, like a village school-boy.

"They are not the walnut of my own sunny clime, my lord," said Louise; "but they hang low, and are within the reach of the poor."

"You shall have something to give you better fare, poor wandering ape," said the Duke, in a tone in which feeling predominated more than in the affected and contemptuous gallantry of his first address to the glee-maiden.

At this moment, as he turned to ask an attendant for his purse, the Prince encountered the stern and piercing look of a tall black man, seated on a powerful iron-grey horse, who had entered with attendants while the Duke of Rothsay was engaged with Louise, and now remained stupified and almost turned to stone by his surprise and anger at this unseemly spectacle. Even one who had never seen the Black Douglas, must have known him by his swart complexion, his gigantic frame, his buff-coat of bull's hide, and his air of courage, firmness, and sagacity, mixed with the most indomitable pride. The loss of an eye in battle, though not perceptible at first sight, as the ball of the injured organ remained similar to the other, gave yet a stern immoveable glare to the whole aspect.

The meeting of the royal son-in law with his terrible step-father, was in circumstances which arrested the attention of all present, and the by-standers waited the issue with silence and suppressed breath lest they should lose any part of what was to ensue.

When the Duke of Rothsay saw the expression which occupied the stern features of Douglas, and remarked that the earl did not make the least motion towards respectful, or even civil salutation, he seemed determined to show him how little respect he was disposed to pay to his displeased looks. He took his purse from his chamberlain.

"Here, pretty one," he said. I give thee one gold piece for the song thou hast sung me, another for the nuts I have stolen from thee, and a third for the kiss thou art about to give me. For know, my pretty one, that when fair lips (and thine for fault of better may be called so) make sweet music for my pleasure, I am sworn to St. Valentine to press them to mine."

"My song is recompensed nobly—" said Louise, shrinking back; "my nuts are sold to a good market—farther traffic my lord, were neither befitting you nor beseeming me."

"What! you coy it, my nymph of highway?" said the prince contemptuously. "Know damsel that one asks you a grace who is unused to denial."

"It is the Prince of Scotland"—the Duke of Rothsay,"—said the courtiers around, to the terrified Louise, pressing forward the trembling young woman; "you must not thwart his humour."

"But I cannot reach your lordship;" she said "you sit so high on horseback."

"If I must alight," said Rothsay, "there shall be the heavier penalty—What does the wench tremble for? Place thy foot on the toe of my boot, give me hold of thy hand—Gallantly done!" He kissed her; as she stood thus suspended in the air, perched upon his foot and supported by his hand; saying, "There is thy kiss, and there is my purse to pay it; and to grace thee farther, Rothsay will wear thy scrip for the day." He suffered the frightened girl to spring to the ground, and turned his looks from her to bend them contemptuously on the Earl of Douglas, as if he said. "All this I do in despite of you, and of your daughter's claims."

"By St. Bride of Douglas!" said the Earl, pressing towards the Prince, "this is too much, unmannered boy, as void of sense as honour! You know what considerations restrain the hand of Douglas else had you never dared——"

"Can you play at spang cockle, my lord?" said the Prince placing a nut on the second joint of his fore-finger, and spinning it off by a smart application of the thumb. The nut struck on Douglas's broad breast who burst out into a dreadful exclamation of wrath, inarticulate, but resembling the growl of a lion in depth and sternness of expression. "I cry your pardon, most mighty lord," said the Duke of Rothsay, scornfully, while all around trembled; "I did not conceive my pellet could have wounded you, seeing you wear a buff-coat. Surely, I trust, it did not hit your eye?"

The Prior, despatched by the King, as we have seen in the last chapter, had by this time made way through the crowd, and laying hold on Douglas's rein, in a manner that made it impossible for him to advance, reminded him that the Prince was the son of his Sovereign, and the husband of his daughter.

"Fear not, Sir Prior," said Douglas. "I despise the childish boy too much to raise a finger against him. But I will return insult for insult—Here, any of you who love the Douglas,—spurn me this queen from the Monastery gates; and let her be so scourged that she may bitterly remember to the last day of her life, how she gave means to an unrespective boy to affront the Douglas!"

Four or five retainers instantly stepped forth to execute commands which were seldom uttered in vain, and heavily would Louise have atoned for an offence of which she was alike the innocent, unconscious, and unwilling instrument, had not the Duke of Rothsay interfered.

"Spurn the poor glee-woman?" he said, in high indignation; scourge her for obeying my commands?—Spurn thine own oppressed vassals, rude Earl—scourge thine own faulty hounds—but beware how you touch so much as a dog that Rothsay hath patted on the head, far less a female whose lips he hath kissed!"

Before Douglas could give an answer which would certainly have been in defiance, there arose that great tumult at the outward gate of the Monastery, already noticed, and men both on horseback and on foot began to rush headlong in, not actually fighting with each other, but certainly in no peaceable manner.

The contending parties, seemingly, were partizans of Douglas, known by the cognizance of the Bloody Heart, and citizens of the town of Perth. It appeared that they had been skirmishing in earnest when without the gates but, out of respect to the sanctified ground, they lowered their weapons when they entered, and confined their strife to a war of words and mutual abuse.

The tumult had this good effect, that it forced asunder, by the weight and press of numbers, the Prince and Douglas, at a moment when the levity of the former, and the pride of the latter were urging them to the utmost extremity. But now peacemakers interfered on all sides. The Prior and the monks threw themselves among the multitude, and commanded peace in the name of Heaven, and reverence to their sacred walls under penalty of excommunication; and their expostulation began to be listened to. Albany, who was despatched by his royal brother at the beginning of the fray, had not arrived till now on the scene of action. He instantly applied himself to Douglas, and in his ear conjured him to temper his passion.

"By St. Bride of Douglas, I will be avenged!" said the Earl. No man shall brook life after he has passed an affront on Douglas."

"Why so, you may be avenged in fitting time, said Albany; "but let it not be said, that, like a peevish woman, the Great Douglas could choose neither time nor place for his vengeance. Bethink you, all that we have laboured at is like to be upset by an accident. George of Dunbar, hath had the advantage of an audience with the old man; and though it lasted but five minutes, I fear it may endanger the dissolution of your family-match, which we brought about with so much difficulty. The authority from Rome has not yet been obtained."

"A toy!" answered Douglas, haughtily,—"they dare not desolve it."

"Not while Douglas is at large, and in possession of his power, answered Albany. "But noble Earl, come with me, and I will show you at what disadvantage you stand."

Douglas dismounted, and followed his wilely accomplice in silence. In a lower hall they saw the ranks of the Brandanes drawn up, well armed in caps of steel and shirts of mail. Their captain, making an obeisance to Albany, seemed to desire to address him.

"What now MacLouis?" said the Duke.

"We are informed the Duke of Rothsay has been insulted, and I can scarce keep the Brandanes within door."

"Gallant MacLouis," said Albany "and you may trust Brandanes, the Duke of Rothsay, my princely nephew, is as well as hopeful gentleman can be. Some suffle there has been, but all is appeased." He continued to draw the Earl of Douglas forward.—"You see, my lord," he said in his ear, "That if the word *arrested* was to be once spoken, it would be soon obeyed and you know your attendants are few for resistance."

Douglas seemed to acquiesce in the necessity of patience for the time. "If my teeth," he said, "should bite thro' my lips I will be silent till it is the hour to speak out."

George of March, in the mean while, had a more easy task of pacifying the Prince. "My lord of Rothsay," he said, approaching him with grave ceremony, "I need not tell you that you owe me something for reparation of honour. Though I blame not you personally for the breach of contract which destroyed the peace of my family.—Let me conjure you by what observance your Highness may owe an injured man, to forego for the present this scandalous dispute."

"My lords, I owe to you much," replied Rothsay, " but this haughty and all-controlling lord has wounded mine honour."

"My lord, I can but add, your royal father is ill—hath swooned with terror for your Highness's safety."

"Ill!—the kind, good old man swooned, said you, my lord of March?—I am with him in an instant."

The Duke of Rothsay sprung from his saddle to the ground and was dashing into the palace like a gray hound, when a feeble grasp was laid on his cloak, and the faint voice of a kneeling female exclaimed, " Protection, my noble Prince!"—Protection for a helpless stranger!".

'Hands off, stroller?' said the Earl of March, thrusting the suppliant glee-maiden aside.

But the gentler Prince, paused. 'It is true,' said he, 'I have brought the vengeance of an unforgiving devil upon this helpless creature. O heaven! what a life is mine, so fatal to all who approach me!—What to do in the hurry?—She must not go to my apartments—and all my men are such born reprobates. Ha! thou at mine elbow, honest Harry Smith? What doest thou here?'

There has been something of a fight my lord, answered our acquaintance, the Smith, between the townsman and the southland loons who ride with the Douglas; and we have swinged them as far as the Abbey-Gate.

I am glad of it. And you beat the knaves fairly?

Fairly, does your highness ask?—said Henry. Why ay! We were stronger in numbers, to be sure; but no men ride better armed than those who follow the Bloody Heart. And so in a sense we beat them fairly; for as your highness knows, it is the Smith who makes the men at at-arms, and men with good weapons are a match for their odds.

While they thus talked, the Earl of March, who had spoken with some one near the palace gate, returned in anxious haste. My lord duke! My lord Duke!—Your father is recovered, and if you haste not speedily, my lord of Albany and the Douglas will have possession of his royal ear.

And if my royal father is recovered, said the thoughtless prince, and is holding, or about to hold council with my gracious uncle and the Earl of Douglas, it befits neither your lordship nor me to intrude till we are summoned. So there is time for me to speak of my little business with mine honest armourer here."

Does your highness take it so? said the Earl, whose sanguine hopes of a change of favour at court had been too hastily excited, and were as speedily checked,—Then so let it be for George of Dunbar.

He glided away with a gloomy and displeased aspect. The Prince went on in indolent conversation with our armourer.

Well, but what I wished of thee is, said the Prince, this poor glee-woman, good Smith, she must be placed in safety. Thou art man enough to be any woman's companion, and thou must conduct her to some place of safety.

May it please your Highness, he said, I am but a poor craftsman. But though my arm and sword are at the King's service and your Highness's, I am with reverence, no squire of dames. Your highness will find, among your own retinue knights and lords, willing enough to play Sir Pandarus of Troy—it is too knightly a part for poor Hal of the Wynd.

Umph—hah! said the Prince. My purse, Edgar—(his attendant whispered him)—True, true, I gave it to the poor wench. I know enough of you craft and of your craftism in general, to be aware that men lure not hawks with empty hands; but I suppose my word may pass for the price of a good armour, and I will pay it thee with thanks to boot, for this slight service.

"Your highness may know other craftsmen," said the Smith, "but, with reference. you know not Henry Gow He will obey you in making a weapon, or in welding one, but he knows nothing of this petticoat service."

"Hark thee, thou Perthshire mule," said the Prince, yet smiling, while he spoke, at the sturdy punctilio of the honest burgher, "the wench is as little to me as she is to thee. But in an idle moment, as you may learn from those about thee, if thou sawest it not thyself, I did her a passing grace, which is likely to cost the poor wretch her life.—There is no one here whom I can trust to protect her against the discipline of belt and bowstring, with which the Border brutes who follow Douglas will beat her to death, since such is his pleasure."

"If such be the case, my liege, she has a right to every honest man's protection; and since she wears a petticoat,—though I would it were longer, and of a less fanciful fashion,—I will answer for her protection as well as a single man may. But where am I to bestow her?"

"Good faith, I cannot tell," said the Prince. "Take her to Sir John Ramorny's lodging—But, no—no—he is ill at ease, and besides, there are reasons—take her to the devil if thou wilt, but place her in safety, and oblige Robin of Rothsay."

"My noble Prince," said the Smith, "I think, always with reverence, that I would rather give a defenceless woman to the care of the devil than of Sir John Ramorny. But though the devil be a worker in fire, like myself, yet I know not his haunts, and with aid of Holy Church hope to keep him on terms of defiance. And, moreover, how am I to convey her out of this crowd, or through the streets, in such a mumming habit may be well made a question."

'For he leaving the convent,' said the Prince, 'this good monk (seizing upon the nearest by his cowl,) Father Nicholas or Boniface——"

'Poor brother Cyprian, at your highness's command said the father.

'Ay, ay, brother Cyprian,' continued the Prince, yes, Brother Cyprian, shall let you out at some secret passage which he knows of, and I will see him again to pay a Prince's thanks for it.

The churchman bowed in acquiescence, and poor Louise, who, during this debate, had looked from the one speaker to the other, hastily said I will not scandalise this good man with my foolish garb—I have a mantle for ordinary wear.

Why, there, Smith, thou hast a friar's hood and a woman's mantle to shroud thee under. I would all my frailties were as well shrouded! Farewell, honest fellow. I will thank thee hereafter.

Then, as if afraid of farther objection on the Smith's part, he hastened into the palace.

Henry Gow remained stupified at what had passed, and at finding himself involved in a charge at once inferring much danger, and an equal risk of scandal, both which, joined to a principal share which he had taken, with his usual forwardness, in the fray, might, he saw, do him no small injury in the suit he pursued most anxiously.

He was roused from his reverie by the voice of the Monk, who, sliding out his words with the indifference which the holy fathers entertained, or affected towards all temporal matters desired them to follow him. Smith put himself in motion, with a sigh much resembling a groan, and without appearing exactly connected with the Monk's motion he followed him into a cloister and through a postern door, which, after looking once behind him, the priest left ajar. Behind them followed Louise, who had hastily assumed her small bundle, and, calling her little four legged companion, had eagerly followed in the path which opened an escape from what had shortly before seemed a great and inevitable danger.

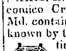
From the New York Enquirer, May 21.

STYLE OF DRESS, &c.

Spring has a mighty influence over buds and *belles*. Look at the fields of New Jersey or Long Island. How prettily they begin to dress themselves in their gayest native hues. We hate sentiment, it belongs exclusively to blue stockings, otherwise much more could be said of fields and roses and fine scenery. But the *belles* of Broadway—how delightful they look in the present month. Their style of dress is splendid beyond all former example. About an age ago (that is two long years,) the flounces shrunk into the narrowest dimensions. A complete reaction has now taken place. They have swelled to an astonishing longitude. From the level of the bewitching little foot they rise upwards to an immeasurable altitude. But the great improvement or *disimprovement* of the present year, however, is the head dress. On this section of the female creation, genius, invention, extravagance and eccentricity, have exhausted themselves. We pronounce, without hesitation, that the female dress, *anno domini* eighteen hundred and twenty eight and one half, is the *chef d'ouvre* of splendid electricity, elegance, and effect. It is prodigiously fine—even approaching a gaudiness. We talk of walking dresses alone.

The ladies of Broadway appear also to have assumed a perfect, novel style of walking. This is the age of steam boats. Who has not travelled in one of these splendid machines?—Who has not felt the peculiarity of their movement through the water?—The style of walking in Broadway has a resemblance to the steam boat tread. It is an alternate movement of the right and left shoulder—the line of motion rising perpendicularly from the nadir to the surface of the earth, and thence to the zenith. There is no place on this continent half so fascinating as Broadway is, in a summer's afternoon when the dust is laid, the sky clear, and the sun shaded with a handful of clouds. Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia—they ought not to be named in the same breath. Even the splendid capital, with elongated avenues, adorned with poplars and a thousand hacks and grinning black drivers, ought not to be compared w Broadway. The beauties of Washington during the *court* season, are generally a couple of years behind N York in the style of their dress. It is only in this latitude, where can be found novelty, splendour, taste, fashion and uniformity, united. But the honest—we had almost forgot the bonnet. They call them Navarino, French cottage, gipsies, and any other popular name that can be pressed into the service. And then their peculiar position is singular. They are perked upon the very top of the head. They are not on a level with the ear, but form a variation of 15 degrees. And then their breadth—so great is the dimension that walking arm and arm is impossible and unfashionable.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
AT PRIVATE SALE.



THE subscriber offers for sale a FARM, situated at the mouth of W comico Creek, in Somerset county, Md. containing about 300 acres and known by the name of "Kibble's Destiny." The improvements are an excellent two story frame house, with necessary out-buildings—A peach orchard containing nearly 1000 trees—Also a good apple orchard.

Vessels of a large burden can come within 20 yards of the house.

☞The crops of corn and wheat on the farm will be sold with the land. There are about 175,000 of the former and of the latter about forty bushels were sown.

For further particulars and terms apply to JOSHUA MORR

May 20, 1828.

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that I have appointed Benjamin I. Jones my agent to collect all money due me, and adjust, and settle all claims against me, therefore all persons owing me, or having claims against me will please call on him.

JOHN JONES, (of Be

May 27, 1828.

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias issued by George M. W a justice of the peace, and to me directed, one, James Dorman use of Jery. Mezzick use of Hooper & Jenkins against Louda Riggin and Ja Powell, and one George Wright against Louda Riggin, I have seized and taken in execution as the property of the said Louda, one negro girl named Sarah, which said negro girl I will sell on the 17th day of June next to the highest bidder for ready cash, at the Court-House door, in Princess Anne, between 2 and 3 o'clock P to satisfy the above claims.

SAML. McBRYDE, C

May 26—27 dk

Consumptions, Coughs, &

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE IN DIAN SPECIFIC.

For the Cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, Ast and all Disorders of the Breast Lungs.

The Vegetable Indian Specific stood the test of experience, and ed itself the most valuable remedy er discovered for the cure of co colds, asthmas, and all diseases breast and lungs, leading to con tion.

Among the numerous testim in the possession of the propriet the following:—

CERTIFICATE.

10th May, 1

I, Samuel Moore, do hereby c that for upwards of a year, I w verely afflicted with a pain in breast, accompanied with a ve cough, and shortness of breat every indication (in the opini physician) of approaching con tion. After passing through a c of medicine, and finding no re was induced to make trial of B Vegetable Indian Specific, a use of one and a half bottles, pletely restored me to health, have remained so ever since, upwards of a year.

(Signed) S. MOO

The celebrated Dr. Culle taught us that "our first att should be employed in watchi approach of disease and prev its proceeding to an incurable s and in persons of a consumptiv it, especially those born of con tive parents, the symptoms of a proaching consumption at th sumptive period of life ought ca be attended to."

The Specific is obtained by tion from herbs, roots, flowers &c. when in perfection. In quence of a happy combination most valuable herbs, &c. it b a balsam of superior value. It the injured parts, opens the po composes the disturbed nerves the manner of an annodyne; quently the obstruction of th and the lungs which constit disease, particularly need its promotes expectoration, whic constantly called for; and w cleanses and heals, it also strength to the tender lungs. manner it removes the hecti improves digestion, gives stre the nerves, repairs the appe improves the spirits. This may always be given in safety mild, pleasant to the taste, found particularly useful in hy drical, nervous and hyster cases.

Each bill of directions co detailed account of this dise its different stages, and w companied with the signatu proprietor, in red ink. It is o sale by

JOHNSTON & SU
Princess-An

Nov. 20, 1827.

Village Herald.

TRUTH WITHOUT RESERVE—JUSTICE WITHOUT PARTIALITY.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE CONTRAST; OR, *Military Chieftains & Political Chieftains.*

(CONCLUDED.)

In the following closing extracts from the pamphlet before us, the portrait is finished—the hideous portrait of the secretary of state, the prime mover of all the leading measures that prevail in the cabinet of Washington, where the cat is made to rake the chestnuts for the monkey, or, to drop the metaphor, where Adams and Webster and some others, men of superior talents, and with greater pretensions than Clay, are unconsciously rendered subservient to the insidious designs and ultimate views of this modern Cardinal De Retz.—*N. Y. Evening*

The secretary has often dazzled the house of representatives by "placing before their eyes" the brilliant picture of South American independence. The flame of liberty was kindled, and the sun was shining on the midnight gloom of those once dark regions. If it be so, the Prometheus who drew down this fire from Heaven was Simon Bolivar, a "military chieftain." While the knowledge of civil liberty is extending in the former provinces of Spain, under the instruction of a "military chieftain," Spain herself is given up to the blessed government of monks, inquisitors, and civilians. The miserable tyrant who wears her ancient crown has shed the blood of the bravest and the best of her warriors who fought for the crown, and fought for freedom—who braved Napoleon when Ferdinand was his submissive slave. And yet the minister of our republic an accomplished *statesman*—the minister of a republican people, loving liberty and detesting tyrants, has tendered in their behalf to this weak, wicked, false, and perjured king, the assurances of their respect and good will for his *august person*, and for his royal family, and entreated his majesty to admit the "homage of his profound respect and unbounded devotedness:" aye, and kissed the hand, red and reeking as it was with the blood of one of the noblest patriots and warriors that ever fought or bled for liberty—whose deeds alone had illustrated the name of Spain more than all that has been achieved by the legitimate and royal race from whom that wretched king derives his descent.

Many more instances could be adduced of military men who have risen to high civil employments, and have been found honest, capable, and faithful to the constitution. But enough has already been said to show that this fantastic alarm of danger, in this country, from military ambition is of the same character as that which flutters the heart at the sight of the unsubstantial meteors which wander by night over swamps and church yards.

Military knowledge, so far from unfitting any one for the performance of the functions of a civilian for many offices, certainly for that of president, a high qualification. The arrangement of the national defence, the organization, discipline, and mode of employing the army, navy, and militia, the system of the fortification, and the military school, are now some of the principal objects of national legislation and of executive superintendence. That president who should undertake to subvert our liberties with the military force of the country, must not only be desperate, but mad. But apart from this, there is something in the military character, too frank for intrigue, too bold for conspiracy, too generous for treachery, too elevated for avarice. Something like that noble feeling which animated the heart of Andrew Jackson, when he staked his whole fortune to make good the defence of New Orleans, submitted to the laws, refused the remuneration of his fine, and rejected the richest prize that was ever placed within the grasp of man, when he found the price of the object was the sacrifice of honor.

Any one deserving the title of "military chieftain," any one whose knowledge is perfected in the difficulties of command, must have acquired a sagacity too keen to permit imposition whether employed in detecting the hidden design of an enemy, or the lurking treachery of pretended friends—a sagacity, which can penetrate motives, and sound the heart—a long reaching apprehension, which can predict with certainty not only the immediate, but the remote consequences of the present events—a disciplined mind, steady to its purposes, always perceptive of advantages, always prepared for difficulties—a foresight of danger—a firm philosophy, teaching the heart never to shrink from the performance of any duty, and viewing the most horrible disasters without dismay—a regulated enthusiasm, sufficiently elevated to enlighten the understanding, but not so sublimated or wild as to cloud it. A military chieftain, thus constituted, who feels at the bottom of his heart a patriotism which would submit to wrong, and yet love and honour and serve the country which did the wrong, if that country was "his own, his native land;" a patriotism, unprofessing, unbought and untaught, evidenced by personal sacrifices and privations; who cherishes a high and manly sense of honour, disdaining to dabble in paltry deceptions, and miserable equivocations, or to deal in falsehoods, slander and detraction; who, to all other qualifications, unites the philosophy, as well as the technicalities of military science; and that knowledge which is the result of an accurate, extended observation of men and things as they are; when called to administer in civil affairs, must necessarily be a more able and accomplished statesman, than one who has lived in the dust of universities, if he has gleaned his learning from a thousand books, and specially so, if the last has never mingled with the people, and has seen human nature only in those artificial shapes in which it appears at courts, palaces and levees.

If any danger is incurred in free governments from calling military chieftains to the high executive offices, it must arise from inordinate ambition stimulated by the habit of command;—from a spirit disdaining control, impatient of contradiction, and accustomed to obedience. Is there a man within the wide bounds of our republic (with the single exception of Aaron Burr) who has developed such overweening ambition, such impatience of opposition, and such an impassioned anxiety for promotion, as Henry Clay? In what manner did he gain his seat in the national legislature? By denouncing as unconstitutional the opinions and the votes of his very respectable predecessor, Mr. Pope, on the question of renewing the charter of the bank of the United States, playing the demagogue, and by inflammatory declamations exciting the popular prejudice against his rival. His object gained, he pursued the policy and supported the measure for which he had arraigned his antagonist! Had he been possessed of true magnanimity, what would have been his conduct when he had satisfied himself that he had mistaken the extent of the constitutional power, in chartering the bank? Would he not have sought the earliest opportunity to have redressed the wrong, and to have done justice to one who had suffered from his unjust censures? A military chieftain would have done so—Did the secretary do so? No, he retained his seat, and his pay. He rose by detraction, and he held his place without blushing!

He presided over the deliberations of the house of representatives, and how? Let his friends Josiah Quincy and Daniel Webster, tell. They once would have said that the speaker of that house violated every rule of parliamentary decorum, and was not only a partisan, but a bully.

He next appears as a great diplomatist at Ghent. Let his friend, the president, relate his conduct there, tell, his transactions, by open day and secret night. Let those pages, where the record is made in the "black book," be given to the world, and no more can be asked.

Since his return from Europe, has he not undertaken to underrate, decry and belittle every character whom he supposed might be thought of in connexion with the presidency?—Hence his attempt to prostrate Gen. Jackson on the seminole question—Hence his effort when he threw himself into a "factious opposition" against the administration of president Monroe, and attempted prematurely to force an acknowledgement of the independence of the South American nations. Defeated in all his objects, he breaks through the line of "safe precedents," openly electioneering for the presidency,—seeking aid from all quarters,—fails,—disregards the will of his constituents,—laughs at instructions—coalesces with his bitterest enemy, and receives from his hands the office of secretary of state!

He has always assumed the paternity of every popular project after some bolder and nobler spirit had led the way, and had overcome the first and greatest difficulties. He would be thought the friend and patron of internal improvement, and he has endeavoured to prostrate the author of that system, in the very state which has furnished the strongest and most striking proofs of its advantages. He has proclaimed the American system, or in other words, the encouragement of domestic manufactures by protecting duties, as one of the leading objects of his policy; and he has called to his councils and confidence, some of its most determined enemies, and has neglected its earliest and ablest advocate.

He has asserted the positive obligation of a representative to obey the will of his constituents, and when he could not have mistaken it, he has disobeyed it.

He has denounced Gales and Seaton on the floor of congress as venal editors, fed on treasury pap; and has administered the pap himself.

The zealous advocate of the late war, he has defended that war in language like this; "Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war?—Yes national glory, which however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot. What do I mean by national glory? Glory, such as Hull, of the Constitution, Jackson, Lawrence, Perry,* have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds, to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylae preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the iron mountains and the Alleghany, to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen, in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil! Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But he would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, of Saratoga, of Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country; every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds. They constitute one common patrimony—the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers. They arouse and animate our own people." Again, "I love true glory. It is the sentiment which ought to be cherished; and in spite of cavils and sneers and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height which God and nature have destined it."

Such was the language of this patriot orator. And how has his conduct accorded with his language? He has denied a paltry pension to support the declining years of the aged mother of one of the heroes thus characterized by himself, the one too who saved the north western frontier from the direst calamities of the war. He and his friends, his printers and his *proteges* have exerted all their powers in public and in private, to render that hero odious to the people, who saved the other frontier of the west from a more horrible desolation than that which threatened the first, from miseries, the very thought of which now agonizes the heart, to the most humiliating mortification. This animated eulogist of glory, of battles and of warriors, who then foresaw and foretold the future grandeur of his country, and seduced it from the achievements of her "military chieftains," now endeavours to degrade them below the common level of the citizens, denies them equal rights, and would subject them to degrading suspicions, and cover them with contempt But at that time no "military chieftain" lay, "like a lion, in his path to the presidency"

After deafening congress with his loud and unceasing clamours about the wrongs of the west, and the neglect of their just claims to official distinction, he has prevented the election of a western president.

He has denounced the Hartford convention as traitors, yet he has taken to his bosom and his councils one of the most efficient supporters of that measure in the legislature of Massachusetts and has constituted him the organ of his administration, and the official promulgator of their opinions.

The strongest argument which he used in advocating his own election to the presidency, was the importance of destroying the dangerous precedent of a continual succession to first office from the department of state, inasmuch as an usage, sanctioned by time, would give to the president the virtual power of appointing his successor, and he now justifies himself for denying his own doctrines, by pleading the "*safety*" of the precedent, which he had condemned as dangerous to liberty!

He has denounced John Quincy Adams as an apostate to a dust, a puritan, a political hypocrite, the enemy of the western interest, and as unworthy of confidence or trust; and he has placed the executive power of the great nation in his hands!

All these things we know he has done, and with this knowledge it certainly requires no monstrous stretch of credulity to believe that he might have gained his office by 'bargain, intrigue and management.'

Such is the secretary of state. If not a worse man than his master, certainly a more mischievous one The latter deceived no one; none placed any reliance on his friendship, liberality or generosity. Those who had confidence in his success were his supporters, ambitious speculators in politics, political apostates, and interested adventurers But the secretary wore the semblance of all those virtues, and under their [illegible] he gained the confidence of some of the most generous, unsuspecting and noble minded men in the nation. But when this veiled prophet shall stand revealed—when his veil, the *silver veil* which now conceals this great *Mokanna* shall be torn away.—deep will be their wonder that they should have kneeled at this altar, and bitterly will they then lament that blind infatuation which mistook the devices of evil for the design of benevolence—a malignant mortal for an angel of light.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

* Why did not the blood of this unfeeling hypocrite turn to an icicle in his veins and impede his utterance, when, he afterwards rose in debate upon the floor of congress, and exerted all his influence to defeat the petition of Captain Perry's indigent, aged, helpless mother, and did defeat it, by persuading the members of the west that the vote for it would be unpopular with their constituents? Perhaps the time may arrive, when "the hard hand of pinching poverty" in his old age may come and sting his bosom with reproaches for this cruel and reckless deed —Ed. E. P.

Such is the frailty of human nature [illegible] party disputes, the passions of some men become so much inflamed, that they appear to be regardless of candour and even of probability if not of possibility. As if with a view of exciting intense interest, ineffable contempt, or overwhelming abhorrence, they are not content with delineating the candidate whom they oppose, with the full share of those infirmities which by nature he may be heir to; they transform his faults into crimes and his very virtues into vices. Their imaginations let loose and inflated, they disdain to represent him as he is, take some demon as the model—and demand of the world to recognize the picture.

Was not this the course pursued in relation to Mr. Jefferson, by the supporters of the elder Adams? Is it not the course now pursued towards Gen. Jackson by the advocates of his son? Had half what they pretended of Mr. Jefferson been true, the institutions of learning—the constitution of the government—the rites—the very temples of religion, would have been unsafe. But the intelligence and republican spirit of the people were proof against all such attempts at delusion. Jefferson triumphed—learning flourished—the constitution was supported—religion was cherished and respected—the people were prosperous and happy—republican principles became so firmly fixed and established, that for twenty years, aristocracy appaled, shrunk from the contest. Such were some of the fruits of electing Mr. Jefferson and deposing the father of our present president.

On the other hand, what weakness—what folly—what ignorance—what [illegible] of crime has not been ascribed to General Jackson. Murder, the most barbarous and unprovoked, committed for mere wantonness in cruelty, heads the catalogue of vile charges. The accusation is refuted by the most incontestible testimony. What then? Is any compunction visited, [illegible] of conscience manifested? Yes—it a [illegible] petitions of the same [illegible] a thousand times aggravated by the aid of forgery, he [illegible] His [illegible] sufferings [illegible] Women and children—whole frontier settlements, protected by him from the scalping knife and tomahawk of the savage. Does this service, shield him from [illegible] reproaches? No! It seems but to sharpen the appetites of calumniators. He saved a whole city from violation, pillage and massacre. Does this save his tradition? No [illegible] fresh aliment for detraction. Who [illegible] chief accusers? this is an important question—John Binns his coopers, and subordinates, are the [illegible] band. Who have been [illegible] whom even John Binns [illegible] such men as Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, and their own idol J. Q. Adams himself.—What a contrast who can hesitate between them?

Mr Jefferson approved, defended, justified the whole conduct of Gen Jackson in the Louisiana campaign [illegible] patriot and a statesman [illegible] the declaration of martial law—the arrest of Judge Hall—suppression of the [illegible] of the Legislature—all [illegible] 'Be assured,' said he, *General Jackson* [illegible] All John Binns, his aiders and abettors could say and write, and forge in a century would be but as dust in the balance against such testimony. Now, Mr Jefferson and Gen Jackson sat at the same time, in the same senate chamber, when Mr. Jefferson was President and the General voted against those royal laws, the *alien* and *sedition* bills of the first Adams, Mr Jefferson therefore knew him well—and so knowing—he solemnly made his avowal—"*It was fortunate for the country that General Jackson was likely to be fit for public life four years after.*"—And what did Mr. Adams say before he became the rival of Gen Jackson?—Why, he defended, justified his conduct in the Seminole war—he defended and justified the execution of those miscreants Arbuthnot and Ambrister, about whom we have heard so many hollow lamentations. And more recently, with the whole ground before him, Mr. Adams declared that he had entertained the highest sense of the worth, talents and services of Gen. Jackson and that his name is closely associated with the glory of the nation.

President Madison reposed the highest confidence in him.

President Monroe offered to send him Embassador to Mexico. And yet it is unblushingly said that General Jackson cannot read! let no one start!—ay, that this very man who had accomplished so much—who had been confided in so much, by all our Presidents, except the reign of terror Adams—and upon whom Mr. Jefferson thought so much still depends—cannot *read*, *write*, or *spell* the most common words in his mother tongue!!

When respectable men in our own neighbourhood put their names to such incredible stuff, who can wonder at the raw head and bloody bones held up by creatures who have no characters to lose.—*Democratic Eagle.*

VILLAGE HERALD.

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EASTMAN'S MANUFACTORY

OF

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

At No. 36 Pratt street, opposite the United Hotel, Baltimore.

THE subscriber would inform the public, that he has on hand a large assortment of Gideon Davis' Improved Patent PLOUGHS of cast & wrought Shares, with & without Coulters, Hill side, Substratum and Shovel Ploughs, a large stock of Cultivators of superior quality, Harrows, Swingletrees, double & single; Corn Shellers and Washing Machines. Also on hand as usual, his Patent Cylindrical Straw Cutters, which have given universal satisfaction, and Brown's Vertical Wool Spinners, Cast steel Axes, [illegible] Picks and Mattocks, which he warrants of superior quality; very superior Ox Stones, saturated with oil [illegible] which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or acceptances in this city.

His very extensive sales of the above articles for the last 4 years is an evidence of the general satisfaction he has given to his numerous customers, and he flatters himself that with the increased pains he has taken in selecting his timber and other materials this season, and also to improve as much as possible on the workmanship of his implements, that he will continue to merit the public patronage which has been so liberally bestowed, and for which he takes this opportunity to express his grateful thanks.

Orders by mail (post paid) will receive prompt attention.

JONATHAN S. EASTMAN.

N. B. On hand, [illegible] bushels good MILLET SEED which will be sold low. FRUIT TREES will be furnished to orders. Implements ordered by [illegible] customers which [illegible] kept on hand will be carefully selected and turned in to the order. March 18. 4w

E. T. J. Woodward,

Corner of Dugan's wharf & Pratt St
BALTIMORE.

Informs his friends and customers that he will sell on COMMISSION Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, and Tobacco and all other articles of Country Produce, and will make liberal advances on the same.

He has on hand a large supply of

Groceries, Liquors, &c.

CONSISTING OF

Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, French Brandy, Wine, [illegible] Spirits, Whiskey and Cordials, Spices, Soap & Candles, Shad, Mackerel, Herrings, Oil and Salt, together with a very [illegible]

Also,

Glass Ware, Queen's Ware,

Stone and Earthen Ware, &c.

And a general assortment

Of Garden Seeds of approved kinds, which he will sell on the most liberal terms.

DRY PINE OR OAK WOOD

Will be taken in exchange for Goods, on fair terms.

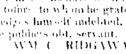
May 13, 1828. now

CAMBRIDGE HOTEL.

Sign of the Steamboat & Stages

THE Subscriber continues to keep this handsome establishment, a few doors above his old stand, in a very central part of the town, where he is prepared at all times for the reception of travellers, and others, who may please give him a call. His house is well furnished; the rooms private and comfortable; his bar supplied with a choice selection of the best liquors; his stable stored with good provender and his prices regulated by the times. By strict attention to his business, he flatters himself with a continuation of those customers who have been so liberal heretofore to whom he gratefully acknowledges himself indebted.

The public's obt. servant,
WM. C. RIDGAWAY.



N. B. His hack runs to the Cambridge wharf to meet the Steamboat *Maryland*, on her arrival from Baltimore every Tuesday and Friday evening. Also for the conveyance of passengers from his house to the boat on her departure every Wednesday and Saturday morning, *free of charge*. He has, for the accommodation of persons who are going on to Baltimore, rented a private stable with a [illegible] lot, well enclosed, for the purpose of taking their horses at a low price which shall be regulated by the price of grain, &c. &c. he is prepared at all time with fine horses and carriages for the conveyance of Travellers to any part of the Peninsula. Wm. C. R.

Cambridge, June 3, 1828.

The "Eris" and the "Somerset M[illegible]" will each please insert the above [illegible] and forward their accounts to this office for collection.

Consumptions, Coughs, &c.

BUTLER'S VEGETABLE INDIAN SPECIFIC,

For the Cure of Colds, Coughs, Consumptions, Spitting Blood, Asthmas, and all Disorders of the throat and Lungs.

The Vegetable Indian Specific, has stood the test of experience, and proved itself the most valuable remedy ever discovered for the cure of coughs, colds, asthmas, and all diseases of the breast and lungs, leading to consumption.

Among the numerous testimonials in the possession of the proprietor is the following:—

CERTIFICATE.

10th May, 1827.

I, Samuel Moore, do hereby certify that for upwards of a year, I was severely afflicted with a pain in my breast, accompanied with a very bad cough, and shortness of breath, and every indication in the opinion of a physician of approaching consumption. After passing through a course of medicine, and finding no relief I was induced to make trial of Butler's Vegetable Indian Specific, and the use of one and a half bottles, completely restored me to health, and I have remained so ever since, being upwards of a year.

(Signed) S. MOORE.

The celebrated Dr. Cullen has taught us that "our first attention should be employed in watching the approach of disease and preventing its proceeding to an incurable state:—and in persons of a consumptive habit, it, especially those born of consumptive parents, the symptoms of approaching consumption at the consumptive period of life ought carefully to be attended to."

The Specific is obtained by extraction from herbs, roots, flowers, &c. &c. when in perfection. In consequence of a happy combination of the most valuable herbs, &c. it becomes a balsam of superior value. It heals the injured parts, opens the pores and composes the disturbed nerves, after the manner of an annodyne, consequently the obstruction of the chest and the lungs which constitute the disease, particularly need its use. It promotes expectoration, which is so constantly called for, and whilst it cleanses and heals, it also gives strength to the tender lungs. In this manner it removes the hectic fever, improves digestion, gives strength to the nerves, repairs the appetite and improves the spirits. This Specific may always be given in safety—it is mild, pleasant to the taste, and is found particularly useful in hypochondrical, nervous and hysterical cases.

Each bill of directions contains a detailed account of this disease in all its different stages, and will be accompanied with the signature of the proprietor, in red ink. It is offered for sale by

JOHNSTON & SUDLER.
Princess Anne, Md.

Nov. 20, 1827.

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