

Worcester Sentinel.

AND FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' SHIELD.

"Amicus populi, tyrannum adversarius."—THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND, THE TYRANT'S FOE.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.
SERGEANT JOEL TO EZEKIEL BIGELOW.

Give me the red wine, black cockade,
What shows his first stock hand,
And will not speak not be afraid
To give the French the dand.

Old Song.
EAST ROOM Feb. —, 1836.

Dear Cousin—I was almost tickled to death to get a letter from you after the great conflagration, and to hear that you were burnt out of house and home. I know that if any body could squiggle out of a scrape, it was a down easter, horn and bred. It is true you escaped by the skin of your teeth, but then, you know, as Aunt

Abigail says, "it is as good as a mile." Well, I s'pose you want to hear whether Congress is going to help the merchants. Betwixt you and I and the post, they don't mean to do nothing about it. They made a little flurry at first, but it's all over. They say if they help one, they must help 'other; and if a pink-stained mackerel schooner just arrived at Downingville was to be burnt, with all her fare aboard, government was just as much bound to pay the bounty, allowed by law, as to reimburse the duties on goods burnt up in New York. They say, sauce for goose, sauce for gander. That's the rule they work by. Well, now cousin, ha'n't there been a pretty little of fish to fry here this winter? If I have had my hands full, then I think it's a pity—What with the French treaty, and the Bank, and the fortifications, and fifty other things; (and the Jim ral lays it all on my shoulders) it seems sometimes as if my head would split into a thousand flinders. But my mind is decomposed this evening, and if I am interrupted I'll mention a few things in secret.

You perceive cousin Ezekiel that I've commenced this letter with a scrap of poetry; just as the great unknown used to do before it wasartin who the writer of *Kendall's* (it was when he was put to his trumps for a motto, he used to make something up out of his own head and stick "old song" at the bottom. But the verses at the head of this chapter are just what the Jim ral used, when he sat down to smoke his pipe with me when Mr. Barten writ to him that Lewy Phillippy wouldnt pony down the cash. Well, says I, Jim ral, that's your sort—I'll join chorus:—
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Brimming all your glasse,
Fight for lather ma'am and Sir—
Corn, and pork, and 'lasses.

Sargeant Joel, says the Jim ral, can you keep a secret? Yes, I can, says I. So can I says the Jim ral. But, says I, Jim ral, if you'll only tell it to me, it shan't go no farther.—That's right up and down, on the word of a soldier. That's enough says he, you shall know it. Sargeant Downing, says the Jim ral, I'm a going to make a war message to-morrow, and I want you to write it. But, says I, my friend and fellow citizen, don't you know there is two sides to a bargain? If you send your war manifest, even if it passes the house, you know there's the Senate. I understand, says he; but they know me of old. I'll take a pair of shears, and stand in the lobby, and the first man that opens his lips, let him mind his eye—that's all.

The Jim ral hadent more than got his words out of his mouth, before there was a loud rap at the door. Come in, says I, and in walked a great pursey concern, almost as big as Daniel Lambert, what you've seen in the wax works, rigged up in British regimentals. Thinks I, what in the name of common sense is coming now?—But before I had time to ask him to take a cheer, he laid his sabbo and sword on the table: says he, if I may be so bold sir, is this Jim ral Jackson? The same at your service sir. Well Jim ral says the officer I've this minute arrived from Norfolk where I anchored yesterday, in his Britannic Majesty's ship Pantaloon, and have the pleasure to be the bearer of a letter from my most gracious sovereign, William the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed, defenders of faith, written by his own royal hand, directed to your excellency.

Sargeant Joel, had that gentleman a cheer and a pipe. Fill three glasses. My best respects to you, and my compliments to the King, says the Jim ral. Here hoping says I, you've had a pleasant voyage. I s'pose you didn't speak the Two Polities. Captain Jumper, not nothing, didnt you? Here the Jim ral spoke up, and says he, I s'pose the King is up a tree about my not sending a minister to London, but you may tell him if I can't be allowed to send my own man, I wont send nobody—and I know the King has got too much sense to be mad about that.

Not at all, your excellency says, the officer, queen Adelaide was tickled to death with your last minister, and she and her royal consort wants with much patience your excellency's pleasure in sending another, equally gallant. My errand is a special one, the King of the French and your excellency. Be pleased to break the seal.

Well, thinks I to myself, of that isent funny. I havent heard so much politeness this many a day. What in the name of wonder will he say to the letter? He's determined to fight that'sartin, King William nor all creation, can't start him from his ground, when his mind is made up. If he don't fight the French, he can lick the Indians. There's the sixth warders, and major Church, armed and equipped. But then the Jim ral wants them to fight at the charter election—he can't spare them.

By this time the Jim ral had finished reading the letter, and I watched his countenance pretty sharp. He sat still about five minutes, resting his chin on his hand, his elbow on the table, the letter folded up, and his specks over his forehead. He gritted his teeth and looked red, and then took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, and then looked pale; and afterwards turned all the colors of a downeast rainbow, (they don't know how to make rainbows, of the right color here—If you want any thing done well, you must go down east.) Well, as I am saying, in about five minutes, time by the watch, the Jim ral he suffled the letter into his breeches pocket and says he, capt king William is a rick arthquake of a fellow, if I did lick his brother's troops. I'll think of the matter and let him know. Come and take pot-luck with me to-morrow.

After the Captain of the Pantaloon had gone, the Jim ral drew his cheer up, put his finger on the side of his nose gave me a wink, and says, that fellow nor his master don't know A. Jackson. He then up and told about how the King wanted to step in between him and Lewey, and hush up the matter; but says he I wasent born to-morrow. I'll make him eat humble pie—I can whip him as easy as I can Nicholas Biddle's summer morning, smash this pipe. And my head d'nt feel none the better for his satting the action to the word.

The next night we met again, and over-talked the matter over and over. Sometimes the Jim ral was obstreperous, and then I'd cool him down. Sometimes he would be good natured, and smoke a steady stream. At last I as soon as Mr. Broadbrim left the he upon this scheme. Says I, Jim ral, it wont never do to send the Pantaloon back without coming to the point. Well, says he sargeant what do you think I'd better do? I'll tell you what I would do but you can do as you ter, and choose Mr. Biddle, again for like. My plan is this. It wont do for thirty years, and passed a vote of

us republicans to be outdone by the English in politeness. You make believe you accept the *mediation* and tell the king he may settle the matter with Lewey as quick as he pleases, if he pays the money. Yes, says the Jim ral you may write him so, and I'll sign it—and add at the bottom in a postscript that if he expects me to make an apology I'll see them tickled up under the second section first. The next day out came Jim ral's message to the King, as they say had never made a non intercourse with France not just at present.

It wasent more than eight and forty hours alter that was over, before I heard the bell ring. Says I, Jim ral that fellow pulls the wire in earnest.—Yes Sargeant let him in: he's got business of importance. Sir, your most humble and obedient servant: I have the honor to be the bearer of a letter from baron Rothschild, in which he states that his majesty of France is perfectly satisfied with the explanation you made at the opening of Congress, and that the first three instalments of the indemnification are ready to be paid to his orders when directed by your excellency to receive the same.—Marke my compliments to the baron in your first despatched, said the Jim ral, and inform him that he so authorized, forthwith.

There, cousin Ezekiel,—there's the end of the rignarole nonsense about the French war. If uncle Joshua, and I and you, and cousin Jack and Aunt Kesiah, and Nabby Downing couldent have settled the business three years ago better than the government, and without quarter of the expense then there's no snakes.

We hadent settled this consarn but a little spell before in came another messenger. What the matter now, says I the Jim ral is just finished his pipe, and is taking his nap—don't disturb him. He rubbed his eyes, and jumped up before a cat could lick her ear. Is there any news, says he from Harrisburgh?—News enough, Jim ral the United States Bank is rechartered—they passed both houses, and the governor has signed the bill—thirty five millions, and ask no favors of Congress.

Cousin Z-kiel, don't you remember one day when you and I were out in the woods in Downingville, shooting squirrels? Don't you recollect I pointed out to you a cloud coming up in the north west, and told you that we had better cut stick and be off; and before we got half way home the trees whizzed about our heads in all directions and the hail pelted like the shot in cue of Bonapart's battles?—Well, if you remember that, you have some idea of the storm in the east room. Smash went pipe, whack went spectacles, and as to the Jim ral's boots, instead of being hung up for a mirror, they went against the best mirror in the parlor. I did my prettiest to cool him down:—says I, J'ral you needent be afraid, this snt Col. Benton; he's a quaker gentleman from Philadelphia, he wont hurt a hair of your head he's a messenger from the city of brotherly love and comes to offer you some of the stock in the bank in your private capacity. He says it will pay swingeing interest, and Mr. Biddle says as how he can spare you a few sheers as a matter of particular favor, at par.

With that the Jim ral's eyes looked like those of a wild cat. Sargeant Joel, said he, do go mean to insult me? Here, Mr. Broadbrim there's the door the carpenter made; and do you make tracks. Tell your ma ter, I've cut off the head of the monster, and if he has as many as *Hydrogen* himself, I'll clip them off like Eppe's ears. The bank was mine, and the government is mine, and I'll regulate and misregulate, just as I please.—As for me, I'll send a *copular guard*, and tear down his house;—and, as for you Mr. Obadiah, if you come here again on such an errand—you re member the six militia men dont you?

To tell the plain truth, cousin Zekiel, I begun to be a little skeered myself, and made my way to bed down his house;—and, as for you Mr. Obadiah, if you come here again on such an errand—you re member the six militia men dont you? Pennsylvania, giving a full account of the meeting of the stockholders; and how they've accepted the new charter, and choose Mr. Biddle, again for like. My plan is this. It wont do for thirty years, and passed a vote of

thanks for his services and presented him with a golden plate to eat his hasty pudding and molasses out of; and how they mean to run him for president, instead of the Jim ral next heat. I shant dare to let this out to him all at once, but tell him leetle by leetle, for I don't like to witness two harrycates in one week.

So no more at present from your beloved cousin,
SARGEANT JOEL.

From the N. Y. Mirror.
THE WEST POINT PHILOSOPHER.

"There is much passion, fume and sadness,
Within the halls of fashion now;
Some have strange eyes that look like madness;
Some talk of kicking up a row!"

HALLSCK ALTERED.
"The French are the bravest people under heavens," said one.

"They are the greatest cowards on earth," added another.

"They never will dare to go to war with us," exclaimed a third.

"They would rather war with us than not," cried the next.

"We would knock them to pieces, incontinently: said a young cadet, with a nascent mustache, not quite sufficiently unequivocal to interfere with the regulations of the establishment.

"Where would our gloves and laces come from pray?" demanded, what severely an elderly lady, with a high cap, which wrestled with the emphatic ding of her head.

"Commerce would be ruined," muttered a merchant.

"What would protect our coat?" quietly asked a youthful student of medicine, from behind a large pair of spectacles.

"The navy, sir," retorted a midshipman sternly.

"Monsieur, your navy is nosing," remarked a freshman.

"With nosing, then?" replied the officer, with a sneer.

"Non intercourse," said one.

"Reprisals," muttered another.

"An alliance with Russia," murmured a third.

"Fleet in the Mediterranean," cried a fourth.

"A blockade from the Spaniard," said a fifth.

"And pledge the twenty-five millions for payment," said a sixth.

"When we get them," added a seventh.

"Ahem," said an octave, mumbling something about counting chickens before they are hatched.

This sharp conflict of tongues took place on the piazza, at Mr. Cozen's hotel at West point, one day, last summer, as the sun began to descend behind the western mountains, and medley of loquacious pleasure-hunters, having taken their dinner, (and unexceptionable that dinner was) were gathered in the shade of the afternoon to keep up the heat by debate, which had been, in the earlier part of the day excited by the climate. All tongues had contributed their share, all eyes had kindled, all cheeks flushed, and several hands been brought down, argumentatively, upon knees, balustrades, tables other approximate objects, by which, doubtless the sober truth was elicited, and the payment of the French claims not a little promoted. The whole company grew louder and louder, warmer and warmer, redder and redder—each one talked more and more himself—each one listened less and less to others, as the sun went lower and lower down, the heat clamour rose higher and higher up, till, but for the restraining sympathies and decencies of good society, there might almost have been a row!

Among the fiery colloquist from the peak cap of the elderly lady and the infant mustache of the devolving cadet, so the discontented eyes of the man of ships, and the snuff box of the furious little Frenchman all had lost their equilibrium—or, to speak less scientifically, their temper—except one. He was a little man, but his character was obviously of a superior order. Through the whole contest, he had preserved a calm silence. His eye was placid, his mouth mild and meditative, his cheek untouched with fever, his very nose had an air of tranquillity, thought and self-possession. He was evidently a man of mind and gentleman, a philosopher. A good deal of curiosity, or soon evinced to learn who he was, had had arrived only by the

boat. Some one suggested, that he might be a Frenchman, but he was the next moment, to give several orders to the waiter in English.

I said all had been excited by this debate on a subject upon which there was such a peculiar and universal interest. I make one exception, I—I was cool. I, also am a philosopher.

I watched my placid friend with delight. His equanimity had in it something instructive and touching. Compared with the angry and distorted countenances, and him, his face exhibited the ignominious of a statue. He was a handsome fellow withal, and, as far as one man can, with another, at sight, I conceived an ardent friendship for him.

The next morning came and went.—Dinner (capital again) and evening. The next and the next, politics, politics, politics, the continual, universal, eternal cry. My friend came ever among us. He would sit near the combatants, and sometimes cast his eyes gravely over their flashing faces. On the occasion of any uncommon agitation, when the violent stamped and the wicked swore, he would silently shake his head, or quietly smile. He seemed to have long ago studied the subject. His opinions were formed and fixed. He possessed more information than the rest dreamed of. He was in the secrets of the cabinet. Perhaps he was the French correspondent of the New York press. It was plain enough to him that he thought it unworthy of him to condescend to the debate. He listened to all the speakers respectfully, and sometimes looked solemn enough at the bitter denunciations against the administration. Once when a furious advocate for peace declared that the president was a

the interrupted the speaker with a sudden cough, evidently timed in a way to render the close of the period in

that he must be thoroughly acquainted with the secrets of the administration.

At length, one mild afternoon, quiet as himself, he was leaning over the balustrade overlooking the river. The stars were coming out. The moon rising. The dew falling, and the teat-bell about to ring—Those lovely summer evenings at West Point are full of the most sentimental, delicious melancholy, cooling the veins, soothing the mind, softening the heart, enlivening the imagination, and preparing even the soul of a red-hot party politician for something like a glimmer of human feeling.

My friend was leaning over the balustrade. The river was mirror reflecting in its unbroken bosom the yet encrimsoned heavens. A group of disputants a few yards off were, for the seventh thousandth time, intensely busy with the character of Louis Philippe. Another, in an opposite direction, were at swords point upon the subject of what General Jackson did in 1829. Their clamours broke strongly in upon the peaceful solitude and silence of the scene, where the breeze scarcely stirred each idly hanging leaf and the blind bat flew undisturbed through the dewy air. As they grew more and more boisterous (their sage conclusions inversely reminding one of poor Macheath's "swears, not deep but loud.) I drew near the stranger, with the determination to make his acquaintance. This is an advance, let me inform the reader, which I rarely make—never expect when certain that the object of my respect is marked with the superiority of wisdom and intellect. Here was my man. He was a thinker. He was a philosopher. I had beheld him like Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego unburned, nay, upheated in the fiery furnace. His was a mind above politics, above passion. He did not participate in the agitations and excitements of the meager world. His contemplations were above the earth. I longed to look into the wealth of such a character. I approached with profound respect.

"Pray, sir, may I presume to engage you in a conversation which seems to have so little interest for you, and to know when you will be settled without

Pray, sir, etc, and I repeated my

plied not.
I will not deem me
future to solicit the
acquaintance."
I was round as I uttered these
words, he pursued me with a vacant
glance.
"I have taken the liberty," exclaimed
I raising my voice.
"What!" ejaculated the philosopher
at the height of his voice. "Oh! the
tea—yes. I thank you, sir, for your
kindness: I nearly lost my dinner from
not hearing the bell."
"Dear me!" said I, "are you so
absent minded?"
"So what?" shouted he, leaning his
head toward me with his open hand
behind his ear by way of a trumpet.
The truth flashed on me in an in-
stant.
"You are hard of hearing, I fear,"
said I, with all my lungs.
"Hard of hearing! Bless you!" His
tone nearly split my ears. "I am deaf
as a post!"
Alas! alas! for my West Point phi-
losopher.

CAPITAL TRIAL.
The trial of John Earle, for the
murder of his wife, by administering
arsenic in a bowl of chocolate. During
his illness in consequence of receipt
of confinement, took place before the
court of Oyer and Terminer of Lycom-
ing county, (Pa.) at its late session
at Williamsport in that county, which
closed on the 15th ult. The report
of the trial is given at length in the
Williamsport Gazette. Sixty wit-
nesses were examined during the course
of this trial, which occupied fifteen
days. The evidence appears to have
been conclusive on the minds of the
jury, and after a short absence, re-
turned into court with a verdict of
guilty of murder in the first degree
against the prisoner. Judging its char-
acter from that which has been reported,
the crime of the prisoner seems to
have been committed under circum-
stances unusually revolting, and to be
marked by features of rarely unexam-
pled atrocity. The following are the
closing passages of the address of
Judge Lewis, in passing sentence of
death upon the prisoner: "Of all
crimes, that of willful and deliberate
murder is perhaps the most foul and
unnatural. Of all means by which a
deed so dire can be committed, that
of poison evinces, perhaps, the most
cold blooded determination. Of all per-
sons who may be the subject of this
crime, the wife of your bosom—the
mother of your children—the partner
of your lot, whose name and whose
very existence was marked in your
own—should have been the last to be
destroyed in this hour of unsuspecting
confidence. Of all occasions for a
deed so dreadful, the selection of that
when she was prostrated upon
the bed of confinement with the
newborn babe in helpless infancy by
her side manifests a heart the most
regardless of social duty, and fatally
bent on mischief. Of such a murder,
and with such attending circumstances,
any of your country have pronounced
you guilty. It was a deed of
darkness; but, as if the finger of Provi-
dence had interposed, in accordance
with that well established truth, that
murder will out, public suspicion was
aroused. The grave gave up its con-
tents, that heart whose affections had
clung around you for more than fifteen
years, was the first to proclaim, by its
ventricles filled with blood, that its
pulsations had been suddenly arrested
by the operation of some sudden, vio-
lent and unnatural cause. The chemi-
cal affinities of nature's elements rush
together to confirm the charge and to
identify the poisonous drug by which
the life of this unhappy woman was
destroyed. The solemn spectacle this
day presented may be a lesson to
all around, and to those who follow
us in all time to come, that no deed of
dark iniquity can hope to escape de-
tection." The judge then proceeded
in the ordinary form, to pass sentence
of death upon the prisoner, which is
to be executed within the walls or
yard of the county jail.

[From the Brookville (Ind.) American,
March 1.]
HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.
It becomes our painful duty to re-
cord one of the darkest deeds in the
annals of crime. On Saturday the
27th Feb in the neighborhood of Lib-
erty, Union Co. In and 15 miles from
Columbus, a man by the name of Isaac
Heller, murdered his whole family—
his wife and three children! The
circumstances are reported to be of
the most aggravated nature. It ap-
pears that some of his neighbors had
called at the residence of Heller, and
told him that unless he went to
work and maintain his family, they
would become a charge on the
community. This appeared somewhat
incense him. He is represented as
being a hale, robust man, not given to
dissipation, but extremely improvi-

dent and indolent. After these per-
sons had left the house, he rose and
lifted the axe from beneath the bed—
telling his wife that he was going to
chop, and passing behind where she
was sitting with the child in her arms,
struck her to the floor—literally splin-
ting her down. A girl, a sister to the
wife, being present and seeing the
stroke, thus made at her sister, flew
to give the alarm, but before relief
could reach the place the work was
done!

The wife after receiving the per-
petrator's stroke was seized by the
retreating girl to give one scream. He
then threw the child on the floor, and
severed their heads from their bod-
ies with such violence that the
weapon struck in the floor, and as re-
ported by himself, they made no noise.
The murderer had fled when the al-
arm had called any assistance. But
immediate pursuit being despatched,
he was overtaken six or eight miles
on the Brockville road and surren-
dered without resistance, only giving in
justification of the act that "they were
likely to become a county charge, and
that he would rather see them in their
present situation." He is said to have
answered the pursuers very compo-
sedly and sedately, by no means agi-
tated—said he knew very well what
he had done. And when before the
inquiring court was equally calm and
unfrighted.

It is said that he has been guilty of
murder before, in Western Penn., and
convicted by a jury, but reprieved by
the Executive, on the plea of insanity.
Some of the particulars of this case
are reported to be these: He had two
brothers living neighbors, with one of
whom he was then residing. He was
discovered one morning before the
family rose to be making some at-
tancements in the house that alarmed
them. They rose and fled to the
house of the other brother, not think-
ing at all of a child—an orphan child
living with them—and left in a bed.
After reaching the place of retreat,
the woman thinking of the child, men-
tioned it observing that he could bear
no malice against the child. The two
brothers however returned to the de-
serted house and found that he had
murdered the child in bed, and fled.
After being taken—standing a trial,
and finally being reprieved, he came
to Indiana, and at the suggestion of
some friends, dropped his true name
which was Young, and assumed that of
Heller, that being a middle name from
his mother. There are some sugges-
tions that he is now insane. He some
five or six months since said that he
was insane, and frequently told per-
sons that he had an inclination to kill
his wife and family. He is now safe-
ly lodged in the Liberty Jail.

[From the Charleston Courier Extra,
March 15.]
IMPORTANT FROM FLORIDA.
The sch. *George & Mary* arrived this
morning, from Jacksonville. The fol-
lowing is from the Courier of that
place dated 10th instant.
**LATE NEWS FROM GENERAL
GAINES.**
The intelligence from the Withlacoo-
chee continues to be of great inter-
est and importance. Soon after our
last publication we learned that Gen.
Gaines continued fighting the Indians.
After the battle of the first day Gen. G.
found 20 Indians killed. He had two
of his men killed and several wounded.
On the third day the Indians crossed
the Withlacoochee to attack him. He
having taken only 3 days' provisions,
and being thus closely pressed, sent
for reinforcements, provisions and am-
munition—Gen. C. G. H. being under the
orders of Gen. Scott, and having re-
ceived no order to send the provisions
for the Army, sent down from his own
plantation, and Mr. R. M. Dell started
with upwards of 20 head of cattle.
They had not proceeded many miles
when an express arrived from Gen. G.
containing the intelligence, that he was
entirely surrounded by the Indians, and
unless he received provisions he should
be under the necessity of cutting his
way through them, leaving his wound-
ed. He requested the assembling of
the Alachua militia to guard the provi-
sions sent him. After receiving this
unexpected intelligence, the provisions,
which were on their way, were ordered
back. The soldiers of Alachua, though
unceremoniously discharged, and
who had refused to be disbanded in the
present defenceless state of the coun-
try, assembled to the number of about
200 to go to the assistance of Gen. G.
The following extract of a letter re-
ceived by Col. Dell from Capt. Priest,
dated 4th inst. contains some further
particulars.
"You may not have heard of the re-
cent occurrences here. Gen. Gaines
was attacked last Saturday evening on
this side of the Withlacoochee, and has
been fighting ever since. Sometimes
he has three fights in the day and on-
ly the night. At one of the fights there
were found dead thirty Indians and one
negro. The result of the others we
have not heard. At the last advices
a loss of the army of 1200 men, was
sustained and 36 wounded. But we have

heard the cannon several times, since
firing very heavy.
"Alachua companies left here about
one o'clock this morning in a very hard
rain in order to assist in guarding pro-
visions and ammunition to the Withla-
coochee, both of which Gen. Gaines is
much in want of. We understand that
two days since, Gen. Scott with his
forces was at Picolata, and that two
different expresses had been received
from him."

By the arrival of Mr. Samuel Harri-
son from Alachua on Tuesday evening
last, we are furnished with still later
information.
Gen. Clinch, with his forces in con-
junction with the Alachua militia, mak-
ing in all about eight hundred, had gone
to aid Gen. Gaines. He reached the
camp, Saturday last, and effected a
junction with him. With their united
forces, amounting nearly to two thou-
sand men, Gen. Gaines intended cross-
ing the Withlacoochee Monday last.
His boat, floating bridges &c. were
all prepared. He has four twelve-
pounders, with which to cover his land-
ing on the opposite side of the Withla-
coochee. The Indians will undoubtedly
make a desperate struggle to prevent
his crossing. Mr. Harrison says that on
Monday the cannon was distinctly
heard. It is all over now, and we are
anxious to hear the result. He states
that Gen. Gaines has never shown to
the enemy more than about 200 men
at one time. That in every instance of
an attack, whether by night or day, he
was prepared for them, having antici-
pated the movements of Osopala. In
this way, he made great havoc among
the enemy, having killed several hun-
dred of them. His loss, before Gen.
Clinch joined him, was only eight kill-
ed and about forty wounded. Mr. H.
says that in his express, Gen. Gaines
said he had men enough, and asked
only for provisions and ammunition.

From some observations made by
Gen. Gaines, the number of Indians is
estimated at between two and three
thousand.
By some negroes, who have escaped to
the whites, it is stated that the Indi-
ans have made a fortification on the
other side of the Withlacoochee, only
four miles distant. It is made of earth
and sapines, and surrounded by a wide
moat. That is at Gen. G.'s town, and is
probably the strong hold of the enemy.
It is impossible to say, how much cred-
it is due to these reports of the ne-
groes. But in most other instances
since the commencement of the hostil-
ities, much has been lost by not credit-
ing their statements. Gen. Gaines is
crossing the river. There he will learn
whether Osopala yet knows how to make
fortifications which can withstand our
means of battering them down. Before
that place is taken, the one in which
the women and children probably are,
the struggle will be severe. It will be
the fight of death to many.

Should Gen. Gaines succeed, as he
probably has before this, he will have
conquered the Indians, and they must
either surrender, or betake themselves
to the hammocks and swamp for the
purpose of concealment and eluding
the whites. By all his movements, Gen.
Gaines has evinced great skill, and has
shown that he perfectly understands
the enemy with whom he has to con-
tend. The manner in which he cut
them off with so little loss to himself,
shows that he has been no idle scholar
in the art of war. We now confidently
expect a speedy close of this savage
warfare, that Osopala's boast of five
years will be a short five months.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.
An impression has been very general
in this quarter, from recent accounts
received from Florida, that a hostile
feeling exist between Gen. Scott and
Gen. Gaines, and some letter writers
have gone so far as to state, that the
former was determined not to afford
assistance to the latter to extricate him
from the perilous situation in which he
was fixed at the date of our last ad-
vice from the banks of the Withlacoo-
chee.
An officer of the army, who arrived
here on Saturday, in the steamer, John
D. Morgan, assures us that there is not
a shadow of foundation for these erro-
neous impressions. On the contrary, at
the moment of his leaving Picolata
(5th inst.) there was not a man in the
army of Florida who felt more anxious
for the safety and success of Gen.
Gaines and his brave associates, than
did Gen. Scott himself, and it was be-
lieved, at the moment of his departure
that Gen. S. who had then concentrated
at that point, about 2000 men, would
diamond as many of them as practic-
able, and for the want of other suffi-
cient means of transportation, load the
horses with ammunition and provision,
and make a forced march to succor the
detachment under Gen. Gaines. On the
5th inst. 70 wagons left Picolata, load-
ed with provisions, for Fort King.
Charleston Courier.

There was a very spirited meeting
at the Methodist Church in Bromfield
street last Wednesday evening, for the
purpose of adopting measures to as-
sist in repairing the loss sustained by
the Methodist Church in the loss of
the "Methodist Book Concern." It
was attended by gentlemen of all reli-

gious denominations, and was earnest-
ly addressed by several of them. Col.
D. D. Brodhead was elected Chair-
man, and Messrs. Edward Chisham
and R. G. Parker Secretaries \$1,112
were subscribed on the spot, and a
Committee was appointed to procure
additional subscriptions.—*Boston Ga-
zette.*

THE SENTINEL.
Snow Hill, Md.
FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1836

MARYLAND
Democratic Republican Whig Ticket.
FOR PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM H. HARRISON
OF OHIO.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
JOHN TYLER
OF VIRGINIA.

Attention Whigs.
The Whig Convention which met in Balti-
more on the 22nd Dec. last, recommended
to the Whig voters of each Congressional Dis-
trict of this State to hold a convention on the
1st Tuesday in April next, to nominate
many electors for President and Vice Presi-
dent of the United States as they are respec-
tively entitled to members of Congress, and
that the Delegates from the First Congression-
al District meet at Princess Anne, in Somer-
set county.

In pursuance of the above, a meeting of the
free and independent voters of Worcester
County, opposed to the election of Martin Van
Buren to the Presidency, and Richard M.
Johnson to the Vice Presidency of the United
States, will be held in the Court House at
Snow Hill, on next Tuesday week the twenty
ninth inst., at three o'clock, P. M., for the
purpose of choosing ten delegates to attend
the said convention to be held in Princess
Anne, on the first Tuesday in April next.
It is to be hoped that the free voters of this
County will pay particular attention to this
notice, it being a matter of unusual impor-
tance. It will be remembered that the gen-
eral ticket system has been adopted in this
State and the different electors chosen by
these conventions, will be voted for by the
people generally, all over the State. Its im-
portance hence, is manifest.

MANY VOTERS
From the Annapolis Republican of the 15th inst.
The Real Estate Bank Bill, which has for a
week past occupied a large portion of the at-
tention of the House of Delegates, and excit-
ed much discussion, has been passed. It is
not that has been before them this session—
after several very close divisions, in which
sometimes the friends and sometimes the op-
ponents of the bill had the majority, was on
Saturday evening last, on motion of Mr. Bur-
chenal, referred to the consideration of next
General Assembly. On motion of Mr. Snowen,
five thousand copies of the bill, as proposed
by Mr. FAY, is ordered to be printed for the
consideration of the people.

APPOINTMENTS.
The Washington papers announce
the confirmation by the U. S. Senate,
on Tuesday, of the following nomina-
tions:
Roger B. Taney, to be Chief Justice
of the United States.
Philip P. Barbour, to be an associate
Judge of the United States.
Amos Kendall, to be Postmaster
General of the United States.
The Globe states that the vote in fa-
vor of Mr. Taney, was 29; in favor of
Mr. Barbour 20; for Mr. Kendall, 25.
From the same source we learn, that
after several weeks of severe indepen-
dent action the Postmaster General has re-
sumed the duties of his department.
The following additional appoint-
ments to offices by the President and
confirmed by the Senate, are announ-
ced in the Washington papers of 17th
instant.
Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, to be
Minister to Great Britain.
John H. Eaton to be minister to
Spain.
Richard K. Cass, to be Governor of
Florida, vice J. H. Eaton.
Robert R. Reid, to be Judge of the
United States for East Florida.
J. A. Cameron, to be Judge of the
United States for West Florida.
James Webb, to be Judge of the U.
States for South Florida.
John Forsyth, Jr., to be Attorney of
the United States for the Southern
District of Alabama.
Thomas W. Oldfield, to be Consul
of the United States for Lyons, in France.
Richard P. Waters, to be Consul of
the United States for the Island of Zan-
zibar, in the dominions of the Sultan
of Muscat.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot,
WASHINGTON March 18, 1836.
EXPUNGING.
A FARCE—SCENE FIRST.
"Oh! for a mass of fire that would ascend
"The brightest heaven of invention!"
That I might set out, in such attrac-
tive and pleasing terms as bring the
occasion, the scene I have just wit-
nessed in the Senate! It was unique.
It should have been seen to be enjoy-
ed. Yet what a way-faring corres-
pondent of yours, Mr. Editor, can do
shall be cheerfully done by way of in-

forming your readers of 'the stirring
scene.' Then thus it happened.
You must know that Mr. Benton
has been for the last two months pre-
paring mightily for this occasion. He
came to Congress in a session dressed
something like decency, and disre-
garded that broad brimmed old hat, and
rusty cloak which disgraced so much
personal gracefulness, and obliterated
so much sterling worth and dignity,
during the last winter. He evidently
felt as if a great weight of responsi-
bility was attached to him as the
grand champion of "The Expunge,"
and his look, his gesture, his nod, his
gait, his voice, his smile, and his mode
of twirling his eye-glass, all betokened
that he felt as if the nation's weight
was upon him. He looked Atlantic.
One felt something, on observing his
approach, his aspect, his address,
which, if not veneration, was some-
thing a great deal more natural and
much more strong!

A few days ago he introduced his
resolution to expunge from the Journal
of the Senate a resolution adopted
two years ago by that body on motion
of Mr. Clay, reprobatory of a certain
unauthorized act of President Jack-
son. It laid on the table its due time,
and was to-day called up by the
majority for consideration.
Mr. Benton began by making some
reply to the argument that has been
used against his doctrine of expunging
upon the constitutional ground
that the Senate must "keep a journal."
He said he would not propose to do
anything which could at all compromise
the constitutional duty of the Senate.
Accordingly he commenced a dialogue
with the Clerk at the Secretary's table.

"B. Mr. Clerk, please to tell me
how many journals are kept by the
Secretary of the Senate?"
C. "One manuscript, and two print-
ed copies."
B. "Very well; and how many are
distributed,—and to whom?"
C. "One thousand and ten copies,—
by order of the Senate, and by law."
Here he read the persons to whom
they were distributed.
B. "Well, Mr. President in law
these printed copies are the same as
the original. The printed ones are
the only copies used by members of
the Senate. Every Senator therefore
keeps the journal as it was originally."
Was not this pregnantly illustrated?

The next matter was to show the
appropriateness of the word "ex-
punge" to the case in hand. B. re-
marked with a great deal of postur-
ing, "Sit, we reverse a decision,—
annul a judgment, repeal a law, re-
vocate an order, and expunge a resolu-
tion. The remedy is to be suited,
sir, to the evil, sir—yes sir, to the
evil sir! Here we have no judgment
to annul—the Senate has not issued
its judgment no order to rescind,—
for here has been no attempt against the
blood, no capias against the person, no
execution against the property of the
President, sir—the Senate was shed to
cast a stigma, to imprint a brand, sir,
upon the President;—and it is not for
the arrestation of any thing now going
on, but for the erasure of some-
thing already done, that this resolution
is introduced." "It would have the
Secretary of the Senate, sir, bring in
the manuscript journal of this body,
and sir, in the presence of the assem-
bled Senate, and in the presence of
the surrounding multitude, sir, I would
have him draw round that resolution,
line as black as his own iniquity, and
write upon its face the words which
the justice of the country, and the
voice of the people demand,—words
which will remove the stigma and the
brand from the name of a man who
has done more, civil and military, for
his country, than all the politicians
who ever lived in it from its founda-
tion!" "That was something of a
thing—was it not? How the Presi-
dent must have disappointed the possi-
ble predictions of the orator, as to the
danger of such a "bloody monster"
ruling this country! But 'tempus re-
latum'—&c. &c.

Mr. Benton then expressed the hope
that no appeal would be made, by
gentlemen opposed to the resolution,
to the country or dignity of the Sen-
ate, against expunging the journal.
He said, he should not urge in so rhet-
orical or declamatory language, but
would appeal to the justice and un-
derstanding of the Senate. He depre-
cated those "posthumous appeals" to
"the country and dignity" of the Sen-
ate, and asked in a lowering voice,
"where was country, and where was
dignity, when those galleries were
daily filled with the howlings of the
Bank, employed to hiss or applaud
what took place on that floor during
the discussion of that resolution, and
ought to be expunged from the jour-
nal?"—and much more to the same
effect. What a MYNORANCE!
"Yes sir," resumed he, "expunge
from the word! I would have it banished
down from one generation to another.
The babe should suck it in from its

A CAP.
H. P. At Law,
 and the Courts of Somerset Worcester Counties.— His office in the former place will be in the house of Mr. Willing, in the latter, in that of Mr. Givans. Jan 8, 1835 11—1f.

PROSPECTUS.
 Having purchased the establishment of the "BORDERER" at Snow Hill, Worcester County, Md the undersigned proposes to issue a WEEKLY JOURNAL TO BE ENTITLED "The Worcester Sentinel, And Farmer's and Mechanic's Friend." "Amicus populorum. Manum adversarius."

As a stranger among you, it is incumbent upon the publisher, in offering this undertaking to the patronage of the citizens of Worcester and the adjoining counties, to state the course he intends to pursue and the principles by which he will be governed. It is the happy privilege of every man to entertain and express freely his political sentiments; and while the undersigned recognizes this right in others, he claims the exercise of it for himself.

In announcing that the political department of the SENTINEL will be conducted on WISE principles, and advocate in the most decided manner, the Whig cause, he wishes it to be distinctly understood that his columns will always be open to a temperate and candid discussion of party questions on either side. His own opinions will be advanced with firmness, but with a decorous regard to those of others; and where he does differ with his fellow citizens, he hopes by the even tenor of his course to conciliate if he cannot convince.

In the Literary and Miscellaneous department, the Editor will endeavor to combine instruction with amusement. To cater for the public appetite has always been acknowledged a difficult task. Tastes are as varied as the diversified topics offered to our selection. The light tale, the humorous anecdote, the pointed repartee, which possess a charm for one class of readers, may be pronounced idle trash by another; and the more solid literary matter which to some would prove instructive and interesting, would by others be deemed "flat, stale, and unprofitable." Without the hope on all occasions, of pleasing all, he will endeavor by diligent attention, and unremitting exertion, to merit approbation.

Neither shall the FARMER and MECHANIC be forgotten—a portion of his columns shall always be devoted to such matter as to him may appear important to their interests. Inasmuch as for the first time, the responsibility of a public Journalist, the subscriber is aware that there will at the outset, be many acts of omission and perhaps commission also, on his part to tax the patience of his readers; and while he claims from them that charitable indulgence usually extended to a first essay, he can only pledge his best ability and untiring zeal to merit their friendship and obtain their support. J. W. WELCH.

In Worcester County Court,
 November Term, 1835.

IN the matter of the petition of Purnell I. Bennett, for the division of the Real Estate whereof William P. Bennett died, the Court do hereby order that the commissions heretofore appointed for the purpose of making a division of said estate, having made return that the same is not susceptible of division, without loss and injury to all parties, and the said return having been confirmed by the said Court, IT IS THEREUPON this eighth day of February in the year eighteen hundred and thirty six, ORDERED, by the said Court, that notice be given to Henry Bennett, Jackson Bennett and Edward Bennett, parties entitled to said estate, and who are absent out of the State of Maryland, by causing a copy of this order to be published once a week for at least four successive weeks, before the day hereinafter mentioned, in some newspaper published in Worcester County, that the second day of May Term next, has been appointed for said parties to appear and make their election according to the Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

Test, JOHN C. HANCOCK,
 True Copy,
 Test, JOHN C. HANCOCK,
 Feb. 12, 1836. 15—4w.

Painting and Glazing,
 SCARBOROUGH & COWLEY
 RESPECTFULLY informs their friends and the public generally that they have commenced the HOUSE PAINTING and GLAZING in Snow Hill, where they intend carrying on the above business in all its varieties and hope by strict attention to business, to share the public's patronage. All orders thankfully received and duly attended to. A left at Mr. Joseph D. Givans' Hotel, opposite the Court House. March 18, 1836 20—3w

To the Free and Independent Voters of
Worcester County,
 FELLOW CITIZENS:— I respectfully announce myself to your considerations as an anti-Van Buren candidate for the next SHERIFFALTY, and most respectfully solicit your support. Should I be honored with your successful approbation and favour, it shall be my first wish and aim to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and humanity.

EDWARD MURRAY,
 Nov. 13 1835 4—1f.

Sheriffalty.
 We are authorized to announce PURNELL I. JONES, as a candidate for the next Sheriff of Worcester County. September 21, 1835.

THE SALMAGUNDI,
 And News of the Day.
 EMBELLISHED WITH A MULTITUDE OF
 COMIC ENGRAVINGS.

A new periodical, of a novel character, bearing the above appellation, will be commenced on the beginning of January, 1836. While it will furnish its patrons with the leading features of the news of the day, its principal object will be to serve up a humorous compilation of the numerous lively and pungent sallies which are daily floating along the tide of literature, and which, for the want of a proper channel for their preservation, are positively lost to the Reading world. Original wits and humorists of our time will here have a medium devoted to the faithful record of the scintillations of their genius. It is not necessary to detail the many attractions which this journal will possess, as the publisher will furnish a specimen number to every person who desires it—(those out of the city will forward their orders, postage paid)—and he pledges himself that no exertions on his part shall be wanting to make each succeeding number superior in every respect to the preceding ones.

The SALMAGUNDI will be printed on large imperial paper, equal in size and quality to that which is at present used for the Gentleman's Vade Mecum. It is calculated that MORE THAN 500 ENGRAVINGS will be furnished to the patrons of this Journal in one year—these, in addition to an extensive and choice selection of Satire, Criticism, Humour, and Wit, to be circulated through its columns, will form a Literary Banquet of a superior and attractive order; and the publisher relies with perfect confidence on the liberality of the American public, and the spirit and tact with which this expensive undertaking will be prosecuted, to bear him successfully and profitably along with it.

The terms of THE SALMAGUNDI will be two DOLLARS per annum, payable invariably in advance. No paper will be furnished unless this stipulation is strictly adhered to. Clubs of three will be supplied with the paper for one year, by forwarding a five dollar note, postage paid. Clubs of seven will be supplied for the same term, by forwarding a ten dollar note. The papers that are sent out of the city will be carefully packed in strong envelopes, to prevent their rubbing in the mail.

The SALMAGUNDI will be published on alternate weeks—otherwise it would be impossible to procure the numerous Engravings which each number will contain—and the general interest it will afford must be enhanced by this arrangement.

All orders must come postage paid.
 Address, CHARLES AL EXANDER, Athenian Buildings Franklin Place, Philadelphia.


HORSE BILLS
 Neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office.

WANTED immediately, an active industrious youth, of good moral character, from 12 to 14 years of age as an apprentice to the printing business. He must have a good English education—apply at this Office.

SHERIFFALTY.
 We are authorized to announce HEZEKIAH MADDUX, as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of Worcester County. Nov. 13, 1835. 4—1f.

NEW HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.
 JOSEPH D. GIVANS respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that his

NEW HOTEL,
 in Snow Hill, opposite the Court House is fitted up in ample order for the accommodation of his friends and the public. His Table, Bar and Stables will be well supplied with whatever the market may afford, and the most assiduous attention will be paid to the wants of travelers and all others who may be kind enough to patronize him.—Boarders will be taken by the day, week, month or year upon moderate terms. He returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal patronage heretofore received, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, Nov. 6 1835. 3—1f.

PROSPECTUS
 For a new Volume of the "Young Men's Paper," to be called
"The Baltimore Athenaeum"
 AND
"YOUNG MEN'S PAPER"
 Published under the auspices of the Baltimore Young Men's Society. THE publishers of the "Young Men's Paper," encouraged by the liberal patronage extended towards them during the first year have determined to enlarge and greatly improve their paper on the commencement of the second volume, so as to render it every way creditable to the city, and worthy of a much more extensive circulation. Its establishment was considered even by its best friends, as but a doubtful experiment; and though all approved of the high stand that was taken, but a few thought it would live over the first few months, or else that it would dwindle into a publication less dignified in character, and designed merely for a money-making scheme,—from this cause many stood aloof, unwilling to encourage what was believed would soon languish and die, or deviate in course from its original profession; these fears have, however, been indulged in vain, and the "Young Men's Paper" is now in the way of permanent establishment. The publishers have been induced to adopt the new title of "Baltimore Athenaeum" in consideration of its being less vague in signification than the old one. Every person has a peculiar idea of his own, as to what a "Young Men's Paper" should be, and the publishers have experienced enough of the little perplexities incident to the peculiarity of the name, to determine them to fix upon one less liable to so many objections. The publication is purely literary, and only as such do they wish it to be judged.

CONTENTS.—The "Athenaeum" will contain Original Tales, Essays and Poetry, Intelligence on Scientific Subjects—Notices of Passing Events—Criticism on American Works—Notices of New Publications—Choice Selections from New Works—Sketches of American and European Scenery and Character—Extracts from British and American Magazines—Essays on Political and Moral Philosophy Biographical Notices of Distinguished Individuals at home and abroad—besides a great variety of matter upon every subject in the whole range of literature.

The publishers will still adhere to their original intention of making the "ATHENAEUM" such a paper as shall be worthy of admission into any circle of society, rigidly excluding every thing from its columns calculated to injure the moral character or foster a vitiated taste; nor in doing this will they render the publication tame or spiritless, and as a guarantee will simply refer to the contents of the first volume.

The second volume will commence about the middle of November. The "ATHENAEUM" will be printed on a fine quarto superroyal sheet, and will make a handsome volume of 416 pages; for which a neat title page and copious index will be furnished. TERMS \$2.50 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Office of publication N. E. corner of Baltimore and Sharp streets. October 30, 1835

American Magazine
 OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.
VOL. III.
 Published by the Boston Bewick Company—No 47, Court Street. The publishers are encouraged by the flattering reception and extensive circulation of the Magazine for the year past, to prosecute the work with renewed assiduity; and with a constant desire to fulfil the promises made in the outset of the work. We intend "to stick to our work;" and to serve those who have so liberally cheered us with their kind patronage, with what is useful and pleasant. The *utile et dulce* shall still be our object and aim. We do not presume to instruct the veteran and erudite scholar, who has spent thirty or forty years in his study;—nor to lay open those hidden mysteries of nature which have escaped the ken of the most inquisitive. Nor do we expect to approach so near to the moon or other planets, as to tell what are the trees, the birds, and animals which may there grow or live and move. We leave such extraordinary feats to those who are more visionary, or more daring than we are. But we hope and intend to keep up the character and spirit of the Magazine, in presenting solid and useful articles, which may be instructive to a portion of our readers, and not considered wholly unimportant to literary men. We consider the whole United States as our field, though not our's exclusively; and we ask the favour of persons of taste and science, to communicate important facts, and natural scenes, and works of art, for the benefit of all our friends. As republicans, we feel that we are of the same family as those in the South and West—as friends of improvement of good morals and good learning, we wish also to be considered of the same family. If we can do any thing by our labours to increase and strengthen this sentiment and feeling, "we should be ready to the good work."

We would call the attention of our present subscribers to the terms of the magazine, and to the notice in the last number relating to the subject. It is very important to us to know who propose to continue taking the Magazine, and to receive the very small sum, charged for it in advance.

GEORGE G SMITH,
 Oct. 30, 1835
 Agent.
 All letters and communications from Agents and others Must be Post Paid.
 Active and responsible Agents who will contract to obtain subscribers, in States, Counties or districts, will meet with liberal encouragement. N. B. None need apply without satisfactory references.
 The Postage on this Magazine as established by law, is 4 1/2 cents for 100 miles—any distance over, 7 1/2 cents.

The Cultivator.
 IS a monthly publication of 16 quarto pages, and comprises about 100 pages in a volume published at Albany, by the New York State Agricultural Society. It is exclusively devoted to Agriculture and the improvement of Youth. The publishing committee are J. Buel, J. P. Beckman and J. D. Wasson. The object of the publication is to disseminate useful information, among the agricultural community in the cheapest practicable form; and the success of the undertaking, and the character of the paper, are indicated by the fact, that although it has been published by 10 months, its subscribers exceed eleven thousand, and comprise residents of twenty one of the United States. The second volume was commenced in March. The pages are so enlarged, that each number contains as much matter as eighteen pages of the first volume. It contains many engravings and cuts, executed by good artists, illustrative of implements, animals and operations of husbandry. Price FIFTY CENTS per annum. The postage will not exceed 18 3/4 cents the year to any part of the Union.

The first volume will continue to be furnished at 50 cents a single copy.
 Communications to be addressed to J. Buel, Albany, N. Y.
 Subscriptions received by Oct. 30, 1835. A. COWAN.

Job Printing
 OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
 Neatly and expeditiously executed at this Office.

Magistrates Blank
 For sale at this Office.

A CARD.
GORDON M. HANDY
 Attorney at Law,
 HAS removed to the office, upon the Court House Lot in Snow Hill, lately occupied by the Register of Wills. Jan 15, 1836 12—1f.

TAKE NOTICE.
 AUSTIN WOOLFOLK, of BALTIMORE, wishes to inform the Slave holders of Maryland and Virginia, that their friend still lives to give them cash and the highest prices for their Negroes. Persons disposed to sell, will find it to their interest to give him a call at his residence, Pratt street extended, near the upper depot of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail road Co., where they shall see the justly celebrated AUSTIN WOOLFOLK, free of charge.
 N. B.—His checks are such as usually pass, and will convince the holders thereof that "there's nothing broke!"
 Dec. 27, 1835 9—4w

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
 Recently occupied by JOHN T. TAYLOR
 THOMAS C. WORNOK, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public generally, that he has just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore, with a large assortment of BOOTS AND SHOES of all kinds and of the latest fashions—all of which will be sold upon the most reasonable terms.—The Subscriber has on hand also, a good stock of LEATHER of every description, which will enable him to supply those who may prefer his own manufacture.

Grateful for past favors, he flatters himself with the belief, that by assiduous attention to business, he will merit a continuance of the same. He assures all those who may be pleased to patronize him, that his work shall be done with neatness, durability, and despatch, and upon Pleasing Terms.
 Oct. 30, 1835 2—1f.

STEAMBOAT

PATUXENT.

White-Haven & Baltimore.
 THE Steamboat Patuxent, Capt. George Weems having undergone very great improvements and being now in first rate, order in every particular will resume her route between WHITE-HAVEN and BALTIMORE, weekly, commencing on Tuesday the 21st inst. (April) at six o'clock in the morning, starting from the Maryland State Wharf in the City of Baltimore, and at the same hour every Tuesday thereafter; returning, she will leave Whitehaven every Wednesday, morning at seven o'clock.

Captain Weems avails himself of the present opportunity, to assure the Citizens of the Eastern Shore and others, who may have occasion to use the Steam-Boat that every possible exertion will be made by himself, and all under his command, to promote their comfort and safety.
 Passage to or from White-Haven, - - - \$3 50
 Children under 10 years, \$1 75
 All Baggage at the risk of the owners.
 GEORGE WEEMS.
 April 21, 1835.

Clark's
OLD ESTABLISHED
LUCKY OFFICE.
 N. W. Corner of Balt & Calvert Sts (UNDER THE MUSEUM).
 Where have been sold PRIZES!
 PRIZES!! PRIZES!!! in Dollars, MILLIONS or MILLIONS.

NOTICE, any person or persons, throughout the U States, who may desire to try their luck either in the Maryland State Lottery, or in authorized Lotteries of other States, some one of which are drawn daily.—Tickets from one to ten dollars, shares in proportion, are respectfully requested to forward their orders by Mail (post paid) or otherwise, enclosing cash or prize tickets, which will be thankfully received and executed by return mail, with the same prompt attention as if on personal application and the result given when requested—immediately after the drawing—please address.
JOHN CLARK,
 Old established prize vender, N. W. corner of Baltimore & Calvert streets, under the Museum,
 May 19, 1835.—1f

BLANK WARRANTS
 For sale at this Office.